DISCARDED

DISCARDED

DISCARDED

DISCARDED

DISCARDED

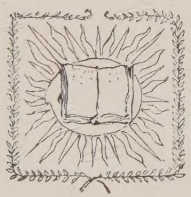
DISCARDED

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

VOL. CVI
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXXXIV
MAY to OCTOBER, 1923



DISCARDED

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co.

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. CVI NEW SERIES: LXXXIV

AMERICAN LOOKS AT HIS WORLD, AN ..... *Glenn Frank.*
FASHIONS IN BIGOTRY 157
UNSETTLING THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT 317
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF AMERICAN JOURNALISM 476
LIBERALIZING THE FUNDAMENTALIST MOVEMENT 637
AMERICA'S OUTLET TO THE SEA ..... *Webb Waldron* 622
ANIMALS' PARADISE, IN THE ..... *Prince Vilhelm of Sweden* 414
ATLAS ..... *Lincoln Steffens* 916

BERNHARDT, SARAH ..... *Lytton Strachey* 468
BRYAN, WILLIAM JENNINGS ..... *Glenn Frank* 793

CHILDREN, THE ..... *Margaret Kernochan Leech* 186
"COUSIN BUTTERFLY" ..... *Isa Urquhart Glenn* 193
Sketches and Facsimiles from Whistler
CROP, THE SINGLE ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 816

DEEP-RED ROSES ..... *Carl Sandburg* 619
Drawing by Maud and Miska Petersham

EDITOR'S DESK, AS I SAW IT FROM AN ..... *L. Frank Tooker.*
I. WHEN OUR MAGAZINES WERE YOUNG 723
II. THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE 925
EDUCATIONAL NOTES ..... *Lawton Mackall* 785
EDUCATION, A DEFENSE OF ..... *Walter Lippmann* 95
EDUCATION, THE HUMAN GOAL OF ..... *Arthur E. Morgan* 904
ETHER OF SPACE, THE ..... *Sir Oliver Lodge* 887
EUROPE CAN HELP AMERICA, HOW ..... *Lincoln Steffens* 528

FACTORY, FOUR MONTHS IN A MODEL ..... *Annie Marion MacLean* ... 436
FICTION, AMERICANS IN ..... *Henry Seidel Canby* 365
FOAM FLIES, WHERE THE ..... *Charles J. Finger* 894
Woodcuts by Paul Honoré
FOURWAYS ..... *Samuel Scoville, Jr.* 773
Drawings by Elmer Hader
FRANK IS WRONG, WHERE I THINK GLENN ..... *Edward W. Bok* 449

GAUGUIN, FROM THE HOUSE OF ..... *Robert Keable* 765
Reproduction of a woodcut by Paul Gauguin
GERMANY IN A ROWBOAT, THROUGH ..... *C. E. Bechhofer* 356
Woodcuts by L. F. Wilford
GIFTS OF THE FOURTH GODDESS, THE ..... *Floyd Dell* 834
GUILD, THE ADOLESCENT ..... *Oliver M. Sayler* 843

HEALY, "TIM" ..... *William H. Crawford* ... 104
Linoleum cut by Harry Townsend
HE-WHO-SEES-THE-GODS ..... *Louis Hémon* 518
Translated by Leo Ongley
HITHER AND YON ..... *Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.*
I. IN THE AGE OF INNOCENCE 651
II. FUSS AND FEATHERS 873
HOUSE OF BLOCKS, THE ..... *James Boyd* 734
HOWE, E. W. ..... *Carl Van Doren* 151

IBSEN AND EMILIE BARDACH ..... *Basil King* 803
I. A Drama from the Life of a Dramatist. Drawings by Harry Turner.
IDA HAUCHAWOUT ..... *Theodore Dreiser* 335
IF YOU WERE ALIVE IN 2123 A.D. ..... *J. B. S. Haldane* 549
ITALY AND THE FASCISTI ..... *Arthur Livingston* 265

JAPAN, HURRIED IMPRESSIONS OF ..... *Harry A. Franck* 918

LARDNER, RING W. ..... *Carl Van Doren* 471
LOST LADY, A ..... *Willa Cather* 75, 289
Woodcuts by Bernhardt Kleboe.

MACDONALD, J. RAMSAY ..... *The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman* 163
MARTYR, THE ..... *Katherine Anne Porter* ... 410
MASTER, THE ..... *Konrad Bercovici* 483
Drawings by Andrew Avinoff.
MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT ..... *Carl Van Doren* 310
Drawing by William Zorach.
MIXER AND THE MUTANT, THE ..... *Lois Seyster Montross* 865
MR. MANCHESTER, THE GREAT ..... *Evelyn G. Kessel* 424
Drawings by Peggy Bacon.

NEMESIS ..... *Mary Johnston* 3

ONE ROAD ALONE ..... *Ben Ray Redman* 216
Woodcuts by C. B. Falls.

PAINTING THE LILY ..... *Alexander Black* 592
PARENTS, THE NEW ..... *Ruth Fitch Bartlett* 614
PAUL BUNYON, THE WONDERFUL LIFE AND DEEDS OF ..... *Hubert Langerock* 23
Woodcuts by Allen Lewis.
PECOS BILL, THE SAGA OF ..... *Edward O'Reilly* 826
Drawings by Elmer Hader.
PLUMBER, PLEASE, SIR, THE ..... *A. Neil Lyons* 279
POLITICS OF MARTHA, THE ..... *Alfred E. Zimmern* 675
POLITICS OF MARY, THE ..... *Alfred E. Zimmern* 852

PORTO RICO, OUR QUARTER CENTURY IN ..... *Arthur Warner* 686
Drawings by Lester G. Hornby.
PORTRAITS IN PENCIL AND PEN ..... *Walter Tittle.*
I. CONRAD—DE LA MARE—HAGGARD—BLACKWOOD 53
II. LODGE—HEWLETT—HUTCHINSON—ARCHER 253
III. CHESTERTON—CAINE—JACOBS—DRINKWATER 455
Drawings by the author.
PREACH, WHAT I SHOULD LIKE TO ..... *Allan A. Hunter* 283
PRISONS AND PRISON LABOR ..... *Adolph Lewisohn* 399
PRISONS, SOUTHERN ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 387
PSYCHOANALYSIS, THE GAME OF ..... *Gilbert K. Chesterton* 34

QUESTA LA PLATTA, THE POLITENESS OF ..... *Mary Austin* 65

REFORMATION, TOWARD THE NEW ..... *Glenn Frank* 957
REINA ..... *Theodore Dreiser* 695
RELIGION?, DO WE NEED A NEW ..... *Mary Austin* 756
RENTERS ..... *Ruth Suckow* 599
Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes.

SAINTS OF THE WORKSHOP ..... *Pierre Hamp* 69
Translated by Charles E. Vouga.
SANDBURG, CARL ..... *Carl Van Doren* 786
Drawing by Harry Turner.
SANTAYANA, GEORGE ..... *Carl Van Doren* 950
SCHOOL, THE MIRACLE ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 499
SHERMAN, STUART P. ..... *Carl Van Doren* 631
SINGLE CROP, THE ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 816
SINGLE MAN, THE ..... *Mary Heaton Vorse* 372
Drawings by Clive Weed.
SOUTH BURIES ITS ANGLO-SAXONS, THE ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 205
SOUTHERN PRISONS ..... *Frank Tannenbaum* 387
SMOKE-STACKS IN EDEN ..... *Charles Merz* 116

TO WHOM ARE WE RESPONSIBLE? ..... *Alexander Meiklejohn* ... 643
TRIBUTE ..... *A. E. Coppard* 782
TWENTIETH-CENTURY MEDIEVALISM ..... *Charles Merz* 228

UNBOWED HEAD, WITH ..... *Elisabeth Sanxay Holding* 573
UNFAMILIAR, THE ..... *Richard Connell* 664
Drawings by Edmund Duffy.
UTOPIA IN ARKANSAS ..... *Charles J. Finger* 273
Drawings by Kerr Eby.

VAN ZANT DINNER, THE ..... *Sandra Alexander* 242
VIKINGS, THE LAST OF THE ..... *Johan Bojer* 126
Drawings by Sigurd Skou.
VOLCANOES, AMONG THE GIANT ..... *Count Nils Gyldenstolpe* .. 578
VOYAGER'S LOG, A ..... *Rockwell Kent* 323
Drawings by the author. 536, 741, 935

WINTER, THE END OF A LONE ..... *Anne Bosworth Greene* 44
Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes.
WISDOM, PORTABLE ..... *Willard L. Sperry* 349
WOMEN IN THE WASHINGTON SCENE ..... *Ernestine Evans* 507
Drawings by Walter Tittle.

PICTURES, MISCELLANEOUS

"'The Law's too Slow!'" ..... *George Bellows.* *Facing page* 3
Illustrating "Nemesis"

Woodcut ..... *George Biddle* 68

By London River ..... *Will Hollingworth* 111
Woodcuts.

"The Corn-Field" ..... *Wharton Harris Esherick.* *Facing page* 163
Woodcut.

Five Woodcuts ..... *Wharton Harris Esherick.* 237

"Life is so rich" ..... *Rockwell Kent.* *Facing page* 323
Illustrating "A Voyager's Log"

Five Lithographs ..... *Frank Brangwyn* 405

"In the teeth of the hard glad weather" ..... *Rockwell Kent.* *Facing page* 483
Illustrating "A Voyager's Log"

The Pelican ..... *C. O. Woodbury* 527
Woodcut

Among the Four Million ..... *John Sloan* 567
Lithographs.

Elephant ..... *Raoul Dufy* 621
Woodcut

Giant trees above a wilderness of fallen trunks ..... *Rockwell Kent.* *Facing page* 643
Illustrating "A Voyager's Log"

Paris—Sky-Lines and Street Levels ..... *George Picken* 717
Drawings.

Henrik Ibsen ..... *Harry Turner.* *Facing page* 803

Cottage ..... *W. H. Esherick* 815
Woodcut

Characterizations ..... *George Bellows* 859
Lithographs.

Deer ..... *Maxwell Armfield* 915
Woodcut

VERSE

After Operation ..... *Juliet Branham* 934

Charmian, Unborn, To ..... *Lois Seyster Montross* ... 43

Child That Had Fever, Of a ..... *Christopher Morley* 192

City, My ..... *James Weldon Johnson*... 716

Dracula of the Hills, A ..... *Amy Lowell* 173
Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes.

Keen ..... *Edna St. Vincent Millay*.. 364

Romance ..... *Elinor Wylie* 124
Drawings by Dorothy P. Lathrop.

Seventeenth Century ..... *Humphry Dillerville* 445
Seventeenth-Century Decorations.

Shepherd's Holiday ..... *Elinor Wylie* 842

Star-Splitter, The ..... *Robert Frost* 681
Decorations by J. J. Lankes.

Stranger ..... *Leslie Nelson Jennings*.... 893

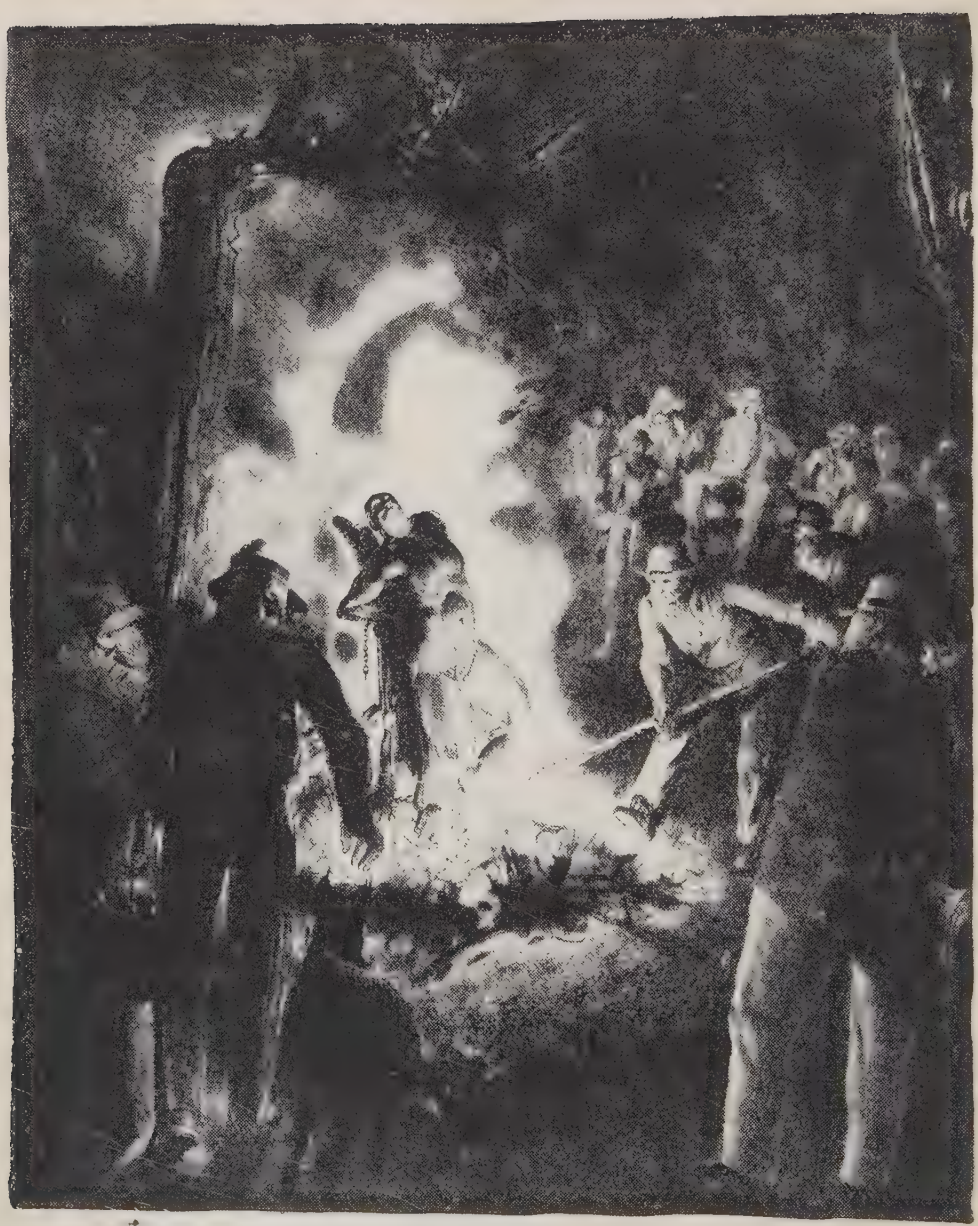
Traveling Storm ..... *Mark Van Doren* 517

Viennese Waltz ..... *Elinor Wylie* 733

Witch, The Young ..... *George Sterling* 588
Drawings by John Held, Jr.

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

MAY
1923



"'The law 's too slow!'"

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *May*, 1923 No. 1

Nemesis

By Mary Johnston

Drawing by George Bellows

They said that the man, a black man, had done the crime. Perhaps he had, perhaps he had not. The probabilities seem to indicate that he had, but it is not certain, was not certain then, and is not certain now. Those who conducted the lynching proceeded, of course, upon the assumption that he was guilty.

His guilt might make a difference, and then again it might make no difference at all. In the way you take it, I mean.

Cottonville, top crust, middle, and bottom, is a place of something like two thousand souls, counting in dogs. There are the big mill and the operatives' houses, long rows of them all alike and jammed together. There are the stores and two churches and the school and the doctor's office and the Y, including moving-pictures, and the nurse and the welfare-worker—everything that the company puts in. If there were n't any company, there would n't be any Cottonville.

Cottonville runs into Pleasantly, which was an old, out-of-the-way village when the Civil War armies manœuvered in these parts. It is the county seat, with an ancient brick court-house and jail and three churches and an old tavern—Bell's. The company's officers, with the doctor and the preachers and the lawyer and so forth, live in Pleasantly, in the old brick and frame-houses under big trees, sycamores and live-oaks and magnolias. There 's a lot of crape-myrtle, all rosy pink in midsummer. The owners live neither in Pleasantly nor in Cottonville, but somewhere up North. But the upper crust, salary folk, live in Pleasantly.

The country is flat, though on a clear day you may see hills in the distance. It is rich earth still. Cotton gets a big growth. The Choccawalla goes winding by and gives pretty good fishing. There are bayous, Big Bayou and Jessamine and Laurie's. The railroad is the X. & Y. It 's a good enough country, hot in midsummer, frosty in winter, with often a skim of ice. It has its good points and its drawbacks, just like the rest.

Once this region held big plantations, but they 've been cut up and sold. Every three or four miles you may come upon some old, rambling,

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

big house, and in the distance ancient, tumble-down quarters. But no one lives in the quarters, and in the big house few and poor beside what used to be. Harrison Laurie still owned five hundred acres, if you can call it owning when there are mortgages up to the hat-brim.

The Cottonville people come from all over. The greater number are Southern, but there 's north of Mason and Dixon's, Middle West, and so forth. Some foreigners; not many. Negroes, naturally, but not in the mill. We don't mix labor there; can't. But they drive the company's teams, and they 're in Pleasantly and on the railroad and the boats of the Choccawalla. They have a settlement called Washington down on End-of-Creek, a mile away. Out in the country they 're everywhere in the corn and cotton. There are cabins enough. The South, you know—make the image yourself.

Owen Adams was a Northern fellow, nephew of the manager of the Cottonville mill. When he was n't fishing or dawdling with some woman in Pleasantly or out at Harrison Laurie's, he sat in his uncle's office at the mill. If he had n't been a nephew, it is doubtful if the company would have found his services forever and eternally valuable. There had been some row at college, but college was well behind him. He might have been thirty when the lynching happened.

He ran with Harrison Laurie, far North and far South, New England and Dixie. Laurie was the older man. Jim Nicholls hailed from the Middle West. Jim was long and red, and as dry as tinder in August. Occasionally he gambled, and liquor could turn him into a fighting devil; but three hundred and forty days out of the year he was a still man and a good druggist. Tom Wherry had come east from Nevada when he was sixteen. Various places east and south, and at last Cottonville, where he was ticket man at the X. & Y. station.

Those were the four, Harrison Laurie, Owen Adams, Jim Nicholls, and Tom Wherry. If they were n't all the leaders, they were certainly among the leaders. It 's known, for all that the court could n't discover it!

The old Laurie place hid itself away until you were almost upon it. The trees around had been growing for Lord knows how long, and they were all hung with Spanish moss. One heard the dogs before one saw the house. When seen, it proved to be dilapidated enough. It belonged to Harrison Laurie, and he belonged to it. It had gone down, and he had gone down. There was an air as though they had been going down for ages and were carrying it off together. He was a long, thin man, Harrison Laurie, with a long, thin face, wearing tolerably white clothes in summer, and a wide white hat and carrying a cane. Or one saw him on horseback, and there he looked best. He had his good points; a reading man, and powerfully fond of that great dog of his, Canute.

Laurie's Bayou is as crooked as a zed. The road to Lane skirts it, then passes Dargan's house. It 's a big double cabin and sets right in the cotton, with some heaven-trees around it, and sunflowers and the like. Dargan's wife planted them.

Dargan's wife was still young, a quiet woman who did her work well. She had been pretty; there was a kind of gentleness about her. She liked out of doors, they said, and, when she could, would wander through the

cotton or sit for an hour under the pine-trees or down by the bayou, where it 's all great cypresses. Often she was alone in the house. John Dargan had his thirty acres to look after, or he went to Lane or to Cottonville in his mortal old car. His sister lived with them, but she had a way of visiting for two or three days at a time Matthew Dargan's people over in Jessamine. So there might be hours when no one was around. John Dargan had two dogs, but they always followed that car.

§ 2

It happened in July. Dargan, returning from Jessamine with his sister, hunted for his wife for two hours, then roused the neighborhood. At last they found her in the thick wood by the bayou, where she had been left for dead. They carried her to the house. A little life came crawling back, just enough to tell and to say good-by and after a day and a night sigh itself away. They got the doctor from Pleasantly. He held her here for so long, and that was all.

They were hunting for the negro. Two hundred persons had suddenly started up and were hunting him—the sheriff and his posse and all these others.

A big negro who worked on the railroad—Jim Lizard they called him. He was found in the cane beside Big Bayou. It was the sheriff who put down his arms and yanked him out. Sheriff wanted to get him to Pleasantly and into jail right away, before the crowd knew that he had been found. So they hurried him to Dargan's to see if she was still alive and could identify. Of course he swore that 't was n't him. He had been up river, and was coming home when he heard all the fuss, and got frightened because he had picked up and spent a ten-dollar bill that fell out of a car window and said nothing about it. He thought it might be that, and got rattled, and just turned off the road and laid low beside Big Bayou. "Fo' Gawd, that 's so, Mr. Smith."

She was about gone when they brought him. They had to hold John Dargan. Her eyes were glazing. It 's likely enough that she hardly knew what was wanted. But the sheriff got her to answer something. "It was a black man?" "Yes." "A big man?" "Yes. Yes, he had on a blue shirt. No, I can't see. It 's all a dark cloud. Voice? Yes, I reckon that 's his voice. I reckon it is. It 's terrible—O God!" And she died, sinking down between our hands.

It 's hard to tell; perhaps it was identification.

The sheriff considered that it would hang Jim Lizard; he wanted to get him away before the crowd could collect. So they put him on a horse and galloped him into Pleasantly and to the jail. It 's a strong enough jail to look at, and Smith 's a strong sheriff.

That was Wednesday. Farrar, the physician who had tended her, went back to Pleasantly. Something was in the air; he thought he knew the taste of it. About sunset he walked down High Street, wanting something from Nicholls's drug-store. Owen Adams caught up with him.

"Hot weather, doctor!"

"Yes."

"This place blazes! Harrison Laurie 's the only cool spot, behind his great trees. I 'm going out there in the morning." They walked a little way, then Owen said in a kind of re-

mote and dreamy voice, "The law 's too slow!"

"I don't know about that."

"I do. We 've got to—"

"No, we have n't got to," said the doctor. "Don't let the climate get into your brain! Here 's Nicholls. Come in and have something cool to drink."

But, no; there was something he must get from the office. He went on, and Farrar turned into the drug-store. There were men inside, and they and Jim Nicholls had been talking. They stopped when he entered, and one said, "Hot weather, doctor!"

Jim Nicholls had been drinking. Farrar thought, "I 'll watch you fill that prescription," and did so.

Forth from the place,—it was past sunset now,—he made out a crowd before Thompson's livery. As he neared it he heard Tom Wherry haranguing. Owen Adams had not gone to the office; he was here, leaning in his big-shouldered, handsome way against the oak before Thompson's. Farrar thought he would go hear the harangue; then a distaste seized him, and he turned in the other direction.

Night came down hot and close, with a sense of storm. As the physician turned in at his own door a voice floated to him from the street:

"Three to one they 'll lynch that negro!"

Town and country—the thing brewed that night and the next day. A number, known and unknown, were concerned in that lynching, but Harrison Laurie, Owen Adams, who ran with him, Jim Nicholls, and Tom Wherry were certainly concerned. Of course the day afterward nobody remembered or recognized anybody. That 's in the convention; but all the same—

Hot and still. Owen Adams had ridden his black horse Firefly out to Harrison Laurie's. Farrar, the doctor, going by the office, was told so. Old Miller crossed the street with him.

"There 's been a lot of talking and gesturing to-day! Jim Nicholls at the drug-store—he 's drinking—is doing his share, and Tom Wherry is doing his. Cottonville and Pleasantly have got their roughness and thick, hot blood just the same as elsewhere." Sunset came with a great dark, long finger of cloud pointing out over the red sun. Dusk fell, and the fireflies were thick that evening.

§ 3

It might have been eleven o'clock when Harrison Laurie rode into town, with him maybe thirty mounted men. A number were masked. As the county said afterward, it would be guesswork! The sheriff on the witness-stand named half a dozen, but the court could n't find corroborative evidence. It 's known, all the same.

Owen Adams rode beside Laurie. Jim Nicholls and Tom Wherry brought the town crowd to join the horsemen. It was all arranged.

Farrar heard the noise about midnight. He got up and dressed and went out. A neighbor out under the stars accosted him.

"Lynching, that 's what it is! No, I don't approve; but what can you do?" The street had a sound of running feet. Youths, boys, went by. "Come on! It 's at the jail!"

Farrar thought to himself, "Well, I 'll go see; but one man can't tame the lions!"

The vindicators and regulators were massed before the jail and the sheriff's house, built alongside. The crowd

may have numbered three or four hundred, but not a few were n't the real actors. Men and youths waked out of their beds, running to the light and noise, just *there* to see who won, sheriff or the mob. But perhaps they and all may be held concerned—Pleasantly and Cottonville and the county and the State and the United States. More than that, maybe.

One person who was there was old Mr. Dempsey, minister of the old Brick Church in Pleasantly. He was trying to make them disperse and go home. Somehow he had managed to reach the steps before the sheriff's door, and there he stood on the top step, calling out sayings from the Scriptures or the substance of them. He had a high, carrying voice: " 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Nay, but *I* say unto you—' "

Certain ones there were fond of Mr. Dempsey.

"Parson, Parson, you get down or you 'll be hurt! You 're out of this."

"I 'm not. I 'm in it so long as one of you is here."

He pleaded with them to go home, but they were growing impatient. A voice, perhaps Jim Nicholls's, shouted:

"Get out of it, Parson, or it will be the worse for you. Shove him down there, some of you!" All the place was now in red light. Some one had set a heap of pine afire. It showed Mr. Dempsey pleading hard.

"Let the law act—"

"We 'll save it trouble. Get down, Parson!"

"It will come back on your own heads! If you want to get a thing, give it!"

"Get down!"

"What you are doing will be done somehow to you."

"Get down!" They grew impatient.

It was Harrison Laurie who dragged him down. He was wearing a mask, but it was Laurie. The minister was pushed from one to the other until he was pushed out, expelled. Farrar, the doctor, had also tried remonstrance, though in a far lower tone. It was no use. He was drowned out, crowded out.

The sheriff was n't in his house; he was in the jail. When the mob found it so, it turned with a roar to the jail.

Smith had a thundering big voice, and he argued with them; but they would n't listen. It was Jim Nicholls who shouted: "Hushaby, baby! We are doing *right!*" With that came a rush.

They swept around and over the sheriff and his half dozen. They got their guns away. Smith had threatened to shoot, but there was n't any shooting. Perhaps he did n't have time. Down came the jail doors. It is n't a strong city jail. They got the negro.

To John Dargan's—they took him out there.

Half a mile from the house, near the bayou, are big trees that have been girdled, and stumps where the trees have fallen and been cut up and carted away. They had a dog-chain, and they fastened the negro to a five-foot stump. They brought armfuls of dry cane and broken wood. They got kerosene from Dargan's house.

The negro kept it up.

"O Lawd, have mercy! O Lawd, gent'men, 't wa'n't me! 'T wa'n't Jim Lizard! I did n't do it! O Gawd, I did n't! Mr. Dargan, you know yo' wife say she did n't fully recognize me; jus' thought so. I was over in Granite, twenty miles from here! O Gawd an'

Jesus, right here listenin' to me, I was! Don't you drop that fire in those leaves! O Gawd!"

One of the four men lighted the pile. They say it was Harrison Laurie. The cane blazed up, and the night turned red and horribly loud—like hell.

When it was over, here was the dawn stealing in. There were ashes and the gray, dead trees, and the cold light creeping toward them, and they all looked shrunken and frayed and ashen themselves—the fields and Dargan's house and the girdled trees and the bayou and the stake and the crowd.

The crowd was to dissolve into twos or threes or ones and go off in this and that and the other direction, stealing through country or in a roundabout way back to town. And everybody forgot that he saw anybody else, and everybody produced an alibi—made an "elsewhere" all by himself and stood to it. Those who were n't concerned produced an outcry, but it died down. The thing was all through the community. Nobody liked to say, "No, I have n't got the sickness, but there 's my nephew or my second cousin or my neighbor or the man I owe money to who ought to be quarantined!" So it went. By sun-up there were just the cotton-fields and John Dargan's house and, near the bayou, a heap of ashes. There was n't anywhere a mob. It had vanished off the face of the earth.

It came on to be a hot, still day, and Tom Wherry was quietly selling tickets for the noon train, and Jim Nicholls was sobering up in the drug-store and talking to a drummer who had a line of fancy goods, and Owen Adams was reading a New York paper in Robert Adams's office. Probably Harrison Laurie was sleeping, he being about the only one who did n't have to account for himself, there in his old castle behind the trees and the Spanish moss. That was all, in the sense that no one went to Magnolia County jail.

§ 4

Owen Adams sat in Robert Adams's office, reading the Northern paper. It was the second morning after the field out by Dargan's. He read with some particularity of a flower show, a wedding, and a boat-race, and then he dropped the paper into the waste-basket, stretched himself, and rose. His uncle was not in the office. Over by the north window young Wilson typed letters.

"Tell my uncle, will you," said Owen, "that I promised to help Mrs. Linley fix things for her children's party?"

Young Wilson nodded. Owen, turning to go, felt suddenly a diffused malaise. He might have said, had he ever used such words, that subconsciously it had been present for some time. Just how long it was impossible to say; perhaps for a night and a day. But now it stepped into consciousness. There was no localizing it; it simply was there, all through.

"Go play and forget it." He had listened to that advice through much of his life, so now he left the office, caught the street car that went up and down between Cottonville and Pleasantly, and presently was advising Mrs. Linley how the tables should be placed, so that they would get the magnolia shade and view the crape-myrtles.

For the rest of the day he thought he had forgotten it or crowded it out,

but at night he found that it had bided its time. It was growing stronger. By dawn it was pain, positive and prolonged.

He went, in the first light, to see Farrar, the doctor, who told him that he was sound in wind and limb, quite physically all right. Owen seemed relieved, but in a moment again talked of pain. But he was not able to tell where it was, and Farrar could not lay hand on the source.

From the doctor's he went to the office. It was natural to go to bed when you were in pain, constant pain, but he developed a repugnance to that. He wished to be upon his feet and moving, and also to be in company. He had no fever, he could n't say that he felt weak, he could walk all right, he could even work. There was simply pain. "It 'll wear away; something obscure." He accepted the doctor's perhaps over cheerful word and determined to forget it.

You are not to think that all this time there was not discussion enough, suppressed and open, about what had happened out by Dargan's. There was. The law made a considerable show of action; the law could act when it wished to. There is no doubt at all that it would have hanged Jim Lizard, but every one knew that in this other quarter nothing startling would happen. So many were implicated, or would be if it came to accusations and prosecutions, that such a thing could not be looked for. The company ruled Cottonville and Pleasantly and even Lane. As for the farmer and country folk generally, Dargan was one of them, and some Laurie or other had always led.

Owen Adams went to the office, but could not rest there. For a moment he might forget, or it might seem that he had fought it forth, clapped door, and drawn bolt. But through some crack or crevice it came back—pain. In the middle of this night, after an instant in which he thought it had gone for good, it suddenly came battering in with a reinforcement. He was now in something like agony. In the morning he went again to the doctor.

This time he wanted morphia. Farrar could n't conscientiously give it to him. It looked like a fixed idea. The physician told him so; and that probably the remedy was mental or moral or, so to speak, spiritual, and must be applied by an act of will. But Adams insisted that he was in constant and intense bodily pain. Farrar put him through a thorough examination and found nothing. He tried suggestion, hypnotization in fact, but it would n't work. Something immediate and strong was already in possession. At last the doctor did give him a little morphia. He seemed relieved and went away smiling,—he was a big, handsome fellow,—but in the afternoon he came again and wanted more. He said that the first had not lasted any time. Farrar refused, telling him that he was sure the whole thing was a notion; to be a man and overcome it. Adams said that he was in the greatest pain, and begged, and when the physician still refused, he flamed into an ugly kind of anger, and said that he would find a doctor who knew extremity when he saw it.

Later, Farrar understood that he went from him to the drug-store and got some kind of dope. Whatever it was, it did him no good; but after that first day or two he ceased to try any-

thing of the kind. He seemed to know that it was useless.

Here in the drug-store, for the first time after the night by Dargan's, he spoke to Jim Nicholls.

"I 'm in pain, Jim!"

"Are you? Well, I 'm not." Jim sold him the stuff, and he went away. Pain, and the stuff like water. No, not like water. Water was all right; like—like *oil*.

The strange thing, if he thought of it at all, was that he could keep his head. He had never been regular at office, but he went in and out much as he had always done, and listened to his uncle's dry expositions, or dictated a letter to young Wilson. His uncle looked at him askance and was dry and peremptory, but that was because he was virtually certain that the nephew had run with Harrison Laurie the other night, and he abhorred what had happened. But he did not mean ever to bring it out into language. Owen had a pleasant boarding-place in Pleasantly, and he came to table and talked when it was necessary. One of his fellow-boarders, a woman, said to him, "How well you 're looking!" But that very night it strengthened again and became hideous—hideous pain.

In the morning he determined to ride out to Laurie's. Maybe exercise, maybe getting away from town, maybe Laurie, with his drawling voice—So he went.

On Firefly he passed the X. & Y. station, and Tom Wherry, in the ticket-office, saw him through a window. Tom Wherry had the greatest stab of envy.

"He 's free! He rides away! He can go as far as he pleases—as far as Europe if he wants to! I wish you were me, tied here, chained here! If I had your horse!"

§ 5

A young man, twenty-eight perhaps, rather short than tall, rather stout than lean, having a golden voice and a gift of the gab—that was Tom Wherry. People liked him well enough, and in various societies he was often pushed forward to make a little speech. And he liked in his turn Cottonville and Pleasantly and Magnolia County and his job. If ever he said, "Some day I 'll go further and wider," still "someday," like heaven, remained distant and airy. He found, where he was, a theater and a good part, if a minor one, and an appreciative audience, if not one at the top of the cultural tree. If he had been used, with all his saying, to say such things, he might have remarked that the tree was bushier, bigger, fuller of sound and movement where he was. He was pretty content.

For recreation in snatches he kept within his desk a detective story, and he knew everybody who paused at his window, and his imagination never anticipated or followed the trains that roared in and roared out.

Something in him too fluent, too much of the theater, good, bad, or indifferent, made him for the crowd wherever it did congregate, and his trick of language, together with that really precious organ his voice, did the rest. As he would have said, he was talking before he knew it. And usually he advocated that in which the crowd was interested. To reprehend would have been too violent a start from home. Again, he might have answered: "But I *don't* reprehend. Is n't it all right?" So the crowd got under him and pushed him up, but he was

never anything at those times but the crowd.

The morning after the happening among the girdled trees by Dargan's house Tom Wherry sold tickets, made entries, and answered questions behind his grating in his very narrow quarters. It was natural enough, with lost sleep, and the excitement subsiding, to feel a kind of distaste. "My life! I 'd like to go fishing or to a circus or something out of this hole!" He sold tickets, made entries, answered questions. Station tongue, station ear had to do with the jail-breaking and the lynching. When the ten o'clock train came in, people jumped down and talked about it. Of the buyers of tickets and askers of questions some looked at him curiously and others winked. "You look as though you had n't slept. But of course you went down to jail just to see what the mob looked like." "Mum, is n't it?" "I hope you had pleasant dreams last night, Tom Wherry."

"Sure I did," said Tom. "Old rising bell rang too soon for me! Lane? Train 's fifty minutes late, but making up."

When after a time waiting-room and platform and tracks settled into the doldrums, he reached for his book. It opened easily; it was what he called an interesting one, keeping a man guessing. Now, with a clapping suddenness, arose between him and the page a desire to quit. Ticket office, waiting-room, platform, station, Pleasantly and Cottonville and Magnolia County became hateful places. Get away from them quick!

He pushed back from desk with a gasp as of one who has been down in deep water and up for the first time. Reaching for his linen coat, he slipped it on and went out upon the platform. Somebody immediately engaged him in talk. He found himself expounding abstractly—oh, without any personal application!—retribution. Not having been there, he could not tell the composition of the crowd; but to his mind what they had done was n't so God Almighty far from good! No, sir! Got to stamp it out, sir, got to give the whole kit-and-biling of them warning and example! What do they think of it in Washington? Which Washington? I don't care which. Of course he was guilty! Thought it, if he did n't do it, and I 'm morally certain he did it. No, I don't know who was in the crowd; don't even care to know. I take it impersonally, so to speak. That 's the way Pleasantly and Cottonville and Magnolia County should take it—impersonally."

He liked the word. Open air and the discussion in which he felt that he had come off well had restored him to himself. He walked down the platform. It was a gorgeous, hot summer day, but here hung shadow. Right nice place, after all!

As though the sun had barbed and sent an arrow against it, his environment shriveled and withered and became horrible. He gasped. "This town 's a jail! Get away! I 've got to make a get-away! It 's a vacation Tom Wherry 's needing!"

The hot sun crossed the meridian, slowly went down the west, dipped beneath, and vanished. "Make a get-away! make a get-away!" Tom Wherry sat in his room, which was not a palatial one, and his table was spread with railway folders. They showed pictures—mountains and lakes, cities, scenery, rivers, even ocean and ships

waiting for trains smoothly running to the dock. North, east, south, west, and the quarters between. Everywhere save straight up and down.

His holiday was not due, but perhaps if he went and told those over him how imperative it was, he might get away. If they said no, and the going cost him his job— He drank ice-water, and looked out of his screened window at the moon. It was late.

He slept upon it, and in the morning laughed at the folders scattered all over his small room. When his holiday came in September he was going with Rangeley, the telegraph operator, to Rangeley's father's farm, up in the hills. There was a town near by, and a lot of pretty girls in that county. He had been hectic last night. That was it, hectic.

He hummed as he dressed. Everydayness lasted through going downstairs and across the street to Tony's Restaurant.

But with the coffee-cup half-way to his lips it returned. He set the cup down. Get away! get away quick! This place was dangerous, hateful, and horrible. The ten o'clock express.

He went to the Cottonville bank and drew out his money, two hundred and fifty dollars. Then at the ticket office he sold himself a ticket, and began to write a letter of explanation to be left upon his desk. But in a moment this seemed unnecessary, and he tore it up. He looked at the clock. Half an hour. He sold tickets, answered questions, looked at the clock. Quarter of an hour, ten minutes. Closing the ticket window, he made a step toward his hat and a bag, which he had brought with him from the boarding-house. There came a feeling, quite definite and horrible, of fixture. "I can't! I can't! Everything will get in the way; see if it does n't! I 'm fastened!"

He let the express go by without him. All day both feelings increased, the inward, consuming, terrible hurry and desire, and a miserable conviction of helplessness. In the afternoon he set foot upon the step of the day coach of Number 5. Behind him one called "Wherry!" It was Rangeley. He drew back to the platform. "I thought I saw a man in there that I knew." He had no movement toward confiding in Rangeley or in any. "They 'd tell." Escape by himself! Escape from what? He did not know. Men spent their lives, did n't they, trying to escape from death? It was like that; only it was all quickened and run together in him right here and now. Make a get-away! Break the chain! The horror was that he *knew* that all kinds of things would set foot in path to trip him, running.

The next day he tried again, tried thrice. Each time something happened. The express was gone before he was out of the door upon the platform. Some one came into the ticket office and deliberately buttonholed him, and the east bound went by. A crowd got between him and Number 5, and he could not face it. That evening after hours he started to walk to Burbridge and thence to Lane, where he might take the night train. He went a mile or two upon the dusty road, and again encountered frustration. A man driving an ox team pulled up beside him and spoke. "It 's a hot evening, and you must be ready to turn. Want to go back to Pleasantly with me?"

He did not want to, but he went,

sitting beside the driver. The man left him at the dusky edge of Pleasantly, going on with the oxen toward Jessamine.

Make a get-away! Plunge toward it and always be brought up short! He had tried, and it was of no use. He knew it now inside. He would try and try, try because he could n't help trying, and yet he would n't be able to do it. The ox man was gone. Folk in Pleasantly were able to go. They escaped! Mr. Linley had gone that day on the private car of the X. & Y., going North somewhere. He saw him at ease, in one of the car's big leather chairs, Magnolia County growing less and less, fading out. Envy devoured him. "O God! I wish I were him and he was me!"

Under the big live-oak at church corner he met the secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

"Evening."

"Evening."

"I 'm going to-morrow with three or four of the fellows to Sea View for a week. A dip in the big water will feel good these dog days. Wish you could go along, Tom."

"You don't wish it any more than me."

When the other had passed on, it was devouring envy that he felt. "If I could take his trip, I 'd steal it all right! I 'd knock him down for it. But it is n't in a week that I 'd be coming back here! O God, why should he be out of it and not me? Everybody but me!"

"Ocean. Sail across the ocean. Swim across—"

What was keeping him? Nothing and everything.

There grew within him a forlornness, changing now and again into a vivid and frightful envy. By the fourth day he might not know if it was Cottonville and Pleasantly from which he ached to go, or if it was Tom Wherry, or what it was. A throbbing aversion, and an envy like poison oak, and it did no good to take trains or to plan to take them. He began to cease from the attempt. Misery had come to live with him—a misery like homesickness a million times deepened, and all aforetime likable folk now were taunters and flaunters of a property theirs, not his.

From the station window he saw Owen Adams on Firefly riding out from Pleasantly. He seemed to Tom a happy king. "He can get away. He 's free. Nothing holds him." The condition of any one not Tom Wherry appeared a condition of bliss. Envy ate him. He was shaken and blasted by those inner great starts to get free. Inner now, not outer. Pictures continually rose of Tom Wherry elsewhere and at ease and happy again. Now he sat upon the deck of a boat, something cool with ice in the glass beside him. The shore receded; it was all right. Now he quite happily hoed corn on a hillside, with the deep woods in view, and the crows cawing, and no other neighbors. Now—but the pictures were endless.

It all increased; only the pictures ceased to appear. There was nothing but a dreadful feeling occupying him and devouring him. At night he shed scalding tears.

Farrar's sister was going to Lane to do some shopping. Farrar went with her to the station, took her ticket, and put her on the train. Tom Wherry said to him as he was paying for the ticket, "You all seem to me quite enviable." Farrar repeated it to his

sister, who did n't want to go to Lane this hot weather. "Tom Wherry says he envies travelers. If you had to sit in that blazing place in there, even moving off to Lane would look good. Everything 's relative."

Tom Wherry and Jim Nicholls were friends. Jim was a still man when he was n't drinking, and Tom was naturally drawn to any listener. He might now, one would think, have gone to the drug-store and Jim Nicholls. But he did not go. *"No help there; no help from him."*

§ 6

Jim Nicholls was not drinking. He had been, but he stopped the day of the lynching. When he stopped he always stopped clean short. He might not touch liquor again for three months. He had been known to go for six months. Short or long in abstinence, he was a tall, red, silent man and a good druggist.

That morning after Dargan's field, going home alone in the faint dawn, he felt very quiet, everything clearing up after a spree, sense coming back to a Malay after running amuck.

The air was quite still; it was going to be a hot day. In the east hung sheets of green and yellow, and above the low horizon a long piece of faint red. Suddenly Jim Nicholls, his outward eyes regarding this dawn sky, saw in some inner way bloodshot eyes, his own. "I suppose they *are* bloodshot," he thought. He seemed to be regarding Jim Nicholls's eyes through another's eyes. The sense disappeared. He had stopped short, but now he went on with long strides. "Funny thing, that!"

The flat earth slowly colored. Pleasantly and Cottonville stood against the hot, still dawn. He was not upon the road; he was going back to the drug-store by way of the old, cast-out fields. He passed a number of little pine-trees. Around spread coarse grass with sedge. There was no dew.

Without further warning, so soon as this, Jim Nicholls began to hate. Certainly, when he was drunken he acted as though he hated, though probably that was only a part of what he felt; and, sober, he had a considerable power of disliking. But this was not that, though it may have given the hand-hold. But now suddenly, as though he had leaped into a sea of it, he hated generally and vindictively. If there was anything that was not hating him, fiercely and unpardonably and striving to injure, he could not see it! He hated back, fiercely, unpardonably, and injuriously.

The dawn sky became a face hating and to be hated. The old fields and the little pines and the sedge belted themselves into another face and were hated. Pleasantly and Cottonville, half a mile away, house and trees, church-spires and mill-stacks, ran into a hating third, and were hated.

He came into town. The mill whistle blew, and became another thing to hate. Were his eyes bloodshot? Of course they were bloodshot! What had happened? He did not know. He only knew that another Jim Nicholls had found Jim Nicholls. The two were roosting together, but the first Jim Nicholls was fast being crowded off the perch. By the time he reached his drug-store, with the two rooms behind, the three making all his home, the two Nicholls had coalesced. He conceived that the world was slaying him, and he simply and impartially hated it. He was hate.

Unlocking the door, he entered the drug-store. As he did so he had the thought, "Something must remain unhatable." For one moment the world cleared. "I would n't hate an angel coming down with a sword to help." The thought closed. There was n't any angel; the sun went out. Hate and hate. Even, even, to get even!

Ancient affection for his drug-shop went out like a blown lamp. Great bottles and jars; labeled canisters; glass case filled with a medley of brushes and soaps, creams, and salves, and perfumes; dangling, high-colored cardboards picturing damsels and flowers and children and the virtues of this or of that; the cool, compounded smell; the dim sense of ages behind those jars and great vials, ages of gathering and learning, the hidden romance; all that, though he had never named it, had hung in his mind with a sense of rightness and fond habit—all grew venomous, hateful. Pleasantly, Cottonville, all the world.

He made his own breakfast. He owned a dog, a terrier named Barney. This came up to him. He kicked him away, with a "Damn you!"

Throughout the day folk dropped in to buy, and some with a wish to talk or merely to look knowing. He hated them all alike, those to whom he sold and those to whom he stated that he had a headache and that there was nothing to talk about anyhow, and those whose stare he gave back like a blank wall. He still had the sense of his eyes being terribly bloodshot. A looking-glass hanging in the back room showed him that they were not actually so, or very slightly so; but the illusion persisted. Well, was it not enough to make eyes bloodshot, the hatefulness, the enmity, that met them whichever way they turned! He wished to fill all other eyes with blood. Pay! pay! pay back! He sat or stood or moved in an anguish of wishing ill. All things had come to one throbbing point of hating.

In the afternoon he closed the shop and threw himself upon the bed in the farthest room. He would sleep. So he did, heavily. But when he waked, it was first to dull and then to horrible, intense anger and hate. He did not know against whom it was directed. Why play favorites? It had become an impartial, horrible emotion.

Hate! hate! hate! Tear them to pieces, inside, if he could not do it outside! *Because they were hurting him.*

By the next morning he had come to self-hatred. There was one Jim Nicholls. Destroy him, too! Hate and destroy everybody! Hate and destroy God, Who made him to suffer!

He kept the shop open till noon, then he closed it. In the evening, a hot sunset light filtering in, he went and stood before a glass vial in a certain division of the shelves. Take from it and mix and drink! But even while he looked he wished wildly to live. It would please them if he died. He remembered a maddened bull. He felt that rage.

Night went, and the next day went. Cottonville and Pleasantly looked at him with bloodshot eyes, and he at them with bloodshot eyes.

Pleasantly and Cottonville were used to a close-mouthed Jim Nicholls, selling drugs and various articles in a drug-store rather shadowy, ailantus-trees before it casting dimness. Not so many observant persons came his way. Drug-store and the pavement

without had never been loafing-places, as were other stores and bits of pavement. He had never had Tom Wherry's light popularity.

It was the third day when Owen Adams stepped inside and asked for something to dull pain.

"I 'm in pain, Jim!"

"Are you? I 'm not!"

He sold him what the law let him sell. He looked at Owen with bloodshot eyes. He knew that his were bloodshot, and he thought that Owen's were the same. When the latter departed, he followed him to the door and stared after him going up the street, out of the ailantus shadow into sun, then again into shadow. He hated him and hated all men. The odor of the ailantus struck his nostrils. "There is a tree called Hate. I got under it somehow."

The weather was hot, the weather was dry. Each night a thickening moon rained down an antique influence; oh, an antique! In Washington, which was the colored settlement out at End-of-Creek, they began a camp meeting, a revival. Thick of the moon meant singing and shouting, and perhaps old Africa coming up in the bones. If you will notice, it brings to us all a certain restlessness of body and mind. Something very old comes up in all our bones. Night by night the moon thickened, and in the day the sun was hot. The drought held.

§ 7

Owen Adams, riding to see Harrison Laurie, passed by the station and out upon the bayou road, a mile, two miles, three. Laurie's cotton-fields, Laurie's negroes moving in them, Laurie's cabins in the distance, with umbrella- and heaven-trees and pine and live-oak. Opening the gate, he passed from the high road into one through Laurie's, a narrow and weedy road. Sky so blue it burned, sun with a quiver as wide as the air, and arrows no man might number. Ragged cotton, ragged cotton. At the end of the road stood Laurie's house in an island of trees, trees enormously tall and herding close. In the outpost trees began the swinging moss that was a feature of the place.

Owen Adams, riding under, disliked the moss, as he had always disliked it. But now it seemed to weave in with pain. The road became soft, and sunk into deep shadow. Harrison Laurie's house. Once it had been gray stucco, with white pillars, but now all was of an indistinguishable yellowed and darkened hue, like a November leaf under heel, or a toad's back. The trees hugged close to the pillared porch and to windows. When the wind blew, the streamers of moss flapped like banners of a host in panic; when the air was still, they hung with an aspect of dark finality. "Why don't you clear them out?" "They would grow again." "Then clear it out again, keep clearing out." "You are too energetic."

Ordinarily, in summer Laurie's door stood wide, showing old bare hall and wide stair. In such weather Laurie himself was oftenest found in the porch, in a chair long and low and deep, with a book and a cigar and something in a glass. He might be reading or he might be drowsing, or simply lying, looking at the Spanish moss with narrow slits of blue between. The dog Canute kept beside him. When he put down his book and roused himself he was good company, or so thought Owen Adams.

He was not upon the porch, and the door was shut. Owen, dismounting, fastened his horse to a hook driven deep into a live-oak. As he mounted the steps he caught the fact that a closed window-blind of the room to the right, Laurie's room, was pushed slightly and noiselessly, as though some one would see and not be seen. It was unusual, the blinds being closed.

There hung a knocker upon the door, an old one with a dusky face. Owen knocked twice, then pushed against the door, to find it locked or barred. Again that was surprising. He knocked the third time, and now through the broken side-lights heard Laurie coming and slowly opening to him. The door swung back.

"What 's the matter? I 've never known Laurie House closed and barred like this!"

"It never felt the need. Let 's shut the door."

He shut and bolted it. The action brought him into the light. It was not sallowness alone; it was pallor, and his long, loose frame and his long countenance, with its small mustache and even, fine, straight eyebrows, had a curious aspect alike of shrinkage and tension.

"Are you all by yourself?" asked Owen. "Where are Ailsy and Creed?"

"I sent them away. No, sir; a man can trust himself, but he can't trust others."

"Where is Canute?"

"I don't want him springing at me; so I 've tied him up."

By now the door was stoutly closed. They crossed the hall, Laurie with a soft step, drawn together, and tip-toeing as though some one at hand lay dying. What with the natural shade about the house and what with the drawn shutters, the room that they entered was dimly lighted. But it could be seen to be in disorder, and though the bed had been made, it was creased and crumpled as though Laurie had been lying or sitting there. Pillows were piled high; he seemed to have robbed the one or two other still furnished bedrooms.

"Do you sleep sitting up like that?"

"It 's safer so. You are half ready to start—one movement from the bed. Lying down, it takes two. I have n't slept much."

His voice sounded strained and reedy thin. Owen stared around, but he had given time enough from his own preoccupation.

"Laurie, I don't know what is the matter with me; I 'm in constant pain —the worst kind. The doctor says it 's imaginary. He 's a fool, or he does n't know what 'imaginary' means. It 's real, I tell you, and it 's hell!"

"Pain?" said the other. "But you don't *fear*." He went back to the bed, and sat huddled. Somewhere in the back of the house Canute began to howl. "Perhaps I had best shoot him," said Laurie. "If I did n't think that perhaps—"

His voice trailed off. It was evident that, as time goes, he had long been in terror. He was in terror, or terror was in him.

Owen regarded him.

"What is there to be afraid of, Laurie? If you were in pain, that would be different. Pain 's real."

"What I feel is real, too. It 's hellishly real. Fear! I tell you, I 've got fear of everything!"

"Fear of Canute? Fear of me?"

"Fear of Canute, yes. I may presently have fear of you."

"I came out thinking you 'd do me good. I thought maybe you 'd ride back to town with me."

"Why should I go there? God, no! I have n't been out of the house for two days. There 's food in the storeroom; I get myself a little. But then I have to pass Canute."

"What 's the matter?"

"I don't know. The whole world 's one danger. I 'm danger to myself. It 's terrible! O God!"

He quivered, and sat staring into vacancy. Owen said in a whisper:

"Do you suppose, Laurie, something or some one got *into* us the other night?"

But the other only sat shaking slightly and staring. Unselfishness had not been Owen Adams's strong point. If Laurie was n't going to help, be interested or sympathize; if he could do nothing to remove or to render more endurable— The spasm of hope toward a friend was spent. Owen felt that the friend came short. He felt dislike, almost hatred, for the figure seated on the bed.

"There 's nothing I can do here—"

"No. I wish you would go! It 's stronger since you came."

"I wish you had my pain!"

"I 'd change. Terror is my master. He 's got a long, black whip."

The room, with the shuttered four windows, received light by the spaces between the slats. Coming from opposing sides, these rays crossed and were broken like spears. The objects in the room and the room itself appeared to shift ground like a fencer. There came an apprehension of slipping cohesion, disintegration, deliquescence. Bones turning to water seemed hardly a figure of speech.

Owen backed a little.

"Yes, I 'll go. I won't get any help here!"

"You don't give any. I would n't have let you in except that I thought, 'Maybe he 'll help.' But it was a mistake." He rose from the bed. "I 'll let you out. You go ahead."

In the hall they again heard the dog.

"Loose him, why don't you? He 's no company there!"

Laurie shook his head.

"No; he 'd tear my throat out—"

"He 's not mad!"

"No; but he would come at me. I know."

His voice trailed away. He unbolted the door. Said Owen:

"If you knew what terrible pain I 'm in!"

A hot wind poured in at door, breathing from fields and wood and bayou. It seemed to bring with it a draft of anger.

"Damn your pain!" said Harrison Laurie.

"Damn your senseless fear!"

They stared at each other. Anger stiffened them slightly. At the back of the house Canute was heard again. Laurie's face became livid. His eyeballs seemed to start, his hair to rise. He closed the door in the other's face. Owen heard the bolt drawn, and through the broken glass footsteps down the hall. He himself leaned against the wood. "Pain! O God!"

He rode back to Pleasantly. It was very dry and hot, the katydids making a great fuss, the cotton and corn asking for rain.

About five in the afternoon Robert Adams sent for Farrar, the doctor. The nephew was then at the uncle's house. Farrar talked with the latter, who said that as much as three days

ago he had seen that something was wrong. What, he asked the physician, *was* wrong? Had it to do with that miserable night out by Dargan's? He had n't pressed for knowledge. He did n't want to know Owen's proceedings, refused to talk about them, had no information at all; but what did the doctor think?

Farrar answered that he did n't know what to think. He had n't been able to find any physical cause. He added that in his own opinion "physical" was a very deep word, containing more than we thought. So it might be physical, after all.

"I suppose 'obsession' is as near to it as you can come?"

"Yes. If there was such a thing as 'possession,' I might say possession. Or vibration kindling vibration. But we have n't come to that in the medical books."

Robert Adams drummed upon the table.

"Owen came here two hours ago. My wife and I persuaded him upstairs into the spare room. He 's losing all command; people must n't see him so. Come up and do what you can. He 's my brother's son. I want him un-possessed."

They went. Owen was not in bed, but dressed, seated upon a chair in the middle of the floor. He said he was in extreme agony. By now, whatever was that thing, it was working for itself outward expression. His frame was contorted, his face convulsed. The doctor did not know. He might die if this went on.

Farrar stayed there through the night and had to believe the other when he said he had been caught by pain as a dog takes a rabbit. He said he wanted to die; and would n't the doctor kill him, put him out of it quick!

It was a dark night, powdered with stars. Outside the room ran a gallery. Farrar, stepping now and again out upon this, watched the tremendous field, then returned to Owen Adams. About two in the morning he felt a change. Leaving the room, he found Robert Adams sitting up in his library, coffee at hand.

"It 's weakening," said the doctor. "I think he 'll pull out."

Back with the nephew, he stood in the gallery door watching the dawn. He heard Owen sigh and move, and was not surprised when he came to him in the doorway and whispered:

"Doctor, I feel better." A little later he said, "If ever I get out of this, I 'm going to be a better man!"

Farrar long remembered the light coming up over Pleasantly. He had thought a good deal that night of all the strange things in our life. He thought of how all things are one. Anyhow, it was a dawn light that was very cool and pure and kindly.

The physician went home and slept some hours. In the afternoon he found himself upon High Street and saw before him Owen Adams coming down the old brick sidewalk. They met under the big tree before Bell's. It was a hot afternoon, a hazy, remote sky shutting all into desert glare, the leaves drooping, and the pink crape-myrtle at the end of Bell's long porch. Farrar asked:

"Well, how are you now?"

"Better; still better! It 's the loveliest, quietest feeling!"

Farrar said that it had been an obsession and that it was dying out. The other answered that, anyway, he felt now like seeing his fellow-man.

Half a dozen came out of Bell's, traveling men and others, with two negroes carrying bags, and turned toward the station—the six o'clock express. Owen looked after them, then said:

"I think I 'll go speak to Tom Wherry." In a moment he was walking away after the others. He had to pass the drug-store.

Farrar turned for a moment into Bell's. He had taken from the office table the Lane "Messenger" and was reading the foreign news when he heard the shots. The loungers in Bell's started up and ran out, Farrar with them. A hundred yards down the street, as though it had come up through the pavement, was a crowd under the ailantus-trees before Jim Nicholls's drug-store.

When the doctor got there, Owen Adams was dead, Jim's bullet through his heart. Jim's old six-shooter that Tom Wherry used to take from him when he was drinking, and Jim firing right and left at what he said were bloodshot eyes! When they got him down and the weapon away, he had emptied its chambers. The balls went wild, save that one that found Owen Adams. Jim Nicholls!

Early that same hot afternoon in which the loafers in Bell's heard the shots Tom Wherry wandered out of Pleasantly. He went to the thick pine-wood still standing between Choccawalla and Big Bayou. Everywhere else was heat, but in here was coolness; the ground was not thick dust, but firm and dark and cool and covered with purplish needles. He threw himself down, with his head in his arms. For a while it was a week of misery still, to-day as bad as yesterday, yesterday as bad as day before, to-morrow coming up as wretched as to-day, day after to-morrow as wretched! Misery and wretchedness!

He lay like a log in the pine-wood. Time passed; he did not know how much. Within him some one began haltingly to speak:

"I am not worth a mite! I am not worth a mite! Sorry for all I have ever done! Sorry for all I have ever done!"

It was night when he came out of the grove, and the moon was shining. It shone over Pleasantly and Cottonville and the fields and the road. Faintly, like moonlight too, entered into Tom Wherry's heart a *liking* for it all. Instantly the brain made words for the feeling. "The old place is n't more than half bad; it is n't so bad."

He went along the dusty road in the moonlight. It shone upon little pines and heaven-trees and where once had been a cabin, a great clump of crape-myrtle. Before him plodded a negro—Daniel, who drove one of the company teams. He caught up with him.

"Where have you been, Daniel?"

Daniel had been to see old Daddy Joe Ferris, who was dying.

"He gwine make er good end—Daddy Joe. He remembers cl'ar back to creation, and he 's tellin' erbout it all to-night!"

The two men walked together.

"I 've been feeling very badly, Daniel, but I 'm feeling better now. It 's a lovely night."

"'T is that," agreed Daniel. "The Lord 's looking down. Some he takes now, and some he takes later."

Going together into Pleasantly, they heard about Owen Adams and Jim Nicholls.

The heat held over Cottonville and

Pleasantly and all the fields and roads and Jessamine and Laurie's and Big Bayou. It held around Laurie's house, and the huge trees and the long moss seemed ranged there not for shadow, but for suffocation. Moreover, it was silent, silent, silent.

Creed and Ailsy, who had been born upon the place, at last determined to break in. Creed got two or three men from the fields. After calling and calling, and only their own echoes returning, they used an ax against the thick front door. "You 'd think we 'd hear Canute!" In the dim hall they turned a little gray, looking at one another. Ailsy began to whimper, "I 's frightened!"

They broke in the door of Laurie's room.

"Lawd hab mercy!"

"Lawd hab mercy! He 's shot Canute!"

"Lawd hab mercy! *What 's dat hanging dar?*"

§ 8

Harrison Laurie was the last to live in Laurie House. A month from that day it caught fire, no one knows how, burned to the ground.

What became of Jim Nicholls? The night after he shot Owen Adams he slept or did not sleep in Magnolia County jail. In a few days there was a commission. It adjudged him crazy. The asylum at Lane.

Did he stay there? No, he did not. He got better. Some time after this, Farrar, going North, and meeting on the train Clarke, the asylum physician-in-chief, asked about him. Clarke lit his cigar and said, physician to physician, that he had never known just what was sanity, and so, naturally, was in an insecure position on insanity. Jim Nicholls? Jim was missing his drug-store, and the notion of bloodshot eyes had faded out. Also, he did n't hate as much as he had done.

That was in November. At Christmas-time Cottonville and Pleasantly heard that Jim Nicholls had escaped from Lane. They never found him. No one knows where he is. Once there came a drummer who said that he knew in Arkansas a long, red, dry man, a druggist, who had told him about this part of the world.

Tom Wherry? For another year he sold X. & Y. tickets; then he married a girl up Rangeley's way and moved into the hills. After that Cottonville and Pleasantly heard that he had become a preacher.

§ 9

Harrison Laurie, Owen Adams, Jim Nicholls, Tom Wherry. But there was a fifth man, and that was John Dargan.

John Dargan was a slow, country fellow, used to mornings and noons and afternoons in the fields, and twilights on his porch, with his pipe and the scarlet running bean and the gourd vine, and the whippoorwills calling, and the stars coming out, and pictures then of his childhood and boyhood, and of a year in New Orleans. Used also to his wife, her work done, coming out of house to sit there too.

All had been grief and rage and action of an unaccustomed sort for John Dargan. All was yet, he thought, grief and rage. It was twelve days from the lynching. His sister was over at Jessamine; old Matthew Dargan was lying ill and needing her. Dargan sat alone under the scarlet bean, twilight walking up the west

over the fields. His pipe lay beside him. Now and then he took it up and smoked, but in a moment put it down again and sat bent, with locked hands. His dog slept beside him on the warm, brown earth.

Over! So much was over, never to come again!

"Anyhow, we burned him," said John Dargan. "He deserved burning."

When he had said that he again fell silent. Sky and earth lay in dim purple, very far spread and quiet. A white star became visible, then another. Afar in the wood began a whippoorwill. "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

Edie! The day they were married in the log church! Edie! "Till death do us part."

"Edie, we killed that devil—killed him slow! Edie! Edie! We did that for you, anyhow. Edie!"

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

Two or three more stars came out, but still the sky spread dim rose and purple and umber, and still the fields and wood and road could be discerned.

"O God, I don't understand this world of yours! Edie! Edie! can't you speak to me?"

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

A meteor shot across the sky, the evening wind began to move, the pines smelled, the fields smelled. Very quietly there opened within John Dargan a picture—opened like one of the homely flowers about the door: the Choccawalla, and he and his brother going fishing with Jim Lizard, long ago, when they were boys.

He tried to kill it with another picture, but it persisted, it was there. It seemed that it had as much right to be there as had the others.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

"Edie! Edie! I know the kind of thing you would have said! But you are dead."

A blur came over the bayou and over the trees, but the flowers, the heaven-trees, and the cotton about the house grew brighter. The zinnias, the lilies, and the sunflowers, the double row of them, grew very long and shining, and somehow they seemed no longer flat to earth. They lifted, they stretched afar, beyond the dooryard and the cotton, afar up a vast, gentle slope, like a road to heaven. He felt his wife among them. That which went out quietly, dying in the twilight, was the word "dead."

Perhaps, sitting there after a long day's work, he nodded and dreamed. Perhaps he simply became more awake. He heard her speak. Yes, it was within. He recognized that, but it was she. He cried out, within:

"Edie, it is all so dark! Edie, we did that thing for you!"

She had her own trick of speech, and she did not depart from it now.

"John, don't ever say that you-all did that for me! If you 're asking me —no! no! no! What good could it do you-all or me or him or anybody? It did n't please and it did n't serve—not anything—not anybody! And as for dying, nothing dies, John. We don't do things that-a-way where I live and where I want you to live. John, let me show you—"

That is all that can be put into words; but John Dargan was simple and humble, and he learned.

John Dargan! It is probable that the zinnias and lilies and sunflowers never quite settled back again, flat to his dooryard in the cotton-fields stretching beyond it.

The Wonderful Life and Deeds of Paul Bunyon

By Hubert Langerock

Woodcuts by Allen Lewis

One evening I was sitting with a crew of lumberjacks about the stove of their camp in western Oregon. It was a huge heater, nearly always kept red-hot, because it had to serve the double purpose of heating the bunk-house and drying the clothes of the crew. It was a voracious affair as well; one of the men kept feeding it great chunks of fir from a near-by pile.

"That stove is nothing at all alongside of the heaters we used to have at Paul Bunyon's," remarked a lumberjack in a casual way. "Those were the boys. They were fed by an endless chain, right from the woods, day and night. Paul's camps sure were never cold."

Although the remark was not directly addressed to me, it was intended that I should hear it. Interested, I listened. Nobody seemed to be relating Paul Bunyon's exploits in narrative form; statements about him were dropped in an offhand way, as if in reference to actual events of common knowledge. Some of the men acted and talked as if they had met one another and worked together in the legendary Bunyon camp. With painstaking accuracy they compared dates and data, establishing the exact time and place. It was "on the Big Onion, the winter of the blue snow," or, "at Shot Gunderson's camp on the Big Tadpole, the year of the sourdough drive." Later I learned that this was the usual method employed to overawe the greenhorn in the bunkhouse or the paper-collar "stiffs" and homeguards in the saloons. For many years the lumbermen and loggers have enjoyed elaborating the old themes, and new stories have been born in lying contests in which the pinnacle of extemporaneous invention was often reached.

Here is the story, as complete as I can make it.

Paul was born in Maine of French-Canadian descent. When three weeks old, he became very restless in his sleep, and, rolling over, destroyed four miles of standing timber. This led to the building of a floating cradle, which was anchored off Eastport. When Paul rocked in his cradle, it caused a seventy-five-foot tide in the Bay of Fundy, which washed away several villages. Utterly unconcerned, Paul kept on sleeping, and was awakened only when the British Navy was called to the rescue, and fired broadsides for seven hours. Then Paul stepped out of his cradle and sank seven war-ships; whereupon the British Government seized the cradle and used the lumber to build seven more ships. Thus Nova Scotia was saved from becoming an island, but the tides in the Bay of Fundy are still there.

§ 2

When Paul grew up he invented logging and all the tools and methods used in that industry. He found no precedents, and adapted his operations to local conditions. In the mountains he used Babe, his big blue ox, to pull the kinks out of the crooked logging-roads; on the Big Onion he instituted the policy of hauling a section of land at a time to the landing; in North Dakota he used the seven axmen.

It was Paul who invented the grindstone the winter he logged off North Dakota. Before that the axmen used to sharpen their tools by rolling rocks downhill and running alongside of them. In Dakota neither hills nor rocks were to be found, so Paul rigged up the revolving rock. The seven axmen could now grind an ax a week, but the little chore boy, whose job it was to turn the stone, did not feel very enthusiastic about the invention. The first stone was so big that, working at full speed, every time it turned around once, it was pay-day.

After many experiments and failures, Paul invented the two-man saw. He first made one from a strip of sheet-iron that had been thrown away when the cook's dinner-horn was manufactured. The saw reached over a quarter-section, the smallest unit that ever entered Paul's calculations. It worked well in a level country despite the fact that all the trees fell back on the saw; but on rough and hilly ground only the tops were trimmed off, and in the pot-holes the saw passed them over altogether.

The winter of the deep snow everything was buried. Paul had to dig down deep to find the tops of the tallest pines. He had the snow dug away from them, and lowered the sawyers down to the base, as in a mine. When they had cut the tree, it was hauled to the surface by a long parbuckle chain to which Babe, Paul's blue ox, mounted on snow-shoes, had been hitched. When it became impossible to buy enough stovepipe to reach the top of the snow, Paul had Ole make stovepipe by boring out logs with a six-inch auger.

All of Paul's inventions were successes with the exception of his scheme to run three ten-hour shifts a day and to use the aurora borealis for a source of artificial lighting. The plan was given up because the lights were not dependable.

Many of Paul's plans were upset by the mistakes of straw-bosses and foremen. For instance, once Chris Crosshaul, a careless cuss and one of Paul's camp bosses, took a drive down the Mississippi, and when the logs got to

New Orleans, it was found that the wrong tow had been taken down. The owners looked at the brands and refused to accept the logs. It was up to Paul to take them back up-stream. No one but Paul could ever have tackled such a piece of work. Driving logs up-stream is impossible, but no impossibilities ever stopped Paul Bunyon. He fed Babe a good big salt ration and drove him to the upper Mississippi to drink. Babe drank the river dry, and sucked all the water up-stream, and the logs went up the river faster than they came down.

Paul's inventiveness never showed up to better advantage than when he tackled the mosquitos of the North Country. Those alone who have encountered that particular mosquito can appreciate what Paul was up against when he was surrounded by vast swarms of the ancestors of the present-day insects, getting their first taste of human flesh and blood. The present mosquito is but a degenerate remnant of his ancestors. Now he rarely weighs more than a pound or measures more than a foot from tip to tip.

Paul had to keep his men and oxen in the camps, with doors and windows bolted. Men with pike-poles and axes were stationed on the roofs to fight off the insects that were trying to lift the shakes off the roof in order to gain admittance. The lives of Paul and his crew were saved only because the big buck mosquitos started a fight and trampled down the weaker members of the swarm.

Paul made up his mind that the menace would be removed for the following logging season. He thought of the big bumblebees back home and sent for several yokes of them. Sourdough Sam brought out two pairs on foot. To control the flight of the beasts, their wings were strapped with surcingles. Sam provided them with walking-shoes when they checked their stingers with him.

But the cure was worse than the original evil. The bees and the mosquitos made a hit with one another; they intermarried, and their offspring was worse than the parent stock. They had stingers fore and aft, and got their victims coming and going. The bee blood in them was the cause of their ultimate destruction. A flower is not much to an insect with a

ten-gallon stomach, so their craving for sweets could be satisfied only by sugar and molasses in large quantities. One day the whole tribe flew across Lake Superior and attacked a fleet of ships carrying sugar to Paul's camps. They destroyed the ships, but ate so much sugar that they were no longer able to fly, and were all drowned. Paul kept one pair of the original bees at headquarters camp, and they provided honey for the hot cakes of the crew for many long years.

Paul may not have invented geography, but he created a lot of it. The Great Lakes were first constructed to provide a water-hole for Babe. It is not quite clear what year the job was finished, but the lakes were in use the year of the two winters.

The winter Paul logged off North Dakota, he hauled water for his ice roads from the Great Lakes. One day when Brimstone Bill, using one of the old tanks, was making his early morning trip, the tank sprang a leak when they were half-way across Minnesota. Bill climbed Babe's tail and was saved from drowning, but after it was realized that the tank could not be patched up, it was abandoned; and the water all leaked out and formed the Mississippi River. The truth of this is established by the fact that the old river is still flowing.

In the early days, when Paul went broke between logging seasons, he traveled around, like all lumberjacks, doing any kind of pioneering work he was able to find. He showed up in the State of Washington about the time that the Puget Construction Company, Limited, was building Puget Sound, and old Billy Puget was breaking the world's record for moving dirt by using dirt-throwing badgers. Paul and Billy got into an argument about who had shoveled the most. Paul got mad and said he 'd show Billy Puget, and started to shovel the dirt back again. Before Billy stopped him, he had piled up the San Juan Islands.

§ 3

Paul was not only an able and alert executive; he was also a master workman. His fast foot work made him a "good man on the round stuff," and despite his weight, he had no trouble running about on the floating logs, even the smallest ones. It was said that Paul could spin a log until the

bark came off, and then run ashore on the bubbles. He once threw a peavey-handle into the Mississippi at St. Louis and, standing on it, poled up to Brainerd, Minnesota. Paul was a "white-water bucko" and rode water so rough that it would tear an ordinary man in two to drink out of the river.

Like all pioneers, Paul was a mighty hunter. Alongside of him, old Nimrod himself would have looked like a city dude lost from his guide. He was also a good fisherman. Old-timers tell of seeing Paul, as a small boy, fish off the Atlantic coast. He would sail early in the morning in his three-masted schooner, and wade back before breakfast with his boat full of fish on his shoulder.

About that time he got his shot-gun, which required four dish-pans full of powder and a keg of spikes to load each barrel. With this gun he would shoot geese so high in the air that they would spoil before reaching the ground.

Tracking was Paul's favorite sport, and no trail was too old or too dim for him to follow. He once came across the skeleton of a moose that had died of old age, and, just for curiosity, picked up the tracks of the animal and spent the whole afternoon following its trail back to the place where it was born.

With capable workmen Paul was a friend as well as an employer. Their relations were excellent. For Paul was, before everything else, thorough. He did not fool around clocking the crew with a stop-watch, counting motions and deducting the ones used for borrowing chews, going for drinks, dodging the boss, and preparing for quitting time. He decided to cut out labor altogether. He hitched Babe to a section of land and snaked the whole 640 acres at one drag. At the landing the trees were cut off just like shearing a sheep, and the denuded section was hauled back to its place. Six trips a day for six days a week just cleaned up a township, for Section 37 was never hauled back to the woods on the Saturday night, but was left on the landing to be washed away by the water in the early spring. Documentary evidence of the truth of this assertion is offered by the government surveys: no map in existence shows a township with more than thirty-six sections.

§ 4

From all accounts, the family life of Paul Bunyon was very happy. Mrs. Bunyon first appeared in the life of Paul as the cook of one of his camps. She specialized on soft-nosed flapjacks, which could not be produced unless cooked over a hot fire made of prune-pits. She used to call the men to dinner by blowing into an old woodpecker hole in a hollow stub that stood near the door of the cook-house. In this stub there was a nest of owls that had only one short wing and could not help flying in circles.

Mrs. Bunyon used to mother Paul affectionately. When some lumberjack with artistic proclivities attempted to make a sketch of Paul, Mrs. Bunyon, with wifely solicitude, parted Paul's hair with a hand-ax and combed it with an old crosscut saw.

Jean was Paul's youngest son. When he was three weeks old, he jumped out of his cradle one night and, seizing an ax, chopped the four posts out from under his father's bed. The incident greatly tickled Paul. He used to brag about it, and declared with fatherly pride that some day the

boy would be a great logger. In due course of time Jean drifted south, and the last heard of him was that he had been hired by a logging company to lift logging-trains past one another on a single-track railroad.

In pioneering days no camp was ever without a dog. Paul loved dogs, with the proviso that no dog could be around that did not earn his keep. So the dogs had to work—hunt or catch rats. That was some job when the rodents around the camp used to thrive on buffalo milk hot cakes and grew to be as big as two-year-old bears.

Elmer, the moose-terrier, practised on the rats when he was a pup, and soon became able to catch a moose on the run and finish him with one shake. Elmer usually loafed around the cook camp, and when the meat supply happened to run low, the cook would appear on the threshold and say "Bring a moose, Elmer." Elmer would catch a moose, bring it in, and repeat the performance until the cook figured that he had meat enough and called him off.

Sport, the reversible dog, was the best hunter of all Paul's canines. He was part wolf and part elephant hound, and was raised on bear milk. When he was a pup, he was playing in the horse barn one night, and Paul mistook him for a mouse and threw a hand-ax at him. He was cut in two, but Paul, realizing his mistake before it was too late, stuck the two parts together and bandaged him up. With careful nursing the dog recovered, but it developed that Paul, in his haste, had put the two halves together so that the hind legs pointed straight up. This proved later to be an advantage to the animal. He learned to run on the two front legs for a while, and then to turn around without loss of speed and run on the other two. Because of this he never tired. Anything he went after got caught. While still a pup, he broke through four feet of ice on Lake Superior and was drowned.

The shaggy dog that spent most of his time pretending to sleep in front of the camp office was Fido, the watch-dog. Fido was the bugbear of the greenhorns who struck camp. They were told that Paul starved him all winter and then, before pay-day, fed him all the swampers, chore boys, and student bullcooks when they came to

claim their pay. The thought of being turned into dog-food froze them stiff. Of course those fears were groundless. Paul was not the man to let a dog go hungry at any time or even to mistreat a human being; but he did feed Fido all the watch-peddlers, tailors' agents, and camp inspectors that happened to turn up.

Around Paul's camps the dogs were not the real pets. Babe, the big blue ox, was the darling of the camps, although a trifle large for a household companion. Babe could pull anything that had two ends on it.

Babe was seven ax-handles wide between the eyes, according to some authorities; others equally dependable say forty-two ax-handles and a plug of chewing-tobacco. Like other historical contradictions, this one comes from the use of different standards. Seven of Paul's ax-handles were equal to forty-two and a fraction of the ordinary kind.

They could never keep Babe more than one night at a camp, for he would eat in one day all the fodder that could be toted to the camp in one year. For a snack between meals he would eat fifty bales of hay. He used to eat them wire and all, and it kept six men with picaroons busy pulling the wire from between his teeth. Babe was a great pet and, as a general rule, very docile, but he seemed to be possessed of a sense of humor, which frequently got him into mischief. He would sneak up behind a drive and drink all the water out of the river, leaving the logs high and dry. It was impossible to build an ox-sling big enough to hoist Babe off the ground for shoeing, but after they logged off North Dakota there was room for Babe to lie down while the operation was being performed. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that every time Babe was shod, they had to open up a new iron mine in Minnesota.

Once in a while Babe would run away and be gone all day, roaming over the Northwestern country. His tracks were so far apart that it was impossible to follow him, and so deep that a man, falling into one of them, could only be hauled out with difficulty and the use of a long rope. Once a settler with his wife and baby fell in one of those tracks, and the son got out when he was fifty-seven years old and reported the accident.

Benny, the little blue ox, as he was always called, was brought to camp when a small calf. Despite his name, he was quite a chunk of an animal. Benny could, or rather would, not haul as much as Babe, neither was he as tractable, but he could eat more.

Paul got Benny from a farmer near Bangor, Maine. There was not milk enough for him at the camp, so he was weaned when he was only three days old. The farmer had only forty acres of hay, which Benny ate in a week, thus forcing his owner to dispose of him. When he came to Paul's camp he was underfed and weighed only two tons. Paul drove from Bangor to Devil's Lake, North Dakota, where his camp was located, in one night. The Western air must have agreed with the little fellow, for every time Paul turned around to look back at him, he was two feet taller.

When they made camp, Benny was given a generous feed of buffalo milk and flapjacks and put into a barn by himself. The next morning the barn was gone. Later Benny was discovered scampering over the clearings with the barn on his back. He had outgrown his home in one night.

Benny was very erratic. He refused to pull loads unless there was snow on the ground, and after the spring thaws they had to whitewash the logging-roads to fool him.

Gluttony killed Benny. He had a voracious appetite for hot cakes, and it took one cook and a crew of two hundred men to provide him with his feed. One night he got indigestion. He pawed and bellowed and threshed his tail until he blew down what pine Paul had left standing in North Dakota. At breakfast-time he broke loose, tore down the cook-house, and began bolting pancakes. In his greed he swallowed the red-hot stove. Indigestion set in, and nothing could save him.

Lucy, Paul Bunyon's cow, was not, as far as we can learn, related either to Babe or to Benny. There is no basis in fact for the statements that she was their mother, but that she was a most remarkable dairy animal there is not the slightest doubt. Paul himself is authority for the fact that she was part Jersey and part wolf. Her actions and method of living seemed to justify the allegation of wolf ancestry, for she had an insatiable appetite and a roving disposition. She used to eat everything in sight and could never be fed at the same camp as Babe and Benny. In fact, they gave up the idea of feeding her at all, and let her forage her own living. The winter of the deep snow Big Ole fitted her out with a set of Babe's old snow-shoes and a pair of green goggles and turned her out to graze on the snow-drifts. She had some difficulty at first in getting used to her new food, but after a while she took to it with a will and used to roam all over North America, compelling Paul to decorate her with a bell borrowed from a buried church.

Despite short rations, she gave enough milk to keep six men busy skimming the cream. When she fed on evergreen trees, her milk got so strong of evergreen and balsam that the men used it for cough medicine. When she supplied the camps with too much milk, part of it was made into butter, and when the supply of this commodity also became too great for the consuming power of the camps, the surplus was used to grease the skid-roads, which enabled Paul to run his logging-sleds throughout the summer.

Paul's master of the oxen was Brimstone Bill. The old bull-whacker's boast was that he knew oxen, that he had worked them, fed them, and doctored them ever since the ox was invented. He was the author of the Skinner's Dictionary, a handbook for teamsters, and most of the terms used in directing draft animals, except mules, originated with him. His early religious training accounts for the fact that the technology of driving teams contains so many names and places mentioned in the Bible.

When the weather was rainy, Babe used a buckskin harness that Bill had made. When this harness got wet, it stretched to such an extent that the oxen could travel to the landing without shifting the load. Bill would then fasten the harness with an anchor that Big Ole had made for that purpose, and when the sun came out and dried the harness, it would shrink, and pull the load in while Bill and the oxen were already at work on some other job. Bill also made his own yokes out of cranberry wood.

Big Ole, the blacksmith, was another character of the Bunyon forces. He first worked for Paul on the Big Onion, the winter of the blue snow. Ole was a Swede, and the only man who ever shod Babe single-handed. He once carried two of Babe's shoes a mile, and sank knee-deep into solid rock at every step. One of his duties was to punch the holes in the doughnuts. Paul thought the doughnuts were not too bad, but that they could have been improved if the holes had been made larger.

§ 5

If Ole was a master in his line, so were the seven axmen. Their official title was the seven axmen of the Red River, because they had a camp in that locality where there were three hundred cooks besides the little chore boy. The whole State was cut over from that one camp, and the husky seven chopped from morning till sunset and walked to and from work.

Their axes were so big that it took a week to grind one of them. Each man had three axes and two helpers, whose main duty it was to carry the axes to the river when they got red-hot from chopping. Each axman would march through the timber whirling his ax about him, and at

every step a quarter section of timber was cut.

The physical measurements of the seven axmen are lost, but it is known that a cord of wood was kept on their table to be used as toothpicks. After supper they would sit on the deacon seat in the bunk-shanty and sing "Shanty Boy" and "Bung Yer Eye" until the people in the settlements down on the Atlantic would imagine that another northwester was blowing.

The little chore boy led a strenuous life. He was only a kid, and, like all youngsters putting in their first winter in the woods, he was put over the jumps by the old-timers. His regular work was heavy enough, splitting all the wood for the camp, carrying water and carrying lunch to the men on the job.

He had to take a lot of good-natured roughneck wit about his size, for he weighed only six hundred pounds, and two surcingles were just about enough to make him a belt. What he lacked in size, he made up in grit, and the men secretly respected his gameness. They used to say that he might make a pretty good man if he ever grew up, and considered it an excellent education to give him a lot of extra chores to do.

Often in the evening, after his day's work and the long hours put in turning the grindstone and feeding the camp stoves, which required four cords of wood for kindling, he could be found with one of Big Ole's small six-hundred-pound anvils in his lap, pegging up old shoes with railroad spikes.

Another interesting personality was Johnny Inkslinger, the camp clerk. He invented bookkeeping about the time that Paul invented logging. He was a crank on efficiency and economy and perfected several inventions while designing his own office appliances. His fountain-pen was made by running a hose from a barrel of ink, and one winter, by leaving off crossing the t's and dotting the i's, he saved nine barrels of ink.

All those secondary personalities of the Paul Bunyon saga are overshadowed by the more vital and significant individuality of the cook. Feeding the crews in the Paul Bunyon camps was no mean task. Conditions were always changing. The winter he logged off North Dakota, he had three hundred cooks making flapjacks for the seven axmen and the little chore boy. At headquarters on the Big Onion he had one cook and 462 cookees, the crew being so big that even Paul never knew within several hundred how many men he had working for him.

Of the cooks themselves there were many. Some were good, others just able to make the grade. One of them seemed to know nothing else than boiling. He made soup out of everything, and did most of his work with a dipper. When the tote-sled broke through the ice on Bullfrog Lake with a load of split peas, he just dipped up the water of the lake, heating it and serving it for pea soup until the crew struck. His idea of a dinner-pail was a jug or a rope on which he froze soup, so that it looked like a candle. Another cook used too much grease. He had to put on calked shoes to keep from sliding out of the kitchen, and rubbed sand on his hands whenever he went to pick something up.

Cooks in the days of Paul Bunyon were divided in two classes, baking-powder bums and sourdough stiffs. Sourdough Sam belonged to the latter

school. He made everything but coffee out of sourdough. He had only one arm and one leg, the other members having been lost in an explosion of his sourdough-barrel. Sam was the cook on the Tadpole River the winter Shot Gunderson was in charge of the camp.

After all others had failed in the camp on the Big Onion, Paul hired his cousin, Big Joe, who came from three weeks below Quebec. He was the champion cook. He was the only one who ever managed to make enough pancakes to feed the crew all they wanted. He had Big Ole, the blacksmith, make him a griddle so large that you could not see across it when the smoke was thick. The batter, stirred in drums that looked a good deal like concrete-mixers, was poured out by spouts handled by cranes. The griddle was greased by colored boys sliding over it with a slab of bacon tied to each foot. The colored men were the only ones who could stand the heat.

At this camp the flunkies wore roller-skates, and one may gain an idea of the size of the tables from the fact that the pepper was distributed by four-horse teams.

Sending out the lunch and timing the meals became a hard task on account of the three crews. One was going out to the job while another was working and the third was coming home. Joe had to start the bullcook out with the lunch three weeks before dinner-time. Then there was the problem of calling the men in to their meals. The dinner-horn that Big Ole made was so big that only the cook or Paul himself could blow it. At the first attempt Joe blew down ten acres of pine. To avoid this, he blew straight up into the air; but this caused several cyclones at sea, and Paul had to junk the horn. It was shipped east, and the sheet-iron was used for the roofing of a big union depot.

The quality of the food served in Paul's camps had a lot to do with the strength and endurance of the crews. Of course the men were a husky lot to start with, but the food itself was of a special kind. The chipmunks that ate the prune-pits grew so big that they ate all the wolves, and years later the settlers shot them for tigers.

The hauling away of the prune-pits and the coffee grounds was one of the worst jobs of the commissary department. It required a big crew of men, and either Babe or Benny was used to do the hauling. Finally, Paul decided that it was cheaper to build new camps and to move every month.

§ 6

The legend of Paul Bunyon seems to have originated either in New England or in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes. Certainly he rose to the height of his fame in the Lake region during the eighties and nineties of the nineteenth century, and later migrated, accompanying the movement of the lumber industry to the Northwest. He is, so far as can now be discovered, a wholly American mythical figure, if not the only one. Robert Frost's poem, "Paul's Wife," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1921, made use of Paul; and he has been the subject of magazine articles and a chap-book; but except for that, he still awaits adequate treatment at the hands of literature.

The Game of Psychoanalysis

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

Of psychoanalysis it may be said literally, at least in one sense, that it is such stuff as dreams are made of. Some of us may be tempted to expand the sense of stuff to the significance of stuff and nonsense. But it is more moderate, and more exact, to say that this new scientific notion, like many such notions, divides itself into a smaller element, which may in a more serious sense be called stuff, and a much larger element which might more correctly be called stuffing. Psychoanalysis can no longer be dismissed as a fad; it has risen to the dignity of a fashion, and possesses all that moral authority and intellectual finality which we associate with a particular pattern of hats or whiskers. It stands now in the open street, visible to the man in the street, like some florid and magnificent tailor's dummy outside a tailor's shop. And it is borne in upon me, as a humble passer-by, that it is time that somebody kicked the stuffing out of it.[1]

I believe I am strictly observing some of the most tenable tenets of psychoanalysis in not repressing this impulse. It is often suggested by these theorists that the most dreadful results may follow from the inhibition or secretion of such a movement of desire, and who knows what would happen to my moral inside if I really controlled my feelings at the sight of a psychoanalyst? The psychological professor might appear to me in a dream, not to say a nightmare, and my whole life might be poisoned by obstructed passion and the sense of opportunities lost. It is far better to yield to the natural nervous stimulus, and liberate the natural human impulse, which may be done either by doubling up suddenly with laughter at the sight of the professor, or possibly by doubling the professor up, with some outward gesture appropriate to the occasion. But these suggestions may seem to some to be a little exaggerated, and even to savor of levity; so I will return to my main object in this essay—an object which, like the professor's, is quite serious, though perhaps not so solemn.

In current controversy the most sincere and convinced Darwinians are those who do not know what Darwinism is; and doubtless many are already practising psychoanalysis, with the utmost confidence and commercial success, in a similar condition of nescience about its nature. But in neither case, curiously enough, is it necessarily our first duty to decide what the word means or ought to mean. We are actually more concerned with the wrong use of such names and things than with the right use of them. The right use of them is a comparatively thin and theoretic

[1] Since this was written, it has been done, more brilliantly than I can pretend to do it, by Miss Rose Macaulay, in "Dangerous Ages."

business, quite logical and legitimate in its place, but confined in that place to a very small company of competent specialists. The wrong use of them is a huge historical event, a revolution, a thing affecting thousands. The story of the South Sea Bubble is not told by tracing something that happened in an island in the South Seas. The important thing was not any far-off fact, but the central and civilized fable or delusion. Indeed, this is just as true when the excitement is not altogether a delusion. A man might live for a long time unperturbed by popular excitement about polar expeditions if he had taken the precaution of living at the north pole. But, in any case, a theory is only a thought, while a fashion is a fact. If certain things have really taken hold of the centers of civilization, they play quite as much a part in history whether their ultimate origin is a misapprehension or no. If certain mahatmas are being worshiped by everybody of importance in Paris and London, it is in practice a lesser matter whether they are suspected of heresy in the interior of Tibet. And if certain society dances, admittedly of African origin, are regarded as graceful and alluring by the aristocrats of Europe and America, it will make little difference that they would be regarded as obscene and degrading by the very cannibals of Africa.

The truth is that the nucleus of genuine psychological study has little or nothing to do with the fashion of psychoanalysis, just as the nucleus of genuine biological study had very little to do with the pantomime popularity of the missing link. In so far as that strictly scientific science really does exist, it has amid its high merits certain marks which unfit it to be a fashion of this kind; just as a really subtle medical diagnosis could never express itself in a patent medicine. It has one mark, especially, which I have described more fully in another article, but which is fatal to it as a fashion. It is a characteristic of sincere scientific speculation that it *cannot* at any given moment be applied generally to public affairs except with the utmost caution and the most copious dilutions of common sense. This is because of the very nature of scientific inquiry, which, even when it does advance, advances by a sort of self-correcting curve that often brings it back almost to the place where it began. Considered as a process, it may be only fulfilling itself; but considered as a practical answer to a problem, it may come near to contradicting itself. To take this case of psychology in its most elementary example, science might incline to the view that counting does send a man to sleep; and then science might explain this by the fact that the first numerals are short words, or are very familiar and flowing ones, and science would be bound to add that these first numbers are very few, that the opposite examples are infinitely more numerous (the infinity being literal), that the expression "one thousand five hundred and ninety-seven" is not strictly speaking a monosyllable, and that few of us are familiar with the habit of asking for one hundred and seventy-three hats or two hundred and seventeen railway tickets. So science, following the same line of logic, would probably begin by telling us to count and end by telling us not to count. Similarly she would probably find special deflections in every special variation of it, as in

the common advice to the sleepless to count the sheep climbing a fence and falling into a ditch, or to count the society ladies going to call on a psychoanalyst.

Hence I am not concerned to deny that somewhere in the core of this craze, or more probably quite remote from it, there is some careful and solid work being done in the testing of memory, subconsciousness, and association of ideas. But exactly in so far as it is in this sense a fact, it is incapable of becoming in this sense a fashion. Nor do I deny, as will be seen later, that even the fashion itself is in some ways a healthy reaction against things even more unhealthy than itself. But for the moment I am writing of the only psychoanalysis of which everybody is talking; I might say of the only psychoanalysis of which anybody has heard. This is a reality, this is a thing of increasingly general experience, and this threatens to be a nonsensical nuisance and nothing else.

Before men analyze the uses of the unconscious mind, it may, perhaps, be well for them to discover the use of the mind; and before we come in this connection to any consideration of results, it may be well to say a word about methods. Now, the passages most eagerly quoted, from the thinkers most ardently admired, in this school of philosophy, are generally enough to show that whether or no they could theorize, they certainly could not think. One of them is admired and quoted for his theory of the character of *Hamlet;* according to which Hamlet not only hated his uncle (which even a mere literary critic, with no scientific training, might possibly be able to conjecture), but that he also secretly hated his father simply for loving his mother. I know not what one is expected to do with this sort of thing except laugh, unless it be urged that it is inhumane to laugh at lunatics. The professor might just as well reconstruct the real, but rigidly concealed, character of *Ariel,* deducing it from the observed effects of hypnotism as probably practised by *Sycorax.* He might as well interpret the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" by psychoanalyzing the dreams of *Moth* and *Cobweb.* Few of us, I fancy, wish to be entangled in such cobwebs. Most of us would be decidedly relieved if *Puck,* another promising subject for psychoanalysis, would come with his broom to sweep such dust, not to say dirt, behind the door.

§ 2

There is another great phrase in the same play which will probably recur to the mind of any critic who thinks that criticism has any connection with common sense. "The best in this kind are but shadows," and *Hamlet* is only a gigantic shadow, even if he be the best in this kind. That a professor should earnestly attempt to dissect a shadow, to apply his scalpel to the inmost organs of a shadow, and show the hidden deformities of a shadow, is a sort of nightmare of unreality. It is a waking dream more monstrously incomprehensible than any of the sleeping dreams such doctors seek to comprehend. Even an unscientific scribbler may be permitted, as I say, to form his own opinion upon such a way of forming any opinions. He may be legitimately alarmed at the notion of such doctors applying their test to life as they apply it to literature. Another of

them noted some slip of the pen by a man who was putting off an unpleasant interview on the plea of "unforeseen difficulties" or some such phrase, and who found he had written "foreseen" instead of "unforeseen." This is gravely quoted as a proof of the existence and grand vigilant veracity of the great unconscious mind, which had suddenly snatched the pen from his hand and crossed out the negative prefix. In that case we can only say that the unconscious mind must be as bad a logician as the professor who is expounding it. For what the man really knew, in his conscience, was not that he had foreseen difficulties and neglected to remove them, but that he was going to tell a thumping lie in saying there were any difficulties at all.

But here again who can take such things seriously for a moment, or the judgment of anybody who thinks them serious? What does it matter how many facts the scientific specialist has collected, if these are the sort of facts he collects, and this is the sort of way he argues on them? The suggestion opens up a rather terrifying interpretation of the morality of misprints or clerical errors. Is any man who hastily writes "shooting peasants" when he means "shooting pheasants" to be looked on as a homicidal maniac? Is any careless or short-sighted person who puts "hat" instead of "had" to be treated as a sort of mad hatter, instead of a sane man momentarily talking through his hat? A misprint famous in Fleet Street made Mr. Gladstone say, "My honorable friend shaves his head" instead of "shakes his head"; was the printer a monomaniac not to be trusted with a razor? I myself have left out the second r in "correspondent" in writing hastily about a respectable Nonconformist gentleman, so that it nearly came out in print as "co-respondent." Is it to be inferred that my subconscious mind was surging with a dreadful knowledge of his profligate life, or that the terrible truth ran through all my dreams, in which the Nonconformist was perpetually figuring in a dance of dissolute love-affairs and scandalous escapades? I give these merely as examples of an extravagant laxity in the mere process of reasoning, apart from its results; but we find very much the same untrustworthy logic and unconscious humor when we come to the results themselves.

§ 3

The mark of this sort of psychoanalyst is that he is always talking about complexes, and seems never to have heard of complexity. The first thing to note about the movement as a whole is that it is one of a historic series of such movements, which may be called the insane simplifications. Each of them took not so much a half-truth as a hundredth part of a truth, and then offered it not merely as something, but as everything. Having never done anything except split hairs, it hangs the whole world on a single hair.

Perhaps the first forerunners of this modern type were the Calvinists, who dug out the deep and most mysterious matter of divine foreknowledge, and forced it to the destruction of every other divine attribute; and their modern descendants, the determinists, who so denied all choice as to make it impossible even to choose what they called truth in preference to what they called falsehood. But a more recog-

nizable prototype was the disciple of the Utilitarians, who paraded their formula of universal self-interest with the same air of ruthless logic, though indeed the point was almost as verbal as a pun. Indeed, the Utilitarians used the word "self" very much as the psychoanalysts use the word "sex." The Calvinists, the Utilitarians, and all such men of one idea were pre-eminently intellectual bullies.

Their object in using these harsh and insufficient terms was a notion of making our flesh creep by giving ugly names to natural or ordinary things. It is obvious that the fulfilment of any ideal can be found only in a conscious soul, that is, in a self; and it tickled their vanity to make a sort of savage pun and call this selfishness. But it is obvious that if we so distend the meaning of a word as to say a man is self-indulgent when he wants to be burned alive, we are merely giving an illogical shock by using a bad word for what is better expressed in better words. In the same way it is obvious that if we spread an alleged atmosphere of sex over all natural expansion towards beauty and pleasure, we can really do it only by taking all the sting out of the word "sex," as the other took all the sting out of the word "self." In both cases the intellectual pleasure is on about the same level as that of a school-boy who frightens his little sisters by talking like an ogre about blood when he has cut his finger.

This same irrationality, which consists in taking what is at best a very minute, obscure, and doubtful part of the truth, and blazoning it abroad as the one all-sufficing truth, can be seen in the whole psychoanalytical business about the sexual character of all sorts of non-sexual affections. That the sexual instinct is very strong is self-evident; and that it is often difficult to say how much it may faintly color other things is quite equally self-evident. But the way in which some psychoanalysts talk about the mother-complex would certainly indicate that a mother is rather too complex a thing for their intellects to analyze. Their tone amounts to the implication, not so much that there is such a thing as the sex-instinct, as that there is no such thing as the maternal instinct. On this theory a hen must be entirely indifferent to pullets and exclusively interested in cockerels. The male swallow or sparrow, when bringing food to the family nest, doubtless stipulates that it shall be distributed first to the female birds, while the mother promptly proceeds to reverse the process. These examples appear absurd, but they are not an atom more absurd, to any one with any experience of human families, than the implication that mothers do not care much about daughters or that fathers never concentrate on sons. The fact is that the general parental feeling, which is the one force running through nature, is also by far the most powerful and determining force running through human nature, in this connection; and all we can put to balance it, in the realities of experience and common sense, is that there may be, under certain conditions, a sort of shadow of sex sentiment mingling with the romance of any affection in the perfectly innocent and even frivolous sense of an interest in the other sex. The proportions of it are imperceptible and probably invisibly small, but it is the whole point of such monomaniac schools of thought that they care nothing whatever about propor-

tion. The thing which is new for them always bulks big in the universe, without any reference to what is true for everybody. For the rest, any sane man will certainly say that this, if it exists, is a part of the unconscious mind which had much better remain unconscious. But it is yet another mark of this sort of agnostic that he is ready to assert his absolute knowledge of everything to the verge of a contradiction in terms. Just as he will always try to write a history of prehistoric man, so he will always struggle to be conscious of his own unconsciousness. And behind all this, as behind the diabolism of the Calvinist and the materialism of the Utilitarian, there is in many cases a mood or a motive which is simply a silly pleasure in brutality and blasphemy. The same sort of thrill that was given by saying that most men were damned, or that all men were selfish, is given by suggesting, however absurdly, that holy motherhood or the love of little children has in it something of the unearthly darkness of Œdipus.

§ 4

Even in these unnatural schools, doubtless, this mood is rare, and generally, to use their own favorite word, unconscious. But the same parallel can be found in many political and ethical schools of recent times, and in connections that are cleaner, if quite equally pedantic. Just as it is the latest fad to prove that everything is sexual, so it was the last fad but one to prove that everything was economic. The Marxian notion, called the materialist theory of history, had the same sort of stupid self-confidence in its very insufficient materialism. As the one fad conceives everything about the bird to be connected with mating, so the other conceived everything connected with it to consist of catching worms. It would be inadequate even about birds, and we ourselves are not limited to a taste for catching worms and still less for being worms. But the most vital answer was, of course, that birds have no history, but only natural history. In so far as it is true that birds do nothing but feed and breed, they do nothing worthy of record, and nothing is recorded; and that is why we have no great historical works on the "Golden Deeds of Goldfinches" or "The Lives of Famous Larks." The whole type of thought in both cases rests on an intellectual confusion between the constant conditions of living and the determining motives of life. It is obvious that life could not continue if sex and food were entirely absent, but that has nothing in the world to do with how frequently they are present. It had certainly nothing to do with how frequently they are present as motives explaining decisive events. It is exactly as if we were to say that because a man stands everywhere or goes anywhere supported on two legs, therefore his two legs are his only interests in life. It is like suggesting that his whole heaven must be in the contemplation and admiration of his legs; that if he runs to catch a train, it must be to exercise his legs, or if he looks to inherit a fortune, it must be to buy boots. Certainly man can only stand on the earth and advance down the ages on the two physical supports of alimentation and reproduction, but that he is perpetually thinking about these things is not only flatly contradicted by the whole of his history, but is really incon-

sistent with his having any history. It was said of *Sir Willoughby Patterne* that he had a leg, and we may even make the bold scientific inference that he had two legs; but if there were nothing but two legs, there would be no romance called "The Egoist." And if there were nothing but these material supports, there would be no romance called "The Roman Empire" or "The Crusades" or "The French Revolution" or "The Great War."

In the case of the materialist theory of history reason has already begun to return even to the materialist. The shrewdest and most hard-headed of the Marxians, such as that very virile veteran, Mr. Hyndman, have already seen through and corrected this very crude economic formula. Even the wildest and most dehumanized of the Marxians are no longer talking very much about the materialist theory of history; in their own realm of Russia, indeed, they are talking mostly about the necessity of strike-breaking and servile labor. The monomania of economic history is already passing, as the monomania of utilitarianism had passed before it, and the monomania of Calvinistic determinism before that. It was time for another monomania to appear.

The monomania of the omnipresence of sex, like the last monomania of the omnipresence of economics, could easily be refuted at length and at large; for the purposes of brevity either is best referred to the daily experience of any ordinary man. Just as any ordinary man who has fallen in love, or got drunk with his friends, or gone for a walk in the country, knows that there are a number of normal motives that are not economic, so any grown man who has ever looked with pleasure at a little boy of three or four knows that the father-complex is all nonsense, and that his pleasure is mingled of many things which psychoanalysis does not analyze, but largely of something of which psychoanalysis would seem to be quite unaware—the sense of the absurd. In a very short time, no doubt, everybody will be pointing out these palpable absurdities in the current psychological fashion, just as they are already beginning to point out the absurdities in the last economic fashion, and have long been pointing out those in the former economic fashion and the yet earlier theological fashion. These fads fade very fast, and it may seem hardly worth while to prick bubbles that will burst of themselves.

Nevertheless, there is one consideration that makes it worth while. It is a character of all these manias that they cannot really convince the mind, but they do cloud it. Above all, they do darken it. All these tremendous and rather temporary discoveries have had the singular fascination that they were not merely degrading, but were also depressing. Each in turn leaves no trace on the true and serious conclusions of the world. But each in turn may leave very deep and disastrous wounds and dislocations in the mentality of the individual man. Calvinism is dead, but not before Cowper died of it. In short, the real case against the new psychology is purely psychological. Where it is not worth watching as a science, it is worth watching as a disease. Perhaps, however, the best simile is that of the watch kept beside a restless sleeper, tossing in fever or delirium in which one delusion chases another. These things in very truth are of such stuff

as dreams are made of, and never more than when they themselves seek for signs and portents in dreams. A nightmare is never true and a nightmare is never lasting, but it always towers above the stars and occupies heaven and earth while it lasts. It would be a kindness to give people a passing pinch to wake them up.

§ 5

Of course there are other things in psychoanalysis besides this craze for reading the single sexual instinct into all sorts of other instincts and ideas. Of some of them, perhaps, I may write more generally on another occasion, and I will only briefly refer to them here. The *idée fixe* about the indirect influence of sex is sufficiently typical of the trend of such things and the main truth about them. For the main truth about psychoanalysis is simply that it is not analysis. It does not really analyze at all, for to analyze is to resolve a reality into all its constituents. In the case of the soul this cannot be done perfectly, and these doctors do it much more imperfectly even than it might be done. They find their favorite cause in cases where it would be the business of an analyst to find five or six causes, and their complexes really remain complex. But above all they are dealing with a complex which must remain more complex than the cosmos itself.

The other great subject matter of psychoanalysis, besides the sex instinct, is the unconscious mind. It is self-evident that nobody can analyze the unconscious mind. Nobody can cut up the whole of it into the smallest pieces, count all the pieces, and be certain that none is missing. The most we can do is to become aware of the thing, or of adumbrations of the thing, much as psychic investigators claim to do of the psychic world, not even knowing whether the things seen are significant or insignificant as compared with the things not seen. Indeed, it is obvious that among the possibilities of a subconscious mind are all the psychic possibilities. The moment a thing is outside the lighted circle of consciousness, we cannot be certain what allies it has in the darkness. Indeed, we cannot even be certain whether it belongs to us or not. If a prompting comes from nowhere of which we are conscious, obviously we cannot even be conscious that it comes only from our own unconsciousness. So far as we know it is news from nowhere, and so far as we merely guess it might be news from anywhere. We cannot conjecture the mere existence of an undiscovered country, and then calmly map out the frontier between that undiscovered country and another undiscovered country. We are improving on the philosopher who said that the snark was a boojum, merely by asserting on our own authority that the snark is strictly forbidden to be a boojum. That is all we are rationalistically entitled to say of the region beyond our conscious reason, that it may contain anything from heaven to hell.

Turn from this to the fantastic fashion-plate now in vogue in which the subconscious man is already photographed as huge and hairy as his predecessor, the missing link, now, alas! no more. The minor poetry, the fashionable fiction, the talk of the drawing-room, and the tags of the newspaper are full of some ridiculous mythology about every man having inside him a sort of aged and micro-

cephalous monkey. Wistful and melancholy poems are written about how trying it is for a man to have a monkey inside him, and ethical essays earnestly debate whether the man should own the monkey or the monkey the man. Men are forgetting that unconsciousness is unconscious, exactly as they forgot that the missing link was missing. They are making a picture of the subconscious man exactly as they made a picture of the superman. In the existing atmosphere of the thing, if it does not indeed pass like a fashion, it can only remain as a superstition. The modern world may or may not recover a religion, but it is rapidly making a mythology.

§ 6

It is with this mythology that I have been dealing here, as threatening to be a superstition fit for savages, and not with the minimum of true medicinal treatment for the mind, which would require another sort of article to itself. Even in that subject of the medicine there would be too much that savors of the medicine-man. But I do not at all deny that, in the hands of men truly scientific and preferably sane, much may be done in the disentangling of morbid memories or unnatural associations. But by far the best case for this better side of the business is to be found in another historical retrospect, of the time before Calvinism began the dance of the modern monomanias. Our civilization before the Calvinist philosophy was possessed of the Catholic philosophy. The Puritans destroyed the institutions of medieval Christianity one after another, and the moderns have been driven to restore them one after another. The only difference is that the same thing which had a moderate medieval form generally has an extravagant modern form. The cult of feminism has made nonsense of the protests against Mariolatry. There are wild Protestant sects in America at this moment, which would still probably refuse honor to the Mother of God, while they are already asking why God is not called a mother. The cult of estheticism made nonsense of the protests against ritualism. William Morris actually put on his wall-papers the symbols that Christians were forbidden to put on their walls, and because men might not say the Litany of the Virgin reverently, Swinburne rewrote it for them blasphemously, and addressed it to a harlot. Because it was superstitious of the monks to practise communism on a small scale, everybody is commanded by the Bolshevists to practise it on a colossal scale; and because we destroyed democratic guilds that were conservative, we are rewarded with trades-unions that are revolutionary. The modern world rejected as incredible the medieval miracles that were worked by relics and holy places, and has gone off to work its own miracles with tables and tambourines; it has denied that a dead man could possibly have a glorified body, and lived to hear its most eminent scientists saying that he can have a glorified golf-club and a glorified brandy and soda. There is not a single one of the institutions denounced and destroyed as parts of medieval society that has not by this time been painfully parodied as a part of modern society. There was perhaps only one lacking, and it has now been supplied. Psychoanalysis is the restoration of the confessional.

The modern world has really suffered from a monstrous burden of secrecy. Perpetually talking of enlightenment and public opinion, it has had more privacy in the bad sense than any previous age. Its conservative politics are sustained by secret party funds, its revolutionary politics by secret societies. In emotional matters it has grown still more stagnant and poisonous, and the healthiest aspect of the new psychology is that it is the bursting of that secretion.

On the practical side the comparison remains the same. Whether or not it can do all the alleged good that the confessional does, it could certainly do all the alleged harm that the confessional was accused of doing. It confesses to every count in the old indictment: the unseemliness of the subject matter, the possible unworthiness of the recipient. Indeed, the vulgar charge is much plainer against a casual experimentalist than against a self-dedicated celibate. A priest may be a systematic profligate and break his vows, but it is not immediately obvious why a systematic profligate should have any vows to break. But all this comparison is beyond the question here; it is enough to say that in this also the modern world dubiously copies the medieval world, which is furiously condemned. And that if this be a fault, it is the nearest the thing comes to a virtue.

To Charmian, Unborn

By Lois Seyster Montross

My body folded tawny wings
  To walk with slow, uncertain feet;
My body put off silken things
  For linen, humble and discreet;

My songs that were as butterflies,
  So frail they bore but phantom gold,
Cling to the earth, and dare not rise
  Out of the withered grass and mold;

My laugh is dumb that fluttered wild,
  My hands are bare of shining rings,
My soul goes fasting that a child
  Be born for silk and song and wings.

The End of a Lone Winter

By Anne Bosworth Greene

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

Mrs. Greene spent a lonely Vermont winter on a farm, writing down from day to day the intimate adventures of her isolated world. With some thirty ponies, a collie, several horses, a cow, a cat, she spent long months. She did the "chores," exercised and groomed the horses, cared for the cow and dog and cat. She had fire-wood to think of, and country fires, essentials to life; she had at times stampeding ponies; she had often snowed-in stock to dig out. The record of her "lone winter" from which this fragment is taken is an altogether delightful chronicle.—The Editor.

January 30.

Sunday. This morning I did a sinful thing. I dozed! Waking in grayness, with snowflakes blotting out all calculations as to sunrise, I turned over and went to sleep; and nothing but a dream of my dear dog's being in danger, and barking violently in a queer cañon made of cliffs and houses, roused me. I started guiltily up; those snowflakes were descending upon broad morning; and when at last, at the fearful hour of nine, I opened the door of a scandalized barn, what a chorus greeted me!

Elizabeth and Queen had evidently been playing despairing ball with my milk-stool. It was across the aisle, upside down, with an injured expression. Elizabeth herself was also standing across the aisle, gazing at me under her growing shock of silver foretop. A little whinner came from her. Seizing a fork, I gave one brief pat to Donny *en passant*, who hopped exasperatedly in the air, then began

to hammer on her wooden window. Cressy, stretching a moist nose, breathed a loud "Wh-hooo!" while Superb curved her neck in a desperation of pawing.

I was so glad when they were all safely chewing. One feels a beast to keep them waiting. *They* don't know what "Sunday feelings" are! I wish I could tell them. It must be horrid to have all days alike, and not to know things. Just think; they can't worry about Europe! They don't know there *is* a Europe. They don't even know this farm is in America, or that it 's a farm, or that they are on it for anything in particular. Oh dear! one gets quite desperate, thinking down and down into all the things they don't know.

I don't wonder they are excited over food, that they chew fences. If my mental world were as empty as theirs, I should not only chew; I should assault everything in sight, and get out, and run and run and *run* till I found something different!

It is warm again, and snowing. Both are soothing to one's spirit. The thing one resents about winter is its inactivity, the perpetual sameness of ice-armored hills and snow-blanketed woods. Great things, of course, may be going on underneath; but nature wears a mask, is icily non-committal. Moons shine, and suns; they shine on a dead world. There is no life but in the swing of the winds, the mad dance of eddies, the arrival of still more snow. And that is why, I suppose, one so delights in these activities of the air, why tracks in the snow are precious beyond words, why the note of a bird is an event. They mean *life*. My heart leaps up when I behold—a chickadee on a twig! A rainbow, I think, would leave me comparatively cold. One has plenty of things in the sky. One wants something nearer. My whole being warms to tiny mouse-traces under the hemlocks by the brook; to the serious leapings; the clutter of little ideas scattered beneath some fruitful, brown-seeded tree; to anything alive and busy. Seed catalogues, which console some people at this season, are all very well; so are printed visions of any kind: but I love better nature's own premonitions of life—green cones torn to bits beneath a great, dark, pitch-smelling spruce; a bit of earthy bank melted in the sun, with yellow roots sticking out, white stones caught in the roots, and gray lichen hanging over the edge.

But the fall of the snow is something. It sent me to sleep this morning. Fall, snow, whiten the trees, shroud my dutiful footsteps, all the same size, I am so tired of seeing—out to the barn and back, out to the yard, the corn-crib, the trough, the sheds, and ever virtuously back! Snow hard and deep; I will go out and make fresh ones in you, bold, adventurous, new ones. Boo-boo and Goliath and Cressy and the ponies will make new ones. Then snow some more, I pray you, before those are old!

March 12.

Such a shouting and rioting of mad waters was never heard before. The paddock is a turbulent lake; there is a lively brook on the second terrace; and, as for the proper avenues of flood, —the waterfall in the woods by the orchard, the stream in the east mowing, or the rill through the upper swamp,—"there is no place nor speech nor language where their voice is not heard!" By the horse-barn, looking out over the stretch of waters, I

stood fairly appalled by the clamor. That blue-black mill-race across the paddock, where later our innocent horses doze! The first robin was *quit-quitting* from a maple, a grosbeak sent out his delicious warble from the top of the tall balsam where he sat, happily turning the rose-color of his breast and a black-velvet head. Dearest of all, a pair of bluebirds were flashing about the orchard, gurgling their song above the rampant noises of the flood. They were so blossom-blue! Their notes, after winter silence, so unbelievable!

It seems all wrong that they are here. Brown patches are gaining, the earth is mottled like a leopard-skin; but drifts surround us still. My path to the barn is a glacial ridge. Cinnamon roses are sitting in a foot of ice; and through the orchard I can see the mountain mowing rising, sheer, white, arctic, untouched. Bird-food must be almost ungettable. The ground is still frozen. And what does a spring robin eat but worms? On the deceptive brown grass I see them running and sitting up, running and sitting up, but never a pounce and a pull. They fly a great deal, poor dears, and proclaim loudly from the tops of trees; but their happiest "time-to-get-up" music I have not heard. Chirps and *quit-quits* only.

A day or two ago I saw, at sunset, a beautiful flight of fifty or more of them fleeting over the rim of a brown knoll, the rich sun full on their breasts. The flight was just over my head, and the beat of their many wings heart-stirring. *Whir-whir! whir-whir-whir!* I never dreamed of robins so red. Stabs of color against the rich sky, and little fists of feet nicely curled under them. They flew into a sumac grove, and seemed to be eating. Sumac berries within, the crimson of sumac on their feathers; surely well matched and consistent robins!

The bluebirds are entirely happy, flitting from one tree to another in the orchard. Doubtless the bug inhabitants of a March apple-tree are just as reachable as those of April, living up in the air and being limbered by warm sun. But if I were a worm and lived in cold mud, I should crawl out as early as possible, if I remembered what sun was. Only worms don't like sun. They like doing hara-kiri on brick sidewalks after a rain. In the city I always worry about worms. They seem to have so few defenses! Far preferable to be a well installed country worm, and perish, after due struggle, in a beak!

The barn-yard is seizing the opportunity for an orgy of loathliness. Armored beneath with solid ice, it presents a surface of about three inches of splosh—mud and fertilizer garnished with miry straws. The ponies are a sight. Occasionally one of them slips down in this compound, rising disgustedly a dripping mess. Bad Donlinna, pursuing Elizabeth, precipitated the poor baby into the very worst of it. Elizabeth gave herself a rueful shake, and picked her way into a shed; all one side was a mass of horrid mud. Donny eyed her as she went; compunctiously, I think. Even the most rolly of the ponies now refrain from that exercise, and it is with difficulty, even in the frozenness of early morning, that I can pick out a clean spot to put their breakfast on. They do so hate having it in the same shed where they spent the night! The avalanche under the shadow of the pig-house wall is the only possible

place, a frozen ridge above the welter of the yard; so there I string out their festoons of hay, and rapturously fresh and green it looks in the frosty sunshine. Below, the avalanche drains away into a forbidding pool, the color of a cypress swamp, but not so pleasant, and upon the snowy oasis stand the breakfasters, each one trying to chew faster than his neighbor. It must be annoying to eat with a voracious competitor always at one's elbow! Of late a certain tried expression, I notice, comes into their eyes as I put down the hay—a look of strain. The long winter is telling even on Shetland cheerfulness. What a wonder their wide pasture will be to them next month! For, by the way the brown knolls are coming out, it looks as if in April they can gallop out into freedom.

Oh, to be in pasture, now April 's here! I am sorry for them. They hear the cawing of the excited crows; they listen to songs and chipperings in the wild cherry-tree; yesterday I saw Ocean Wave, her pretty white stockings dark with mud, standing on the salt rocks and following with wistful eyes the dipping flight of a bluebird above the sheds. Everything feeds their longing; as a pressed flower made me long for a blue river and a sniff of a Cherokee rose, just so the sight of a bare knoll allures them now. They lean over the bars of the pasture lane and watch the brook in the hollow frothing among its stones, they scent the tiny spears of green on the tufts of the paddock bog, and they sigh, nip one another, and are very sad.

They take it out, I grieve to say, in pawing, the mud having reached that heavenly state wherein slight, soiled traces of last summer's grass are attainable to the persevering hoof. Superb spends her entire day, with head curbed in and fore foot threateningly lifted, exhuming treasure from certain precincts she guards fiercely as her own. *Paw, paw, paw,* then *wuddle-wuddle* with one's nose in the hole, then a pleased, lip-sifting munch at the resultant muddy rootlets. "How *can* they?" one thinks, turning afflictedly away. But it is one of the spring styles among ponies, like marbles for boys; the yard is dotted with searchers. Bally Beg, the small and fervent, is standing over a pet hole by the fence, putting his whole soul into this pursuit—as he does into everything; Sir Dignity is mud to the elbows; Fascination can hardly be budged from the rich trove he has discovered (at the price of a very wet back) under the dripping eaves of the shed; and even Elizabeth gives a poke here and there as she wanders idly about. Everybody, in fact, is blessedly busy, and I have n't the heart to interfere; for lack of occupation is the worst feature of their winter, and this activity, half actual, half prophetic, fills them with hope. They chew fences no longer, but have simply settled down to mud. When it dries up, they will be all the merrier, for then even more heartfelt excavation will be necessary. "Art for art's sake," they cry; ". . . the very immolation makes the bliss!"

This morning Donlinna decided that, at all costs, a roll must be had. So, in front of the pony shed, with many groans and turnings around, and discontented pawings in unsatisfactory material, she lumped down. Legs in the air; then *up,* with a horrified hop. Her weight had squeezed the water out of that dry-looking ground, and Donlinna arose, a sight for gods and mortals—one sheet of tan-colored

mud. But a person has got to feel alike all over; and, *bump!* down on the other side she went. In an instant she jumped up, dirtier and more disgusted than ever. She ran a few steps, flopped down again, found it still wetter, and leaped up, with an angry switch of her tail. She galloped to a remote fence and frantically tried once more; but this spot felt even worse, and so she again hopped up, and looked desolately about her. An idea flashed into her head; her eyes brightened, and she set off at a trot for the salt rocks. Ha! a dry place at last! and she luxuriously groveled; but, as her coat was by this time thoroughly soaked, the dusty earth imbedded itself the more firmly. Intolerable! and, after a prolonged shake, she stared furiously round; finally, with a queer little sound, almost a bray, of appeal, trotted up and pushed a muddy nose into my coat-front: "Help me!"

"Donny dear," I protested, backing, "I can't brush you till you 're dry, you know," and petted her delicately in the only clean place left, the under curve of her throat.

At this the temperamental ears went back. "Oh, very well!" and with a fling she departed, kicking, for the rocks. The other horses and ponies, meanwhile, were frankly staring at these madnesses, especially small Elizabeth, who, perched by the upper wall, was having very wise ears on the subject. She had a personal interest in the capers of her big chum, and when Donny again sought the solace of a rub in the dry earth, Elizabeth, with deeply humorous eyelashes, descended, leaped in the air, and delivered a perfectly stupendous kick—about as hard as a humming-bird's—upon those writhing hips. On other occasions Donlinna had overlooked this; but this time, when the big colt rose, it was to make an instant dart at that small blond impudence poised derisively above her on a rock, and the two went wild-Westing about the muddy slopes, up and down, back and forth, till poor Elizabeth's woolly sides were heaving.

Just as I was dashing to her aid, the Maharajah, behind whom she had bolted for refuge, decided to intervene. Raising a lofty head, he confronted the incensed mare; then with a bound he met her, and a beautiful duel ensued. For a moment they fenced agilely with their heads, ears back, eyes bitter; then they nipped at each other's fore legs, dropping gracefully on one knee to avoid the threatened bite. At last they reared,—a lovely sight, coats gleaming in the sun, necks curved, fierce eyes flashing,—and struck out with clumsy hoofs, losing their tempers, and coming to plain kicking and squealing.

Elizabeth had departed; but, looking back, I saw a blond head peeping delicately from a shed door, and behind it a black blot—Thalma, for once personally chaperoning her rash child.

March 19.

Waking every morning to that rich warble of bluebirds, loveliest of the early bird-notes, I feel as if winter, my winter, were really gone. A faint green spreads along the edge of favored mowings; veils of dimmest green have fallen in hollows in the pasture. Yard and lane are brightening every day. Buds on the elderberry are pale and swollen; can it be that they will show leaves in early April? That is the time when Ver-

mont is usually just thinking about getting rid of her snow-drifts. Ah, if so, then will come a rebuking frost, and those rash leaves will have fried edges, nicely browned and shriveled. I hope at least the orchard will be wise. Fried edges on apple-blossoms are serious. We had them one year. We also had no apples.

Yesterday I rode my horse frankly over the garden, but respectfully around the asparagus bed. One can never tell when pink shoots will surprise one. In the garden was as fine a chicory plant as I ever saw, bright green, and a month ahead of time. Also, in the borders of the plum-orchard at least one thousand youthful specimens of that pretty weed, with glowing yellow blossoms (which I fondly used to think a Vermont wild flower), were growing splendidly, poking their blue-green heads above the brown leaves and from the crannies of an old wall. It is an artistic plant, which might be a wild flower; indeed, it has almost a greenhouse texture of leaf and petal, but I suppose its persistence makes it a weed. Weeds must be objectionable, somehow; and that, as far as I can see, is its only bad quality. Indeed, until a shocked friend saw it and said, "Oh! are you cultivating *that?*" I had been cherishing a root of it in one corner of a terrace bed. It covered up a lattice nicely, and blue-green is charming with golden yellow. Even after that I watered it defiantly until the next year, when, in the cinnamon rose-bushes and the terrace wall and the house borders and on the bank where the tiger-lilies are, arrived one million hilarious, yellow Vermont wild flowers with blue-green foliage, and though every year I cover my arms with scratches getting it out of the rose-bushes, and pull it and stamp on it and maltreat it in every possible way, it has leaped in revenge to the outer edges of things, and I now have to combat it along driveways and hen-houses and the rims of orchards.

But I still think it is pretty! And at least it has n't burs to get tangled in the ponies' manes and tails. That *would* have been the last touch! I have a way of admiring so many things that I should n't—burdock, for one. Those rose-purple blossoms seated on bright-green burs make charming bits of color; but when a poor dear pony runs into a bush, as one of them often does, poking in the bushy edges of things for choice morsels, and emerges with his foretop tied up into a ball, burdock-bumps all over him, and his tail rolled up to his hocks, one's fondness dwindles. I shudder at the mere sight of a last year's stalk protruding helplessly above a drift.

To my great delight, a day or two ago our phœbe greeted me. She flew from the porch to the balsam-tree, and *phœbed* busily at me while I watered Kim. She seemed to think a pony in the back yard an excellent idea. Her mate was flying in and out of the carriage-shed, meditating a nest. It is so good to have the friendly things around again! All the birds seem very confiding; the perkiest song-sparrow in all the world, I am sure, was demonstrating under my windows the other morning. There had been days of rain, and the packed leaves were annoyingly soggy; but he was getting something from under their edges, and his problem was, how to ruffle those wet edges up enough. Apparently he could not stand on one tiny leg and scratch, like a hen,—that

was too pedestrian to suit the mood of a song-sparrow,—so with incredible quickness he hopped back and forth, back and forth, in the space of an inch or less, dragging his toes on the backward hop. A lovely and original way to scratch leaves; so much gayer than leaning on one leg and agriculturally hoeing with the other! And he looked so indescribably dear doing it, with his brown tail slanted up like a wren's, and those threads of legs dancing!

Robins are now appearing *en masse*. There must have been a hundred of them, all singing, in the terrace maples to-day; I opened the door to a chorus of song. One hears of them in the South like that, but New England usually has them in smaller groups. I like robins *en masse*. Seeing them perched in Alpha and Omega, I thought of that famous, but insulting, line,

"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,"

a beautiful line, which sends shivers of appreciation down me; but the shivers are merely literary. The line is untrue. A leafless tree is lovely, thoughtfully arranged to see mountains through, and no more ruined than a concert-hall between concerts. But it is joyful, I admit, to have the choristers back again; and the breasts of my hundred robins were imposingly bright in the sun. I hope this does not mean that they are still in flight, and are going on, the whole hundred of them, to the North. We want them till the orioles come; for an oriole, in the liquid contralto of his tones, is a glorified robin, and continues our immediate thrushiness far into the hot weather. Real thrushes, and an occasional robin cousin, sing in our woods all summer; but orioles bring their fluting close about the house, having an enchanting way of alighting on the tips of the sweet-pea brush and holding forth from there. A decorative custom considerably more charming than those painted birds on sticks, which it is the fashion to insert above one's flower-beds! Put up a sweet-pea hedge, instead, and you will find real birds perching. Brush seems irresistible. Even humming-birds come to rest on it, and flash their jeweled color at the flowers.

March 24.

Spring fever has attacked the ponies. I was afraid it would. They think it must be the middle of May, and I can just *see* them discussing, irritatedly, why it is that "she" has n't taken down those pasture bars yet.

"Ridiculous!" said Ocean Wave, firmly. "Here it has been positively hot for weeks, and we are still moldering in this old yard. Mucky place! I loathe the very sound of my hoofs squashing in it. The lane is green. I can smell it."

"Yes," agreed Kindness, languidly. "And I feel all queer. My legs are like strings. I 'm getting so I simply hate this hay she brings out for us every day; hay, hay, hay. I won't eat it. I 'll eat mud—or fences! Ho! don't believe they 're very strong, these fences. D' ye see this one when I push it?" and she gave it a shove with her chest. The other ponies, perceiving what was in the wind, gathered eagerly about.

"Back you up!" cried young Carrick Dare, with shining eyes and an incipient foretop sticking out straight, which gave him an amusingly aggressive look. "We 'll go wherever you do!" They crowded close. Kind-

ness, with a new light in her eye, hooked her chin over a board.

"It wiggles!" she cried. "Kind o' splintery on the edge; but I 've got a pretty good beard still. Was wishing the other day it would shed; but now I 'm glad it has n't. Ouch! there she comes!" and the board, splintering, fell. Ocean Wave trotted briskly up.

"Let me see!" she commanded. She measured her chest against the remaining rails. "Too high!" she commented, turning acidly to Kindness. "All very well for *you*, with your long spindle-legs you 're so proud of, but *we* can't jump that!" and she frowned displeasedly. Kindness faced her, laying her ears back and switching her tail.

"Tell you what," struck in little Bally Beg,—Bally hates rows,—"there 's a place Errands and me was lookin' at yesterday, down beyond the trough. We only worked at it a little, but I believe we could make a hole there if we tried. *We* could crawl through; and you," he added tactfully to the tall pony looking down on him with scorn—"you could jump, if you 'd rather. *You* can jump 'most anything!"

So the committee followed him to his hole. Ocean Wave, twisting her head sidewise, stuck it through a little way, then jerked it out again.

"Don't like *that!*" she said, drawing up one nostril disgustedly. "Too low. What d' ye think I am—a caterpillar?"

"Let *me* try!" begged Carrick Dare. He is a middle-sized pony, the first child of Thalma the Bullet, and a most inconvenient animal to keep in, seeming able to crawl where the smallest ones do or leap with the tallest. He inserted his head; his eyes gleamed as he sawed back and forth. "Oo! what a place for a scratch!" he murmured. "Oo-oo!" The ponies waited patiently behind him. He sawed and sawed. The boards bent a little, made hopeful cracking sounds; Errands and Bally moved up, stretching their noses longingly toward the whiffs of grass. And still Carrick sawed.

"Pooh!" exploded Kindness, wheeling away. "Not going to wait all day for him to scratch his silly neck! Come on; let 's try that bar-way over there. I saw her doing something to it the other day. Maybe it' s getting weak." A dozen of them poured hopefully across the yard, leaving the absorbed three at Bally's hole. The bar-way leads into the lane, and is only a makeshift, taken down in summer. In winter, drifts are its able allies; but now, bedded only in soft earth, it is in rather precarious condition, and Babs and I had spent hours, the day before, propping it up. We are always sorry when those drifts go. The ponies gathered before it. Kindness and Ocean Wave walked up and down its length, inspecting and planning; then Kindness, pausing, delivered herself of a theory. Being our champion climber, she has a right to theories.

"I don't believe it 's much good," she said, scuffing at her ear with one hind toe, "trying to just *push* things or wiggle 'em. It used to be, but she 's fixed 'em too often now. You 've got to *bang* 'em! Just go *bang*, all together, and see what happens."

"Suits me," said forceful Ocean Wave, briefly. "It 's what I 've been trying to tell you for the last month." The two walked off conferring, and snuffing at the rails. Remembering my everlasting noon potatoes, which

were in the oven, I darted into the house. "They won't do it—for a minute or two yet!" I gasped, flinging open the oven door, being met by the gratifying scent of a baked potato that is "just right," and rolling them hastily into a bowl. Then I dashed out again. Kim, who is my guinea-hen among ponies and makes a frightful noise if any of them get out, was looking interestedly over his fence, but so far in silence. Half-way to the barn, however, a crash came to my ears.

"*Sp-spl-inter! bang! bang! snap!*"

"They 're out!" I muttered. Kimmie was howling, and diving at his fence. A sound of feet spatting on turf, and there in the lane was a full flight of them, gamboling joyfully out, all colors, all sizes, but one idea possessing them—freedom! Heels flew, manes and tails were banners on the wind, and a glorious concourse trailed, galloping, up the steep side of the first knoll; against the sky-line now, circling, ever on the gallop, Ocean Wave in the lead, white fore legs flashing, head waving grandly this way and that.

A Parthenon frieze, and such color—burned grass, cool blue sky, and pony-tints in looped design! Despite my wrath, I gazed at them with joy—and sympathy. How I wished they could be out to stay! But if they began on this first young, sprouting grass, there would be a pink, exhausted pasture by midsummer. Even sod must have its chance. Besides, the new wire was not yet up. April is our classic month for fence-mending, and I wanted it up by the time they were let out, trusting that, when confronted by a fresh array of barbs, and in the spring, when any inch of pasture seems wonderful to them, they might forget their autumn badness and stay in. But Kindness's plan had worked; two bars were broken off, and lay with their splintered points in the lane. Evidently the flying wedge had been tried. And up in the maple-grove I caught a glimpse of vanishing color, bay and black and white, through the boles of the trees. In a moment they would gallop through into the mowings,—the upper bar-way was down,—and history would repeat itself.

No! The sheds. I would shut them all in. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! Polly sent mud and water flying as we dashed through the brook, —she loves chasing sinners,—and just as they were streaming along the leafy trail by the wall, we circumvented them. "Boo-hoo-oo-ooo-ooo!" shrilled Goliath, enchanted at being on the job again, and leaping at their astonished faces. With one accord they turned tail, fleeing down again faster than they had come up. How simple! After a winter's yarding, ponies are strangely innocent and beguilable; I had no trouble at all steering them into the shed. They stood on three legs and puffed. Some of them shut both eyes. All in, poor dears! And I buttoned the half-door.

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

Conrad—De la Mare—Haggard—Blackwood

By Walter Tittle

Drawings by the Author

As I sat one evening in the lounge of my hotel in London my attention was attracted by the entrance of a man whose appearance seemed familiar. "Conrad," I said to myself after a further glance, but changed my mind when I heard him address one of two women who were with him. His accent was so foreign that I concluded I was mistaken. Besides, there was a gnarled, grizzled aspect about him that the polite product of the photographer had never revealed. Poland seemed too far away still to color his speech to any extent.

The next morning at breakfast with a friend, Mr. Conrad's name came into our conversation. I said that I should greatly enjoy meeting him, and that he would make an excellent subject for a portrait sketch.

"Well," said my friend, "this should not be so difficult of achievement. He is sitting just two tables away."

As I passed from the breakfast-room into the lounge, he was walking up and down, and, to my surprise, looked at me with a pleasant smile and a nod of his head. I wished him a good morning, calling him by name, and was invited to sit down. He was in London while his house in the country was being decorated, he said.

He was spending long hours every day with his secretary, and he showed the result of the strain. He spoke much of fatigue, and talked nervously of much to do and of little time in which to do it. Yet his manner was gay and animated; his utterances came in a romping torrent.

There is something instantly lovable about Joseph Conrad. He is possessed of a happy cordiality that carries with it the deepest conviction. On subsequent mornings, when our breakfast hours coincided, he would rush forward with the warmest greetings, shaking my hands with both of his, with a smile on his expressive face that was a pleasure to see. Alertness, energy, humor, intelligence, and kindliness are there. All of the features of his face were salient.

Mr. Conrad expressed a desire to see some of my work, and came to my room one morning for that purpose, accompanied by the writer, Richard Curle. After looking at a number of my portraits in dry-point with interest and generous praise, we sat for a while and talked. As usual, his utterances galloped along with vivacity and animation, with the expenditure of much energy in voice, gestures, and facial expression. Everything that he said

was beautifully adorned by this active manner of expressing it.

Shortly after his return to his home I received a letter, asking me to come down to Bishopsbourne for a Sunday with him. I was met in Canterbury by his son in an American car, and after driving about for a hasty glimpse of this wonderful old town, we proceeded the six miles to Mr. Conrad's house. He was at the door to meet me, and his cordiality gave me a pleasant sense of being welcome. Linking his arm in mine, he said:

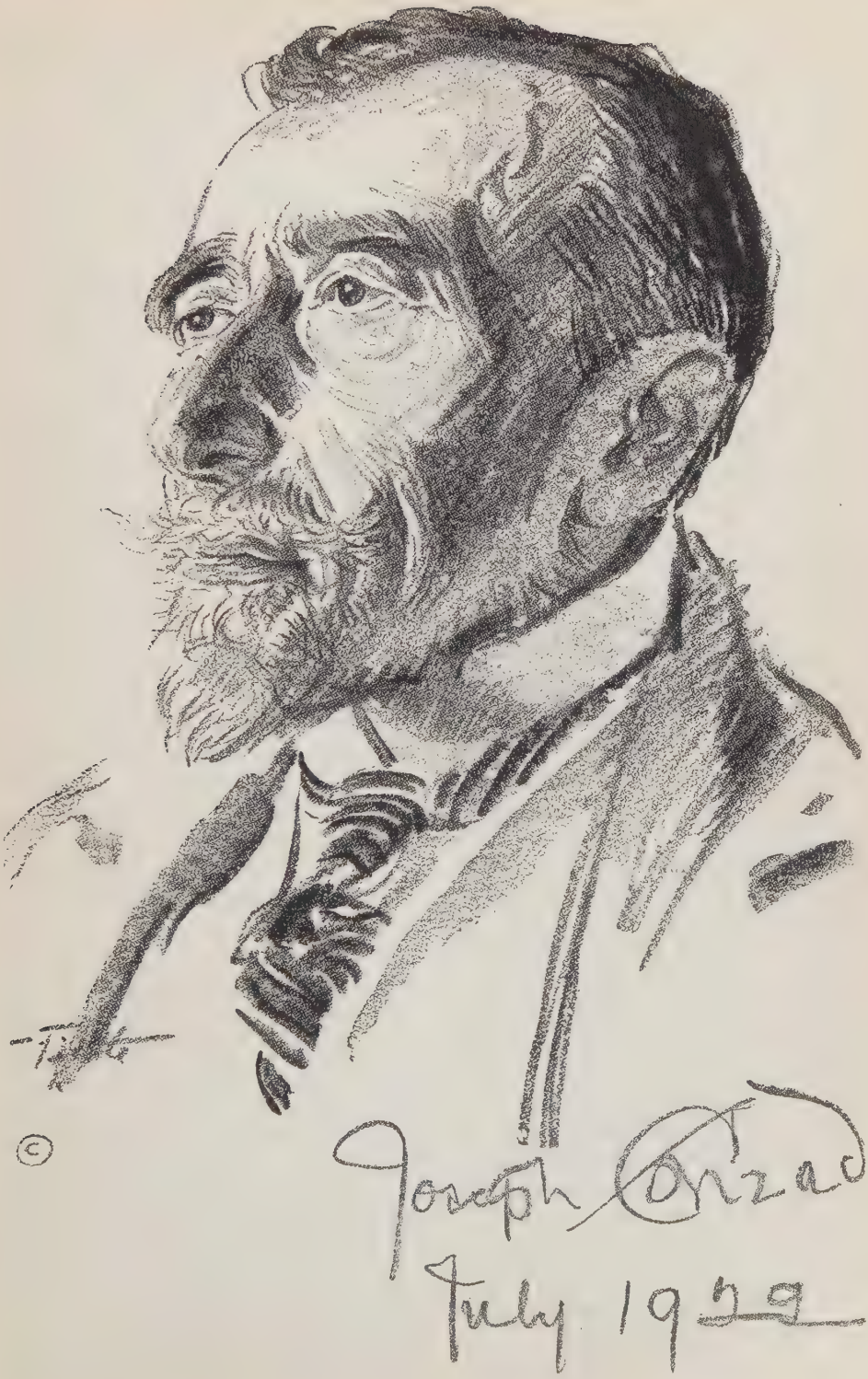
"There is just time for a stroll over the place before luncheon. I want you to see my trees and flowers."

The house is of generous size, with a hall dividing it in twain; it is of stone, with a roof of tile, and has several large bow-windows. It stands in a plot of ground of two or three acres, and is shielded from the road by a high hedge. Several separate flower gardens of varying shapes and sizes succeeded one another, all of them made beautiful by a skilful use of miniature boxwood hedges, arranged in formal patterns. There was a long bowling-green, with immense banks of flowers, backed by hedges, on each side. The fruit and vegetable gardens, in their own inclosures, were not the least interesting. Pear- and cherry-trees trained flat, like vines, against stone walls were an unusual sight to my American eyes. A huge net covered the cherries to protect them from the birds. There were several trees of great age and size.

The repeated sounding of a Chinese gong failed to lure my host to luncheon until the call was reinforced by a special messenger. Our tardy arrival found Mrs. Conrad waiting with the members of the household and M. Aubry, a writer. Mrs. Conrad is an Englishwoman and is possessed of much charm. Her fame as a housewife had often come to my ears before this meeting, and the excellence of our luncheon was well calculated to uphold her reputation. The tastiest dish on the menu she had made with her own hands, rising at an early hour that morning to prepare it, this being an established habit despite the fact that she is badly crippled from an accident, and walks with difficulty with the assistance of a stick. Mr. Conrad told me he has hopes of her complete recovery through the ministrations of an eminent surgeon who is their friend. In the meantime Mrs. Conrad jokes merrily about her stiff knee and the avoirdupois that has been the result of her inability to exercise. The two things, she said, seemed to have joined hands in a conspiracy for her undoing. As for dieting, she found it most difficult, as a good cook must taste of her own broth to be sure of its excellence.

As we passed to the drawing-room for our coffee, I was shown several portraits that had been made of Mr. Conrad, including an interesting caricature by Max Beerbohm. Our stroll in the garden and the leisurely luncheon caused me to be a bit apprehensive about having sufficient time to make a sketch of my host, as a dinner engagement in London made it necessary for me to leave on an early train. But after coffee the drawing-room was soon deserted, and I selected the light and pose, and my subject immediately congealed into a motionless image, hardly daring to wink or breathe. Such a picture of stoic misery made me laugh. He inquired if he had moved.

"Not an eyelash," I said; "but please do, and smoke and talk as much


©
Joseph Conrad
July 1923

as you like." His surprise and relief seemed equally great, as he explained that some of his former delineators had been most exacting.

Since he had seen me in London, he said, he had suffered from illness, which had been his lot periodically for a considerable time.

"I am sure you are overworking," I said. "What you need is rest. You are nervous. Take things more easily."

"No, no, it is not that. Hard work never did harm to any one. Have you noticed my cough?" I had; at times it was violent.

"You don't fear that your lungs are affected, do you?" I asked.

"No, no, I 'm past the age for tuberculosis; and, then, I have been examined. My lungs are healthy."

"Then I see nothing to fear from the cough," I said, "and I think I know the reason for it: too many cigarettes. You smoke too much, just as I do. Quit or diminish your smoking, and I 'm sure the cough will leave you."

"No, I 'm sure you are wrong. Why, I did quit for *two whole days*, and I coughed just the same. There was not the slightest difference. And I could not work; I could not sit still. I was unable even to think properly. Constantly I paced up and down, my hand always going to my pocket and appearing with a cigarette and matches, which I put back again."

In vain I pointed out to him that a smoker's cough is not acquired in two days nor is it to be eliminated in so short a time.

"How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't count them. When one is finished, I light another."

"And do you inhale the smoke?"

He leaned forward, grasped my arm, his eyes round with amazement, and said in a voice of protest:

"My dear friend, I don't *play* at smoking; I 'm a serious man. What I do, I do *thoroughly*, or at least as well as I can. Is there any one who smokes without inhaling?"

I assured him I knew of such people by rumor only and not by experience, and abandoned my catechizing in favor of laughter.

I asked if his new novel had its setting in the South Seas.

"No," he replied. "Nearly every one thinks of me as a writer of the South Seas, but, do you know, I have never even been there. The novels that cause this impression were written of the Malay Archipelago. The story "Youth" was an actual experience and happened in that locality. The decks of our ship were blown up by an accumulation of coal-gas, and the fire smoldered for days before we made port. It was a most unearthly thing to see the deck deliberately rise in the air to the accompaniment of a dull roar. One of the sailors was so frightened by it that he jumped overboard."

He talked of American writers, and had liberal praise for many of them. Mark Twain is one of his greatest idols. He spoke of him as a very great man possessed of a universal quality of mind.

"I like best 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Roughing It.' When he chose to do his 'Joan of Arc' as an effort away from the field of humor, he again proved his greatness. I suppose I have additional sympathy for him because he started life as a laborer, and was later a steamboat pilot, while I began as an ordinary sailor. I was eighteen years

old before I heard the English language spoken. During a long illness I tried for the first time to write. My efforts were praised by some literary men who took an interest in me. I loved to write. I was fascinated at being able to do it. So I tried again with great enthusiasm, and when my first book was published it had good notices from the best of the critics. Huneker in America was good to me, and though my novels continued to have artistic success, a great many years passed before I made much money."

Henry James was his close friend and frequent guest. He spoke of James's work with great admiration and enthusiasm.

"James always said that an artist should never marry. I cannot agree with him. It is true that the responsibilities of matrimony are likely to be a serious handicap to creative work unless the artist is fortunate in his choice of a wife. If she is able to shield him from the details that would destroy his working time, he should be stronger with her love and sympathy than without it. The temperament of the person has much bearing on the case, too. James was doubtless better off as a bachelor. Yet he had a way with children, apparently. My youngest boy as a child hated to be touched by strangers. He had a mind of his own, and usually managed to have his way. I forbade his coming into my study when I was at work, which seemed to make being there the thing he most desired. He would come into the room in spite of my protests, step by step, with the most irresistible smile on his face, knowing that in two minutes at most he could conquer me. Then his prattle would make work impossible. James was with me on one of these occasions, talking in his solemn, portentous way. The child stood looking at him, fascinated, and apparently listening attentively to everything that he said. James, with hardly a look at him, reached out slowly in an absent-minded way, took the boy by the arm, and deliberately drew him to his lap, talking solemnly all the while. Contrary to all precedent, there was no resistance. The little one sat without a sound or movement in spite of a cramped position, staring wonderingly into my friend's face, while James forgot the existence of the child, who did not stir until our conversation was ended, and we rose to leave the room."

Howells, too, is greatly admired by Mr. Conrad. I asked what he thought of Moore's summing up of the two men: "James came to Europe and read the Russians; Howells stayed at home and read James."

"I do not agree with that," he said; "the two are very different. It is as ridiculous to compare them as to try to compare an elephant and a cow."

He was greatly interested as the sketch progressed. I was working against time, and but little remained before the departure of my train. He asked that tea be prepared while I was giving the last touches to the sketch, and on its completion affixed to it his autograph. As we sat with our teacups he produced a large silver humidor in which were divisions containing different kinds of cigarettes.

"What is your whim to-day? Will you have a cigarette from America, or one from Mexico or Africa or Asia or Europe? They are all here. This is my international cigarette-box."

"Do you like the box?" Mrs. Conrad asked. I replied in the affirmative.

Walter de la Mare
London 21-VII-'22

"You can never guess what those colored bits of glass in the top are. They are fragments from the windows of Rheims Cathedral."

"Ah, this is a scandal," I said. "The French Government is doubtless searching for them now. They are endeavoring to piece those windows together again, you know."

"Then they will have to duplicate these, I fear." She laughed. "I asked if you liked the box, because my unappreciative husband does n't, or did not. What would you do with a man like that? I had the box made, with the bits of glass carefully inlaid, and placed it upon his desk in his study as a birthday surprise. For days it remained unnoticed. He even took cigarettes from it without being aware that it existed. Finally, one day it dawned upon him that an unaccustomed object was encumbering his working space, and demanded, 'What is this thing doing on my desk?' That is the way he appreciates my gifts!" They laughed heartily.

On my return from an absence of two months on the Continent I received several delightful letters from Mr. Conrad, and an autographed copy of his novel, "The Arrow of Gold." "I wanted you to have this," he told me later, "because it has to do with part of my own life story." Another Sunday visit to Bishopsbourne followed.

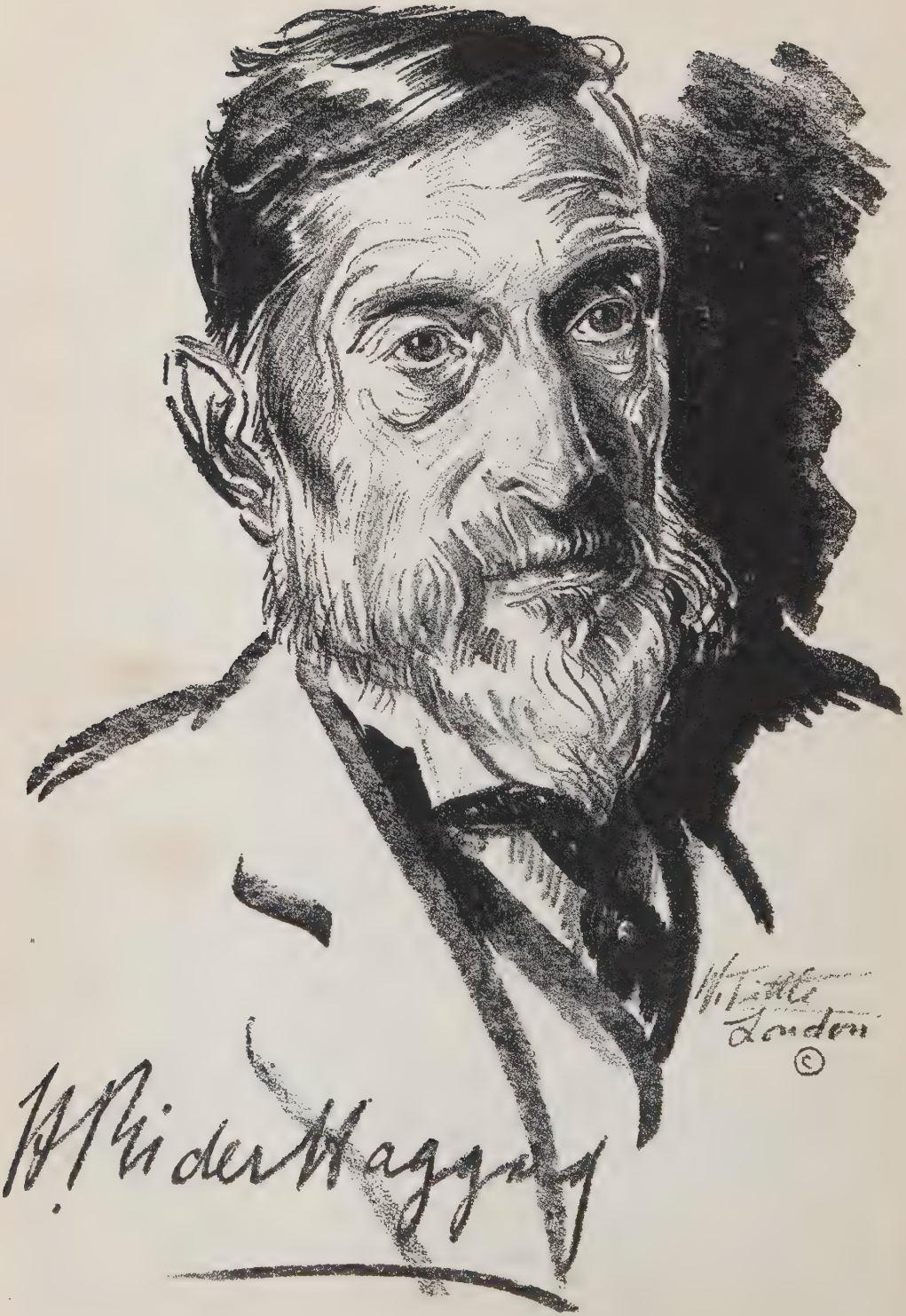
As we sat in the handsome, well lighted drawing-room, a remark was made about the loveliness of the house and its surroundings.

"This place has been a great disappointment to me," Mr. Conrad said. "I have never liked it, mostly because it is in a valley, I think. Why did the stupid people of this locality build their houses in places like this when there are so many hills to build upon? I should like to be able to see the horizon, with a view of the sea, if possible. If there were only one long vista between the hills, it would rest me much. As it is, I hardly feel that I can breathe here. And the rooms are so bad and ugly, all except this one. I go from one to another, sometimes wondering which is worst, and at last I have decided that it is my study. Yes, it is the worst of the lot. I hate it. If you do anything that displeases me, I 'll punish you by taking you there!"

It is interesting to see Conrad and his wife together. The pleasure of each in the company of the other is evident. Twice I heard him attempt to tease her by making some mischievous remark about the queerness of "these English" and their ways, the only response being a happy smile. She showed me a book of photographs of various members of her family and his, the object being for me to see his pictures as a child. And a wonderful little chap he was, in his quaint Polish habiliments, slender and sensitive, with eager dreaming eyes. In the smooth little face one could easily see the resemblance to the mature head of our host, though the smoothness was replaced by vigorous planes and furrows, and the whole effect Anglicized by monocle and tweeds.

Mr. Conrad places a high estimate on the work of Arnold Bennett.

"I knew him as a boy just beginning to write. He was modest, almost shy, but with tremendous confidence in himself. He came to me with his early efforts, and I remember one day, when Wells was with me, he suddenly forgot his shyness, and, striding up


H. Rider Haggard
W. Tittle
London
©

and down the room, told us what he expected to do. 'In ten years,' he said, 'I will be one of the most popular writers in England.' We exchanged a smile at this, but hanged if he did n't go and do it!"

For Chesterton, too, he has the greatest admiration. I remarked that in some of his earlier writings his insistence on a rather mechanical form of topsyturvy paradox had almost maddened me.

"True," he said, "after about ninety pages of somersaults I have sometimes been a bit fed up, but, if you will notice, when he turns one of these flipflops, almost invariably he lands on both feet, and astonishingly near the truth. He will stand as one of the biggest literary figures of this time."

§ 2

I descended at Thornsett Road, Anerley, and from the solid row of pleasant, modest dwellings selected No. 14, and, crossing the little front garden, rang the bell. The door was opened by a tall, dark girl with a pretty face, and her pleasant voice informed me that I had found my destination—the house of Walter de la Mare. Entering a little hall, I was conducted to a living-room at the back of the house, where through a broad window a smaller rear garden was revealed.

The tall young lady informed me that her father would join me almost immediately, and soon I was confronted by a dark man of medium height, with olive skin and eager, sparkling, black eyes. His black, moderately short hair seemed rebelliously to declare its independence over the taming efforts of comb and brush, breaking into triumphant curls at the front. The spirit of his hair seemed typical of the man, for the smile that came often and easily made me think that the small boy within him was always eager to break the bonds of maturity. Here surely was the ringleader of all his childrens' romping, and well could I picture him writing his first poems for their amusement. Here was a poet of inquisitive, exuberant normality, without the eccentricities usually attributed to his kind.

As I started my sketch of him he plied me with questions, and soon had from me almost more information about myself than I suspected I possessed. Finally I protested. "I say, whose interview is this, anyway, yours or mine?" I think, on the whole, it was his; he laughingly said his life had been quite simple and that there was little to tell. As I have already said, his first verses were written for his own children, and ultimately produced in book form. Other volumes followed, and novels as well, the latter meeting with a more ready response from the public.

We talked for a while about the graphic arts, and then about the relations existing between the arts. He had noticed that painters frequently write, but that writers can seldom draw. Why did I think this was so?

"Painting and drawing require a special technic," I replied, "while the medium of words is common to us all. And in this day of incontinent printing-presses, nearly every one tries his hand at writing at one time or another, whether he has talent or not."

"But you artists, having a conception of composition and values in your own art, have an advantage over the literary aspirant who knows nothing

of these things. The results are frequently most excellent."

Tea was served by Mrs. de la Mare and the two daughters, and the younger of their two sons was there. The freedom with which the children joined in the general conversation made them seem more like an American family than an English one, and the quality of their contributions was excellent. They made me feel that "Peacock Pie" is splendid fare for the nourishment of infants.

At a late hour I took my leave, accompanied by my host lest I lose myself in an endeavor to find the quicker route home that he had planned for me. As a tram-car came in sight at the end of the street, he was after it, running like a school-boy, while I followed close at his heels. My last glimpse revealed him standing in the middle of the track, shouting that I should come to see them soon again when I could visit without having to do any work.

§ 3

Who has not thrilled to those splendid romances, "King Solomon's Mines," "She," and "Allan Quatermain"? Well do I remember as a boy the appearance serially of "Montezuma's Daughter," and how hopelessly far away the arrival of the next instalment seemed, though the medium was a daily paper. And the name H. Rider Haggard! The sound of it dashing, almost sinister. Death on the pale horse could suggest little more to me then.

What a different man from the one of these childish dreams I found when I met him recently in London! He is very tall, angular, and huge of frame. His bones are big. He looks like a capable farmer rather than a dreamer; indeed, he is an authority on farming. He has been on the bench for thirty years. There is much force in his face and in his gestures. Humor is his, and it, too, is written on his revealing countenance.

He began life as a barrister, but when his first successful novels appeared, his law practice suffered. Then followed government service in Natal and South Africa, and later in other parts of the world. He became an authority on empire migration and on imperial and social conditions, and was sent on various missions as the special commissioner of his Government. Beside knighthood, he has received many honors. In Canada a mountain and a glacier have been named for him, and for activities aside from his writing.

I was greatly entertained by Sir Rider's humorous account of the endeavors of people to add to his many accomplishments and professions that of the physician. On the day previous to our sitting he had attended a garden party given by the King at Buckingham Palace. Here he was approached by a titled pair who wished to express their gratitude to him for having been instrumental in saving the life of their son. If I recall rightly, the boy was suffering from pneumonia, had reached the crisis, and it was vital that he be made to perspire. They tried many things to secure this end, but without success. The patient was very weak and listless. Nothing interested him until they tried reading to him from one of Sir Rider's books. At once his curiosity was aroused, and when a thrilling climax was reached, he broke into a profuse perspiration. From then his recovery was rapid.

Walter Tittle
London
Algernon Blackwood
July 1922

§ 4

I stood on the terrace of a Kentish country house watching the arrival of guests for a house party. Conspicuous among them was a very tall man to whom might well be applied the expression "rangy." His lean, bronzed face was as dark as that of an American Indian, and afforded a startling contrast to his pale blue eyes. There was a mournful look about his face in repose. His smile revealed strong white teeth, again in sharp contrast to his dark skin. A more thoroughly English type one could hardly imagine.

At first glance I thought him almost ugly; after the smile I thought him so ugly as to be handsome. In a short time I was convinced that he was an unusually good-looking chap, and am sure that women would be astonished at the former opinion. His friends call him by the nickname "Pan"; he was Mr. Algernon Blackwood, novelist, and author of "Pan's Garden."

Coffee on the terrace was followed by a stroll in the park, which ended at the tennis courts. Other good players were there, but Blackwood was by far the best.

My pencil would not have crept in as an interruption to this pleasant party had it not been for the activity of Henry Ainlie, who arranged the affair. As Mr. Blackwood and I repaired to my room, he still wore his tennis togs, with shirt open at the throat.

"Don't you want me to put on a regular collar?" he asked. "I 'm afraid people will think I 'm trying to look like an artist if you do me this way." I succeeded in preventing the change on the plea that the present arrangement better suited my scheme of composition.

Mr. Blackwood's life has been interesting. As a young man he went to Canada to engage in farming, and later joined the rush for the Rainy River gold-fields. Later, New York lured him, and there he learned the meaning of real poverty. He posed as a model to artists, to Dana Gibson and others; became a reporter on the staff of the "Sun," and later of the "Times."

It was drastic experience for a man whose mother by a former marriage was the Duchess of Manchester and whose father was a baronet.

"I used to entertain my companions of evenings by telling ghost-stories," he told me, "some of which I had written down with no thought of ever attempting to publish them. There was a gay young fellow who used to join us occasionally who took a great liking to these yarns of mine. He asked if he could take some of my stories to show to a friend, and departed with a handful of them. I forgot all about the incident, and the stories as well, as I placed no value on them. In the meantime I heard that this young man had, for no apparent reason, committed suicide. About a year after I saw him last I received a letter from a publisher offering to print my stories as a book. I did not know what he was talking about, but investigation assisted my memory, and my first book was the result.

"But my success has been a rather one-sided affair. Financially, it has been no success at all. I never expect to make money. I 'd like to, but I 'm sure I never shall. A few readers like my things exceedingly well, but on the whole the people don't want them."

The Politeness of Questa la Platta

By Mary Austin

This is a telling of the politeness of Questa la Platta, which is the most polite of the Spanish-speaking towns of New Mexico. It is also distinguished for goat's milk cheese, made and ripened after receipts already ancient when they came into New Spain with St. John of the Gentlemen. This politeness and the pride of their sole product Questa la Platta laid on the altar of Americanism in the year nineteen seventeen. I ask you, what more could a town do?

Questa la Platta is a day's journey from anywhere, and its geography is mostly on end, which accounts for the prevalence of goatherding as an industry. All the ore having long since been taken out of the Silver Search Mine, which gave the place its name, the young men of Questa la Platta have taken to following it, spreading the town's reputation for politeness and little white, leathery cheeses wherever they go.

Letter-writing, however, being at best a perilous adventure, and reading a matter better left with those who can see some use in it, the town did not certainly know that it was implicated in the great war until the draft reached out for the whole two of their able-bodied young men. But how was anybody even then to feel certain that those *animales* of Germans would not make peace for themselves before the men of Questa la Platta could get at them? What else was there for the town to do but register the high mark of that *cortissima* for which for two hundred years it had been distinguished?

§ 2

An adequate opportunity for doing so did not arrive, however, until near the close of the first year of the war, when the mail-carrier from Arroyada brought word that the Government at Washington was sending a food expert to teach them how to conserve food for the armies by eating meat once a day. Once a day, mind you! *Dios y santos!* but that was a thing Questa la Platta would be glad to learn!

Up to this time Questa la Platta had not thought of itself as wasteful in the matter of food. There were brown beans raised in the pockets of the hills, also a little wheat, which is harvested by hand and ground as required in the water mill of Pablo Romero, which is at least as old as the American Constitution. In sickness there was always a chicken that could be spared, and from afar the walls of Questa la Platta could be picked out against the mountain-side by the strings of scarlet peppers drying. Meat hunger, when it grew imperative, was satisfied by the killing of a goat or a calf, of which everybody in the village ate as long as it lasted. The famous cheeses were seldom eaten

in Questa la Platta. What else had they for trade and the support of the town's reputation? And should this be sacrificed because one felt a little more empty than usual? When it was learned that the food expert meant to pay them a visit, Questa la Platta felt that the keeping up of the reputation of the cheeses had not cost too much; they were ravished with a sense of the delicate condescension of the Government at Washington. Pablo Romero, who as postmaster was felt to be somewhat in the confidence of the Government, considered that there might be a possibility of sending a consignment of the cheeses to the front, where they would undoubtedly be appreciated.

The food expert was a young and charming woman who had had two periods of domestic science at her state university and was engaged to a lieutenant in the Aviation Corps. She came up, a whole day's journey, with the mail-carrier from Arroyada, with a brief-case full of food-administration leaflets, a colored chart of food values, and full directions for putting down eggs in water-glass and making goat's milk cheese. The mail-carrier, who was a Questa la Platta man, did his best to present the country to her in the most engaging light. He also, being himself of a politeness, learned something of what she hoped to accomplish for Questa la Platta. She would teach them to make goat's milk cheese.

But goat's milk cheese! The matrons of Questa la Platta to whom this was privately communicated put their hands over their mouths with astonishment; by which sign you may know that the particular community was founded on and had absorbed a Tewa Pueblo. Señora Peladero, at whose house the expert was to be entertained, recalled them to the tradition. This might be a trick of those *animales*, the enemy, to rob the town of its true glory; but, on the other hand, there was always its politeness. On the strength of the reputation of her own cheeses as far afield as Albuquerque, Señora Peladero decreed that for as long as the Señorita Hooverino remained in Questa la Platta, its inhabitants should know nothing of goat's milk cheese except what it pleased the Government to teach them.

§ 3

This patriotic resolution was arrived at in the first twenty minutes, while the expert was removing the dust of travel in Señora Peladero's *parlatorio* and making the disconcerting discovery that the receipt for goat's milk cheese had been left at the station before the last, where she had last had occasion to use it. Señora Peladero, observing at supper that the Señorita Hooverino, whose proper name had been completely swallowed by her function, was troubled, had it out of her in a twinkling. Could it not, then, be recovered, the so eagerly anticipated government secret of goat's milk cheeses? By telegraph, the señorita told her, from that railway junction from which she had been all day climbing up in the buckboard of the mail-carrier to Questa la Platta. How fortunately everything is arranged when one but thinks of it! Only half as much time is required for going down the mountain as for coming up, which would allow Juan Ruiz time for necessary sleep between his arrival at the telegraph station and

his return with the so thoughtful receipts of the Government. Accordingly Juan Ruiz was despatched.

Thus Questa la Platta had a whole day for anticipating what the Government had to say on the subject of eating meat once a day, and the expert filled in part of the time by writing to her aviator that the consciousness of bringing this simple people into touch with the great world more than compensated for the hardships of her undertaking. In the spiritual rebirth which was to follow on the cessation of the war, she felt that Questa la Platta would, through the medium of goat's milk cheese, be able to take its place in the brotherhood of peoples.

There was also, as the day advanced, a little matter in the way of an egg lacking for the demonstration of water-glass, which must be seen to. Señora Peladero was desolated because she had used up the whole of two eggs retrieved from her own barn-yard for a cake for the food expert, and Señora Bacca, her nearest neighbor, had sent hers to Señora Montoya, who was abed of her seventh! But let the Señorita Hooverino rest assured; if the Government at Washington desired an egg, an egg would be found.

By the time the shadow of the mountain had swallowed up several lesser ranges, and the last of the goat-herds had come home, Juan Ruiz returned with the telegraphic directions for the making of goat's milk cheese in his hat. Considering the interest at stake, the cost of his journey, which the expert added to her expense account, was not exorbitant.

§ 4

The meeting, which took place at the school-house that night, was a tremendous success, being attended by the whole twoscore population of Questa la Platta. The lecture was not too long; the interpreter made the most of his opportunities. The colored charts of strange and unheard of foods were enchanting. The demonstration of the egg conserved in water-glass was in no way dimmed by the circumstance that the egg that was finally produced would have been better for being conserved earlier.

True, the directions for eating meat once a day lacked applicability,—there was nothing whatever said about how you were to come by the meat,—but the receipt for making cheese of goat's milk created a sensation. Had it not come direct from Washington itself, from the President's lady, no doubt? Had not Juan Ruiz traveled a day and a night for it, and been well paid into the bargain? To crown all, was it not, item for item, the same by which goat's cheese had been made in Questa la Platta for two centuries?

The food expert was greatly touched by its reception. She explained that henceforth Questa la Platta would be keeping step with the great world of affairs: it would now have something to *give!* To all of which the politest town in New Mexico gravely agreed. The program concluded with a little exhortation on standing by the Government, to which the interpreter added something on his own account. Then, oh, crowning touch! the expert sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a very pretty voice, to which now and then from the audience was added a wordless vocal accompaniment. By this time Questa la Platta was so carried out of itself that it had in the fiddle and the flute, unscrewed the school-benches, and turned the food

demonstration into a *baile*, at which the pretty expert, who was of a politeness after Questa la Platta's own heart, danced with everybody.

The next morning, as she was tucking herself into the mail-cart with two thirds of the population seeing her off, she turned back to them with that pleasant air of taking an interest in these simple people which had made her work a success, to remind them that if ever she heard of Questa la Platta again, she expected to hear of it in connection with goat's milk cheeses.

"*Si*, Señorita," Señora Peladero answered for everybody, tucking a package of hard, round objects consigned to the general store at Albuquerque under the expert's feet. "*Sin duda, sin duda!*" To which, even after the expert, who was also a representative of the Government, had turned her back on them for the long descent, there was no undercurrent of laughter in the murmur of general assent. It is not for nothing that Questa la Platta is known as the politest town in New Mexico.

Woodcut by George Biddle

Saints of the Workshop

By Pierre Hamp, Translated by Charles E. Vouga

To be in love with one's work is an important condition of happiness. Men and women stake all the charm of life upon two decisions, career and marriage. To delight in a job, to love and be loved, are the two trump-cards in the great game of life in which the playing must be so canny.

How many parents condemn their children forever to the ranks of the unskilled laborer by setting them to work that requires no training simply because the children may begin to earn a little money at once! With the aid of cunning posters, such as, "Pay from the start," traffickers in children entice these little workers into misery, and put them at once to sweeping, and to running errands that they are pleased to run because of the excitement of small tips. The old and sound tradition of apprenticeship did not allow a salary to be given to a child. He was merely a pupil to receive training in his craft. The abuse lay in exploiting rather than instructing him, in using him only for chores and ends of work, in making him a beast of burden. But a house soon won a bad name if it did not give its apprentices a thorough training. Many workmen took pride in remembering their first years of instruction, and spoke with gratitude of those who had taught them.

The present-day system of labor, which compels a man to spend his life performing the same machine-like series of acts, a system that brings him a pay-check from the outset, tends to increase the number of unskilled child laborers. Such a condition spells misfortune not only for the individual, but for the nation. It makes for a type of man who is not going to stick to one job. In the long run discontented labor will ruin a nation.

We are, however, drawing close to a time when idleness will become a disgrace. An able-bodied man who does no work of any sort will be classified, according to the new scheme of social values, as a thief and a crook. It is one of the amazing facts of the present that a young and husky man may, by the mere possession of money, be able to indulge in idleness. The custom of buying the right to escape military service has disappeared. It is legally impossible in French law not to join a regiment unless one is known to be sick or crippled.

French law forces men into military service, but does not force them to work. Public opinion, nevertheless, is changing. The idle rich are no longer honored as they used to be. We are beginning to have a contempt for the assured ease brought about by the mere possession of money. What should money mean but a power devoted to the interest of work, a commodity such as cotton, coal, steel? That no able-bodied man may, however rich, escape work, and that in the

choice of a career the primary consideration be given to the natural aptitudes of the individual child, are the two outstanding conditions which make for the strength of any nation. In a word, the strength of a nation is to be defined in terms of its working capacity.

A country with many thrifty families of independent means would head straight toward decay and ruin. To manufacture, to cultivate, to sell, are unquestionable necessities. A national taste for work will never be created by a mere interest in profits, any more than the desire for immediate earnings can transform the child into a skilled laborer proud of his task. Work must have a soul. Inevitably one must return to the old ideal of doing the job for the job's sake.

It is as important to reëstablish the dignity of labor as it is to enforce hygiene in factories. To pretend that this is no longer possible in an era of machinery is to declare that all human labor is imbecile and that conditions making for happiness are a thing of the past rather than a hope of the future. The soul of labor must not die while mechanical means are developing at a great pace. The unrest of our time can be traced to the increase in mechanical specialization and the decrease in the spiritual quality brought to one's labor. Disgust for the dirty work of life degrades civilization even though civilization believes that it is striving for greater efficiency. Faith in work must be recreated. The great war has shown the power latent in the exertions of mankind—a power which, wrongly directed, can bring about the extermination of mankind. France's devastated regions are a product of war factories. Let us suppose this power concentrated on the well-being of humanity. Let us suppose that its momentum is the same, and that the World-War industry has become world-peace industry. Now, if men sought their salvation with the same frenzy with which they then sought their downfall, war would be eradicated. Instead of millions of corpses, we would have, thanks to an existence made bearable, children bursting with life; instead of ruins of masonry heaped up by human rage, crumbling walls which are breeding-grounds of tuberculosis, and all the diseases lurking in wretched holes, we would have homes amply supplied with air and light amidst gardens basking in sunshine.

France, having been the scene of the greatest effort of war, is now compelled to become the scene of the greatest effort of work. She will prove equal to this and stand out as a great example if she will take active legal steps against the disgrace of idleness.

§ 2

Etiquette makes it an offense to refuse an invitation to a dance even if you are known to be in the habit of rising early to work. To put on your best clothes for a reception and to give up your seat to a lady are acts of elementary courtesy. Quainter still are the rules of politeness among the working-classes. To refuse a drink from a pal is nothing short of an insult. To be vexed by some one's refusal to "have a drop" is a survival of the sacred character of classic libations. "Let us have a drink together" are words which remind us of the gods. On this particular point the middle-class spirit and the labor-class spirit are not at variance. For both, refusal

is a discourtesy, a sign of haughtiness.

But when it comes to work, etiquette assumes a new force. The workman says, "Make way for the working-man," and he himself follows the slogan. Here the politeness that offers its seat to a lady goes by the board. The right to be seated no longer belongs to the young woman, but to the man with a burden.

This attitude toward work drives a wedge between the two social standards. A well educated man considers it quite beneath his dignity to defraud another of even a dollar, but as a corporation shareholder his conscience is, of course, more elastic. The workman who picks his comrade's pocket is ostracized, and the worst punishment is visited upon him by his former associates, who now refuse to shake his hand and take a drink with him. To call the police because you have been the victim of a pickpocket is very bad form. For such a call, murder is the only excuse.

To take goods from the workroom is not wrong if the amount taken consists only of the scraps which the workman really earns by his personal skill in handling the supply given to him to cut a pattern. Every honest workman considers that claiming the scraps is in no wise stealing. The dressmaker who deliberately cuts into the piece and takes yards of cloth is a thief. If she appropriates, however, only those pieces which are left over because of her skill in cutting and planning, she is within her rights. These remnants are in reality the product of the employee's skilful handling, and only a niggardly employer would dare claim them. In match factories, to put a box in one's pocket is quite proper, but to go off with a dozen, intending to sell them, is a different matter.

Etiquette, obsessed with details, has become obsolete. Kissing ladies' hands, bows, and cringes are out of date, but good taste, that sense of proprieties which give the right of way to the man with a burden, must govern a society endeavoring to restore itself through the strength and law of its crafts. Compulsory labor, imminent throughout all civilized countries, will strongly modify the quality of prejudices.

The load-bearer, sweating and bowed, will no more be looked upon as an uncouth reprobate; nay, he will become the man of honor. Sports have already created the habit of glorifying physical effort, even the most unpleasant, such, for example, as a brutal boxing-match.

Is it absurd to think that the gesture of striking an anvil may one day achieve the popularity of the gesture of the prize-fighter or the cricketer? Is the honor of a sport established only by the practical uselessness of its gesture? To knock a ball with a stick three hundred yards across a meadow and then to take a different stick and pop it down a little hole, acts which they call golf, is not as urgent for the health of a community as street-cleaning. Sport and work oppose two varieties of human gestures, one producing the indispensable commodities of life, carrying its burden, holding its tools; the other engendering play—that is to say, activity which has within itself its own ends, being recreation for the man who indulges in it and amusement for the looker-on.

Let us bestow the same social regard on a craft as on a sport, and at last a new code of honor will be in-

stituted—a code awaited for over two thousand years. St. Paul's words, too, will then have their fulfilment: "If any will not work, neither let him eat."

Handling a tennis-racket, a fencing-foil, a pair of boxing-gloves, attracts more social consideration than throwing a weaver's shuttle, pressing a graving-tool, or swinging a hammer. The outlines of these gestures, however, are not very different, but the quality of appreciation bestowed on each is wide apart indeed, the less useful being the more honored.

There are few championships in the world for the handling of a tool. Universal competition is organized in the skilled use of death-dealing weapons, for pugilism, for wrestling, for the sword; in short, for all forms of combativeness.

§ 3

In order to claim that there is something holy in work, need we prove that work can take the place of religion, or, rather, that the qualities that drive men to consecrate themselves unreservedly to their profession are qualities of holiness?

If a man loves his profession unto death, is he not a saint and a martyr? Saints of work are found in all crafts, from the lowest to the most respected. Was not Vatel one of these—Vatel who committed suicide because he ran short of fish for the guests of the Grand Condé? "The great Vatel, majordomo of M. Fouquet, formerly of the princely household, this man whose level-headedness enabled him to embrace all the cares of state; this man with whom I was personally acquainted, on being apprised that this morning at eight o'clock the fish had not arrived, was unable to stand the blow which he thought would overwhelm him, and thereupon stabbed himself."

This man's job was to attend to the preparation of food, lowly task indeed. To provide for appetites, gluttony, and greediness is not a noble profession. Culinary art, refined as it may be, never weighs much in our esteem. Crafts that are the most useful are not those that are bowed to. The cook is not much above the street-sweeper in public estimation. Now, this business of catering to the palate has also its hero, a man who died for it. What zeal must one bring to one's job to choose death rather than imperfection! The suicide of Vatel proves the quality of his life. "My head is dizzy," he cries. "For twelve nights I have not slept!"

It is something to deny oneself rest, to be incapable of indifference. This attitude is exaggerated, but what would remain of heroism and holiness without those things that are uncommon to common sense? The glory of those who sacrifice themselves is the purest, and here at last we have a man who deserved it supremely, a man whose job was merely looking after victuals. Killing one's self for one's job is not equivalent, perhaps, to dying for the fatherland; it is, nevertheless, something to die for that which one loves. *Sancho Panza*, of course, would have got out of it in another way, and would have good-humoredly advised the guests to suck their thumbs while they waited. This sort of common sense knows nothing of holiness. Vatel, madly in love with his profession, gave his life for it. His was a mad and great action. His was a holy action.

The king and his courtiers said that his death was due to "his having such a sense of honor in his own way." The King of France had not the point of view of the workman. It was impossible for him to gage the true asset of professional loyalty to the state and to see that the glory of France was better assured by men who did their jobs well than by a nobility which gloried in having no job at all.

Those for whom Vatel killed himself, fearing that he could not serve them decently, saw in their own contempt for work a condition of their honor. They would make themselves less honorable by using their hands or attending to a business. Money earned in industry and commerce was plebeian. Nobility maintained its self-respect only by enriching itself through idleness or war. "Kill, but do not create," was their motto. Vatel's way of having a sense of honor was amazing to the wits, stunned at the idea that a man could love his profession to the death.

There is a holiness in work, as there is in religion. Its essential quality lies in self-sacrifice. Monks may accomplish this through contemplation and good deeds. The holiness of work is primarily beyond contemplation. It demands sweat. Who toiled with more piety than Bernard Palissy, who in the history of French labor is a patron saint of ceramics, gifted with a perseverance that would not admit defeat and was therefore superior to Vatel, whose chagrin was fatal. Vatel was unable to stand a few hours of humiliation. Bernard Palissy, who had at least as many good reasons for committing suicide, never gave in to ceaseless hardships. In order to succeed in making ceramic enamel he burned his furniture and his peace of mind. Deemed crazy by his neighbors, in constant bickerings with his wife, he stuck patiently to one set purpose, and at last succeeded in beholding the face of God awaiting him in the flame that glazed his pottery. He had the faith of a saint and the endurance of a martyr.

"Heat, frost, winds, rains and overflowing gutters spoiled the greatest part of my work before it had time to bake. . . . I spent many years with nothing to cover my kilns; I was every night at the mercy of showers and blasts, and except, perhaps, for hooting screech-owls on one side and howling dogs on the other, never found help or comfort. Once in a while storms and tempests arose which blew out my fire, so that forthwith I would be constrained to drop everything, which meant the utter loss of my efforts. More often than not, I went soaking wet, because of the pouring heavens; on my way home at midnight or at dawn I looked like a man dragged through the gutters of the town, reeling as if drunk, full of sorrows, crushed by failure. Worst of all, retiring thus soiled and drenched, I found in my chamber a new persecution which, to-day, makes me marvel that I did not collapse under the weight of excruciating sadness."

Catholic hagiography has no figure so great as that of St. Vincent de Paul, who was not pleased only to pray for his fellow-men, but who toiled with his hands for their salvation. The halo of the sanctity of work is to be found also around the figure of Bernard Palissy. This potter's fortitude ranks with the greatest qualities that lend the sign of nobility to human nature. His was not an aggressive energy, torturing his neighbor for profit

and pride. He did not try to become master of others, but only of himself, and inexorably at that. Indeed, no master would have believed it possible to wring such effort from him by means of authority and terror. Again, Palissy had no self-pity, for, drawing from his weary bones all the energy that lies in the poor body of man, he exhausted himself almost to the point of death and yet never gave in. He ran against all odds, against poverty, jeers, and insult. He spent his wife's modest fortune, which meant all to her.

How can a man live in peace with his wife when he thinks that every bit of the house, walls, floors, and furnishings, is fuel! The ceramist is anxious to obtain a temperature that will bake his glaze, and, alas! he has no more wood. Think of it! A little more heat, and that smooth surface so eagerly awaited will appear. This old chair can go into the fire, that door of the oaken cupboard, too. Quick! or the flame will dwindle, the glaze dull. What is more heartrending, to lack wood at such a crucial moment or to have to await fish for the Grand Condé's guests? Palissy does an enduring piece of work, lasting centuries; Vatel attends to food gone in a moment. Where Vatel destroys himself, Palissy sticks obstinately to his purpose, not only in the face of his suffering, but also in the face of the common sense of his wife. For she is right. To a poor family everything in a house is useful. This old chair must not be burned. A day may come when some one will be glad to sit on it. And, if you please, for what folly is this destruction practised? Is it wise to allow one's little earthly goods to fade away in smoke?

Palissy, indeed, knew the meaning of pain when the glaze refused to bake while his last log was in the fire. Between the flaming devil of ceramics and the spirit of order in the household, the man continued his anxious, tortured existence—the existence of the saint.

Did Pasteur encounter as many obstacles in microbiology as Palissy in ceramics? However that may be, here are three professions diversely gaged by social standards, cooking, pottery, chemistry. Yet each has its saint who gives to humanity work of unequal usefulness, perhaps, but work, nevertheless, endowed with identical quality of the soul, identical value of faith in work, of self-sacrifice to the religion of deeds.

When Pasteur's pupils surprised him at two o'clock in the morning, candle in hand, having risen from his bed to go down and examine his test-tubes, they understood that it was the driving force of an idea which awakened this man as inevitably as the tap of a night-watchman on his shoulder. He who cannot be easy in bed has made the first step toward the misery of being a saint.

Why is not the hagiography of work one of the outstanding illustrations of moral values? Great workers may be birds of prey, exploiting the energies of others out of lust for money or domination. Contrasted with those men for whom work spells conquest and oppression, how much more noble are human beings who regard work as a gift of self and a tribute to mankind! The day is gone when crowds follow the great mystics who speak words of comfort or of fierce passion. The hour is at hand when the essential holiness that lies in work will become one of the greatest moral forces of civilization.

A Lost Lady[1]

A Novel in Three Parts—Part II

By Willa Cather

Woodcut by Bernhardt Kleboe

Neil went up the hill the next afternoon just as the cutter with the two black ponies jingled round the driveway and stopped at the front door. Mrs. Forrester came out on the porch, dressed for a sleigh-ride. Ellinger followed her, buttoned up in a long fur-lined coat, showily befrogged down the front, with a glossy astrakhan collar. He looked even more powerful and bursting with vigor than last night. His highly colored, well visored countenance shone with a good opinion of himself and of the world.

Mrs. Forrester called to Neil gaily:

"We are going down to the Sweet Water to cut cedar boughs for Christmas. Will you keep Constance company? She seems a trifle disappointed at being left behind, but we can't take the big sleigh; the pole is broken. Be nice to her, there 's a good boy!" She pressed his hand, gave him a meaning, confidential smile, and stepped into the sleigh. Ellinger sprang in beside her, and they glided down the hill with a tinkle of sleigh-bells.

Neil found Miss Ogden in the back parlor, playing solitaire by the fire. She was clearly out of humor.

"Come in, Mr. Herbert. I think they might have taken us along, don't you? I want to see the river my own self. I hate bein' shut up in the house!"

[1] Synopsis of Part I in "Among Our Contributors."

"Let 's go out, then. Would you like to see the town?"

Constance seemed not to hear him. She was wrinkling and unwrinkling her short nose, and the restless lines about her mouth were fluttering.

"What 's to hinder us from getting a sleigh at the livery barn and going down to the Sweet Water? I don't suppose the river 's private property?" She gave a nervous, angry laugh, and looked hopefully at Neil.

"We could n't get anything at this hour. The livery teams are all out," he said with firmness.

Constance glanced at him suspiciously, then sat down at the card-table and leaned over it, drawing her plump shoulders together. Her fluffy yellow hair was wound round her head like a scarf and held in place by narrow bands of black velvet.

The ponies had crossed the second creek and were trotting down the highroad toward the river. Mrs. Forrester expressed her feelings in a laugh full of mischief.

"Is she running after us? Where did she get the idea that she was to come? What a relief to get away!" She lifted her chin and sniffed the air. The day was gray, without sun, and the air was still and dry, a warm cold. "Poor Mr. Ogden!" she went on. "How much livelier he is without his ladies! They almost extinguish him. Now are n't you glad you never married?"

"I 'm certainly glad I never married a homely woman. What does a man do it for, anyway? She had no money, and he 's always had it, or been on the way to it."

"Well, they 're off to-morrow. And Connie! You 've reduced her to a state of imbecility, really! What an afternoon Neil must be having!" She laughed as if the idea of his predicament delighted her.

"Who 's this kid, anyway?" Ellinger asked her to take the reins for a moment while he drew a cigar from his pocket. "He 's a trifle stiff. Does he make himself useful?"

"Oh, he 's a nice boy, stranded here like the rest of us. I 'm going to train him to be very useful. He 's devoted to Mr. Forrester. Handsome, don't you think?"

"So-so." They turned into a by-road that wound along the Sweet Water. Ellinger held the ponies in a little and turned down his high astrakhan collar. "Let 's have a look at you, Marian."

Mrs. Forrester was holding her muff before her face to catch the flying particles of snow the ponies kicked up. From behind it she glanced at him sidewise.

"Well?" she said teasingly.

He put his arm through hers and settled himself low in the sleigh.

"You ought to look at me better than that. It 's been a devil of a long while since I 've seen you."

"Perhaps it 's been too long," she murmured. The mocking spark in her eyes softened perceptibly under the long pressure of his arm. "Yes, it 's been long," she admitted lightly.

"You did n't answer the letter I wrote you on the eleventh."

"Did n't I? Well, at any rate, I answered your telegram." She drew her head away as his face came nearer. "You 'll really have to watch the ponies, my dear, or they 'll tumble us out in the snow."

"I don't care; I wish they would," he said between his teeth. "Why did n't you answer my letter?"

"Oh, I don't remember. You don't write so many."

"It 's no satisfaction. You won't let me write you love-letters. You say it 's risky."

"So it is, and foolish. But now you need n't be so careful. Not too careful." She laughed softly. "When I 'm off in the country for a whole winter, alone and growing older, I like to"—she put her hand on his—"to be reminded of pleasanter things."

Ellinger took off his glove with his teeth. His eyes, sweeping the winding road and the low, snow-covered bluffs, had something wolfish in them.

"Be careful, Frank! My rings! You hurt me!"

"Then why did n't you take them off? You used to. Are these your cedars? Shall we stop here?"

"No, not here." She spoke very low. "The best ones are farther on, in a deep ravine that winds back into the hills."

Ellinger glanced at her averted head, and his heavy lips twitched in a smile at one corner. The quality of her voice had changed, and he knew the change. They went spinning along the curves of the winding road, saying not a word. Mrs. Forrester sat with her head bent forward, her face half hidden in her muff. At last she told him to stop. To the right of the road he saw a thicket. Behind it a dry water-course wound into the bluffs. The tops of the dark, still cedars, just visible from the road, indicated its windings.

"Sit still," he said, "while I take out the horses."

§ 2

When the blue shadows of approaching dusk were beginning to fall over the snow, one of the Blum boys, slipping quietly along through the timber in search of rabbits, came upon the empty cutter standing in the brush, and near it the two ponies, stamping impatiently where they were tied. Adolph slid back into the thicket and lay down behind a fallen log to see what would happen. Not much ever happened to him but weather.

Presently he heard low voices coming nearer from the ravine. The big stranger who was visiting at the Forresters' emerged, carrying the buffalo-robes on one arm; Mrs. Forrester herself was clinging to the other. They walked slowly, wholly absorbed by what they were saying to each other. When they came up to the sleigh, the man spread the robes on the seat and put his hands under Mrs. Forrester's arms to lift her in. But he did not lift her; he stood for a long while holding her crushed up against his breast, her face hidden in his black overcoat.

"What about those damned cedar boughs?" he asked after he had put her in and covered her up. "Shall I go back and cut some?"

"It does n't matter," she murmured.

He reached under the seat for a hatchet, and went back to the ravine. Mrs. Forrester sat with her eyes closed, her cheek pillowed on her muff, a faint, soft smile on her lips. The air was still and blue; the Blum boy could almost hear her breathe. When the strokes of the hatchet rang out from the ravine, he could see her eyelids flutter; soft shivers went through her body.

The man came back, and threw the evergreens into the sleigh. When he got in beside her, she slipped her hand through his arm and settled softly against him.

"Drive slowly," she murmured, as if she were talking in her sleep. "It does n't matter if we are late for dinner. Nothing matters." The ponies trotted off.

The pale Blum boy rose from behind his log and followed the tracks up the ravine. When the orange moon rose over the bluffs, he was still sitting under the cedars, his gun on his knee. While Mrs. Forrester had been waiting there in the sleigh, with her eyes closed, feeling so safe, he could almost have touched her with his hand. He had never seen her before when her mocking eyes and lively manner were not between her and all the world. If it had been Thad Grimes who lay behind that log, now, or Ivy Peters?

But with Adolph Blum her secrets were safe. His mind was feudal; the rich and fortunate were also the privileged. These warm-blooded, quick-breathing people took chances, followed impulses only dimly understandable to a boy who was wet and weather-chapped all the year, who waded in the mud fishing for cat, or lay in the marsh waiting for wild duck. Mrs. Forrester had never been too haughty to smile at him when he came to the back door with his fish. She never haggled about the price. She treated him like a human being. His little chats with her, her nod and smile when she passed him on the street, were among the pleasantest things he had to remember. She bought game of him in the closed season and did n't give him away.

§ 3

It was during that winter, the first Mrs. Forrester had ever spent in the house on the hill, that Neil came to know her very well. For the Forresters that winter was a sort of isthmus between two estates; soon afterward came a change in their fortunes. And for Neil it was a natural turning-point, since in the autumn he was nineteen and in the spring he was twenty, a very great difference.

After the Christmas festivities were over, the whist-parties settled into a regular routine. Three evenings a week Judge Pomeroy and his nephew sat down to cards with the Forresters. Sometimes they went over early and dined there. Sometimes they stayed for a late supper after the last rubber. Neil, who had lived a bachelor's life since he was six years old and who had made up his mind that he would never live in a place that was under the control of women, found himself becoming attached to the comforts of a well conducted house, to the pleasures of the table, to the soft chairs and soft lights and agreeable human voices at the Forresters'. On bitter, windy nights, sitting in his favorite blue chair before the grate, he used to wonder how he could manage to tear himself away, to plunge into the outer darkness, and to run down the long frozen road and up the dead street of the town. Captain Forrester was experimenting with bulbs that winter, and had built a little glass conservatory for them on the south side of the house, off the back parlor. Through January and February the house was full of narcissus and Roman hyacinths, and their heavy springlike odor made a part of the enticing comfort of the fireside there.

Where Mrs. Forrester was, dullness was impossible, Neil believed. The charm of her conversation was not so much in what she said, though she was often witty, but in the quick recognition of her eyes, in the living quality of

her voice itself. One could talk with her about the most trivial things, and go away with a high sense of elation. The secret of it, he supposed, was that she could n't help being interested in people, even very commonplace people. If Mr. Ogden or Mr. Dalzell were not there to tell their best stories for her, then she could be amused by Ivy Peters's ruffianly manners, or by the soft compliments of old man Elliott when he sold her a pair of winter shoes. She had a fascinating gift of mimicry. When she mentioned the fat iceman, Thad Grimes at his meat block, or the Blum boys with their dead rabbits, by a subtle suggestion of their manner she made them seem more individual and vivid than they were in their own person. She often caricatured people to their faces, and they were not offended, but greatly flattered. Nothing pleased you more than to provoke her laughter; then you felt you were getting on with her. It was her form of commenting, of agreeing with you and appreciating you when you said something interesting, and often it told you a great deal that was both too direct and too elusive for words.

Long, long afterward, when Neil did not know whether Mrs. Forrester was living or dead, if her image flashed into his mind, it came with a brightness of dark eyes, her pale, triangular cheeks with long ear-rings, and her many-colored laugh. When he was dull, dull and tired of everything, he used to think that if he could hear that long-lost lady laugh again, he could be gay.

The big storm of the winter came late that year; swept down over Sweet Water the first day of March and beat upon the town for three days and nights. Thirty inches of snow fell, and the cutting wind blew it into curling drifts. The Forresters were snowed in. Ben Keezer, their man of all work, did not attempt to break a road or even to come over to the town himself. On the third day Neil went to the post-office, got the captain's leather mail-sack, with its accumulation, and set off across the creek, plunging into drifts up to his middle, sometimes up to his armpits. The fences along the lane were covered, but he broke his trail by keeping between the two lines of poplars. When at last he reached the front porch, Captain Forrester came to the door and let him in.

"Glad to see you, my boy, very glad. It 's been a little lonesome for us. You must have had hard work getting over. I certainly appreciate it. Come to the sitting-room fire and dry yourself. We will talk quietly. Mrs. Forrester has gone up-stairs to lie down; she 's been complaining of a headache."

Neil stood before the fire in his rubber boots, drying his trousers. The captain did not sit down, but opened the glass door into his little conservatory.

"I 've something pretty to show you, Neil. All my hyacinths are coming along at once, every color of the rainbow. The Roman hyacinths, I say, are Mrs. Forrester's. They seem to suit her."

Neil went to the door and looked with keen pleasure at the fresh, watery blossoms.

"I was afraid you might lose them this bitter weather, Captain."

"No, these things can stand a good deal of cold. They 've been company for us." He stood looking out through the glass at the drifted shrubbery. Neil liked to see him look out over his

place. "A man's house is his castle," his look seemed to say. "Ben tells me the rabbits have come up to the barn to eat the hay; everything green is covered up. I had him throw a few cabbages out for them, so they won't suffer. Mrs. Forrester has been on the porch every day, feeding the snow-birds," he went on, as if talking to himself.

The stair door opened, and Mrs. Forrester came down in her Japanese dressing-gown, looking very pale. The dark shadows under her eyes seemed to mean that she had been losing sleep.

"Oh, it 's Neil! How nice of you! And you 've brought the mail. Are there any letters for me?"

"Three. Two from Denver and one from California." Her husband gave them to her. "Did you sleep, Maidy?"

"No, but I rested. It 's delightful up in the west room; the wind sings and whistles about the eaves. If you 'll excuse me, I 'll dress and glance at my letters. Stand closer to the fire, Neil. Are you very wet?" When she stopped beside him to feel his clothes, he smelled a sharp odor of spirits. Was she ill, he wondered, or merely so bored that she had been trying to dull herself?

When she came back she had dressed, and rearranged her hair.

"Mrs. Forrester," said the captain in a solicitous tone, "I believe I would like some tea and toast this afternoon, like your English friends, and it would be good for your head. We won't offer Neil anything else."

"Very well. Mary has gone to bed with a toothache, but I will make the tea. Neil can make the toast here by the fire, while you read your paper."

She was cheerful now; tied one of Mary's aprons about Neil's neck and set him down with the toasting-fork. He noticed that the captain, as he read his paper, kept his eye on the sideboard with a certain watchfulness, and when his wife brought the tray with tea, and no sherry, he seemed very much pleased. He drank three cups, and took a second piece of toast.

"You see, Mr. Forrester," she said lightly, "Neil has brought back my appetite. I ate no lunch to-day,"—turning to the boy,—"I 've been shut up too long. Is there anything in the papers?"

This meant was there any news concerning the people they knew. The captain put on his silver-rimmed glasses again and read aloud about the doings of their friends in Denver and Omaha and Kansas City. Mrs. Forrester sat on a stool by the fire, eating toast and making humorous comments upon the subjects of those solemn paragraphs—the engagement of Miss Erma Salton-Smith, etc.

"At last, thank God! You remember her, Neil. She 's been here. I think you danced with her."

"I don't think I do. Is she pretty?"

"She 's exactly like her name. Don't you remember? Tall, very animated, glittering eyes, like the *Ancient Mariner's?*"

Neil laughed.

"Don't you like bright eyes, Mrs. Forrester?"

"Not any others, I don't!" She joined in his laugh so gaily that the captain looked out over his paper with an expression of satisfaction. He let the journal slowly crumple on his knees, and sat watching the two beside the grate. To him they seemed about the same age. It was a habit with him to think of Mrs. Forrester as very, very young.

She noticed that he was not reading.

"Would you like me to light the lamp, Mr. Forrester?"

"No, thank you. The twilight is very pleasant."

It was twilight by now. They heard Mary come down-stairs and begin stirring about the kitchen. The captain, his slippers in the zone of firelight and his heavy shoulders in shadow, snored from time to time. As the room grew dusky, the windows were squares of clear, pale violet, and the shutters ceased to rattle. The wind was dying with the day. Everything was still except when Bohemian Mary roughly clattered a pan. Mrs. Forrester whispered that she was out of sorts because her sweetheart, Joe Pucelik, had n't been over to see her. Sunday night was his regular night, and Sunday was the first day of the blizzard.

"When she 's neglected, her tooth always begins to ache!"

"Well, now that I 've got over, he 'll have to come, or she will be in a temper."

"Oh, he 'll come." Mrs. Forrester shrugged. "I am blind and deaf, but I 'm quite sure she makes it worth his while." After a few moments she rose. "Come," she whispered; "Mr. Forrester is asleep. Let 's run down the hill; there 's no one to stop us. I 'll slip on my rubber boots. No objections!" She put her fingers on his lips. "Not a word! I can't stand this house a moment longer."

They slipped quietly out of the front door into the cold air, which tasted of new-fallen snow. A clear arc of blue and rose-color painted the west, over the buried town. When they reached the rounded breast of the hill, blown almost bare, Mrs. Forrester stood still and drew in deep breaths, looking down over the drifted meadows and the stiff, blue poplars.

"Oh, but it is bleak!" she murmured. "Suppose we should have to stay here all next winter, too—and the next! What will become of me, Neil?" There was fear, unmistakable fright, in her voice. "You see, there is nothing for me to do. I get no exercise. I don't skate; we did n't in California, and my ankles are weak. I 've always danced in the winter; there 's plenty of dancing in Colorado Springs. You would n't believe how I miss it. I shall dance till I 'm eighty. I 'll be the waltzing grandmother! It 's good for me; I need it."

They plunged down into the drifts and did not stop again until they reached the wooden bridge.

"See, even the creek is frozen! I thought running water never froze. How long will it be like this?"

"Not long now. In a month you 'll see the green begin in the marsh and run over the meadows. It 's lovely over here in the spring. And you 'll be able to get out to-morrow, Mrs. Forrester. The clouds are thinning. Look! There 's the new moon!"

She turned.

"Oh, I saw it over the wrong shoulder!"

"No, you did n't; you saw it over mine."

She sighed, and took his arm.

"My dear boy, your shoulders are not broad enough."

Instantly before his eyes rose the image of a pair of shoulders that were very broad, objectionably broad, clad in a frogged overcoat with an astrakhan collar. The intrusion of this third person annoyed him as they went slowly back up the hill.

Curiously enough, it was as Captain Forrester's wife that she most interested Neil, and it was in her relation to her husband that he most admired her. Given her other charming attributes, her comprehension of a man like the railroad-builder, her loyalty to him, stamped her more than anything else. That, he felt, was quality; something that could never become worn or shabby; steel of Damascus. His admiration of Mrs. Forrester went back to that, just as, he felt, she herself went back to it. He rather liked the stories, even the spiteful ones, about the gay life she led in Colorado, and the young men she kept dangling about her every winter. He sometimes thought of the life she might have been living ever since he had known her, and the one she had chosen to live. From that disparity, he believed, came the subtlest thrill of her fascination. She mocked outrageously at the proprieties she observed, and inherited the magic of contradictions.

§ 4

On the evenings when there was no whist at the Forresters', Neil usually read, but not law, as he was supposed to do. The winter before, when the Forresters were away and one dull day dragged after another, he had come upon a copious diversion, an almost inexhaustible resource. The high, narrow book-case in the back office, between the double doors and the wall, was filled from top to bottom with rows of solemn-looking volumes bound in dark cloth, which were kept apart from the law library; an almost complete set of the Bohn classics, which Judge Pomeroy had bought long ago when he was a student at the University of Virginia. He had brought them West with him not because he read them a great deal, but because, in his day, a gentleman had such books in his library, just as he had claret in his cellar. Among them was a set of Byron in three volumes, and last winter, apropos of a quotation which Neil did n't recognize, his uncle advised him to read Byron—all except "Don Juan." That, the judge remarked, with a deep smile, he "could save until later." Neil, of course, began with "Don Juan." Now he was curious about these fat volumes; he read "Tom Jones" and "Wilhelm Meister," and raced on until he came to Montaigne and a complete translation of Ovid. He had n't finished yet with these; always went back to them after other experiments. The authors seemed to him to know their business. Even in "Don Juan" there was a little "fooling," but with these gentlemen none.

There were philosophical works in the collection, but he did no more than open and glance at them. He had no curiosity about what men had thought; but about what they had felt and lived he had a great deal. If any one had told him that these were classics and represented the wisdom of the ages, he would doubtless have let them alone; but ever since he had found them for himself, he had been living a double life, with all its guilty enjoyments. He read the "Heroides" over and over, and thought them the most glowing love-stories he had ever come upon. He did not regard them as books, something invented to beguile the idle hour, but as living creatures, caught in the very behavior of living, surprised behind their misleading severity of form and phrase. He was

eavesdropping upon the past, being let into the great world that had plunged and glittered and sumptuously sinned long before little Western towns were dreamed of. Those rapt evenings beside the lamp gave him a long perspective, influenced his conception of the people about him, made him decide just what he wished his own relations with these people to be. For some reason his reading made him wish to become an architect. If the judge had left these books behind him in Kentucky, his nephew's life might have turned out differently.

Spring came at last, and the Forrester place had never been so lovely. The captain spent long happy days among his flowering shrubs, and his wife used to say to visitors, "Yes, you can see Mr. Forrester in a moment; I will send the English gardener to call him."

Early in June, when the captain's roses were just coming on, his pleasant labors were interrupted. One morning an alarming telegram reached him. He cut it open with his garden shears, came into the house, and asked his wife to telephone for Judge Pomeroy. A savings-bank, one in which he was largely interested, had failed in Denver. That evening the captain and his lawyer went west on the express. The judge, when he was giving Neil final instructions about the office business, told him he was afraid the captain was bound to lose a good deal of money.

Mrs. Forrester seemed unaware of any danger; she went to the station to see her husband off, spoke of his errand merely as a "business trip." Neil, however, felt a foreboding gloom. He dreaded poverty for her. She was one of the people who ought always to have money; any retrenchment of their generous way of living would be a hardship for her, would be unfitting. She would not be herself in straitened circumstances.

Neil took his meals at the town hotel. On the third day after Captain Forrester's departure he was annoyed to find Frank Ellinger's name on the hotel register. Ellinger did not appear at supper, which meant, of course, that he was dining with Mrs. Forrester, and that the lady herself would get his dinner. She had taken the occasion of the captain's absence to let Bohemian Mary go to visit her mother on the farm for a week. Neil thought it very bad taste in Ellinger to come to Sweet Water when Captain Forrester was away. He must know that it would stir up the gossips.

Neil had meant to call on Mrs. Forrester that evening, but now he went back to the office instead. He read late, went to bed, and slept lightly. He was awakened before dawn by the puffing of the switch engine down at the roundhouse. He tried to muffle his ears in the sheet and go to sleep again, but the sound of escaping steam for some reason excited him. He could not shut out the feeling that it was summer, and that the dawn would soon be flaming gloriously over the Forresters' marsh. He had awakened with that intense, blissful realization of summer which sometimes comes to children in their beds. He rose and dressed quickly. He would get over to the hill before Frank Ellinger could intrude his unwelcome presence, while he was still asleep in the best bedroom of the Wimbleton Hotel.

An impulse of affection and guardianship drew Neil up the poplar-bordered road in the early light, though he did not go near the house

itself, but at the second bridge cut round the meadow and on to the marsh. The sky was burning with the soft pink and silver of a cloudless summer dawn. The heavy, bowed grasses splashed him to the knee. All over the marsh, snow-on-the-mountain, globed with dew, made cool sheets of silver, and the swamp milkweed spread its flat, raspberry-colored clusters. There was an almost religious purity about the fresh morning air, the tender sky, the grass and flowers with the sheen of early dew upon them. There was in all living things something limpid and joyous, like the wet morning call of the birds, flying up through the unstained atmosphere. Out of the saffron east a thin, yellow, wine-like sunshine began to gild the fragrant meadows and the glistening tops of the grove. Neil wondered why he did not often come over like this to see the day before men and their activities had spoiled it, while the morning was still unsullied, like a gift handed down from the heroic ages.

Under the bluffs that overhung the marsh he came upon thickets of wild roses, with flaming buds, just beginning to open. Where they had opened, their petals were stained with that burning rose-color which is always gone by noon, a dye made of sunlight and morning and moisture so intense that it cannot possibly last; must fade, like ecstasy. Neil took out his knife and began to cut the stiff stems, crowded with red thorns.

He would make a bouquet for a lovely lady—a bouquet gathered off the cheeks of morning; these roses, only half awake, in the defenselessness of utter beauty. He would leave them just outside one of the French windows of her bedroom. When she opened her shutters to let in the light, she would find them; and they would perhaps give her a sudden distaste for coarse worldings like Frank Ellinger.

After tying his flowers with a twist of meadow grass, he went up the hill, through the grove, and softly round the still house to the north side of Mrs. Forrester's own room, where the door-like green shutters were still closed. As he bent to place the flowers on the sill, he heard from within a woman's soft laughter, impatient, indulgent, teasing, eager. Then another laugh, very different, a man's. And it was fat and lazy; ended in something like a yawn.

Neil found himself at the foot of the hill, on the wooden bridge, his face hot, his temples beating, his eyes blind with anger. In his hand he still carried the prickly bunch of wild roses. He threw them over the wire fence into a mud-hole the cattle had trampled under the bank of the creek. He did not know whether he had left the house by the driveway or had come down through the shrubbery. In that instant between stooping to the window-sill and rising he had lost one of the most beautiful things in his life. Before the dew dried, the morning had been wrecked for him; all subsequent mornings, he told himself bitterly. This day saw the end of that admiration and loyalty that had been like a bloom on his existence. He could never recapture it. It was gone, like the morning freshness of the flowers.

"Lilies that fester," he muttered—"*lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.*"

Grace, variety, the lovely voice, the sparkle of fun and fancy in those dark eyes—all these were nothing. It was

not a moral scruple that she had outraged, but an esthetic ideal. Beautiful women, whose beauty meant more than it said—was their brilliancy always fed by something coarse and concealed? Was that their secret?

§ 5

Neil met his uncle and Captain Forrester when they alighted from the morning train, and drove over to the house with them. The business on which they had gone to Denver was not referred to until they were sitting with Mrs. Forrester in the front parlor. The windows were open, and the perfume of the mock-orange and of June roses was blowing in from the garden. Captain Forrester introduced the subject, after slowly unfolding his handkerchief and wiping his forehead, and his fleshy neck around his low collar.

"Maidy," he said, not looking at her, "I 've come home a poor man. It took about everything there was to square up. You 'll have this place, unincumbered, and my pension; that will be about all. The live stock will bring in something."

Neil saw that Mrs. Forrester grew very pale, but she smiled and brought her husband his cigar-stand.

"Oh, well, I expect we can manage, can't we?"

"We can just manage. Not much more. I 'm afraid Judge Pomeroy considers that I acted foolishly."

"Not at all, Mrs. Forrester," the judge exclaimed. "He acted just as I hope I would have done in his place. But I am an unmarried man. There were certain securities, government bonds, which Captain Forrester could have turned over to you, but it would have been at the expense of the depositors."

"I 've known men to do that," said the captain, heavily, "but I never considered they paid their wives a compliment. If Mrs. Forrester is satisfied, I shall never regret my decision." For the first time his tired, swollen eyes sought his wife's.

"I never question your decisions in business, Mr. Forrester. I know nothing about such things."

The captain put down the cigar he had taken, but not lighted, rose with an effort, and walked over to the bay-window, where he stood gazing out over his meadows.

"The place looks very nice, Maidy," he said presently. "I see you 've watered the roses. They need it, this weather. Now, if you 'll excuse me, I 'll lie down for a while. I did not sleep well on the train. Neil and the judge will stay for lunch." He opened the door into Mrs. Forrester's room and closed it behind him.

Judge Pomeroy began to explain to Mrs. Forrester the situation they had faced in Denver. The bank, about which Mrs. Forrester knew nothing but its name, was one that paid good interest on small deposits. The depositors were wage-earners; railroad employees, mechanics, and day laborers, many of whom had at some time worked for Captain Forrester. His was the only well known name among the bank officers; it was the name that promised security and fair treatment to his old workmen and their friends. The other directors were promising young business men, with many irons in the fire. But, the judge said with evident chagrin, they had refused to come up to the scratch and pay their losses like gentlemen. They claimed that the bank was insolvent not through unwise invest-

ments or mismanagement, but because of a nation-wide financial panic, a shrinking in values that no one could have foreseen. They argued that the fair thing was to share the loss with the depositors; to pay them fifty cents on the dollar, giving long-time notes for twenty-five per cent., settling on a basis of seventy-five per cent.

Captain Forrester had stood firm that not one of the depositors should lose a dollar. The promising young business men had listened to him respectfully, but finally told him they would settle only on their own terms; any additional refunding must be his affair. He sent to the vault for his private steel box, opened it in their presence, and sorted the contents on the table. The government bonds he turned in at once. Judge Pomeroy was sent out to sell the mining stock and other securities in the open market.

At this part of his narrative the judge rose and began to pace the floor, twisting the seals on his watch-chain.

"With five of the directors backing down, he had either to lose his name or save it. The depositors had put their savings into that bank because Captain Forrester was president. To those men with no capital but their back and their two hands, his name meant safety. As he tried to explain to the directors, those deposits were above price; money saved to buy a home or to take care of a man in sickness or to send a boy to school. And those young men, bright fellows, well thought of in the community, sat there and looked down their noses and let your husband strip himself down to pledging his life insurance! There was a crowd in the street outside the bank all day, every day; Poles and Swedes and Mexicans, looking scared to death. A lot of them could n't speak English; seemed like the only English word they knew was 'Forrester.' As we went in and out we 'd hear the Mexicans saying, 'Forrester, Forrester.' It was a torment for me, on your account, ma'am, to see the captain strip himself; but, 'pon my honor, I could n't forbid him. As for those white-livered rascals that sat there,"—the judge stopped before Mrs. Forrester and ruffled his bushy white hair with both hands,—"my God, madam, I think I 've lived too long! In my day the difference between a business man and a scoundrel was bigger than the difference between a white man and a nigger. I was n't the right one to go out there as the captain's counsel. One of these smooth members of the bar, like Ivy Peters is getting ready to be, might have saved something for you out of the wreck, but I could n't use my influence with your husband. To that crowd outside the bank doors his name meant a hundred cents on the dollar, and they got it! I 'm proud of him, ma'am, proud of his acquaintance!"

It was the first time Neil had ever seen Mrs. Forrester flush. A quick pink swept over her face. Her eyes glistened with moisture.

"You were quite right, Judge. I would n't for the world have had him do otherwise for me. He would never hold up his head again. You see, I know him." As she said this she looked at Neil, on the other side of the room, and her glance was like a delicate and very dignified rebuke to some discourtesy, though he was not aware of having shown her any.

When their hostess went out to see about lunch, Judge Pomeroy turned to his nephew.

"Son, I 'm glad you want to be an architect. I can't see any honorable career for a lawyer in this new business world that 's coming up. Leave the law to boys like Ivy Peters, and get into some clean profession. I was n't the right man to go with Forrester." He shook his head sadly.

"Will they really be poor?"

"They 'll be pinched. It 's as he said, they 've nothing left but this place."

Mrs. Forrester returned, and went to waken her husband for lunch. When she opened the door into her room, they heard stertorous breathing, and she called to them to come quickly. The captain was stretched upon his iron bed in the antechamber, and Mrs. Forrester was struggling to lift his head.

"Quick, Neil!" she panted. "We must get pillows under him. Bring those from my bed."

Neil gently pushed her away. Sweat poured from his face as he got his strength under the captain's shoulders. It was like lifting a wounded elephant. Judge Pomeroy hurried back to the sitting-room and telephoned Dr. Dennison that Captain Forrester had had a stroke.

A stroke could not finish a man like Daniel Forrester. He was kept in his bed for three weeks, and Neil helped Mrs. Forrester and Ben Keezer take care of him. Although he was at the house so much during that time, he never saw Mrs. Forrester alone, scarcely saw her at all, indeed. With so much to attend to, she became abstracted, almost impersonal. There were many letters of solicitous inquiry to answer, gifts of fruit and wine and flowers to be acknowledged, from friends scattered all the way from the Missouri to the mountains. When she was not in Captain Forrester's room or in the kitchen preparing special foods for him, she was at her desk.

One morning while she was seated there, a distinguished visitor arrived. Neil, waiting by the door for the letters he was to take to the post, saw a large, red-whiskered man in a rumpled pongee suit and a white panama hat come puffing up the hill: Cyrus Dalzell, president of the Colorado & Utah, who had come over in his private car to inquire in person for the health of his old friend. Neil warned Mrs. Forrester, and she went to meet the visitor just as he came up the steps, wiping his face with a red silk bandana.

He took both the lady's hands and exclaimed in a deep, mellow voice:

"Here she is, looking as fresh as a bride! May I claim an old privilege?" He bent his head and kissed her. "I won't be in your way, Marian," he said as they came into the house, "but I had to see for myself how he does, and how you do."

Neil was introduced, and Mr. Dalzell shook his hand heartily. He had a heavy, courtly carriage, and moved about the parlor clumsily and softly, like a brown bear. Mrs. Forrester straightened his flowing yellow tie and pulled down the back of his wrinkled coat.

"It 's easy to see that Kitty was n't with you this morning when you dressed." She laughed.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear. I 've got a green porter down there, and he does n't seem to realize the extent of his duties. No, Kitty

wanted to come, but we have two giddy nieces out from Portsmouth visiting us, and she felt she could n't. I just had my car hitched on to the tail of the Burlington flyer and came myself. Now tell me about Daniel. Was it a stroke?"

Mrs. Forrester sat down on the sofa beside him and told him about her husband's illness, while he interrupted with sympathetic questions and comments, taking her hand between his large, soft palms and patting it affectionately.

"And now I can go home and tell Kitty that he will soon be as good as ever, and that you look like you were going to lead the ball to-night. You whisper to Daniel that I 've got a couple cases of port down in my car that will build him up faster than anything the doctors give him. And I 've brought along a dozen sherry for a lady that knows a thing or two about wines. And next winter you are both coming out to stay with us at the Springs for a change of air."

Mrs. Forrester shook her head, gently.

"Oh, that, I 'm afraid, is a pretty dream. But we 'll dream it, anyway!" Everything about her had brightened since Cyrus Dalzell came up the hill. Even the long garnet ear-rings that hung beside her cheeks seemed to flash with a deeper color, Neil thought. She was a different woman from the one who sat there writing half an hour ago. Her fingers, as they played on the sleeve of the pongee coat, were as light and fluttery as butterfly wings.

"No dream at all, my dear. Kitty has arranged everything. You know how quickly she thinks things out. I am to come for you in my car. We 'll get my old porter Jim as a valet for Daniel, and you can just play around and put fresh life into us all. We saw last winter that we could n't do anything without our Lady Forrester. Nothing came off right without her. If we had a party, we sat down afterward and wondered what in hell we 'd had it for. Oh, no, we can't manage without you!"

Tears flashed into her eyes.

"That 's very dear of you. It 's sweet to be remembered when one is away." In her voice there was the heartbreaking sweetness one sometimes hears in lovely, gentle old songs.

After three weeks the captain was up and around again. He dragged his left foot, and his left arm was uncertain. Though he recovered his speech, it was thick and clouded; some words he could not pronounce distinctly: slid over them, dropped out a syllable. Therefore he avoided talking even more than was his habit. The doctor said that unless another brain lesion occurred, he might get on comfortably for some time yet.

In August Neil was to go to Boston to begin coaching for his entrance examinations at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he meant to study architecture. He put off bidding the Forresters good-by until the very day before he left. His last call was different from any he had ever made there before. Already they began to treat him like a young man. He sat rather stiffly in that parlor where he had been so much at home. The captain was in his big chair in the bay-window, in the full glow of the afternoon sun, saying little, but very friendly. Mrs. Forrester, on the sofa in the shadowy corner of the room, talked about Neil's plans and his journey.

"Is it true that Mary is going to marry Pucelik this fall?" he asked her. "Who will you get to help you?"

"No one for the present. Ben will do all I can't do. Never mind us. We will pass a quiet winter, like an old country couple—as we are!" she said lightly.

Neil knew that she faced the winter with terror, but he had never seen her more in command of herself, or more the mistress of her own house than now, when she was preparing to become the servant of it. He had the feeling, which he never used to have, that her lightness cost her something.

"Don't forget us, but don't mope. Make lots of new friends. You 'll never be twenty again. Take a chorus girl out to supper; a pretty one, mind! Don't bother about your allowance. If you got into a scrape, we could manage a little check to help out, could n't we, Mr. Forrester?"

The captain puffed and looked amused.

"I think we could, Neil; I think so. Don't get up, my boy. You must stay for dinner."

Neil said he could n't. He had n't finished packing, and he was leaving on the morning train.

"Then we must have a little something before you go." Captain Forrester rose heavily, with the aid of his cane, and went into the dining-room. He brought back the decanter and with ceremony filled three glasses. Lifting his glass, he paused, as always, and blinked.

"Happy days!"

"Happy days!" echoed Mrs. Forrester, with her loveliest smile. "And every success to Neil!"

Both the captain and his wife came to the door with him, and stood there on the porch together where he had so often seen them stand to speed the parting guest. Touched and happy, he went down the hill. As he passed over the bridge his spirits suddenly fell. Would that chilling doubt always lie in wait for him down there in the mud where he had thrown his roses one morning?

He burned to ask her one question, to get the truth out of her and set his mind at rest: What did she do with all her exquisiteness when she was with a man like Ellinger? Where did she put it away? And having put it away, how could she recover herself, and give one, give even him, the sense of tempered steel, a blade that could fence with any one and never break?

§ 6

It was two years before Neil Herbert came home again, and when he came, the first acquaintance he met was Ivy Peters. Ivy got on the train at one of the little stations east of Sweet Water, where he had been trying a case. As he strolled through the Pullman he noticed among the passengers a man in a gray flannel suit, with a shirt of one shade of blue and a necktie of another. After regarding this urban figure from the rear for a few seconds, Ivy glanced down at his own clothes with gloating satisfaction. It was a hot day in June, but he wore the black felt hat and ready-made coat of winter weight he had always affected as a boy. He stepped forward, his hands thrust into his pockets.

"Hullo, Neil! Thought I could n't be mistaken."

Neil looked up, and saw the red, bee-stung face, with its two permanent dimples, smiling down at him in contemptuous jocularity.

"Hello, Ivy. I could n't be mistaken in you, either."

"Coming home to go into business?"

Neil replied that he was coming only for the summer vacation.

"Oh, you 're not through school yet? I suppose it takes longer to make an architect than it does to make a shyster. Just as well. There 's not much building going on in Sweet Water these days. You 'll find changes."

"Won't you sit down?" Neil indicated the neighboring chair. "You are practising law?"

"Yes, along with a few other things. Have to keep more than one iron in the fire to make a living with us. I farm a little on the side. I rent that meadow-land on the Forrester place. I 've drained the old marsh and put it into wheat. My brother John does the work, and I boss the job. It 's quite profitable. I pay them a good rent, and they need it. I doubt if they could get along without. Their influential friends don't seem to help them out much. Remember all those chesty old boys the captain used to drive about in his democrat wagon, and ship in barrels of Bourbon for? Good deal of bluff about all those old-timers. The panic put them out of the game. The Forresters have come down in the world, like the rest. You remember how the old man used to put it over us kids and not let us carry a gun in there? I 'm just mean enough to like to shoot along that creek a little better than anywhere else now. There was n't any harm in the old captain, but he had the delusion of grandeur. He 's happier now that he 's like the rest of us and don't have to change his shirt every day." Ivy's unblinking, greenish eyes rested upon Neil's haberdashery.

Neil, however, did not notice this. He knew that Ivy wanted him to show disappointment, and he was trying his best not to do so. He inquired about the captain's health, pointedly keeping Mrs. Forrester's name out of the conversation.

"He 's only about half there; seems contented enough. She takes good care of him; I 'll say that for her. She seeks consolation, always did, you know,—too much French brandy,—but she never neglects him. I don't blame her. Real work comes hard on her."

Neil heard these remarks dully through the buzz of an idea. He felt that Ivy had drained the marsh quite as much to spite him and Mrs. Forrester as to reclaim the land. Moreover, he seemed to know that until this moment Ivy himself had not realized how much that consideration weighed with him. He and Ivy had disliked each other from childhood, blindly, instinctively, recognizing each other through antipathy, as hostile insects do. By draining the marsh Ivy had obliterated a few acres of something he hated, though he could not name it, and had asserted his power over the people who had loved those unproductive meadows for their idleness and silvery beauty.

After Ivy had gone on into the smoker, Neil sat looking out at the windings of the Sweet Water and playing with his idea. The Old West had been settled by dreamers, great-hearted adventurers who were unpractical to the point of magnificence; a courteous brotherhood, strong in attack, but weak in defense; who could conquer, but could not hold. Now all the vast territory that they had won was to be at the mercy of

men like Ivy Peters, who had never dared anything, never risked anything. They would drink up the mirage, dispel the morning freshness, root out the great brooding spirit of freedom, the generous, easy life of the great landholders. The space, the color, the princely carelessness of the pioneer they would destroy and cut up into profitable bits, as the match factory splinters the primeval forest. All the way from the Missouri to the mountains this generation of shrewd young men, trained to petty economies by hard times, would do exactly what Ivy Peters had done when he drained the Forrester marsh.

§ 7

The next afternoon Neil found Captain Forrester in the bushy little space he called his rose garden, seated in a stout hickory chair that could be left out in all weather, his two canes beside him. His attention was fixed upon a red block of Colorado sandstone, set on a granite boulder in the middle of the gravel plot around which the roses grew. He showed Neil that this was a sun-dial, and explained it with great pride. Last summer, he said, he sat out here a great deal, with a square board mounted on a post, and marked the length of the shadows by his watch. His friend, Cyrus Dalzell, on one of his visits, took this board away, had the diagram exactly copied on sandstone, and sent it to him, with the column-like boulder that formed its base.

"I think it 's likely Mr. Dalzell hunted around among the mountains a good many mornings before he found a natural formation like that," said the captain. "A pillar, such as they had in Bible times. It 's from the Garden of the Gods. Mr. Dalzell has his summer home there."

The captain sat with the soles of his boots together, his legs bowed out. Everything about him seemed to have grown heavier and weaker. His face was fatter and smoother, as if the features were running into one another, as when a wax face melts in the heat. An old Panama hat, burned yellow by the sun, shaded his eyes. His brown hands lay on his knees, the fingers well apart, nerveless. His mustache was the same straw color; Neil remarked to him that it had grown no grayer. The captain touched his cheek with his palm.

"Mrs. Forrester shaved me for a while. She did it very nicely, but I did n't like to have her do it. Now I use one of these safety razors. I can manage if I take my time. The barber comes over once a week. Mrs. Forrester is expecting you, Neil. She 's down in the grove. She goes down there to rest in the hammock."

Neil went round the house to the gate that gave into the grove. From the top of the hill he could see the hammock, slung between two cottonwoods, in the low glade at the farther end, where he had fallen the time he broke his arm. The slender, white figure was still, and as he hurried across the grass he saw that a white garden hat lay over her face. He approached quietly and was just wondering if she were asleep, when he heard a soft, delighted laugh, and with a quick movement she threw off the lace hat through which she had been watching him. He stepped forward and caught her suspended figure, hammock and all, in his arms. How light and alive she was! Like a bird caught in a net. If only he could rescue her and carry

her off like this—off the earth of sad, inevitable periods, away from age, weariness, adverse fortune!

She showed no impatience to be released, but lay laughing up at him with that gleam of something elegantly wild, something fantastic and tantalizing, seemingly so artless, really the most finished artifice. She put her hand under his chin as if he were still a boy.

"And how handsome he 's grown! Is n't the old judge proud of you! He called me up last night and began sputtering, 'It 's only fair to warn you, ma'am, that I 've a very handsome boy over here.' As if I had n't known you would be! And now you 're a man and have seen the world! Well, what have you found in it?"

"Nothing so nice as you, Mrs. Forrester."

"Nonsense, Neil! You have sweethearts?"

"Perhaps."

"Are they pretty?"

"Why they? Is n't one enough?"

"One is too many. I want you to have half a dozen, and still save the best for us! One would take everything. If you had her, you would not have come home at all. I wonder if you know how we 've looked for you." She took his hand and turned a sealring about on his little finger absently. "Every night for weeks, when the lights of the train came swinging in down below the meadows, I 've said to myself, 'Neil is coming home; there 's that to look forward to.' " She caught herself as she always did when she found that she was telling too much, and finished in a playful tone. "So, you see, you mean a great deal to all of us. Did you find Mr. Forrester?"

"Oh, yes. I had to stop and look at his sun-dial."

She raised herself on her elbow and lowered her voice.

"Neil, can you understand it? He is n't childish, as some people say, but he will sit and watch that thing hour after hour. How can anybody like to see time visibly devoured? We are all used to seeing clocks go round, but why does he want to see that shadow creep on that stone? Has he changed much? No? I 'm glad you feel so. Now tell me about the Adamses and what George is like."

Neil dropped on the turf and sat with his back against a tree-trunk, answering her rapid questions and watching her while he talked. Of course she was older. In the brilliant sun of the afternoon one saw that her skin was no longer like white lilacs; it had the ivory tint of gardenias that have just begun to fade. The coil of blue-black hair seemed more than ever too heavy for her head. There were lines—something strained about the corners of her mouth that used not to be there. But the astonishing thing was how these changes could vanish in a moment, be utterly wiped out in a flash of personality, and one forgot everything about her except herself.

"And tell me, Neil, do women really smoke after dinner now with the men, nice women? I should n't like it. It 's all very well for actresses, but women can't be attractive if they do everything that men do."

"I think just now it 's the fashion for women to make themselves comfortable before anything else."

Mrs. Forrester glanced at him as if he had said something shocking.

"Ah, that 's just it! The two things don't go together. Athletics and

going to college and smoking after dinner? Do you like it? Don't men like women to be different from themselves? They used to."

Neil laughed. Yes, that was certainly the idea of Mrs. Forrester's generation.

"Uncle Judge says you don't come to see him any more as you used to, Mrs. Forrester. He misses it."

"My dear boy, I have n't been over to the town for six weeks. I 'm too tired. We have no horse now, and when I do go I have to walk. That house! Nothing is ever done there unless I do it, and nothing ever moves unless I move it. That 's why I come down here in the afternoon, to get where I can't see the house. I can't keep it up as it should be kept; I 'm not strong enough. Oh, yes, Ben helps me; he sweeps, and beats rugs and washes windows, but that does n't get a house very far." Mrs. Forrester sat up suddenly and pinned on her white hat. "We went all the way to Chicago, Neil, to buy that walnut furniture; could n't find anything at home big and heavy enough. If I 'd known that one day I 'd have to push it about, I would have been more easily satisfied." She rose, and shook out her rumpled skirts.

They started toward the house, going slowly up the long, grassy undulation between the trees.

"Don't you miss the marsh?" Neil asked suddenly.

She glanced away evasively.

"Not much. I would never have time to go there, and we need the money it pays us. And you have n't time to play any more, either, Neil. You must hurry and become a successful man. Your uncle is terribly involved. He has been so careless that he 's not much better off than we are. Money is a very important thing. Realize that in the beginning; face it, and don't be ridiculous in the end, like so many of us." They stopped by the gate at the top of the hill and looked back at the green alleys and the sharp shadows, at the quivering fans of light that seemed to push the trees farther apart and made Elysian fields underneath them. Mrs. Forrester put her white hand, with all its rings, on Neil's arm.

"Do you really find a kind of pleasure in coming back to us? That 's very unusual, I think. At your age I wanted to be with the young and gay. It 's nice for us, though." She looked at him with her rarest smile, one he had seldom seen on her face, but always remembered—a smile without archness, without gaiety, full of affection and wistfully sad. And the same thing was in her voice when she spoke those quiet words—the sudden quietness of deep feeling. She turned quickly away. They went through the gate and around the house to where the captain sat watching the sunset glory on his roses. His wife touched his shoulder.

"Will you go in now, Mr. Forrester, or shall I bring your coat?"

"I 'll go in. Is n't Neil going to stay for dinner?"

"Not this time. He 'll come soon, and we 'll have a real dinner for him. Will you wait for him, Neil? I must hurry in and start the fire."

Neil tarried behind and accompanied the captain's slow progress toward the front of the house. He leaned upon two canes, lifting his feet slowly and putting them down firmly and carefully. He looked like an old tree walking.

Once up the steps and into the parlor, he sank into his big chair and panted heavily. The first whiff of a fresh cigar seemed to restore him. "Can I trouble you to mail some letters for me, Neil, as you go by the post-office?" He produced them from the breast pocket of his summer coat. "Let me see whether Mrs. Forrester has anything to go." Rising, the captain went into the little hall. There, by the front door, on a table under the hat-rack, was a scantily draped figure, an Arab or Egyptian slave girl, holding in her hands a large flat shell from the California coast. Neil remembered noticing that figure the first time he was ever in the house, when Dr. Dennison carried him out through this hallway with his arm in splints. In the days when the Forresters had servants and were sending over to the town several times a day, the letters for the post were always left in this shell. The captain found one now, and handed it to Neil. It was addressed to Mr. Francis Bosworth Ellinger, Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

For some reason Neil felt embarrassed and tried to slip the letter quickly into his pocket. The captain, his two canes in one hand, prevented him. He took the pale-blue envelop again, and held it out at arm's-length, regarding it.

"Mrs. Forrester is a fine penman; have you ever noticed? Always was. If she made me out a list of articles to get at the store, I never had to hide it. It was like copper plate. That 's exceptional in a woman, Neil."

Neil remembered her hand well enough; he had never seen another in the least like it: long, thin, angular letters, curiously delicate and curiously bold, looped and laced with strokes as fine as a hair and perfectly distinct. Her script looked as if it had been done at a high pitch of speed, the pen driven by a perfectly confident dexterity.

"Oh, yes, Captain. I 'm never able to take any letters for Mrs. Forrester without looking at them. No one could forget her writing."

"Yes, it 's very exceptional." The captain gave him the envelop, and with his canes went slowly toward his big chair.

Neil had often wondered just how much the captain knew. Now, as he went down the hill, he felt sure that he knew everything; more than any one else; all there was to know about Marian Forrester.

(The end of the second part of "A Lost Lady")

A Defense of Education

By Walter Lippmann

When a man of science announces that seventy millions of Americans have "little or no brains" and that "education can add nothing to their intelligence," it is perhaps time to see whether it is possible to say a word in defense of education. For if seventy millions are predestined and irretrievable fools, this democracy is probably a predestined and irretrievable failure. Even eugenics, the one hope held out, is not promising, for you can hardly expect in any visible future to breed a more intelligent race out of people who have little or no brains to transmit to their children.

Mr. Wiggam, who knows so certainly what fools most mortals are born, imagined that he was summarizing the results of the army mental tests. To be sure, Professor Yerkes, who edited the army data, thinks Mr. Wiggam's conclusions are just true enough "to make them worse than false." But that rebuke would not disturb me if I were Mr. Wiggam, for Mr. Yerkes himself says in the same article that "not more than fifty percent of our population is capable of satisfactorily completing the work of a first rate high school . . . not more than ten percent of the population is intellectually capable of meeting the requirements for a Bachelor's Degree. Education instead of increasing our intellectual capacity merely develops it and facilitates its use."

I am not quite sure I grasp the difference between "increasing" and "developing" intellectual capacity, but what I think this means is as follows: each person is born with a certain fixed capacity, which education cannot increase; second,—and this is the core of the whole matter,—that psychologists can measure that fixed, inborn capacity; third, that they have measured it for the whole American people; and that, therefore, they know that "not more than fifty percent . . . is capable of" this and that, and "not more than ten percent" of that and this.

Now, all people may be born with a certain fixed intellectual capacity. But I do not see why anybody should either deny this hypothesis or insist upon it, unless he can prove that he has found a way of separating inborn capacity from all the effects of environment, schooling, occupation, disease, health, and opportunity.

Many of the mental testers feel that they have found a way of unscrambling the egg by the use of the army tests. If they are right in their claim, then the mental tests are a very far-reaching discovery. Their use will revolutionize our whole conception of life, because they will compel us to classify on the basis of fixed, measured hereditary endowment every child born into the world. But if the mental testers are not right in their claim,

then we are dealing not with a revolutionary discovery, but with a more or less valuable development of the school and college examination paper.

The whole momentous debate turns on the question of whether the mental tests measure what a man *can* learn or what he *can and has* learned. The army examined about 1,700,000 men in many camps. It tested them in groups of between sixty and two hundred men with a series of questions which had to be covered in forty to sixty minutes. The answers given by a statistical sample of some 100,000 of these soldiers are the rock-bottom data for all these conclusions about the capacity of the American people at birth. By means of these data the inborn capacity of all Americans, all classes of Americans, and all races of Americans is supposed to have been measured. For these army psychologists, or at least the best known among them, insist that a man's score at an army camp in an hour's intelligence test at the average age of twenty-five is a reliable measure of the ability he possessed in his mother's womb. Of no account are the twenty or thirty years that elapsed from the date of conception to the particular morning when, with two or three hundred other bored, excited, or indifferent men, he was ordered to answer seven or eight series of tests at the rate of two or three minutes per series.

Conceivably the psychologists are right in their claim that his answers that morning were a measure of his native intelligence pure and simple. But if they happen to be wrong, Mr. Wiggam's generalizations are a little hasty. If the psychologists happen not to be able to measure native capacity, but only a mixture of native capacity and acquired habits, the whole gloom or doom of their conclusion breaks up and dissolves.

Now, it is inherently difficult to believe that a series of questions involving the use of language, numbers, geometrical figures, grammatical constructions, logical choices, and the like, presented to men more than twenty years old, can be answered regardless of the intellectual habits acquired since infancy; for a human being begins to be affected by the environment certainly from the hour of his birth and possibly sooner. His intellectual habits begin to form very early indeed. How, then, in the present state of scientific knowledge, when it is impossible to give mental tests to embryos or babies, is any one in a position to say whether the quality of a man's memory at twenty-five or his capacity to do arithmetic or to follow directions is a pure and simple product of his inborn capacity?

We are at the very beginning of our understanding of these things, and the last thing we are in a position to do is to make the highly theoretical, and possibly altogether unreal, distinction between native and acquired abilities. For the purposes of exact science,—and the mental testers claim to be working as exact scientists,—there may never be an accurately proved distinction between what is innate and what is learned until at some distant time in some weird laboratory a scientist learns how to hatch a human egg in a glass bottle, and to rear the prodigy to full manhood without human contact of any sort.

For every child born of woman inherits at once, with his biological estate, some part of the vast social heritage of mankind. Nevertheless,

there is a school of psychologists, exerting great influence on the thought of the country, who assert that by the use of the army tests they can cut away the whole social heritage and measure the naked biological endowment. They claim to have done this, and to have made a census of the native capacities of the American people. Let us see how well the claim fits some of their own data.

Does schooling make a difference in intelligence scores? Mr. Wiggam says education can do nothing for most people. If that is the case, the results of the tests ought not to be influenced by schooling. Schools are not the whole of education by a long shot, and the number of years a boy spends at school is no absolute measure of the quality of the education he has received. Nevertheless, the number of years spent at school is a rough measure of the amount of his formal education. Now, in the army:

Officers had come on the average almost through the third year of college. Their median schooling was 14.7 years.

The native-born white draft had come on the average almost through grade seven. Their median schooling was 6.9 years.

The foreign-born white draft had come on the average almost through grade five. Their median schooling was 4.7 years.

The Northern negro draft had also come on the average through grade five. Their median schooling was 4.9 years.

The Southern negro draft had come on the average through grade three. Their median schooling was 2.6 years.

How do the number of years at school compare with the intelligence test scores in the alpha examination, alpha being the test for English-speaking literates? The figures show that:

Officers with	14.7	years	schooling	made	median	score	of	139.2				
Native whites with	6.9	"	"	"	"	"	"	58.9				
Foreign whites with	4.7	"	"	"	"	"	"	46.7				
Northern negroes with	4.9	"	"	"	"	"	"	38.6				
Southern negroes with	2.6	"	"	"	"	"	"	12.4				

Thus in the case of

Officers.	A	year's	schooling	was	worth	roughly	9.46	points	on	intelligence	score	
Native whites.	"	"	"	"	"	"	8.53	"	"	"	"	
Foreign whites.	"	"	"	"	"	"	9.93	"	"	"	"	
Northern negroes.	"	"	"	"	"	"	7.87	"	"	"	"	
Southern negroes.	"	"	"	"	"	"	4.76	"	"	"	"	

All the whites in this table are less than one and a half points apart on the intelligence scores per year of schooling. The Northern negroes are only two thirds of a point behind the native whites. The Southern negroes, on the other hand, score only about half as many points per year of schooling as the officers or the foreign whites. If we may assume that each year of schooling is as good as any other, these differences may represent measures of different native abilities. But that is to assume that practice in taking written examinations like the army tests is not cumulative. Yet until we can discount this factor of practice, we are in no position to reach a conclusion as to what these differences represent.

The correspondences are, of course,

true only for the average of large groups. The figures do not mean that you can predict any man's score by multiplying the number of years of schooling by approximately 8.9. A man's capacity to learn and a school's capacity to teach are not so uniform as that. For each particular man the score will vary in accordance with factors which we cannot separate, such as his native endowment, his physical and emotional development, his infantile development, and the quality of the schooling he has received. But the figures do mean that in large groups the average scores will correspond fairly closely with even so crude a measure of education as the time spent at school.

The psychologists, of course, noted this fact. They found a positive correlation ranging from +.65 to +.81. There were, then, three conceivable ways of interpreting these facts. The psychologists could have said that in general the more schooling, the better the score. They could have said that while schooling alone did not determine the score, it was certainly a powerful influence. Either interpretation would, however, have knocked out their claim that the tests measure native ability pure and simple. They have, in fact, chosen to argue not that schooling affects the scores, but that the scores indicate how many years of school each group was *capable of completing*.

They assert that virtually all men stay in school as long as their native ability enables them to stand the intellectual strain. Therefore, those who never went to college are inherently incapable of going to college. Those who never went to high school have not the capacity to go to high school. Consequently, the men's scores did not rise and fall with the amount of their schooling. They had more or less schooling, corresponding to better or worse scores, because they were born superior or inferior men.

It is not necessary to reply that every person is capable of completing a college course in order to offer this theory as a blue-ribbon exhibit of the determination to hold a theory in the teeth of the facts. Nobody in his senses thinks that schools are the whole of education, or that education is all powerful. It is only necessary to say that education makes *some* difference in the result of an intelligence test to destroy the claim that the tests measure native ability pure and simple.

To refute the argument that the amount of schooling affects the score, the thoroughgoing testers offer what Dr. Carl C. Brigham describes as "a crucial test." They compare the scores of 660 officers who had never gone beyond the eighth grade in school with the alpha scores of 13,943 native-born recruits, all of whom had gone beyond the eighth grade. The median scores are as follows:

660 officers	107.3
13,943 men	97.4

The first thing to note about these figures is that the officers, being able to complete more schooling, should, on the psychologists' theory, have had more schooling. They did not get it for some unstated reason, which goes to show that other causes besides inability to stand the strain operate to reduce the amount of schooling men receive. The second thing to note is that the difference between these officers and these men is vastly less than the difference between all officers and all men.

The difference in median scores between officers with eight years schooling or less and men with eight years schooling or more is about ten points. The difference between all officers, with an average schooling of nearly 15 years, and all men, with an average schooling of nearly seven years, is over 79 points.

And the third thing to note is that we have not the vaguest notion who these 660 officers were, or what they and the recruits with whom they are compared did with their time between the day they left school and the day they were tested.

When we have noted all these things, we may very well admit as an hypothesis that a difference of native ability existed, though how much difference we have no way of knowing. The "crucial test," then, seems to me a considerable failure as a proof that the scores are not affected by education. It is a complete failure, in fact, if the scores are in any appreciable degree affected by education. Those of us who reject this dogma do not claim that native ability is no factor in the result. We claim that it is an unknown factor. If it is not the *only* factor, we win our case against these mental testers who have committed themselves to the task of proving a negative. They say education does not affect the scores at all. We say it affects the scores in some unknown degree.

One of the curiosities of a work like Dr. Brigham's is that he uses the army data for almost every kind of comparison except one. He makes comparisons between officers and men, between whites and negroes, between native and foreign born, northern Europeans and southern Europeans, but none between the States of the Union, and none between sections of the country. For some reason the army editors also left that comparison alone.

Yet the sectional differences are very striking. Using the median alpha scores for white soldiers worked out by Mr. Herbert B. Alexander of Stanford University, I have grouped the States according to geographical sections. If what follows seems to present some invidious comparisons to the reader, I can only say that I do not interpret these figures, as the mental testers do, as indications of native superiority and inferiority.

Pacific	79.1
(omitting Wyoming, N. M., Ariz., Nev.) for each of data	
Mountain	71.0
New England	67.4
West North Central	61.9
East North Central	61.4
Mid-Atlantic	59.4
Mid-South Atlantic	56.2
(omitting Del., W. Va.)	
West South Central	47.6
South Atlantic	44.3
(omitting Florida)	
East South Central	44.1

How do these scores compare with the school systems of the different groups of States? The recognized measure for state school systems is known as Ayres' Index. This index measures ten facts about the schools: the per cent. of school population attending school daily; the average days attended by each child of school age; the average number of days schools were kept open; the per cent. that high-school attendance was of total attendance; the per cent. that boys were of girls in high school; the average annual expenditure per child attending; the average annual expenditure per child of school age; the average

annual expenditure per teacher employed; the expenditure per pupil for purposes other than teachers' salaries; and the expenditure per teacher for salaries.

Taking 1900 as the year when the average soldier was at school, what is the average index for these groups of States?

Mid Atlantic	Average score	59.4	had	Ayres'	Index	41.27
New England	"	"	67.4	"	"	"	39.78
Pacific	"	"	79.1	"	"	"	37.66
Mountain	"	"	71.0	"	"	"	36.97
East North Central	"	"	61.4	"	"	"	36.15
West North Central	"	"	61.9	"	"	"	34.0
Mid South Atlantic	"	"	56.2	"	"	"	28.59
West South Central	"	"	47.6	"	"	"	22.56
East South Central	"	"	44.1	"	"	"	21.96
South Atlantic	"	"	44.3	"	"	"	20.56

Now, in this list the New England States rank third on the tests, second in education; the East North Central States fifth in both; the West North Central fourth in tests, sixth in education; the Mountain States second in tests, fourth in education; the Pacific States first in tests, third in education; the Mid-South Atlantic States seventh in both; the South Atlantic ninth in tests, tenth in education; the East South Central tenth in tests, ninth in education; the West South Central eighth in both.

The one group in which the correspondence is not pretty close is the Mid-Atlantic group, consisting of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. This group ranks first in education, but only sixth in the tests. The black sheep in this group is, for some strange reason, New Jersey, with an intelligence test score (48.7) far below any other Northern State. The Mid-Atlantic group without New Jersey would rank fourth rather than sixth, ahead of all regions except New England and the Far-Western groups.

These figures are based on the school systems of the year 1900. They may measure roughly the efficiency of the schools in that year.

But suppose we ask ourselves which school systems were most progressive relative to the others? For it is a fair assumption that a school system which is improving is likely to be better in quality than one which is just holding its own.

If you rank these groups of States in the order in which, according to the material furnished by Ayres' Index, they made the greatest gains from 1890 to 1918, you arrive at the following result:

	Rank in Tests	Rank in Improvement 1890–1918
New England	3	6
Mid-Atlantic	6	5
East North Central	5	4
West North Central	4	3
Mid-South Atlantic	7	9
South Atlantic	9	8
East South Central	10	10
West South Central	8	7
Mountain	2	1
Pacific	1	2

Now, this would seem to argue that better schools on the whole produce better scores in the intelligence tests. But if it does, the claim of the testers that they measure the original endowment of the racial stock collapses. Therefore, in order to overcome the correlation between schooling and scores, it becomes necessary for the tester to argue that superior stock is responsible for high scores and good schools, inferior stock for poorer scores and poorer schools.

Before we accept any such far-fetched conclusion, it is well to exhaust the common-sense explanations. Schools cost money. Is there any correspondence between the rank of these groups of States in intelligence scores, school improvement, and per capita income?

	Rank in Tests	Rank in Educational Improvement	Rank in Per Capita Income (Knauth's)
Pacific	1	2	1. ($796)
Mountain	2	1	6. ($588)
New England	3	6	3. ($724)
West North Central	4	3	5. ($610)
East North Central	5	4	4. ($684)
Mid-Atlantic	6	5	2. ($783)
Mid-South Atlantic	7	9	7. ($544)
West South Central	8	7	8. ($491)
South Atlantic	9	8	9. ($400)
East South Central	10	10	10. ($364)

The really striking thing about this table is the great difference in per capita income between the three groups of Southern States and all the others. They all fall below $500, whereas no other group, except the Mid-South Atlantic is below $600. That may be an explanation of why their school systems are the poorest, and this in turn may be some part of the explanation of why their intelligence tests are the poorest.

In order to explain away these figures, your radical tester has to argue that poorer scores, poorer schools, and less wealth are all the results of inferior stock. The intelligence scores, remember, are for the white draft only, the educational index and income are, of course, for both negroes and whites. Probably, if negro schools were omitted from the figures for the Southern States, their educational index would improve somewhat, but not enough, I believe, to alter the general result. On the other hand, separating negro and white schools in the South would almost certainly tend to make a closer correspondence between the intelligence test of the Southern negro and his educational opportunities.

The testers are all the time talking about superior and inferior stocks. Their explanation of the whole business is in these terms. They claim that officers as a class are biologically superior to the native white men, the native white men biologically superior to the foreign-born whites from Ireland and southeastern Europe, the recent immigrants superior to the negroes, the Northern negroes superior to the Southern. They speak of racial superiority when they mean superiority in the intelligence tests, for they are determined to believe that the tests measure the quality of the race rather than a mixture of race, opportunity, and education.

Their determination to believe this requires some of the most ingenious

explaining that scientists with a resolute purpose ever had to employ. We have already seen how they explain away the school systems of the United States. Professor Carl C. Brigham of Princeton University has made what he calls "A Study of American Intelligence." Mr. Brigham devotes two pages of his book on intelligence to the subject of education.

What he is out to prove is that the foreign born who have come in the last twenty years are an inferior stock. Apparently it never occurred to him, however, to compare scores in the intelligence tests with the percentage of foreign born in the different States. Had he done this, he would have got this rather strange result:

The percentage of native-born of white native parentage in

North Carolina	is 99	and the median alpha intelligence score for whites is 43.2								
New York	is 36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 64.5
South Carolina	is 97.5	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 47.4
Massachusetts	is 33.2	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 71.6
Georgia	is 97.2	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 42.2
Pennsylvania	is 56.5	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 65.1
Tennessee	is 96.7	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 47.2
Illinois	is 47.1	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 63.8
Mississippi	is 96.3	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 41.2
Ohio	is 65.2	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 67.3
Alabama	is 95.8	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 46.3
Rhode Island	is 30	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 62.9
Arkansas	is 95.3	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 41.6
Michigan	is 44	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 63.3
Oklahoma	is 90.7	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 52.5
Connecticut	is 36	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	" 73.6

The Northern States in this list are ones in which the bulk of the recent immigration has tended to settle. The Southern States are those with over ninety per cent. native whites of native parentage. These figures do not prove, as a hasty psychologist might think, that immigration has improved intelligence. They simply reduce to an absurdity, in my judgment, the argument that the tests measure native ability *alone*. If schools, opportunity, and wealth are of no consequence, if the native whites of native parentage are inherently superior, and if the tests really measure superiority, the figures in every bracket of that table ought to be reversed.

When the psychologists compare the foreign born with the native they find, as one would expect, that the native average is higher than the foreign average. But they find also one fact that makes their whole case extremely difficult to handle. They find that if you group the foreign born according to the number of years they have been in the United States, then the difference between native and foreign born gradually disappears entirely as the length of residence increases. On what is called the "combined scale," which includes the English speakers and the foreign language groups, the literate and the illiterate, the average score of the native-born whites was 13.77. Compare this figure with the average for the foreign born:

In America	0	to 5	years	averaged	11.41
" "	6	to 10	"	"	11.74
" "	11	to 15	"	"	12.47
" "	16	to 20	"	"	13.55
" "	over	20	"	"	13.82
	The native born			"	13.77

If any one thinks this ascending curve of the scores of the foreign born in accordance with the time spent in our American environment is a sign of what we call roughly Americanization, he has not reckoned with the Psychological Battalion of Death. Dr. Brigham insists that the scores improved with the time spent in America because each group of immigrants in the last twenty years has been biologically inferior to the preceding group.

The idea that soldiers who had been here over twenty years had been wholly educated in American schools, while soldiers who had recently arrived from Ellis Island had probably never been to any American school, is to Dr. Brigham and his associates an unacceptable explanation of a very striking set of facts. They are determined that education and opportunity shall not count, "for we must [*sic*] assume," says Dr. Brigham, "that we are measuring *native* or *inborn intelligence*." To this we can reply that there is no law compelling professors to assume the very thing which they set out to prove. They are quite free to assume nothing and to conclude, if the facts point that way, that they are measuring very crudely some aspects of the mixture of native ability and acquired habits.

That is in fact all that modest and critical psychologists claim for the tests. But, unfortunately, the modest and critical, on whom the future development of tests depends, have remained in the background, while their rasher colleagues have offered to the public a yellow science. The headline professors, be it said, to the dismay and chagrin of the true scientists in this field, have succeeded for the moment in producing something like a panic, using misleading statistics to destroy confidence in the value and possibilities of education.

There is no reason to lose confidence. The facts point with compelling force to the conclusion that where there are good schools, opportunity, health, and wealth, there also will be found greater ability as measured by the intelligence tests. When the average position for each of forty-one States is found, says Mr. Alexander, from the rankings for per cent. of urban population, ownership of farms, average wage for farm labor, literacy and Ayres' school indices and the correlation of this combined rank-order is made with the alpha army tests, the resulting coefficient is 89 out of a possible 100.

That is plenty high enough to justify us in repudiating the dogmatism of those who preach the predestined incapacity of an overwhelming majority of the nation. Even by their own measuring scale education works. There is, then, no slightest reason for losing faith in the one human activity which amidst all the bewilderment of these times gives the most certain promise of a better world.

That promise would fail if among teachers, parents, children, and taxpayers the doctrine took root that every child is earmarked at birth for a certain predestined niche in the scale of intelligence. That is a doctrine as yet without scientific foundation, which can produce nothing but discredit for psychology, fatalism and paralysis in the schools, injustice in society, and unnecessary despair or unwarranted conceit among the persons who are tested.

"Tim" Healy

By William H. Crawford

Linoleum cut by Harry Townsend

The shades of Gladstone, Joe Chamberlain, Parnell, and O'Brien must have gnashed their teeth, if shades have teeth, when they heard that "Tim" had been appointed governor-general of the Irish Free State. In fact, a number of British statesmen have cause to join in the chorus of disapproval. Was not "Tim" in the heyday of his power the wrecker of reputations and the destroyer of parliamentary prestige? Had he not with biting sarcasm held most of them up to ridicule?

You notice that I call him "Tim." This is done in order to be true to life. Except in official and very formal communications, he is never otherwise addressed. He is "Tim" to his fellow-politicians (statesmen, if you prefer that title) and "Tim" to his cabby. He has preëmpted the name of "Tim" in Great Britain. Just as "Teddy" means Theodore Roosevelt, in like manner "Tim" always means the Right Honorable Timothy Michael Healy, ex-member and general bad boy of the House of Commons. Some add "Tim, the Tiger," in order to make it more descriptive of him.

"Tim" is a strange "combination of disjointed things." He has a big mind in a little body, a big bushy head on weak little shoulders. Possessing a brilliant mind filled with a seemingly inexhaustible fund of digested information, he is yet so vain of its brilliancy that he is, and always has been, willing to sacrifice friendship, influence, and power in order to make a palpable hit. It never mattered to "Tim" whether he struck friend or foe.

Another peculiar quirk of his make-up is his idea of loyalty. Throughout his entire career he was as constant as the north star to his ideals. There was no variation or diminution of his loyalty to Home Rule or the cause of the Irish tenantry, yet he has been absolutely devoid of human loyalty. There are many instances in his life that prove this fact. Beginning his political career as a parliamentary press correspondent for an Irish newspaper, he was thrown into frequent contact with Parnell. Parnell was so impressed with the brilliant young writer that he favored him on every possible occasion.

"Tim" got many "beats" for the Dublin "Nation" through the partiality and friendship of the Irish leader. Parnell sent for "Tim" to go to America to act as his confidential secretary when he found that he needed a political assistant and press agent, now known by the more dignified title of "publicity director." He confided to him the innermost

secrets of his soul. Later, Parnell secured for him a seat in the House of Commons, where he immediately became a power as his principal lieutenant. He owed his opportunity and his rapid advancement to Parnell, yet when Parnell came under a cloud, "Tim" was the first to desert him. He cooked his goose with one of his biting epigrams. Slogans have as much influence in politics as they do in advertising. You don't believe it? "A full dinner-pail" made McKinley President. "He kept us out of war" elected Wilson for a second term, and "Back to normalcy" put Harding in the White House. They have their adverse effect also. "Avoid entangling alliances" defeated the Democrats in the 1920 elections, and "Tim" put the finishing touch to Parnell's political career with "Parnell has flung to the breeze his standard—the petticoat of Kitty O'Shea."

Later he deserted in turn O'Brien, Dillon, and Redmond. He drew up the party pledge which bound all the Irish members of Parliament to vote together on all Irish measures, yet he was the first to break that pledge. So angered did the other leaders become at his destructive tactics that they expelled him from the United States Irish League. The most charitable explanation of his conduct is the one often quoted by the defenders of Wilson. They claim that the ex-President placed national welfare above personal relationships; "Tim" may have been more interested in securing Home Rule for Ireland than he was in his personal obligations to his benefactors. Personally, I am inclined to assign his conduct to a different cause —to natural pugnacity.

He had estranged himself from all parties during his last few years in Parliament. He was a one-man party; he attacked all parties without discrimination. Sitting like a solitary eagle on his mountain crag, he would swoop down on some unwary member and rend him with his sarcasm.

Here is another of his inconsistencies: he was one of the most insistent Nationalists. Home Rule was the theme around which his political life centered, yet he took no part in Ireland's active fight for freedom. He retired from politics in 1918, when no longer protected in his fiery speeches for Irish freedom by his membership in the House of Commons. In fact, it is doubtful if "Tim" possesses high physical courage. After one of his bitter attacks on Parnell, Major McDermott, Parnell's nephew, waited in the lobby of the House of Commons for him to appear. When he did so, McDermott drew a horse-whip from under his cloak and proceeded to cowhide him. This Healy never resented. His apologizers say that his diminutive size prevented him from obtaining personal redress. Dueling is not outlawed in England, and pistols neutralize physical disabilities. As a matter of fact, after this "Tim" avoided mentioning Parnell.

§ 2

I have interviewed Healy on three occasions. The first was when I was a cub reporter. He was then rising in power, and confidently expected to succeed Parnell. Again, when he was a disappointed cynic who had driven away all his former friends and supporters, and the last soon after he retired from active politics. On every occasion he was the same self-assured person. He felt, perhaps with just

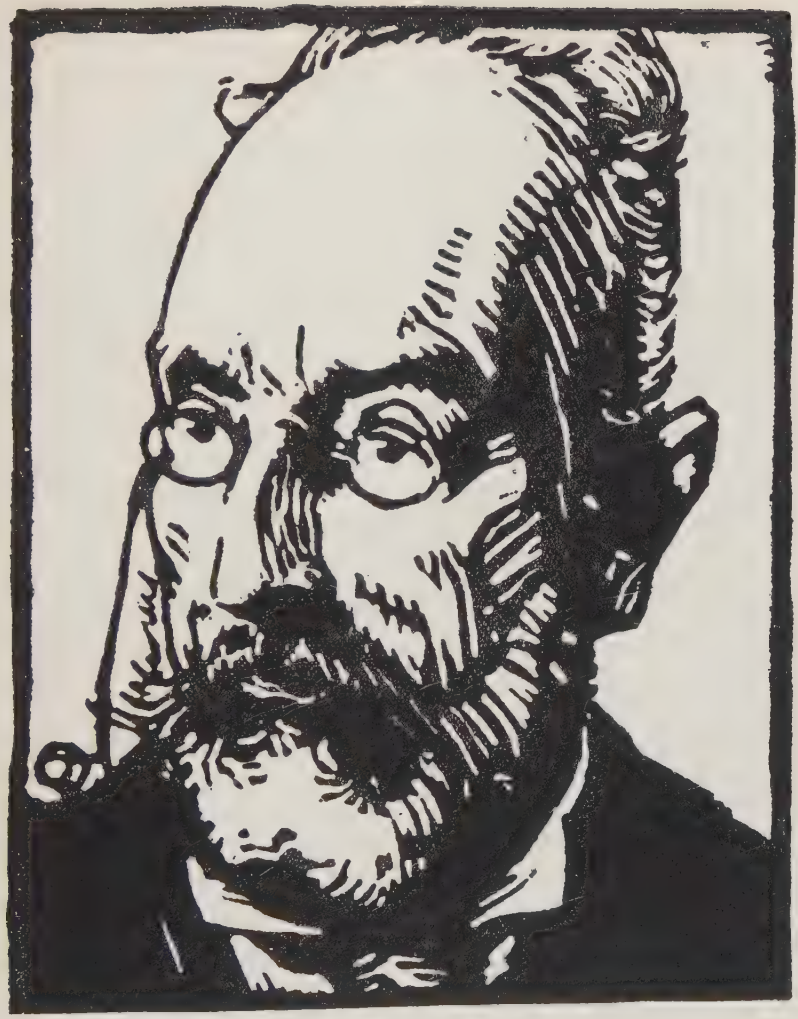
reason, that he had been blessed by Providence with a keener intellect, a more brilliant wit, and a deeper insight into political conditions than most of his fellow-members. Unfortunately for his success in politics, he could not hide his contempt for mediocrity. He accorded me my first interview in an antechamber of the House of Commons. He was flushed with confidence and wild with ambition. He had just gained a victory over the absentee Tory landlords in Ireland. When the Gladstone Home Rule bill was up for passage, "Tim" offered an amendment that appeared entirely innocuous; it had been so cunningly written that a hurried perusal did not betray its meaning. The government leaders needed the Irish vote to assure the passage of this measure. The psychological moment for its passage had arrived, so without taking time thoroughly to digest the amendment, they accepted and passed it. They swallowed his bait, hook, line, and sinker. Much to their surprise, a closer perusal showed that this amendment absolved Irish tenants from paying taxes on improvements of their rented property made by themselves, and prohibited the levying of increased rents because of these improvements. Much to the disgust of the absentee landlords, this measure saved the Irish tenantry many millions of pounds yearly and made "Tim" their idol.

Healy's face was flushed with exultation when I entered the room. He was cock of the walk. His eyes sparkled, and he fairly strutted with pride as he explained to me how he had turned the trick. I do not remember his exact language, but I do know that he utterly failed to hide his contempt for the thick-headed country squires who made up a majority of the House of Parliament.

Years later, on my second interview, he received me at his home. He occupied a rather inconspicuous London house on a quiet street. Its principal feature was its very extensive library. Healy's books were well chosen. Besides a very excellent general library, he had a most complete collection of political and parliamentary books, pamphlets and periodicals on subjects that he might need in his parliamentary work. He had his library at his finger-tips.

A large flat mahogany desk was in the middle of the room, and on it were a number of books and papers for the study of the subject then uppermost in his mind. A lighted reading-lamp, a still burning cigar, and a comfortable leather chair pulled up to the table showed that he had been at work when I arrived. It was the same little "Tim," with the same bushy head and the same carelessly trimmed beard, who greeted me. There had been, however, many changes in his outlook on life. His assured confidence had given place to cynicism. His brilliant eyes now flashed with disgust. His keen wit had turned to satire. Strangest of all, he spoke of the ingratitude of his former associates. He is a most persuasive talker. Knowing as I did his past history, I was almost convinced by his hypnotic power that he was the only member of the Irish representatives who had been truly consistent.

I last saw him at his law office, for he now has one of the largest practices in Great Britain. "Tim" has not become mellowed with the passing of years. If anything, he had grown



"Tim" Healy

more cynical, more sarcastic, and more satirical. Now he was a confirmed pessimist. He believed in Home Rule, but did not think it could be secured by force. He washed his hands of politics when the Irish rose in rebellion. He did not fail to express his disapproval of their folly.

§ 3

His early environment may have had much to do with his character, and may explain his point of view and many of his actions. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1855, the son of the poorhouse-keeper. The poverty-stricken always blame some one else for their misfortunes. The "some one else" with Irishmen is England. He heard his father tell many stories of the Irish famine during which thousands of his countrymen starved to death. This misfortune was also attributed to absentee landlords, who lived in England and fattened on the Irish tenantry. He imbibed from his mother's breast a hatred of England and a determination to outwit the Protestant Irish landlords.

He was a most precocious scholar, completing the course at the Christian Brothers' school when twelve years old. This school is above the average, and includes in its curriculum Latin, Greek, and modern languages. It ranked in philosophy and the classics above most American colleges. At this time "Tim" must have looked like the comic pictures of young *Ralph Waldo Bostonbeans*, because of his large head, thick glasses, serious mien, and little body. He was too small and puny to go to work, but his time was not wasted. He took a graduate course at home by borrowing books from the priests, which he devoured with remarkable avidity. His course of reading seems remarkable for a youth of twelve. Theology, philosophy, and Irish history were the principal subjects.

The time came, however, when "Tim" must go to work, for his father was no Crœsus. He selected Newcastle, England, as the vantage-point from which to conquer the industrial world. At the age of fourteen he took a job as office boy to the president of the Northwestern Railroad. It may appear strange for a college graduate to accept such a menial position, but his youth and diminutive size prevented him from securing work more in keeping with his mental acquirements. This hard-headed Scotchman was not long in discovering that young "Tim" had abilities far beyond his job, so he advanced him rapidly. While pocketing the dirty English dollars, or, rather, pounds, "Tim" forswore none of his allegiance to Ireland. He joined the Irish Literary Society in Newcastle. It is a safe bet that the subjects discussed were Irish writers, Irish poets, and Irish history. He also organized and became secretary of the Irish Home Rule Society. "Tim" was thus expanding both day and night. He worked up to a very responsible position with the railroad, and he became an embryonic orator, especially on Irish topics. It was a battle between the day and night forces for the mastery of his soul. Night finally won. "Tim" had great faith in himself. He thought that railroading was beneath him. He wanted to do bigger things. He wanted to take an active part in politics, to shine at the bar, and maybe some day wear the "big wig."

"Tim" recognized that he must pre-

pare himself by the study of law if he was to reach his goal. London was the center of legal education. How to get there was the question. "Tim" had saved some money on his railroad job, but not enough to pay for his law course. He could expect but little assistance from his father, the poor-house-keeper of Bantry. His uncle Timothy D. Sullivan, however, was owner of the Dublin "Nation," and "Tim" had already begun to cast sheep's eyes at his lovely daughter, which met with her father's approval. In family council it was decided that young "Tim" should become the London correspondent for old "Tim's" newspaper. London correspondents exercise tremendous power in England, second only to Parliament itself. The world forms its opinions concerning the political life of the nation from their reports. Naturally, only the ablest and most efficient reporters are selected for this important post. "Tim" knew nothing about reportorial work, but this fact did not daunt him. Anybody else would have been afraid to undertake it without some preparation, and any other editor except his uncle and future father-in-law would not have assigned him to it. "Tim" took the job and made good.

He studied law at night, but learned in the press gallery something more important to his future than the law. Parliamentary procedure had a wonderful fascination for him. He would sit for hours "learning the ropes" and watching the members manœuver for position, and his quick mind readily saw the slips that they made. He would turn to some fellow-reporter and impatiently exclaim: "The fool! He should have done—" etc. So proficient did he become in parliamentary practice that later, when he became a member of the House of Commons, he was by far the best parliamentarian in that body.

Naturally, he wrote a great deal about Charles Stewart Parnell, at that time the uncrowned King of Ireland, and what he said was favorable. Parnell was pleased with "Tim's" flattering notices and his sensible reports of Parnell's activities. He repaid "Tim" by making him his confidential secretary. Now he was in his natural element. He was actively in politics and not just an observer. He was the right-hand man of Parnell and frequently his spokesman. Parnell decided that "Tim" could be of more service to him with the official standing of a member of Parliament. In those days Parnell's wish was a command in Ireland that few dared to dispute. So Healy was returned as the member for Wexford. This was a serious mistake on Parnell's part. Healy did not have to lean on him any longer; he could stand on his own feet. Pretty soon he felt that it was an injustice for so brilliant a man as himself to shine in a reflected light; ambition to be the Irish leader began to stir in his breast. Parnell was not slow in observing this change, and the warn friendship between the two men began to wane. The unfortunate Kitty O'Shea affair gave "Tim" an excuse for an open break. He immediately turned against Parnell.

His ambition, however, overstepped itself. He expected to be chosen the Irish leader to succeed the fallen chief, but he had not taken into consideration the ambitions of O'Brien, Dillon, and Redmond. They were willing enough to see Parnell fall, but each of them wanted to step into his shoes,

and was certainly unwilling to see Parnell's former lieutenant seize the scepter which they had torn from his hands. Parnell's discomfiture completely disrupted the Irish party. O'Brien headed the largest faction, and disgruntled "Tim" was forced to aline himself with him. The disputes among the Irish statesmen seemed to prove the correctness of Disraeli's judgment, when he said that the Irish would never succeed in their fight for Home Rule, because they could never agree among themselves. From being a large and influential power to which the Government was forced to cater, the Irish vote in Parliament became of negligible importance. It was to be further disrupted by the cricket "Tim" jumping out of the O'Brien pasture and going it alone in the House of Parliament. O'Brien had not taken Parnell's experience with "Tim" to heart, or he never would have chosen him as his chief lieutenant.

"Tim" was now a one-man party, but the biggest one-man party that ever existed in any legislative body. He was thoroughly hated by the English Tories, disliked by the Liberals, and despised by his former Irish associates; but his sharp tongue, keen wit, and ability were respected by all. The keynote of his political philosophy was intense bitterness toward England, belief in Ireland's right to Home Rule, and indiscriminate attacks upon the adherents of both. Some one has wittily said that "Tim's" rule was, "Whenever you see a head, hit it." Many were the august heads that felt the weight of his blows. He was no respecter of persons and no mincer of words. Joe Chamberlain was usually self-possessed, but he was rattled when "Tim" addressed him in mock seriousness, tendering him a vote of thanks for the many kindnesses which he had shown to Ireland. Saunderson was an unmitigated liar, O'Brien a poltroon, and poor John Redmond was responsible for the Easter rebellion. This last charge had serious consequences, as the distress caused by it probably hastened Redmond's death. "Tim" told a Tory member of Parliament who owned large estates in Ireland that he ought to be shot, only nobody as yet had taken the trouble to do it. Asquith was a conceited ass, and even the grave and dignified Gladstone was shown scant courtesy.

When civil war began, he withdrew from Parliament, and took up the practice of law in London. By a strange paradox, Healy, born and bred a bitter enemy of England, began his business career at Newcastle, England, made his first record as a writer in England, and as a statesman in the English House of Commons and his success as a barrister in the English courts. His fame and fortune have been made in England, and now the King of England has sent him, as his personal representative, to be Governor-General of Ireland.

I wonder how "Tim" will "fit in" to his new job. He hates fuss and feathers; personally, he is as plain as an old shoe. Many of his most biting sarcasms have been aimed at English ceremonials. The office of governor-general is largely one of ceremony. "Tim" now enjoys a vice-regal status. In Ireland he ranks above everybody except the royal family. As the personal representative of the king, he is in for much "fustian and flubdub." Will he take kindly to this English pomp and display, or will he still be just plain "Tim"?

BY LONDON RIVER

FIVE WOODCUTS BY WILL HOLLINGSWORTH

SOUTHWARK

GRAY'S LANE

BATTERSEA

TOWER BRIDGE

Smoke-Stacks in Eden

Is Our Machine Civilization Speeding to Destruction?

By Charles Merz

On one and the same day, recently, a Chicago tailor suddenly pushed his sewing-machine through a seventh-story window, the Saturday sales of a certain South Sea island novel broke all records in a Boston book-store, and three hundred patriots in British India danced around a blazing pile of British night-shirts.

Those three scraps of information take on a certain family resemblance when you think them over. Here they are, quite unlike one another, hailing from three distant quarters; and yet they have a certain harmony. The Indian patriots burned their British night-shirts, as our grandfathers dumped their British tea, because they were up in arms against Western politics and, more generally, Western economics. The Chicago tailor quite unpredictably found himself incapable of stitching for the twenty-thousandth time two more straight rows of trousers-seams, and had his faithful little engine clattering through the window even before he thought what he was doing, as instinctively as a sea-sick traveler will brush away a tray of steaming food. As for the South Sea island novel that sold so well in Boston, and sells so well in any other city, that was presumably because it invites an imaginative escape from routine into romance. Who can doubt it?

The common enemy in all three cases was our own machine age. And though there is not much to be argued from the flight into the night of one Chicago tailor, it is evident that in certain quarters the machine age must begin to reckon with deserters. Sometimes the warning of that fact is a lone bolt for freedom, sometimes the heavy tread of patriots in war regalia; sometimes the purely reflex action of "too much machine age" during war-days, sometimes more like the rolling up of an implacable resentment that has been gathering force for two decades. A school of prophets, ever more assured, hails the coming of a new revolt. They call it the revolt against modern industrial civilization, the revolt against the domination of machinery.

And they point, first, to the evidence of revolt in that least explosive of all circles—the small family cluster headed by the "tired business man." Who has not heard this captain of the modern era grumble about life's changeless pace? Work brings the same routine, day in, day out; the same 8:12 suburban local in the morning, same office work till lunch, same 5:20 local home again at night. "Got to get away from this. Ought to have a week in Maine." Look at the energy spent in pacifying him! Hundreds of thousands of men and women mak-

ing moving-pictures, motor-cars, and Coney-Island coasters; phonographs in one tired business home in every three; experts trying to pave the way through winter evenings, thinking up new ways to play old games (whist, bridge whist, auction bridge, then "pirate" auction, for example); new sports rushed in to fill the breach between one base-ball season and another; base-ball itself so standardized that hardly a city of twenty thousand people is without its "league"; novels pouring from the printing-presses like paper marks in Germany; dance halls as common as snuff-boxes used to be in 1760, with new tangos following on one another's heels perpetually; theaters multiplying like spring-fever germs; golf links in every village large enough to boast its rotary club or motor-driven hook-and-ladder.

§ 2

All this chiefly for the tired business man! Will he revolt, despite it? Not he! The prophets of a new revolt count him the last of their recruits. His grumbling is a bark without a bite. But that he grumbles is itself significant. For here he is, the last word in industrial civilization. If he is restless in his own fairy-land, if he needs this super-organized cajolery to keep him happy, then what about his less contented neighbors?

There is the man, for instance, whose version of the "monotony" in modern industrialism is not a story of suburban trains and office routine,—monotony, that is, in units of a day,—but monotony in units of small half-minute operations repeated endlessly from morning until night. I have stood at the work-bench of a man of forty-five of whom modern civilization has asked nothing more, from the time he was eighteen, than that he make over and over, thousands of times each day, one small part of one small spring in one small camera. He has never seen that spring put into place. He has no idea what it is used for. He has never had a camera in his hands. He does not look at pictures. There he stands, one foot working the pedal of a tireless machine that coughs out springs enough in one workday to fill a barrel.

I am not sure that the prophets of revolt are always right when they say that workmen will not stand this. But there are times when it is true. Industrialists apply the word "turnover" to the number of new workers needed to fill the jobs of those who quit or are discharged. And turnover figures often are impressive. A recent study of 105 factories in every part of the country —factories employing a quarter of a million men—discloses a turnover of a hundred per cent. annually, due in part to the fact that "the same thing done continually becomes tiresome."

Scan the reports of factory managers, listen to organized labor blow off steam in annual convention, or, better still, talk with workmen in a factory yard before the post-lunch whistle blows, and you may be persuaded that the repetitive process sometimes recruits to discontent as many men as low wages and long hours. The rebellious workman, with his key place in industry, marches in the front ranks of most predictions of revolt against machinery. But he is not alone there. Revolt, its prophets are convinced, reaches far beyond the factory. It has invaded art and politics and administrative theory. Painters and sculptors are up in arms against canons they consider arbitrary. Political reformers

lead new movements for "home rule" of city, township, county, directed against the centralization of politics that has accompanied the centralization of economic power. Political theorists, at the opposite intellectual pole from the tired business man, and strangely inspired by the same unrest, evolve new theories of "pluralism," "guild socialism," and the like, as a defense of the individual man against the onrush of authority.

Nor are these protests heard at home alone. The Old World has its share of them. In fact, in certain quarters the threat of rebellion has passed beyond the dream stage. Within the last few weeks a staff correspondent of the New York "World" has cabled from Berlin that "revolt against industrialism has come to Germany in her most fateful hour." That issue, he suggests, may shortly overtop all others. "It is a revolt against the machine of industry, against mass production, against the time clock, against the factory whistle." Farther south, in the Balkans, Mr. Alfred E. Zimmern is only one of a number of competent observers who note that national leaders, with their eyes on "the dehumanizing influences of industrialism," are reluctant to follow us "on the dismal path of our nineteenth-century history." Across the Bosporus, Turk patriots at Angora hurl defiance at an overpowering something they call slavery to a workbench. Gandhi, in India, proclaims our modern age the "Black Age." In China there are here and there boycotts of Western products, and even "strikes" in Western factories that have pushed their way so far from home. Is it any wonder? Modern industrialism has come into China rough edge uppermost. Six cents a day is the prevailing wage for a thirteen-hour day in the silk factories of Chifu. Miners work ten hours underground seven days a week, with cases frequently reported of floggings administered by their overseers when they fail to bring their quota up the shaft. Boys and girls as young as nine work in match factories from four in the morning until eight at night. I quote these figures not from any Chinese source, but from a report by the Board of Foreign Missions. In one factory alone, states that report, "eighty of these young workers must go to the hospital each day to be treated. The fumes from the cheap phosphorus and sulphur affect their eyes and their lungs. Much of this could be avoided by using better chemicals, but the profits of the owners would not be so large."

It is a far cry, of course, from the passionate effort of the tired business man to keep himself amused to this shabby thing in China. And yet in the very multi-sidedness of "revolt" its prophets see the surest evidence of its reality. It is a revolt in many places, many forms, sometimes emotional, sometimes economic, sometimes political. What we may be certain of is this: if such a revolt is indeed in progress, it is far more fundamental than those more familiar threats that flash across the headlines now and then, protesting against control of power in the existing order, and not against the whole order.

§ 3

An unusually powerful statement of the factors underlying revolt against industrialism has recently appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, the work of

Nathaniel Peffer. So painstakingly does Mr. Peffer review a host of varied protests, stifled or avowed, that I take the liberty of summing up his indictment of the machine age as a preface to suggestions of my own.

Mr. Peffer begins by pointing out that the span of life is long; man and all his works should not be judged from A. D. 1800 to 1921. God, when taking the balance for His creation, conceivably begins at the beginning. Our Western ascendancy, measured even by material standards, begins only recently, say a century and a half ago. Up to that time China, for example, had roads and sanitation and the rest of it every bit as good as ours—and better.

What, then, has been the contribution of this modern age of ours? Two things, preëminently: science, of course, and Christianity. All else—art, literature, codifications of conduct, philosophical systems, all the refinements of life, in short—older cultures had, too, and still have; but science and Christianity are definitely new.

It is against science that Mr. Peffer centers his attack. Christianity he regards as something manifestly unattained, and accordingly abstract and of less immediate influence in men's lives. But science we are truly mastering. To what end? Mr. Peffer imagines himself attempting to explain the newest of our inventions, the radiophone, to a group of Chinese friends one night at dinner. The radio is sitting over in one corner of the room. Mr. Peffer sets out to explain why, for the sake of this invention, it is worth while to pull electricity out of the clouds and harness waterfalls, gridiron the fields with railways and blacken the sky with smoke, make the air and the bowels of the earth highways, pen up men in factories away from sky and growing things, drive them at fiendish pressure in big industrial cities. At that point in his exposition the radio pipes out suddenly with "I 'm Just Wild about Harry."

By what is life enriched out of all these giant processes of supermen? asks Mr. Peffer. Enriched by very little, he concludes. The best products of our machine age are sanitation, universal education, rapid transit, the press, and a higher material standard of living. But sanitation proves nothing in itself; Athens was filthy, but its population more nearly approximated God's image than Detroit's. Universal education is a very wonderful thing, but we have n't got it; all we have is "universal literacy." Rapid transit does n't help; the unseeing eye and the insensitive imagination comprehend as little in a hundred thousand miles as in a hundred. The chief service of the press has been to recruit bigotry and increase the striking power of the mob. Modern standards of living are indeed higher; but, forcing their servitors to the pace of a thing of steel driven by a hidden power, do they bring with them more true happiness?

Mr. Peffer doubts it. What has been paid for material benefits is a costly price, the outraging of instincts by the fierce drive of machinery; the slaying of beauty; a rigid, soul-destroying "standardization." For you cannot have machinery without quantity production, Mr. Peffer thinks. You cannot have quantity production without standardization. And you cannot have standardization of all material adjuncts of life without standardization of thought, conduct, morals, and opinions.

Add to this the probability that modern industrialism, by extending the area of conquest, and thereby the advantages to be gained from it, has increased the chances of war. Which is true? asks Mr. Peffer. Has science given man a true conquest of nature, or will it destroy him in the act of conquering?

§ 4

Mr. Peffer and I have been over this ground so often, in earnest bouts in one sheltered corner and another, that to carry our genial disagreement into THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is as if we stepped, still arguing, from a shaded doorway to the middle of a busy street. But my last sentence, spoken simultaneously, I believe, with one of Mr. Peffer's, was that if you cannot have machinery without standardization, certainly Mr. Peffer's China demonstrates that you can have standardization without machinery.

No one short of the sublime standpatter, I suppose, would take issue with the whole set of Mr. Peffer's criticisms of the machine age in its present station. Personally, I find myself agreeing with him more or less completely—if he stops there. But the first thing that troubles me is that Mr. Peffer is unconscionably romanticizing his alternatives. And the second is, that far from being unique in that respect, he is typical of a growing school of modern writers. If there is a new industrialism none too firmly set upon its feet, there is also a new romanticism, somewhat in the same position.

Take this matter of "standardization," which the machine age is accused of introducing. We have our share of it. Sinclair Lewis rather hits it off with *Babbitt:* "Just as he was an Elk, a Booster and a member of the Chamber of Commerce, just as the priests of the Presbyterian Church determined his religious beliefs, and the senators who controlled the Republican party decided in little smoky rooms in Washington what he should think about disarmament, the tariff and Germany, so did the large national advertisers fix the surface of his life, fix what he believed to be his individuality. These standard advertised wares—tooth pastes, socks, ties, cameras, instantaneous hot water heaters—were his symbols and proofs of excellence. At first the signs, then the substitutes of joy and passion and wisdom."

True enough? Probably. But what about the Chinese *Babbitts?* Village after village up the valley of the Yang-tse as alike as peas in their green pod; coolies staggering like bullocks under loads of stone; women hobbling on bound feet to labor sixteen hours at the work one rusty tractor could perform in sixteen minutes; children dragging tired little bodies home to huts as standardized three hundred miles above Shanghai as thirty miles below it. Where is the variation in all that? In the gardens, yes; the Chinese gentleman, remote from the machinery that holds *Babbitt,* has a better chance of holding to his individuality. But the great sweltering mob outside? Abject poverty can be just as effective a standardizer as industrial machinery. Neither the modernized nor unmodernized can escape it in that fact alone. The happy children of the earth are peasants with rich soil to till, or scholars with private incomes, or millionaires not yet beginning to conform, or—but more of that anon.

Again, take this question of the individual workman enslaved by his machine. We shall forget, if you like, the hundred million Chinese, Malay, and Indian coolies enslaved by something more primitive than a machine —the mere endless shoving, hauling, lifting up of the same things, day after day, and turn to the far smaller company of skilled workmen. These people, it is true, are more often their own craftsmen, and more often in one sense their own masters, than skilled labor in our modern West. They do not make continually the same small part of the same stove or carpet-sweeper. They can experiment with their design, choose their own workdays and their hours. But strictly within limits! To call these workmen "independent" because they are independent of machinery is to forget that they are independent of very little else. How independent is a man when the line that shades off into starvation, as Mr. Peffer himself points out, "is always within sight," or when, as in India, because there is no modern science to oppose the ravages of epidemics, four million people die of fever every year?

Consider even this matter of machinery-destroying beauty. Ugly little steel towns like Duquesne and Braddock? Granted. Great scars upon the hillsides, where men have dug for coal and iron? Yes. And great scars in peaceful Chinese valleys where Famine has lunged with a cruel knife, remorselessly. Our best does not match the best in older civilizations? The Woolworth Tower cannot stand with the Taj Mahal, but it is the peer of any other edifice in India. And if it is objected that the Woolworth Tower is dedicated to commerce and built by "wage slaves," the fact remains that most of India's temples are dedicated to superstition, built by half-starved coolies, smarting beneath the lash.

I am not here defending the present structure of the machine age so much as protesting against romanticism of that alternative we find in Asia. There is little gained, however real the specter, by a headlong flight along the corridors of time.

§ 5

I suspect that what Mr. Peffer romanticizes, in reaction to the crudities of the machine age, is not only his East, but his human nature. With him I deplore, for instance, the destruction by machinery of the older craftsmanship. But it is necessary to admit that if medical men in our industrial era are being called upon to handle cases of frayed nerves resulting from too great monotony in factory jobs, they have also to deal with cases resulting from too great a call upon initiative; that if monotony is stifling for some workmen (I have cited a case earlier in this paper), there is another type of workman for whom the repetition of an easy process has a comforting appeal. That great captain of quantity production, Henry Ford, admits that some of the operations in his plant are "undoubtedly monotonous—so monotonous that it seems scarcely possible that any man would care to continue long at the same job." Nevertheless, not as theory, but as fact, there are men who seem to like it. "Probably the most monotonous task in the whole factory is one in which a man picks up a gear with a steel hook, shakes it in a vat of oil, then turns it into a basket. The motion never varies. The gears come

to him always in exactly the same place, he gives each one the same number of shakes, and he drops it into a basket which is always in the same place. No muscular energy is required, no intelligence is required. He does little more than wave his hands gently to and fro—the steel rod is so light. Yet the man on that job has been doing it for eight solid years. He has saved and invested his money until he now has about forty thousand dollars—and he stubbornly resists every attempt to force him into a better job."

Factories anywhere could duplicate this instance. Men are probably no more alike in their reaction to "monotony" than they are in any other way. That a man should actually like to keep on doing the same thing in the same way may be the fault of the machine itself, or it may be one result of our descent from the uncreative monkey. Perhaps both. But until the science of interpreting desire has dug more deeply into the human side of industry, there is little use confusing a wish that industrialism furnish wider opportunities for "the creative spirit" with a belief that the creative spirit is there *now*, in every instance, being ground to death by the machine or smothered by monotony.

What is monotony, anyway? Are we certain in what degree it is the monotony of the kind of work a man does, and in what degree it is the monotony of being forced to do any kind of work at all? In what degree it is the monotony of the job itself, and in what degree the monotony of meager outside interests, with little leisure to enjoy them? The wife of the tenement-dweller has a more varied workday than her husband in his factory, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing, rescuing her ragamuffin children; but probably most of us believe that longer hours and fewer contacts with the outside world make her life more of a grind than his.

The human soul, blessed with a chance to fly, sometimes remains contentedly on earth. We are super-monkeys and not super-eagles. In another of his criticisms of our modern age we may agree with Mr. Peffer that the press does not supply its readers regularly with disinterested information, dry light. But is that primarily the result of an industrial era? Or does there enter into it that same will to believe what 's interesting and what 's profitable that colors "news" when one man repeats it to his neighbor from one Chinese village to another? Most of us want news that feeds our prejudices and our preconceived beliefs. Far from having editorialized opinion forced on us, we actually prefer it boiler-plated. We will go to any lengths rather than take the intolerable trouble of thinking for ourselves.

We show that in our attitude toward war. Mr. Peffer argues that industrialism breeds international conflict. Well, China has had her share of fighting; has it now. And wholesale banditry, as well. But grant that industrialism widens the front on which battles may be fought; grant that it invites the captains and the kings to reach out for new prizes, suddenly brought within reach; the fact remains that one reason why the captains and the kings are able to recruit their ordinary privates is the thrill of "following the colors" that can be planted in the breasts of any generation remote enough from the grim reality of

actually embarking upon that enterprise. Wars often come in cycles. East, as well as West, can testify to that. It may be that the one way to "end war" is to make it superlatively and manifestly costly. That, at any rate, machinery will do.

I am not even certain, finally, that Mr. Peffer is right about that radio caroling "I 'm Just Wild about Harry." It would be easy to point out that modern mechanics have had little to do with choice of airs, and that the Chinese coolie, far away from industrialism and its snares, is still more likely to whistle his Chinese counterpart of "I 'm Just Wild about Harry" than of "Anitra's Dance." But more than that, it is quite possible that for descendants of the simians social unity is less a matter of high purpose than of a common sentimentality. President Harding's messages on the state of the Union, Mr. Calvin Coolidge earnestly addressing himself to two million radio enthusiasts, the Bishop of Rhode Island being broadcasted of a Sunday evening, have nothing like the steady magnetism of *Mutt* and *Jeff* or a new tune from the "Follies." We Americans are for one reason knit together because we have a widely shared appreciation of what is tuneful and what funny. If there is any benefit in national unity, it is not a point that can be lightly shrugged away as trivial that a million people laugh at *Jiggs* and *Dinty*, and that the same air which has won fame on Broadway is whistled some two months later by the newsboy in Spokane, the stevedore in Charleston, and the Boston merchant dressing for an opera. Station X. Y. Z., at Shanghai, may yet come to the aid of faction-ridden China, broadcasting "Silver Threads among the Gold." Nor is that all. It is well, too, to remember that if inventions approaching the sublime contribute also to the ridiculous, it is often only incidentally. The pink-and-orange dancing nymphs in the advertising signs along Broadway may raise a doubt as to whether it was wise ever to apply electricity to purposes of lighting; but the same filament burns above the table where surgeons are operating for cancer. And if the wireless pipes its jangling little rag-times, it calls across the ocean, too, for rescue.

All that, I think, is true. And yet, when this much has been said, the fact that critics of the modern age may happen to romanticize an older civilization is cold comfort if the modern age is static.

I wonder if that is not just the point where it is easy to jump to conclusions? Mr. Peffer warns us that man and all his works should not be judged by the brief span from 1800 to 1921; it is fair to ask that man and his machine age be not judged on the same brief basis. To Mr. Peffer's criticism that "universal education," for example, is only "universal literacy," the obvious reply is that "education" will never be attained unless "literacy" precedes it.

The machine age is only in its infancy. To suppose that in its present form it is anything but a casual bit of blundering transition is surely to look only a short way ahead. The machine age is far from static. It is as dynamic as white light itself. Even our machines themselves may take a tack that will send more than one of the premises of romantic criticism flying.

To speculation on that point I shall turn in a second paper.

D.P.Lathrop

ROMANCE

By Elinor Wylie

The years' dark valleys
I have slipped between
To a park with alleys
Of close-clipped green.

Here's a marble Love weathered
By sunlight and rain;
Like a dove blue-feathered
Shines a lady's bright train.

A flower, ashes
Stirred to flame, springs;
A shower flashes,
And a bird sings.

Dorimène, dreaming,
Listens, looks down;
Like rain streaming
Glistens her gown.

Hands white and waxen,
Each nail stained rose;
Hair bright and flaxen
Under pale snows.

Silver clings the powder
To her blond hair.
The bird sings louder
By the pond there.

The roses glow yellow,
And the skies are pearl;
Jacotot, poor fellow!
Sighs for this girl

Who spurns her lover
And her flowered age
As she turns over
A tear-showered page.

"Ah! le beau roman
D'Epiaxe! Hélas!
Le grand Cyrus son amant!
Tout passe! Tout lasse!"

Alas! so pass heroes!
Proud Love lies dead!
And above, Eros
Cries with bowed head.

The Last of the Vikings[1]

A Novel in Seven Parts—Part VII

By Johan Bojer

Norwegian Drawings by Sigurd Skou

Such things happen every year in the north of Norway, and for a day or two afterward the men talk about it; and then they go out on the same sea and begin fishing again.

The shop was full of men, all talking at once. Some of them had been on their way landward when the storm broke, and had got in safely; others had been brought in by the lifeboat, but some had only just come in after having been out in the storm all night.

One small, fair man in a yellow sou'wester was talking louder than all the others, and people were looking at him in surprise. Quite by chance he had been on shore the day before, and the boat he belonged to had gone down with all hands on board. It was evident that it had been so ordained, and that he was not meant to be with them that day. God's ways were wonderful!

It was calm to-day, but cold. Men were standing out on the islands watching for boats that had not yet come in. The chief inspector had sent steamers out to look for any that had capsized. A great number of boats from fishing-stations many miles away had come in during the night, and they were now setting sail for their own stations in good weather.

Later in the day a steamer had come across a strange boat in the middle of the West Fiord. It was a Nordland boat, and her sail was close-reefed, although there was little wind. The steamer hove to, and found that the head-man at the helm was half dead, and that the other three men, who were sitting and holding on to the thwart, were frozen to death. Spray had turned to ice in their hair and beards and upon their clothes, and they were staring straight before them with wide-open, glassy eyes.

Peter Suzansa that night had come safely in to Hammaröy, and it was with a heavy heart that he now sailed back across the West Fiord. He did not know how many men he knew might have been drowned, and he could not bear to think of Kristàver Myran and his men.

It was evening when he reached the station with its harbor lights, and he could see the hut, their Lofoten home, and thought how there would be plenty of room there now. As he tramped up the slippery wharf-steps, he saw people near, but did not dare to ask any questions. The coming in of every boat that day was an event, and Peter, too, was soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd; but he spoke to no one, and went straight to the hut.

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

When he opened the door he paused. Was he dreaming? There were men lying asleep in the bunks!

He stared in astonishment, and then turned to the men following him. "Great God!" was all he said.

Dripping clothes were hanging round the stove, and sea-boots lay upon the floor in pools of water. The men came in and stood gazing at the sleepers. They had themselves been within an ace of going down, and they were drenched to the skin and thoroughly worn out; but all that was nothing compared with the fact that the crew of the *Seal* were lying in their bunks asleep.

They did not count them, and in a little while Peter told one of his men to make haste and change, and then make some hot food ready. It was hardly likely that they had had anything to eat, those men in the bunks.

While they were busy taking off their clothes and emptying the water out of their sea-boots, Kristàver woke, and, raising himself on his elbow, rubbed his eyes. Perhaps he was confused with some dream, but then he caught sight of Peter, who the night before had sailed past and left him clinging to his wrecked boat, and for a brief moment the two head-men looked at one another.

Then Kristàver yawned, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Have you got back?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

It was a little while before Peter answered.

"Yes," he said. "And you—you 've got back, too, I see."

"We came in a little while ago," said Kristàver, rubbing his eyes.

Peter busied himself with changing into dry clothes. He dared not ask how the others had been saved.

Suddenly Kristàver swung his feet over the edge of the bunk, and when he had found his wooden shoes, clamped over to the stove, and, taking down a homespun coat from a peg, pulled a big pocket-book out of an inside pocket.

"Bet you anything my money 's all gone to pap!" he said.

Money!

"Yes, I expect it is."

The hands of all involuntarily sought their breast-pockets. It is wonderful how dry a leather pocket-book can keep inside when it is tied up with a strong cord; but it was another matter with the men of the *Seal*, who had had the waves washing right over them last night.

Kristàver went to the table and lighted the lamp. It was customary for the head-man to keep the earnings of the whole boat until the fishing ended. There were thousands of kroner this time, and now perhaps the notes were all ruined.

Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his fingers trembled as he unfastened the wet book. The others sat looking on, but felt it was best not to speak to him.

Inside, too, the book was black with the wet. And there were the notes! They had been red and blue; now they were all stuck together in a sodden mass.

"Oh!" murmured the others.

A head-man does not generally exhibit his pocket-book, and even when two crews occupy the same hut, the one does not know exactly what the other has made; and Kristàver now frowned because the others sat looking on.

"Try and dry them first!" said Peter Suzansa. But Kristàver did not hear him, and began separating the notes. It was almost like saving lives. Some of them tore, and it hurt him as much as if his own flesh were being torn. This money was what he and his men had to live on and with which to keep their homes together. It is one thing to lose nets and boat and to know that banks and tradesmen demand payment all the same; but if the bank-notes are ruined, his home will be sold by auction, and he and his will no longer have a roof over their heads.

The table began to be covered with little piles of sodden paper.

"We must dry them!" said Peter Suzansa, wading barefooted to the stove, which he replenished, and removing the clothes. "The clothes can dry another time," he said, "but the money 's the first thing to be thought of now." And he began to fasten up lines of string round the stove to hang the notes upon.

Kristàver sat staring at these scraps of paper. His hand lay upon the table, and he felt inclined to sweep them all together and throw them away.

"Come on!" said Peter, and the others began to help. The notes were carefully hung upon the lines, either singly or sticking together, and looked like tiny dolls' clothes hung out to dry.

Kristàver stood looking on, and suddenly broke into a strange laugh and began to talk about there being many kinds of drying. There was hay-drying and clothes-drying and sheep-drying; but now there was money-drying.

He hung over them, watching them carefully, putting more wood into the stove, and turning the wetter side of the notes toward the heat, his face screwed up all the time from sheer anxiety, just as if he were tending little children.

The notes became dry. He had saved them. They crackled when he folded them, but that did not make them any less serviceable for the payment of debts.

When supper was ready, the sleepers were roused; but when all were seated round the table, it struck Peter Suzansa that one of their company was missing. He looked at the others, but could not bring himself to ask. The crew of the *Seal* looked as if they had a common misfortune, and Kristàver scarcely lifted his eyes from his plate.

They all ate plentifully of the fresh fish, their one thought being to go to bed and sleep. It was only when they had almost finished that one of Peter's men exclaimed:

"But—but what 's become of Kaneles Gomon?"

Every one looked up, but no one spoke. At last Kristàver answered.

"Kaneles? Yes," he said, "he—he did n't come back with us. No."

There was silence in the hut. The men looked at one another, but not a word was spoken. No one asked anything more, and no one cared to rise.

The meal was over, and all heads were bowed, and hands were folded under the table. In a general way few ever thought of saying grace, but now they sat for some time thus, looking down.

Kaneles Gomon! That merry fellow! Could he be lying in the West Fiord now?

When at last they raised their heads they still sat, looking straight before them. At last Henry Rabben spoke.

"It won't be easy for his father," he said, and there was a low murmur of sympathy from the others.

The very next day the fishing-fleet sailed out to the banks again, but here and there a man was left standing on the shore, looking at the others as they sailed away, but with no longer a boat of his own.

Kristàver was one of these, and he and his men wandered about the islands in their Sunday clothes, with nothing in the world to do. They might as well make up their minds to take the steamer south and go home; there was no use in putting it off, for there was nothing more for them to do here this year.

There were still some boats that had not returned after the storm, and men were standing about, gazing out to sea on the lookout for them.

In the afternoon Kristàver decided to row over to his friend Edwin Hansen from Varanger. When anything troubled him, it always did him good to have a walk and a chat with the merry Nordlander. On his way, however, he heard news that affected him deeply. Edwin Hansen, with boat and crew, had gone down in the storm. His boat had been seen to fill and sink.

For the rest of the day Kristàver walked about by himself, and in the hut in the evening he did not utter a word. He seemed to see Edwin's red, beardless face and beautiful smile, and to hear him talking of the three families he had to keep. "It 's strange about a brother," he had said. "It 's easier for the one that 's alive to look after the widow than for the one that 's dead." And "some of the children have to lie under the kitchen dresser, but except for that it 's all plain sailing."

It was the greatest sorrow Kristàver had ever had. He began to wander about the islands as if in search of his friend. He rowed across to other islands and talked to people and tried to joke, but it was all nonsense. He went out to jutting points of land in order to be alone, and would sit chewing a quid and gazing at the sea and the gulls.

And now he began to feel Kaneles haunting him, and saying: "You let go of me, Kristàver! You were the head-man, but at the last moment you saved yourself and let go of me."

Edwin Hansen would have said, "Yes, but Kristàver only let go of you when Jacob sailed right over the keel, and there was nothing else to be done. Kristàver did all that could be done."

"If it had been his son Lars—" says Kaneles, with a laugh.

Kristàver got up, shook himself, and set off walking. Where should he go? If he could have gone to Edwin now, that man would have managed to get rid of Kaneles and put him, Kristàver, in his right mind again. It did not matter now where he went; Kaneles went with him.

They were having supper in the hut when Jacob came limping in. He first said, "May your food be blessed!" and the others asked him to sit down and share it with them. Then he talked about the price to be got for fish and about all kinds of things, and at last he remarked that it was wonderful how lucky some people were. "Like Kristàver there, for instance," he added.

"Like me, yes!" said Kristàver, with a sullen glance at him.

"Like you, yes. Do you know that your boat 's been found by a steamer?"

There was a general movement of

surprise, and they all turned toward the speaker. Kristàver forgot the food in his mouth and sat staring at Jacob.

"I suppose that 's a joke," he said at last.

"No, damn it all, if your boat is n't lying in the channel here! I 've seen her myself. It was a salt-steamer from Kristianssund that fished her up, and as her number was still hanging on, it was easy enough to know where she was from. Oh, yes, you 're a lucky one, you are!"

"You must have a dram for that piece of news," said Peter Suzansa. It eased his mind, too, for he had felt as if he could not look Kristàver in the face. He had not yet brought himself to the point of asking who his rescuer had been, but he knew from other sources that it was Jacob. Damnitall-with-the-limp was not the man, however, to go about boasting of what he had done.

It was an easy matter for Kristàver to prove that the boat that had been found was his, and before long he was standing looking at the *Seal* as she lay there, bare of all rigging and white with frost and frozen spray. It was like meeting again with an old friend.

A few days later he went to the shop and bought a mast and a sail, ropes and nets. His pocket-book became thinner. The notes crackled when he unfolded them and paid with them, but the man behind the counter found them quite satisfactory.

When Kristàver raised the new mast in the *Seal* he placed it four inches farther aft than it had been before, and put a block of wood between it and the knee-piece; for at the moment the boat capsized the conviction had shot like lightning through his mind that it was there the fault lay. The want of unity between the rigging and the boat arose from the fact that the mast was too far forward. This was why the *Seal* was capricious; this was why she had capsized three times before; but now he would show that as he had up to the present been able to make her go, so he would be able to make her stand up.

§ 2

The spring had come. There was still frost at night, and the snow was deep and high, but in the middle of the day the sun shone warm, so that bluebottles began buzzing about and crawling in and out of the eye-sockets in the fish-heads that were scattered about all over the islands. There was a stronger smell of sea, fish-refuse, and seaweed; the gardens of the station had a spring fragrance of their own.

It was a great day for Kristàver when he was once more ready to set out for the banks in the *Seal*. It is useless to try to sail a Stads boat with only four men, so he had been over to an island on which there was a fish-guano factory, and engaged a man who was a neighbor of his at home. His name was Elias Flata, and he was a bow-legged man of about seventy, who was too old to fish, but still came up every winter to work in the factory, his work being to thread cod-heads on strings. He sometimes returned home after a winter spent thus in Lofoten with seventy or eighty *kroner* in his pocket.

"What I want is a capable man," said Kristàver, to encourage the old man, "and I know of no one better than you."

Elias Flata's face brightened. In

his day he had been such a fine fellow and had done the work of seven; but old age! old age! He scratched his ear doubtfully, and said:

"N-no, he! he! I am surely too old for that."

"Oh, no," said Kristàver, still persisting. "No, if I can get you as you are, we five 'll be as good as six, or seven for that matter."

It does old people good to hear younger men boasting. The old man gave in. He had no sea-going clothes, but there were Elezeus Hylla's seaboots and oilskins that he could have. The *Seal* stood out to sea again, and the old man was once more on board a Lofoten boat.

Oh, but he was a man who knew how things should be done in the forepart of the boat, where he was stationed! The very first day he was cuffing Arnt Awsan because he was such a clumsy fellow. They sailed out with a fair breeze, and the North Sea rocking under them, and once more saw the countless boats at their peaceful occupation, and the clouds of birds in the air. The old man looked about him and could not help laughing. Ha! ha! He had been out like this before now! On the way back they had to row against the wind, and he and Lars chanced to sit together on the same thwart, each with his oar.

The seaman of seventy wanted to compete with the boy of sixteen, and they both pulled hard, neither of them wishing to be thought the weaker. How the old man rowed!

"You must buck up, boy," he said, "and see who 's the strongest. Pull away! Rowing 's real medicine. There 's scarcely an illness but what you can row yourself well of again."

The very first evening he got Lars to put together a letter to his old woman down south. All he wanted to say was that he had gone to sea again. That would give the women-folk something to talk about.

About the middle of April the fishing began to draw to an end, and one day when they were out on the banks, with the sun shining and a light breeze ruffling the surface of the water, several heads were raised to watch a flock of black birds flying westward. "The cormorant 's moving!" the men said to one another with a laugh. It was a sign, for when the birds departed for Værö and Röst the fishing was ending here and beginning out west.

Another bright sunny day when a wind was blowing that would be splendid for any one going south, a boat that had come out later than the others brought the news that several Southerners at the station were making ready to start. They had put the cabin in, and some had the high rigging up in readiness for the voyage home.

While the nets were being drawn, some one shouted:

"Why, there are some brown cormorants on the move!"

There was a pause in the work while all eyes gazed across the water at five or six Nordland boats that were sailing over the West Fiord before a fresh breeze. They must be men from Helgeland, and now they were going.

The first birds of passage had risen and flown south. A peculiar restlessness spread from boat to boat on the banks; the men pulled and tugged at the nets, their one desire being to go ashore and follow their example. The fishing was over for this year, and they wanted to go home.

"About the middle of April the fishing began to draw to an end"

Suddenly a Stads boat with a top-sail was seen coming on alone after the others over the West Fiord.

"Who can that be?" asked one and another, wonderingly.

"Damn it all, if it is n't Andreas Ekra!" cried Jacob. "Upon my word, he 's stolen a march upon us this year, too!"

The Southerners gazed for a few moments at this comrade-boat that was again playing them this trick. Oh, that Andreas! that Andreas!

After this no time was lost. The nets were dragged in, the oars shipped, and a race began between hundreds of boats all wanting to reach land and be the first to start for home.

Old Elias Flata was one who pulled hard, and if he had any illnesses, he would certainly have rowed himself into health again now.

It was a busy night, for there was much to settle and do; but by the morning most of the boats were ready, the cabin in the stern, and the high rigging up. "Good-by! Good-by!" Nordlanders and Southerners waved their sou'westers to one another and hastened out to sea.

Silence had descended upon the islands; there were no boats in the

harbor, and no sounds arose from the wharves. The gulls had made their entry, however, and soared above the islands on white, sun-flecked wings, to swoop down upon the shining water and dive for refuse. The huts, about which the fishermen had lately thronged, were now deserted, and their windows, gray with salt spray, looked out from empty rooms whose occupants had forgotten in their haste to wash the floor, and where a sooty coffee-kettle and a black stew-pan had been left standing unemptied, and would have to wait there for nine months before men came to the hut again.

A girl was standing on a point of rock, with her hands on her hips, gazing after one particular boat. The wind ruffled her hair, and her breathing was quick and heavy.

She saw steamers bustling out, sloops and trading-vessels hoisting sail, Lister boats heeling over to leeward and darting off—sails, sails, everywhere, and all hastening away to far, far distant shores.

§ 3

How blue the West Fiord can be! And its waves frolic in sunshine and wind like children playing leap-frog and shouting with delight. How warm the air is on the cheek, although it is only April and the snow is lying six feet deep in fiords and valleys!

The fleet of sails dispersed in all directions, some sailing out through the sounds toward the Vesteraalen Islands, and others toward the northeast, where they tacked in within the belt of islands past Harstad and Ibbestad, and farther north up the endlessly long coast of Finmark. Those who were going east toward the mainland or farther south sailed away before a fair wind such as one would like when racing. The Stads boats differed from the others in having a topsail above the high square-sail, and at the top of the mast a red pennon that fluttered in the wind.

All along the Lofoten Wall, stretching westward in the golden sunshine, white sails were moving, looking smaller and smaller the more distant the station from which they sailed out. Those from Balstad, Sörvaagen, and Gloppen looked like mere dots beneath the sunny sky.

Across the blue West Fiord they sailed, all filled with a longing for home, a suddenly awakened longing for spring and sunshine, for green grass and budding woods, for some little cottages on headlands and up fiords in the South, farther and farther south for hundreds and hundreds of miles.

Those that were friends tried still to keep together. Andreas Ekra, indeed, had stolen a march on them, but the *Sea-Flower* cleft the waves just to leeward of the *Seal,* and Peter Suzansa was a few boat-lengths to windward. The three head-men often looked westward over the sea as they thought of a comrade's boat with striped sail that had rowed out from Stamsund that winter.

They did not now take the shortest way across the West Fiord so as to gain the shelter of the mainland, for the days were long and bright. They steered in an oblique line for a snowy peak that glowed in the sunshine, only just visible on the southeastern horizon. It was Landegode, and they meant to sail the hundred and fifty miles of sea to it before night.

There were boats in front, behind,

and on all sides, rising and falling on the gentle swell of this wide, blue plain. The brown boats, with their bellying sails, rode upon the waves and let themselves be carried along through the light and foam; but at last the wave could not spare any more time, and rolled on, leaving the boat to follow with the next wave. The Nordland boat, with its fine lines and broad, tanned sail, flew lightly along, while the head-man sat with the tiller to windward and was on good terms with the wind and the weather. A heavy sloop with square stern was in the throng, panting along with its cheeks puffed out, like a heavily laden market-woman. Pf-f! Wait a little, good people! For a hundred years these same sloops carried a black patch on their sail in memory of the poet of the North, and they still seem to stagger along with mourning on board. Farther off a pointed Lister boat cut through the water, vexed at not being in front of the others; and a little to leeward a black galleass plunged along with a confusion of gray, three-cornered sails in her rigging.

The north wind freshened, and it became easy to see which boats were in their element on the sea. Wind and open sea do for some, but not for all. It takes a good deal to make the head-man of a Stads boat lower his topsail when he is on his way South. The boat is heavy and steady from having lain so long in the water, and there are a good many barrels of liver in the cargo; the boat can do with plenty of sail.

The head-man stood with the warm light reflected from the sea upon his face, swinging the tiller backward and forward above his head. He was in a good temper to-day, for he was on a voyage again, on his way toward something pleasant that was awaiting him far beyond those rosy clouds that he could see on the horizon, and he had a good wind. The boat, too, was something more than a boat. She had come sailing out from long distant ages; she had once been a viking ship, and even now the head-man standing there was not a fisherman, but a chieftain.

The water foamed about her bow, and rushed in white streams along her sides. This was what a wind should be! There are many ways of sailing, and now the men felt that pleasant thrill all through their bodies, and they looked at one another and laughed. Kristàver's face was beaming. The *Seal* was like a new boat. She had her cargo and her mast as she liked them. She had had to come out with it at last, and now she could bear all the sail Kristàver considered he could put upon her. There was now harmony between rigging, hull, and sails, as if they had sung themselves together in wind and wave; and he now stood listening to the song of the boat and her rigging in the fresh wind.

Some gulls from the islands had been following them all this time, but now they turned. Ah-o! ah-o! a pleasant voyage and a speedy return! And they fly back over the green-blue water in the direction of a far-off row of white rocks standing up in the middle of the sea. It is the Lofoten Wall, already left far behind, with its snowy peaks glowing in the golden sunshine.

The men take a farewell look. They have all gone through experiences of one kind or another during these winter months.

Peter Suzansa turned his head sev-

eral times. For fifty years he had come up every winter for the fishing, and this would be the last time. He would never come again.

There was a considerable difference in the contents of the various headmen's pocket-books. They had all made a good deal by the fishing at one time or another, but not a few had been unfortunate and lost their nets once or even oftener, so that in the end their gains did little more than cover their losses; and if they had a few bank-notes, large or small, when they reached home, there were holes enough there for them to stop up.

But what did that matter? They were on their way home. Every man stood in his place on board, with his legs apart, careless of the spray that dashed into his face. They looked at the green, seething water, with its "white horses" riding out into the red sunset sky in the west, on which rose a belt of gold-edged clouds, making a wonderful paradise into which to gaze. The wind blew stronger, and a seething wall of green water and foam rose on each side of the boat. Ha! ha! They looked at one another again. This was something like sailing!

Far down in the southeast land appeared on the horizon, a coast with a long, irregular line of white-topped mountains that had a rosy tinge under the clear, cloudless sky. The *Sea-Flower* drew in toward the *Seal*, and Jacob shouted that they would really be in much too early, for the hundred and fifty miles were nothing with such a wind. What would the others say to changing their course and setting it a few miles farther south, perhaps to Kunna? It was a pleasure sailing in such weather! Kristàver's answer was a good-humored smile, so the *Sea-Flower* set the new course, and the others followed. If this weather continued, they would do the seven hundred miles in four days.

Damnitall-with-the-limp was most anxious to get home this year not because there would be any one standing on the beach to welcome him, but because his great wealth had shrunk so much during the last week or two up at the station. Kaneles had taken a good lump with him to the bottom of the West Fiord, and the station-king had taken many large notes from him because he had guaranteed for several of those who were lost in the storm. What of that? It was not exactly amusing to be a king one day and a beggar the next, but it was at least a consolation to be on the way home. Home? Why, certainly he was going home. And so he stood at the helm, his weather-beaten face wreathed in smiles, and every now and then hummed to himself, "Oh dear, Maria! Oho!"

Late that evening they passed the beacon-light outside Kunna, and the next day they continued their voyage with the same fair wind. There was a fleet of square-sailed boats thronging through the sounds, between small islands and rocks that hid them from one another, so that only a topsail and a pennon could be seen flying along on the other side. Then they came into open water again. The number of Nordland boats became smaller and smaller as they kept turning in along the Helgeland shore to their homes, and here their southern boundary was reached.

The days grew brighter, and the sun's rays hotter, and soon there were only Stads boats sailing southward along the gray coast. The waves

rolled in toward the long wall of mountains that towered into the sky, and the heat of the sun caused masses of snow to loosen from their sides and fall with a noise like thunder into the sea; but this time everything was bright and clear. The islands were washed by the waves until they shone; the sea-birds floated on the water and uttered glad cries. It was the mating-season, and soon the females would walk up the rock to lay their eggs behind some convenient stone. The snowy mountain-tops were no longer hidden in sea-mist; they were bathed in light, and turned crimson in the sunset glow. It was as though land and sea were already adorning themselves for the summer with its hot, endless days and its crimson-flaming night skies.

The boats sailed past a patch of cultivated ground in a mountain cleft, where the sheep were out already; and the scent of the damp earth made the fishermen's nostrils quiver, and awakened hopes of real spring when they reached home, with the cuckoo calling in the woods and the starling whistling on the roof. Now the men in the Aafjord boats were waving their sou'-westers. Good-by! They turned into their fiord, the first Stads men to reach home. Weather-beaten men in heavy sea-boots went into cottages along the beach in there, carrying with them an odor of the salt sea and of tar. Welcome home! And no sooner did a man sit down than he felt two little arms thrown round his neck.

The boats that were going still farther south met a flying triangle high up in the sky, going north. "Gak! gak!" it said. Tastes differ. The gray goose had grown homesick for some desolate shore on the Arctic Ocean far, far north.

The snow had thawed early in the fiord that year. In the lowlands the fields were already being harrowed, and women might often be seen upon the beach, shading their eyes with their hands, and looking down the fiord for the glimpse of a sail.

No one could see past Blue Hill, however, so the children were sent up the rocks, for there they could see a long way, right out to the blue sea.

§ 4

No one had received any tidings, no one knew anything definite, but it was the time when the Lofoten men might be expected. One wife rubbed her nose and said that Ola would be home soon because her nose itched; another said she had had such a lifelike dream that they were coming, and a third felt it in her bones. To make sure of being ready in time, they began scrubbing and cleaning the little cottages, chopping up juniper twigs with which to strew the floor, and putting clean sheets on the beds. And it would not be amiss, either, to give a little cleaning to one's self, for perhaps it had not been done quite lately.

Even Andreas Ekra's wife, Anna Martha, clambered down from her loom and said, "Damn!" and began a thorough cleaning. She had, it was true, sworn that she would make up a bed for Andreas in the cow-shed when he came back, because he never sent her a line from Lofoten all the winter. But the sun was shining so brightly, and the magpie and the starling were chattering round the house and building their nests, and all that sort of thing is infectious. Anna Martha bustled about and swore that those who had common sense should use it; it was quite likely that Andreas had

not been very warm and dry this winter, either. And when the cottage was ready and the bed made up, she went along the beach, like the others, to look down the fiord and wait.

Up in a little red-painted cottage pretty Berit Hylla was sweeping and scrubbing, and had never been busier in her life. Her husband's coffin had come home during the winter, and he was laid in the churchyard. One thing was certain, and that was that he would never beat her again; but now when the other wives were cleaning and tidying and expecting their husbands, she involuntarily began to do the same. When the house was clean and tidy both outside and in, she washed the children and dressed them in their Sunday clothes, and sat down for a few minutes to talk to them about their father.

She could not, of course, be expecting in the way that the others were, but, nevertheless, when she saw the neighbors' children come flying down the hill, all trying to be first, she knew that they must have seen sails far down the fiord, and the next moment she had begun to make herself tidy. She scrubbed herself thoroughly, and then, standing in the sunshine, let down her thick, red-gold hair, plaited it, and twisted it into a knot low down at the back of her head. When this was done, she put on a clean chemise and a red petticoat, and over all a dress of blue home-woven material, and then seated herself at the window with her youngest child on her lap to watch, she, too, for sails.

Old Ola Gomon, at the little farm up among the hills, had become very infirm of late. Things did not always go well when one could no longer see well enough to be able to work, and he would sit all day by the stove, constantly replenishing it, and gazing into the flames. He had now quite made up his mind that when Kaneles came back from Lofoten he would speak seriously to him and tell him he must get married. If he *would* go to the fisheries, he must, at any rate, see that there was a grown-up woman in the house; and besides it would be a good thing if the children came while he, the old man, was able to rock the cradle. Rock the cradle, yes. He! he! Many an evening this winter he had sat gazing into the stove, humming to himself and saying, "Hush! hush!"

The snow still lay deep up on the hills, but one day a starling stood whistling upon the roof. This roused the old man. "A starling!" he said. "Then the Lofoten men must be on their way home!" He groped his way to the door. The sun was shining, and the eaves were dripping. He made his way to the big birch-tree that stood at the corner of the house, and felt that there was sap in its bark. "Lina," he called to the girl as she came from the cow-shed, "go and see if there are any Lofoten sails on the fiord."

"Very well, Father, but—"

"Now just go at once!"

The pale young girl took what she was carrying into the house, and then went up the hill. Her father knew well that Kaneles would not be coming, for the priest had been up some time ago and told them so as gently as he could; but the old man's mind was failing, and he had forgotten it already. Occasionally an uneasy feeling would take possession of him, and he would gaze at her in fear and ask if it were true or only a bad dream, for he had dreamed something dreadful

about Kaneles in the night. And then he would dismiss it from his thoughts and feel for his pipe. No, he was quite determined that Kaneles should marry, and marry soon, too.

A day or two later he insisted on going up on to the hill where he had stood many a time when he still had his eyesight and gazed out toward the sea. His daughter only made him angry by refusing to take him, so she led him past the worst snow-drifts, and found a good place on a rocky knoll for him to stand.

The wind blew through his long white hair and beard as he stood. He wore a faded, red-pointed woolen cap on his head, and upon his back his braces were crossed over a thick, knitted woolen vest. The weather was so warm that he did not need even a waistcoat. The young girl standing beside him, bareheaded, was thin and pale from her lonely life with too much work, and from sorrow for the brother whom she would never see again.

She looked at the fiord far below, between lowlands and mountains, broad and blue in the north wind and the sunshine. Far out toward the sea rose bare mountains, with the snow upon their long undulating ridges looking yellow and red in the sunshine. When she turned she saw the same fiord in another direction, and here it was gradually merged in a yellowish mist. Far within it lay the town that she longed to see some day.

"Do you see any boats?" asked the old man as he shaded his eyes with his hand from long habit and looked in the right direction.

"Yes; no, it 's a steamer. And then there 's a ship; but I don't see any Lofoten boats."

"Eh!" The old man grew irritable. "They can't be far off now. You must look more carefully."

"Yes, but you 'd better come home with me now, Father. We can come up here another time."

"No, we 'll wait a little longer. But you 'll have the house to tidy up, and I suppose you 've got a clean shirt for Kaneles?"

"Oh, yes; but—" The girl turned and moved away a little.

"What are you crying for, girl? Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, Father!"

She dried her eyes well enough for her to see the fiord again, and suddenly began to gaze intently. Far out a sail had come into sight, a tall, square sail; and there was another. One was white, and the other was tanned. And there came yet another. They were coming up the fiord with the in-fiord wind. Still more appeared, a number all together; and now there was no doubt as to their being Lofoten boats. She made an exclamation.

"What is it? Can you see anything?"

"Yes, now. They 're coming now."

"No, really? Are they really coming? Can you see them plainly?"

"Yes, they 're coming now."

"He! he! Yes, of course. There they come." And the old man shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed, too, but it was only recollections of former days that he saw. He had stood here many a time when his sight had been different from what it was now, and he could see the blue fiord and all the bright sails; and Kaneles was on one of those boats. It was all a memory, but to him it was as clear as daylight.

"They won't take long now to come up the fiord," he said, "with such a wind. Hurry up and get the house

"The wind blew through his long white hair and beard"

made straight, girl! And you must make yourself tidy; and I expect I need a good wash, too. Come along. We must hurry."

The young girl did not dare to oppose him, and she felt she could not remind him of what he knew as well as she did. He was getting old.

So she tidied the house, and then attended to her father, who declared he would put on his Sunday clothes. If only he had not taken it into his head that he would go down to the shore to meet Kaneles! He made her harness the little dun fiord-horse that had been in the stable all the winter

because there had been no one to use it. They had meant to sell it in the autumn, but Kaneles had been fond of it. She gave in to her father at last, for there would be no harm in meeting the other men and hearing what they had to tell about her brother; and, besides, they would have brought his chest with them, and perhaps some clothes.

The ragged little horse was almost blinded by the light when it emerged from the dark stable. She harnessed it to the sledge, however, and then, dressed in a cloak that had been her mother's, and with two thin yellow plaits hanging down her back, drove down the hills, her father sitting with his back to the horse, holding on.

When they reached the lowlands they had to leave the sledge and borrow a cart. People looked after them as they drove along; they guessed where the old man was going.

The same bright, mild weather continued, and people were watching from more than twenty cottages along the shore when the first boat came round the headland.

Strange to say, Andreas Ekra had not arrived yet; but God's ways are wonderful. At Folla a wave had beaten in his water-board, and he had to go ashore and patch it up; so every one understood that it had been so ordained by Providence in order that he should not arrive before the others.

Several sails appeared, making straight up the fiord for the districts higher up; but one turned in. It was the *Sea-Fire,* Peter Suzansa's boat; and as the first Lofoten boat came over the bay, it seemed to the people standing on the beach that she had come on a visit to them all.

The next was Andreas Ekra on the *Storm-Bird.* People recognized the boat, and said that was Andreas. He drew in the sheet and rounded the headland so close-hauled that the water foamed around him. Then came another, the *Seal;* and as she had to go in farthest, she made a wider turn, with well filled sails and the spray dashing from her bows. And last of all came one with tanned sails, making so sharp a turn that the water seethed around her. This was the *Sea-Flower.*

Every one was walking or running down from the cottages, the children flying past the old folk hobbling along with sticks. The beach round the gray boat-houses was black with people when the boats turned; the sails were lowered, the grapnel splashed into the sea, and the first small boat came rowing in to land.

To a man who had been away for a long time, and was now rowing in toward it, the beach was like an old friend. The sand was washed by the sea and dried by the sun and the wind, and at the top of the slope nearest the grass lay a line of brown seaweed. As Kristàver stepped out on to the sand, he was met by his old mother. It was not the first time she had welcomed her son home, but every time it was as if he came as a gift from God and from the sea. The weather-beaten man would have shaken hands with her, but a child was already hanging on to each of his hands, and he walked up the beach with them. He had seen Màrya with the youngest child on her arm up by the boat-house, and supposed she did not want to push herself forward; but she was the principal person for him to-day. She was looking at him with frightened eyes. He had come back to her once more, but

what was the good of that if he was going away again next winter? This was only like a visit.

Kristàver's face was all smiles. So much had happened since they had parted, and he would have liked to put his arms round her and tell her that it was splendid of her to manage everything so well while he was away, but there were many people about.

"Good day," was all he said, adding, "You 've come down with all the family?"

"Yes. Good day," she replied with a smile. "Welcome home."

"Thank you," he said, and tried to take the baby's tiny hand in his. How big and rough his hand looked beside the little white baby hand! "I believe you 're afraid of your own father!" Kristàver said. "Have you forgotten me? Yes, he really has!" And he laughed as the child screamed, and clung to its mother's neck.

Lars had to go back with the boat to fetch the others. He had imagined that he would be the center of this home-coming, and, after all, he was nothing: it was father, nothing but father all the time. And as to Oluf, why he had come and pretended that they two were equals! But the boy would have to understand that in the future he must give way in everything to his elder brother, who was a Lofoten man.

Henry Rabben's tall, pretty wife wore a black dress, with a bright-colored kerchief on her head, and when Henry came toward her, he was overcome with shyness at the sight of her beauty. Gurina Awsan had brought a can of coffee for Arnt, and she at once took him behind the boat-house so that he could have something hot to drink. There was no embrace, no shaking of hands; the two simply stood looking at one another from a little distance, and then smiled and tried to say something commonplace.

"You 're out in this fine weather, are you?" he said, and she replied by saying:

"Yes; and you 're sailing?" Perhaps their breath came a little more quickly than usual, and there was a peculiar brightness in their faces; a whole winter had passed, and they had gone through experiences of one kind and another, both she who had been left at home and he who had been away.

There was an old, toothless woman waiting, too, the wife of Elias Flata, whom Kristàver had taken on for the last of their time up north. The bow-legged old man of seventy wanted to show off to his old woman, and trudged about the beach in Elezeus Hylla's sea-boots, and found all manner of things to see to. Surely the old woman did not suppose that he had time to stand shaking hands and saying, "Good day," and, "Welcome home"! He was a Lofoten man again, and had to look after everything.

While the people were still standing about, two children came running down a path, followed by a woman who called to them to come back and go home. The children, however, were determined to go down to the beach, like all the others, and now people saw that they were Elezeus Hylla's children, a boy and a little girl of five or six.

They were down before their mother could catch them, and Berit herself, almost without knowing how she came there, found herself in the midst of the throng.

"Anna! Peter! Come with me now!" she called in despair.

A silence fell upon those standing near her, and they all looked at the children. Berit raised her head, and her glance passed from one to another until it rested upon the head-man, as if there were something she wanted to ask him about.

People forgot what they were doing to look at this pretty young woman with the golden hair; and when the little girl asked, "Where 's father?" a thrill passed through them. At last the old woman from Myran went up to her and said: "Poor little thing! Your father 'll be coming soon," and their mother, holding a child by the hand on each side of her, began to retrace her steps.

On seeing this, Kristàver followed her, and when she turned, he held out his hand. A solemn silence fell on all around, and they heard him say:

"Well, well, Berit, things 'll all come right. You 'll see."

The tears came into her eyes, but she only asked if they had Elezeus's provision-chest with them, and Lars, who then came up, promised to wheel it out to her some time that evening.

As she went slowly up the path with the two children, many a gaze followed her, but she did not look back.

Busy youngsters were occupied in carrying things up from the boat; it was no easy matter to drag along father's leather trousers or oilskin coat. Just as they were about to separate and go home, a cart drawn by a small horse came down the road. A young girl was sitting in front, driving, and behind sat an old man with white hair and beard, holding on tightly. The girl's face wore a faint smile, as if in apology for coming.

They stopped, and the girl got down and held the horse's head while the old man clambered down from the cart. Considering what her father was like, the girl could see now what a mistake it was for them to have come.

"Is that you, Ola?" said Kristàver, going up to the old man; but his features were drawn as if with pain, and he was as pale as it was possible for a weather-beaten fisherman to be. He stood before the father of the man of whom he had let go that night they were shipwrecked on the West Fiord.

The old, half-blind man was now wearing his broad-brimmed, black church-hat; his coat of homespun was quite short, and had silver buttons both in front and behind. He came straight up to Kristàver, with his stick in his hand.

"Good day," he said cheerfully. "So here you are, then! It *is* you, I suppose, Kristàver? He! he! Ah, well, it 's not the first winter you 've sailed, is it?" He stopped and leaned upon his stick. "Well, well, but where 's Kaneles?"

No one replied, and from where the horse was standing a girl's voice was heard calling:

"Father! Father, come here!"

The old man looked round.

"Come here!" he said, imitating her. "Are n't you able to hold that little horse, a strong girl like you?" And he turned to Kristàver again. "Yes, what 's become of Kaneles? Has n't he come ashore yet?" He waited for a little while, and then went on again: "He surely has n't got hold of a woman already, has he? He! he! he! But they 're always running after that boy. But what 's he like at sea? He 's a good seaman, is n't he?"

One or two women sighed and slipped away, and gradually the sight of this old man, with the red-rimmed,

half-blind eyes, standing and asking after his son, made them all silent and anxious to slink away.

"Kaneles, yes," said Kristàver, at length, looking down at the sand; but he bit his lip and got no further.

"Are n't you here then, boy?" The old man became impatient, and began looking round him and calling "Kaneles!" Then turning in the direction in which he supposed the boat lay, he called more loudly: "Kaneles! Are you still on board?"

There was no answer; but then Kristàver's mother went up to the old man.

"Poor Ola!" she said. "Have you forgotten what the priest came and told you?"

The old man passed his hand over his eyes. "The priest!" he said. "The priest! Yes, yes, I seem to have dreamed something about—is it true that—that Kaneles—was drowned? You 're the head-man, Kristàver. You must know all about it. What 's become of Kaneles?"

"Father!" cried the young girl, once more. "Father, come here!"

"Yes, Kaneles was drowned," said Kristàver, sadly. "We thought you knew about it."

The old man tried to collect his thoughts, and to see from the faces of those to whom he was speaking what this really meant. He rubbed his eyes and strove to rouse recollection, and blurred memories of a bad dream returned. But was it anything more than a dream about Kaneles? Was it—was it true?

"Well, well," he said at last, looking up, and holding on his hat as if he were in a wind. "Well, well, so that 's how it is!"

It was the greatest effort Kristàver could ever remember having to make when he took the old man's hand and said as he pressed it:

"It was God's will, Ola. And if there 's anything we can help you with now, you can rely upon us."

"He! he! that 's how it is, then. Well, well." And he turned to his daughter again. "Lina, we may as well go back. Kaneles won't be coming with us."

The few people now remaining separated and went to their respective cottages. Kristàver walked with heavy steps, and yet—and yet that cottage was his home.

The young girl and her old father drove away through the lowland district. They had Kaneles's chest with them, and a bundle of clothes upon which the old man sat, with his back to the horse, holding on with both hands. He had already forgotten what had taken place down on the beach, and recollections from previous years were all that remained in his mind. Every now and then as they went up a hill he would say, "Are n't we soon on the flat, Lina, so that Kaneles can get up?"

Farther on they had to exchange the cart for the sledge again, and they then drove on up the hills in the blue twilight. The old man chattered all the time about Kaneles.

"I 'll say it to him this very evening," he said. "He must get married now while I 'm still able to look after the children a little. Oh, yes, I can still see well enough to rock a cradle."

The little horse was pulling sturdily up the hills, and the young girl, sitting behind it in her mother's cloak, holding the reins, was thinking what good friends Dunnie and Kaneles had been, and that she would give the horse an

extra good feed when they reached home.

The wide, blue fiord sank lower and lower as they climbed, and the white ridges of the West Mountains grew rosy red in the glow of the sunset. On the waters of the bay, not far from land, lay the stately Lofoten boats, with their white sheer-strakes, high rigging, and red pennons. They had returned from a long voyage, and now lay there peacefully, as if after a battle.

There was still a man on board the *Sea-Flower*, and it was the head-man himself, Jacob. He was rummaging about in the cabin, making himself tidy. He washed his face in a bucket of sea-water, and dried it on an old blouse, and then combed his thick hair and beard with his fingers. The shaggy sea-bear was making himself spruce, and to-morrow, perhaps, he would go the length of shaving his upper lip.

The kettle was sputtering on the little stove, and he meant, when he had had a good meal of salt pork, bread, and sausage, to make himself a "coffee-doctor" and smoke a pipe of shag. Things of this sort never taste so well as when you have just come home.

To-morrow he would go to bed and sleep for a week, and then he would go to town and sell his cod-liver and go on the spree. If he got away from that with a whole skin, he would sail back again, beach the *Sea-Flower*, and clean and paint her so that she would look like a bride, after which he would creep into the cabin to sleep until the following winter, when he could set out on a new Lofoten voyage. That was his life.

Home? Well, he had sailed his hardest all those miles, and then there was not a soul to meet him on the beach and bid him welcome! Perhaps not, but home is a strange thing. The men that had gone to their cottages, to wives and children, would be washed by women's hands and have good food and a soft bed. That was the way they liked to have things.

But Jacob was no worse off in his way than they. When his meal was finished, he went out and sat on a thwart with his pipe and his "coffee-doctor," looking landward. It was beautiful in the bay now. The black-cock was courting in the woods, the moon was scattering silver gleams upon the water, and the lights in the cottage windows blinked at him. There was a headland on each side of the bay, and they had been his friends ever since he was a boy, and now he could sit here and look at them once more. "Home!" the two headlands say to him. "Welcome home, Jacob!"

When the snow is melting on the hills, a brook generally begins to run up in the glen. There it is! He can hear the same trickling that he has often heard before. "Home!" it says. Later, when it is quite dark, with only the moon shining, the waves, too, begin to croon and sing upon the beach. "Home!" they say, and make a little song about it; and he sits and listens to it.

Yes, it is wonderful how everything seems to know that this evening Jacob has come home at last.

§ 5

One winter not long after, Lars was reading hard for his examinations at the teachers' college. It was as though he were trying with work to escape from thoughts that troubled him a

little. Oluf was now with his father in Lofoten, while he himself sat here, warm and comfortable. His father and Henry Rabben had guaranteed for him at the bank, so that he could come to the college. He accepted help from the fishermen and went his own way, and his only comfort was that he would be their spokesman when once he had come so far.

He had had a Lofoten letter from Oluf that day. Stormy weather, bad fishing. Oluf had made up his mind to leave the sea and go to America in the spring.

"And father!" thought Lars. His father would be too proud to oppose Oluf. He would even help him with money for his passage to America; but what would his own secret feeling be about it?

"Mother draws us to land, one after the other."

He sat with his book before him, thinking over this strange conflict between his father and his mother. His father could be so strong and authoritative, but he always let her get the victory; and the pale, frightened-looking woman, who was half beside herself every winter and yet managed everything and worked so well, took from him one son after another, although she knew how much he needed them. And he—why, his face always brightened when he spoke to her, and he thought her perfect.

Lars bent over his book and began reading again. He must get rid of these thoughts about his father.

The following winter Kristàver sailed to Lofoten with no son on board. Oluf was in America, and Tosten was not old enough.

No one ever imagined that this strong man with the easy walk and bright nature went through dark hours in which he would have liked to hide himself from every one. This was especially on their way north, the last night at Grötö before crossing the West Fiord, when he could not sleep. It was not that, like any of the others, he might to-morrow have to stand in the presence of God. There was something worse than that for him: Kaneles Gomon might appear to him. "You let go of me, but you saved yourself!"

If he could only find out without doubt whether it had been humanly possible for him to hold Kaneles a minute longer, for if it had been, he would probably be alive now. And to-morrow he had to cross the West Fiord.

Some men thought he sailed more madly than before; they said he sailed like an idiot. But it was just that in stormy weather he saw Kaneles, and he reasoned that if he were guilty, he would not escape in any case. He sailed madly, but he sailed like a man.

Lars became a teacher in an inland parish far from the sea. He was restless and excitable, and had a thousand irons in the fire, now a lecture, now young people's clubs, and now libraries. Like his mother, he could never sit still; but the fact was that he was not happy so far from the sea. He often caught himself longing for a wild sail over foaming billows, especially if his father stood at the helm like a sea-god.

This had to be got rid of by reading. It was a new way of rowing. He wanted to advance, fresh examinations, higher up. He had some experience of what it was to keep on rowing if there were some place you wanted to reach.

A letter came from his mother in a small, unformed hand to say that his father had died in Lofoten. He had long gone with a sore upon his thigh to which he paid no heed, and one day it grew very bad, and he had died in hospital.

Lars went home, and for the first time for many years saw the little houses buried in snow. His father, like Elezeus Hylla, had come south in his coffin. He was lying in the barn, and Lars and his mother had gone up there together in the cold and lifted the lid off.

Kristàver lay in a white shirt, with his hands folded upon his breast. His fair hair was still curly, but his short beard had begun to turn gray. Lars, with the knowledge acquired by study, was now able to appreciate the masculine beauty of this head. His brow had become lined, perhaps from sorrows that his sons may have occasioned him; but now he looked happy again, as if he could see Màrya, even though his eyes were closed. But to Lars those closed eyes seemed to say, "Have you become a gentleman now, Lars?"

Tosten, the third son, was then seventeen and had already been out two winters with his father; and this spring he stood on the head-man's thwart and sailed the *Seal* home from Lofoten.

His mother drew him to the land, too, however. That same spring they sold the boats and fishing gear and the Myran buildings; and then came her great day. She moved inland.

Kristàver's mother had died some years before, and Màrya had only her four children with her when at last she turned her back on the sea.

She led the bell-cow herself, while Tosten sat on the top of the furniture-load and drove, and the other children kept the sheep together. At last they were turning their backs on the sea!

Màrya walked quickly. She never noticed that the others often turned and looked back.

There was a smell of spring by the sea, a smell of wet sand, of seaweed, of fish; but when they had passed Lindegaard the air held a fragrance of leafage, of fields, of flowers. Then they came to the valley, with its wooded sides and rushing river, where the sun shone, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of bird-cherry and pine. Oh, what a day! Mountains stood shelteringly on the north and west; the wild winter storms could not reach this; the evil years were past.

"Are you crying, Mother?" asked the youngest boy.

"Oh, I can easily laugh," she answered, drying her eyes and laughing.

The cow she was leading was old. It was Russia, with her white head and fine horns tipped with brass buttons. She was fifteen years old, but Màrya had never been willing to part with her. She walked slowly, but a little way up the valley she raised her head and began to sniff the air, recalling the summer pasture up here where she had grazed so many summers, and she quickened her pace as well as she could.

At last they came to the little farm, consisting of two gray buildings, dwelling-house and cow-shed, on a patch of cultivated ground on a hillside. It was not far from Màrya's old home, and she felt at home here at last.

"But it 's so dark here!" whimpered Jonetta, when they came into the house.

"There was a smell of spring by the sea"

"Little silly!" said her mother.

Later on the youngest boy said plaintively:

"Is n't there any sea here, Mother?"

And so their life in the new place began. For Màrya the days passed happily. There was no wind, no anxiety, no waves breaking and keeping her awake. She folded her hands in the evening when she went to bed. At last she had found God again.

When winter came, however, Tosten went about moodily. He was thinking how he might now have been headman on the *Seal*. He had to work as a day-laborer at farms in order to earn a little money, but he was not a genius in farming. He was always in a dreamy condition, longing for the open sea and a regular storm; and he looked at his mother with angry eyes because she had persuaded him to leave the sea.

They could cultivate their land, his mother said. Very well, but where was the money to do it with? He could not understand that there was money to be earned by digging in the earth; money was to be made by a good fishing-season, something good that comes suddenly, like a lottery.

That was what his father thought: that was how it was on the sea.

In the winter evenings the children would sit round the stove and want to hear about their father; but their mother drew back, as it were, into the darkness and would not answer them. It was Tosten who told them about him, and Màrya could see how their eyes were fixed upon him, and with what avidity they took in all that he told them. "Father! The sea! Lofoten! Tell us more!" The youngest boy played with a wooden shoe on the floor, the shoe being the *Seal* and the floor the West Fiord.

Màrya sighed. Kristàver was dead, but now it was his turn to draw the children toward him. Would he ever be able to drag them from her and out to sea again?

She was determined that this should not be, and began to do all she could to entice them to her. She tried to make the house look nice, and toiled herself to save them from working as far as she could. If only she could teach them to be as happy here as she herself was!

She would not confess, however, that she often lay awake at night listening vaguely for something. Was she beginning to miss the sound of the waves, the wind, the anxiety? Had she been as good to Kristàver as she should have been? Had she done wrong in selling Myran and the boats and all he had toiled for? Had she made the children homeless? The nights were long.

Toward the end of the summer she made a pretext for going down to the old home, which was now occupied by new people. As she stood looking out over the smooth, sunlit water, she wondered that she had never before seen how beautiful it was, nor understood how bright it made its surroundings, and that the waves were not always foaming angrily, but could also sing a crooning song, like the singing of a little child. She gazed and wondered, and as she went up through the valley again, she felt as if she had been to see Kristàver.

She often afterward lay listening for the sound of the waves, and at last seemed to hear it distinctly, until it became a habit with her to conjure it up every evening when she folded her hands, and it became a song, a hymn, that she and Kristàver sang together. "Forgive me, Kristàver!"

She went down to the sea once more as a little pilgrimage to him, but she dared not take the younger children with her.

The following winter Tosten went to the town to earn a little money, but there he was even more dissatisfied than before, and at last went as a half-share man to Lofoten. Màrya heard of it only after he got there.

Hé might have been head-man on the *Seal*, and he was only a half-share man; and he did not think kindly of his mother. In the spring he wrote to her, saying that the fishing had been bad, and that if he was to make any money to work the farm with, he must do something worth doing, so he was going to America.

He did not even come home first; perhaps he did not think it was a home any longer.

Perhaps not, thought Màrya, and her back became more bent. They were hard times for those left on the little farm, and at night Màrya would sometimes listen for the sound of the waves and pray, with folded hands, "Forgive me, for Christ's sake!"

§ 6

A well dressed man came ashore from the steamer. He was getting on to forty, had fair, curly hair, a short, reddish beard and mustache, and well marked features. It was Lars Myran, now the headmaster of a school. He walked a little way along the water's-edge, stopping every now and then to look about him.

He breathed the familiar atmosphere of sea-water, seaweed, and tar. The fishermen's cottages were still standing round the bay, but most of them were now painted either red or white. A new generation had come to them, and times were quite changed.

There was not a sail to be seen on the fiord. There were steamers, and the *doonk-doonk* of motor-boats could be heard. The gray boathouses were still standing, but no Lofoten boats protruded from them, and no sailing-vessels were anchored near the shore. The day of sailing-boats had gone by; the Lofoten voyage of hundreds of miles was a thing of the past. The men who sailed them were dead or aged, and the boats were broken up. The modern motor fisherman is an industrial workman on the sea, who smokes cigarettes and is a member of a trades-union.

Lars Myran sighed. And yet the neighborhood was the same, the fiord was the same, the West Mountains stood as they always did, with their snowy ridges. It was only the people that were different. Ah, yes!

It is a strange thing to make a pilgrimage to one's childhood. It is not easy to find it again. His home was once in one of those cottages, and now strangers lived there; and his mother, who moved up into the valley, was left there all alone one day, for the children went away one after another. They never seemed to be able to settle there, though it was a nice little farm; and now she was dead, and the children were scattered all over the world. Time passes.

Lars wandered on past the cottages. He was carrying a bag, but he knew of no place where he could obtain a night's lodging. What did it matter? Once he had been at home everywhere.

"Good day," he said, stopping at a cottage where a woman was washing clothes. It was Ellen—Ellen Koya, as she was once called.

"Good day," she said, looking at him curiously.

"Do you remember me, Ellen?"

"No." She stared at him. Was it likely she would know a town man like this?

"Don't you know that we two are man and wife? We were once married in a barn."

"No! Well, I never!" she exclaimed, slapping her thigh and breaking into a laugh. "Is it really you, Lars? Oh, I beg your pardon! I ought n't to be so familiar."

She was still pretty, although she was a worn woman with five children. Her husband had once been a fisherman, but was now working in a factory in town. That was how it had gone with so many.

They chatted together for a little while, and then he went on, his mind filled with memories of former times. To make progress in one direction is to give things up in another. Such is life, and there is no help for it.

At one of the boat-houses he suddenly stopped. What was that? A long boat, turned keel upward, burned by the sun and weather-worn. It was

a Lofoten boat. Lars walked round it, and found a name on the bow, a few letters of which were just legible. The name was *Sea-Flower*.

He stood still, with lips compressed. He remembered Jacob, Damnitall-with-the-limp: he had good reason for remembering him. And there lay the boat!

He stood looking at it for a long time before he went on.

He met various acquaintances with whom he chatted, and then caught sight of a very old man raking hay on a piece of ground below one of the cottages. His gray hair and beard were thick, and—was it possible?—he limped! Lars stopped again and, after looking intently at the old man, shouted:

"Good day, Jacob."

The old man looked up from his work and said, "Good day," and then went on raking. He was wearing a red, pointed cap, and his sunken eyes were bloodshot.

"You 're haymaking, are you?" said Lars.

"That 's so," said the old man. "And who may you be?"

"Don't *you* know me either, Jacob?"

"No." He looked the stranger up and down.

"Well, if you had n't saved me in a storm one night, I should n't be standing here now."

"Is that so?" The old man laughed and considered; but he had saved many. But when Lars told him who he was, he looked at him again, shading his eyes with his hand, and then exclaimed: "Damn it all, if I don't believe it 's true! For you 're the very image of your father. So it 's you, is it, Lars!"

"How old are you now, Jacob?"

"Well, people say I 'm over ninety; but that 's nothing when you 're hale and hearty."

"Are you boarded with some one now?"

"Oh, yes, worse luck! I came upon the parish at last."

"And you have n't sold the *Sea-Flower*, I see."

"No. I thought we two should go to pieces together." And the old man began raking again. He would have to keep at it if there was to be any chance of a few pence for tobacco from the people with whom he was boarded.

(The end of "The Last of the Vikings")

Prudence Militant

E. W. Howe: Village Sage

By Carl Van Doren

In the annals of America there is a chapter to be written on the influence of the cross-roads tavern and the corner grocery. There the neighborhood wits and wise men have regularly come together, scanning the national horizon and bringing topics home for local commentary. They have measured the most complex events by simple rules; they have wondered and cursed and laughed that such fuss should be made over far-away affairs; they have yarned and gossiped; they have turned universal wisdom into the dry vernacular; they have helped popular opinions to be born. Now and then one of these wits and wise men is something of a poet or a saint, touching the conversation with a little radiance; but most of them walk close to the smooth path of common sense. They know only those things which they have heard many times. They feel confident about only those things which have been tried, and tried many times. Even when they venture into longer speculations, they venture cautiously. Religion in their talk becomes ethics, government becomes politics, economics becomes business, love becomes obscenity or matrimony, manners become conventions; all the virtues come down to prudence. The heretic among them either shrinks from the stout front which they present or else elaborates his rebellion into a custom which they endure only if he has been prudent in his own life. Partly with incredulity and partly with contempt they greet reports of idealism unless it is idealism standardized and recognized. Everywhere they are the same. As the tavern disappears before prohibition and the corner grocery before the mail-order catalogue, the wits and wise men find new lounging-places, in clubs, in the smoking-rooms of railway trains, in all the minor caucuses of ordinary life. But the channel of folk-disquisition, though thus widened, has not been greatly shifted.

§ 2

Out of this tradition emerges the figure that has most conspicuously of late brought genius to the task of putting rural wisdom into speech. The newspaper which E. W. Howe long owned and edited in Atchison gave him a provincial reputation and made him an independent fortune, but it is for his fiction and for "E. W. Howe's Monthly," founded after he retired from daily journalism, that he is really known. The steady animus with which he keeps thrusting at men of letters for their folly and uselessness can not disguise the fact that he himself is one of them. Only a man with a powerful urge could have been faithful for a dozen years to the task

of writing the whole of a monthly magazine; only a man with a notable literary gift could have given expression to so much matter in a manner so precise, so lucid, so arresting, so personal. For sheer skill in making words serve him he has no superior and few equals among his contemporaries. He is a master of the difficult trick of the aphorist. And back of this deftness there lies, unquestionably, a store of art and passion. He who is a scourge of wits and poets, is himself a wit and a poet. He owes his habit of scourging such fellows to differences in doctrine rather than to differences in temper. He blames them because they rebel too often, he thinks, against the plain and natural order of life.

Yet he has been a rebel in his time. "The Story of a Country Town," written before Mr. Howe was thirty, was to the novels of its decade what "Moby Dick" had been to the romances of an earlier decade. It broke a pattern and shouldered its way among the fragments. In a year in which Mark Twain with "Life on the Mississippi" and Joel Chandler Harris with "Nights with Uncle Remus" and James Whitcomb Riley with "The Old Swimmin' Hole" were proclaiming the heroic or the quaint or the sentimental qualities of their particular regions, Mr. Howe exhibited his community as cramped and moldy. The men of Twin Mounds were futile, argumentative, boastful, discontented, envious, and mean. They loafed and waited for miracles to happen to them. They invented and spread scandals, they laid claim to wickedness they did not dare to practise, they walked in a stodgy round of orthodoxies. When Mr. Howe wanted to create a personage among them he created *Lytle Biggs*, who lived to vex the town by saying bitter things about it and about mankind in general. When he wanted to construct a dramatic story he did not know how to find all he needed in the actual life of the neighborhood, but lugged in items which he had picked up from romantic melodrama—a dark wood, a mysteriously tolling bell, chests of curious treasures, hidden identities, murder at a ford. He wrote his novel not, as novels were then being written, in the manner of a more or less comic idyl, but in that of a saga.

His special distinction as a novelist, indeed, is that he has something of that incomparable, irrecoverable art which went into the making of the Icelandic sagas. The likeness seems to lie less in his technic than in his tone. He is curt, downright, conversant with affairs, incapable of superstition, level in speech about the most stirring matters. These traits persisted even when, in "The Anthology of Another Town," published within a few months of "Main Street," he returned after nearly forty years to his first theme with a rather greater inclination to miscellaneous gossip. Talking, for instance, about *Jim* and *Dan Ayres*, he tells how these two, when boys in Virginia, played truant from Sunday school and went through the woods toward a commotion which they heard beyond, though they were both afraid their father would whip them for running away. "They walked, and walked, and walked. All the time the commotion over beyond the Big Woods became more pronounced, but they could n't tell what it was. They forded streams, and were chased by strange dogs,

but kept on; from ten o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. They had nothing to eat, and they did n't know that they could ever find their way back, because they were in a country strange to them. But they kept on, and a little after three o'clock, as a reward for their perseverance, they walked into the battle of Bull Run." Here the story ends without a word of comment; but in less than two pages of quiet prose it has set a stage and brought to a thrilling climax an action which is alive with historical irony.

In the "Anthology" Mr. Howe still has his old sense of the dullness of most human lives. Once, he says, he went to talk to an old man expecting to hear something memorable and found the old man could recall nothing more worth recalling out of his seventy-seven years than the fact that long ago he had killed a squirrel with a rifle when several men had shot at it and missed. "In his day there were bears and deer and buffaloes, but he never killed one. He was once young and rode about looking for adventures, but never found any. In the early days there were bold and wicked men, but they never disturbed him. For seventy-odd years he has locked his doors and fastened his windows at night, but has never been robbed. In seventy-seven years he has never had an illness worth recalling. The wind and lightning have threatened more than three quarters of a century without hitting him." But if the earlier sense of irony persists, the earlier bitterness is gone. The mayor of the town, after all his efforts to make *George Coulter's* funeral a success, has to ask who the dead man was; yet the account of the ceremonies, sly with comedy as it is, is also full of a neighborly tolerance for little folkways. Mr. Howe, the book makes it seem, has become generously reconciled to the village.

§ 3

This evolution is one of the most interesting things about him, and it calls for some analysis. In the "Story" there are, it is true, certain of the seeds of the "Anthology": a partiality for simple people, a distrust of all windy philanthropy, a passion for prudence. But another factor must be taken into account. "The Story of a Country Town" made no important noise in the world, and the novels which shortly followed it made still less. A fate which might have awakened in a different man a fresh obstinacy or a feeling of grievance against contemporary taste, had upon Mr. Howe much the effect which was produced upon Benjamin Franklin when that tentative poet was assured by his father that verse-makers were usually beggars. Perhaps, each of these beginners suspected, the world might be right. Franklin, with less passion for anything beside the main chance, found it easier than Mr. Howe to forgive himself for his false start. Mr. Howe, not only more passionate, but also more deeply committed, has never quite got over, consciously or unconsciously, blaming himself for those eager days when his imagination moved through spacious, rebellious regions of romance and tragedy. Yet with whatever effort, about which he wrote no lyric and no elegy, he folded his wings, took in sail, gave himself to his newspaper, and set out to understand the world in which he had not succeeded with his fictions. He ended

by accepting it, he claims, virtually without reservation.

That is to say, he accepts it for what it is when the common prudence of the human race is allowed to take its natural course. The average man, he likes to argue, is reasonably healthy, sane, kind, discreet, industrious, good, happy, and successful. Such a man, allowed to follow his natural bent in ordinary society, will get something solid out of life and will give something solid to it. The trouble is that he is too seldom let alone. Theology worries him, philosophy fuddles him, poetry beguiles him, government imposes upon him, reform nags him, gossip lies about him. He sees himself lumped with thousands and millions of other men and then labeled with terms which have no real application to him, but which, because they are widely accepted, have an unavoidable bearing upon his career. Though his own problems remain actually simple, he can not see them clearly for the fog of words which has been raised. Though the problems of nations are merely the problems of aggregations of men like himself, and therefore simple, he can not understand them, because he is bewildered by being assured that his public interests are by some mystery different from his private interests. Consequently he finds himself enlisted in wars and movements and crusades, or consecrated to top-heavy idealisms, or set adrift in this or that kind of current folly. Mr. Howe defends this natural man against the disturbing wiles of poets and saints, philanthropists and politicians.

In particular, he upholds the economic order which he believes has in the long run proved most useful and beneficent. The title of one of his books is "The Blessing of Business"; that of another is "Success Easier than Failure"; and these furnish the chief texts for his commentary. "The first principle," he says, "is life; the second is maintenance of life. . . . We live because of our work; and without life we should need neither salvation, learning, literature, nor anything else." To talk about capitalism or socialism is to stick large, vague labels upon what Mr. Howe thinks are the facts of human life. Those facts are, in brief, that a man would rather live than die; that he keeps himself alive by work; that he works best when he is working for himself; that the best society is that in which the most men work best. The arts and the idealisms are, much as artists and idealists like to think otherwise, and delightful as such items of human existence are, luxuries rather than necessities. Why, then, do so many tongues go on clacking against industry and thrift, as if these essential virtues were minor virtues? Look, Mr. Howe insists, at the way they are actually regarded. "In theory, it is not respectable to be rich. In fact, poverty is a disgrace." He does not object to this condition of affairs. Persons who are not sick or old, he has observed, almost invariably owe their poverty to their unwillingness to work or to save. If there are too many of them in a community, the community suffers. It is better, consequently, for the failures to be punished and for the successes to be rewarded, as they are in the economic order which has been arrived at after thousands of years, than for the failures to be coddled and the successes made to pay bill. If this looks cruel, it looks so

only to the short-sighted. The far-sighted understand that it is merely kindness to the many who do deserve it instead of kindness to the few who on the whole deserve it less.

The bluntness of this language gives the meaning an apparent shortness which it does not have in Mr. Howe's mind. He has a passion for reality which makes it seem to him more stirring and more beautiful than any conceivable fancies or sentiments. He loves most in life those things which he feels to be most alive. He judges the center of human existence to lie in the region of human necessities, and when he contends for them he is contending for existence itself as against the clouds, however pretty, which lie further from the center. He has a feeling for life, whatever the reason may say about it. "I have heard the question asked thousands of times: 'Is life worth living?' It does n't make any difference whether it is or not; we have it, and must make the best of it. And so long as we do not blow our brains out, we have decided life is worth living." To be thus reconciled to life is positively to love it. Nor does Mr. Howe stop with affection; he goes on to vigorous defense of what he values. Nothing is more effective in his method than the way he carries war into the field of his opponents. In an age when prudence is generally discreet, he makes it militant. At a time when most conservatives are stupid or inarticulate, he has the zest and gusto of the most energetic and pungent radical. Sitting in his farm-house in Atchison, with winter excursions to Florida, he pours out the strong flood of his sharp words in his "Monthly" devoted to "indignation and information." He reads many books, scrutinizes affairs far and wide, and has his say.

§ 4

Mr. Howe's position in the main line of American rural wisdom appears most distinctly in his sense that life is not a complex thing. "I have lived a long time," he says, "and my real problems have always been simple." So, looking at the news which comes from Russia, for instance, or from the industrial communities of the United States, he measures them by Kansas. In Kansas if the village loafer and the village atheist should lead a revolution, there would be trouble; if there is trouble in Russia, it is because, it seems to Mr. Howe, some such uprising has been tolerated. In rural Kansas, prosperous and peaceful, the economic order is so easy to comprehend and the occasional suffering from poverty is so likely to be alleviated by neighborly kindness that it is hard to see why endless war should be kept up in the mines and factories of West Virginia and Pennsylvania. If only people everywhere would work and save as they have a chance to do in Kansas, they would be as happy as in Kansas they have a chance to be. Mr. Howe has never come to understand the helplessness of crowded masses of men at certain times when they find themselves caught in a machine which is too large for them to control and when they see no way for them to keep alive except by desperate action. The necessity and the compulsion of revolution do not exist for this prudent farmer who can not imagine a family without food and shelter and who knows that though the seasons are recurrent they are not revolutionary. Life, to such a man, is as simple as men will let it be.

If this country way of seeing existence as easier than it always is seems now and then a defect in Mr. Howe, it implies a quality in which he excels most living men. He is singularly incapable of being fooled, because he is quite incapable of being taken in by abstractions and big words. He tests everything by the rule of practice. "There are no mysteries. Where does the wind come from? It does n't matter: we know the habits of wind after it arrives." As little susceptible to the mystical element of religion as Thomas Paine, he has respect for the good which churches do in helping to make life orderly and decent. Thus he falls into no excesses of faith or doubt. Convinced that most of the fuss and feathers of government are a wasteful nuisance and that "the people are always worsted in an election," he still does not quarrel with the police or with the tax assessors. Impatient enough with folly to say that "the long and the short of it is, whoever catches the fool first is entitled to shear him," Mr. Howe knows the uses of pity. He can be as terrible as Swift about the cruelty of the race, as when he, himself aging, says: "How good we all are, in theory, to the old; and how in fact we wish them to wander off like old dogs, die without bothering us, and bury themselves." Yet he has also this to say: "When I was so young there were babies in my family, two of them died in a week and left the house childless. My most distinct memory now, so long after, is the goodness of the neighbors. I forgive the race much because of that recollection." Other wise men may be shrewd till they are hard or good till they are soft, but Mr. Howe, taking his stand at the humane center of life, holds that both shrewdness and goodness belong there.

Simple as his point of view is, his range of topics is great. He can compress centuries of history and character in a sentence: "With women, men are the enemy; I suppose they abuse them as a nation abuses a people with whom it is at war, with old stories told in other wars." He abounds in touches of homely experience: "A loafer never works except when there is a fire; then he will carry out more furniture than anybody." He can utter a confession which challenges all who read it. "I 've been ashamed of myself many years because of neglect to accomplish certain things. But lately I am feeling better about it: I have concluded that the tasks I did n't accomplish, I could n't accomplish." Strokes like these make it clear why Mr. Howe is so effective. Not only does he continue a long American tradition and sum up a wisdom which millions of plain men over the country would put into words if they could snare the words; he has also the art of expression to an eminent degree and he speaks out of a depth of personal experience which gives an uncanny authority to his remarks. Many an old man in the tradition has sat in his established chair of the cross-roads tavern or the corner grocery and delivered himself of such wisdom as he had in such words as he could find. But rarely has one lived so profoundly, so broodingly, so questioningly, or looked so far as Mr. Howe. His wit, though that is eminent, could not give him his influence if it came from a flat or angular personality. He has the depth and the intensity as well as the edge of genius.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank

Fashions in Bigotry

The time is ripe for somebody to write a really great book on bigotry. I do not mean a book that would simply burn over the old ground of free speech and censorship. I do not mean merely a fresh juggling with the issues of tolerance and intolerance. I mean a realistic and comprehensive study of the anatomy of bigotry, its varied sources, its varied methods of expression, its varied apostles.

There are all sorts and conditions of bigotry. There must be something of the Gipsy in bigotry, for it turns up in the most unexpected places. We are likely to jump to the conclusion that theology is the main breeding-ground of bigotry, and that professional moralists are its chief practitioners. When bigotry is mentioned, we usually dismiss the subject by saying, "Oh, yes, I read 'A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology' years ago," adding, perhaps, a gesture of disgust toward the bleak and unlovely moralism of self-appointed reformers. But there are new bigotries on the make to-day which take their rise in fields that lie afar from theology and reform.

There is a vast and varied gallery of bigots inviting analysis—bigots of theology, bigots of reform, bigots of patriotism, bigots of education, bigots of business, bigots of science. To get the thumbprints and Bertillon measurements of all these is a job that somebody should undertake.

Not that there is n't room and to spare just now for a score of books that would do no more than freshly to restate the simple logic of liberty! In New York, for instance, a certain judge has lately sounded the tom-tom of intolerance and called together the scattered battalions of professional moral guardians and exhorted them to a concerted drive on the legislature in the interests of stricter rulings and regulations regarding "obscene" literature. Offhand this sounds harmless and high-minded. No decent American holds a brief for obscenity in books, on the stage, or in motion pictures. But this New York drive for a more rigid censorship is n't as simple a matter as all that. If it succeeds, it will place the literature of the future at the mercy of swashbuckling patriotteers and intellectually anemic men to whom morality is a thing to be hedged about and quarantined from a too intimate contact with life rather than a thing to be won on the fields of life. The proposed moral mothering of literature aims at the safeguarding of moral virility, but it will inevitably make for intellectual sterility. As Milton put it, "those books, and those in great abundance, which

are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning, and of all ability in disputation . . . and . . . evil manners are as perfectly learned without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped."

But I am allowing a local issue of literary censorship to lure me off the trail of this editorial, which set out to be a discussion of certain current fashions in bigotry. I want now to discuss briefly three contemporary bigotries that are in varying stages of development: the well established fundamentalist movement in theology, an emerging fundamentalist movement in education, and a threatened fundamentalist movement in science.

Barrels of ink have been used to float the current discussion of the fundamentalist movement in our churches. I have sought in vain for one redeeming feature in either the purpose or the plea of the religious fundamentalism. It represents a renaissance of the mania for persecution that marked the Inquisition. Its insignia should be the creative mind dormant and the creed-making instinct rampant. Its leaders are attempting to draw a dead-line of doctrine around the church and to exclude from the service of either God or man any clergyman who does not agree with their particular creedal beliefs. My personal complaint against the fundamentalists is that they have left out of their program everything that seems to me to be fundamental to the religion of Jesus. The things they insist upon are, from first to last, things that Jesus either never referred to or mentioned only in the most incidental fashion. They seem more concerned with doctrines than with the life out of which doctrines spring. They seem more concerned in seeing to it that devils are cast out *by their particular methods* than that the real devils of modern life shall be cast out. They make Christianity a series of metaphysical propositions to be intellectually accepted rather than a series of personal and social policies to be carried out. The lay ranks of the fundamentalist movement are noticeably filled with the sort of men who consciously or unconsciously have seemed to think that orthodoxy in theology is an adequate substitute for Christianity in politics and in industry. The layman who likes to keep the world of devotion and the world of dividends in separate and hermetically sealed compartments is likely to be found supporting the fundamentalist movement and complaining bitterly against the clergyman who is not preaching the "old gospel," but indulging in impertinent reflections on Christianizing the social order. Were Jesus to return to earth, I should have fear for His safety were He to fall into the hands of the fundamentalists. Were He to enter their councils incognito, I am sure that His primary emphasis upon justice and mercy and brotherhood and His sublime indifference to the metaphysical doctrines which they regard as fundamental would bring down upon His head their wrathful excommunication.

But fundamentalism is not exclusively confined to the churches. There is an emerging fundamentalist movement in education. On all hands it is being said that there are too many students going to college to-day; that an undue amount of teaching energy is wasted in dragging badly born and badly prepared children through

courses from which they gain little or no good; that we are engaged in a gigantic and wasteful attempt to make statesmen out of boys who can never be more than stevedores; that we are trying to teach too many things; that when we departed from the simple and coherent curriculum of an earlier day, we set sail on an uncharted sea of knowledge, and that since that day every new body of knowledge that has been thrown up has been brought into the schools as just another "course," with little or no attention paid to its relation to the coherence and unity of the educational result. As the starting-point for an analysis of the educational situation this is, in large measure, sound. The danger lies in an excessive simplification of the issue. Already men of conventional learning and academic prestige are beginning to suggest very simple solutions. "If our schools are congested and masses of students are taking courses to which they are not adapted, the next step is plain," say certain educators. "Restrict registration in our colleges and turn the badly born and badly prepared students out of the schoolroom earlier, and work out a simpler curriculum that will stick to the fundamental things that will fit the great majority of students for the simple duties of mediocrity, developing a more comprehensive education in a few educational monasteries for the élite."

Now, again, there is the germ of truth in all this. You cannot transform a congenital stevedore into a statesman by any mere educational legerdemain. It is the height of folly to throw half-wits and geniuses promiscuously into freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior classes, insisting that they proceed at a uniform pace and that all be graduated on the same day. The curriculum is to-day a hodgepodge of unrelated specialisms. We are the victims of educational drift; we should be the beneficiaries of educational design. But we shall inevitably run the nation on the rocks if we attempt to solve the problem of overcrowded schools by the formulation of a new fatalism that arbitrarily sentences millions of students to lifelong mediocrity and summarily denies to them the advantages of education beyond a simple training in "readin' and ritin' and 'rithmetic." And unless I am far afield in judgment, the road to unity and coherence in the curriculum does not lie backward toward the older "fundamentals" of the older curriculum, but forward toward a finer synthesis of the new knowledge, forward toward a more intelligent orientation of the student to the intellectual and social forces that are making this time what it is. It will pay us to be on our guard against the emerging fundamentalist movement in education.

Let me now suggest the possibility of a fundamentalist movement in science. I am afraid that during the next twenty-five years we are likely to witness a neck-and-neck race between two bigotries—the old bigotry of theology and the new bigotry of science or, rather, of pseudo-science. There are two kinds of bigotry that are equally dangerous, although they are fathered by two distinct types of mind—the bigotry that arises from a doctrine that is too old and the bigotry that arises from a doctrine that is too young. The first is the besetting sin of theology, the second is the greatest temptation of science. The first carries the poison of decay,

the second the poison of greenness. The really constructive contributions that modern biology and modern psychology, to name only two sciences, have made are being endangered by the way in which they are being manhandled by pseudo-scientists who are using them as the point of departure for a new bigotry of science which is just as dangerous as the old bigotry of theology. I have repeatedly said in these columns that I think the next great spiritual renaissance of the Western world will spring from the social application of the new ideas, the new idealisms, and the new spiritual values that have been thrown up by the sciences, philosophies, and adventures of the modern mind. The great difficulty is that before creative scientists and constructive statesmen verify and socially adapt these contributions of science, a crowd of ill equipped camp-followers of science erect upon the scientist's tentative generalizations new dogmatisms which are taken up by selfish and sinister interests and used as smoke-screens to cover all sorts of anti-social propagandas and pursuits.

Let me illustrate. Modern biology clarifies the laws of heredity. In so doing modern biology puts in the hands of parents, educators, and statesmen new truths that are absolutely essential to sound policies for the future of the family, the school, and the state. But long before the new biology has evolved a sound social technic, certain quack doctors of the intellect find in Darwinism a mandate for political and economic imperialism. This is the baldest perversion of Darwinism which is far more the ally of coöperation than of ruthlessness, but the damage is done before modern biology even begins its social ministry.

Science does a great deal of important investigation of the inequality of the human races. But long before science can adapt its sound conclusions in this field to the great adventure of organizing a world of colorful variety and varied abilities, certain shysters of science, men who have never spent an hour in a laboratory, twist the scientific conclusions regarding the inequality of the races into a new Prussianism that is used to mask all sorts of sinister class and racial egotisms and to give a seemingly unassailable biological justification for all sorts of reactionary and intolerant movements.

I have said enough, perhaps, to hint at what I have in mind when I refer to the threat of a new bigotry of science. I hope I have spoken so clearly that no one can even suspect that I am joining the current cry against modern biology's conclusions regarding heredity or psychology's socially important, if tentative, suggestions regarding the mental measurement and assessment of mankind. When the smoke of the current controversy has cleared, we shall see that the technic of mental measurement, for instance, is one of the most important social instruments to be used in the guidance of the future. The only purpose of this discussion is to urge, as I have urged before, the importance of a sound evangelism of scholarship, a rigidly honest effort to interpret to the public the social contributions of modern science as fast as they come from the laboratory, an effort that shall avoid both the hasty dogmatism of the camp-follower of science and the undue caution of the conventional scholar.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

JUNE
1923

"The Corn-Field." Woodcut by Wharton Harris Esherick

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *June*, 1923 No. 2

J. Ramsay Macdonald

The Leader of the British Labor Party

By The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman

"I come from a people," wrote Mr. Macdonald, "as ready to use their dirks as their tongues." It will be interesting if the leadership in social reform and in the determined fight for the welfare of the under dog in Great Britain is now passing from a full-blooded Welshman to a "black" Highlander. It is interesting also to compare the careers of the two men. Mr. Macdonald has endured all the vicissitudes of "outrageous fortune" in public and private life. Both men began their lives in poverty. Mr. Lloyd George passed through the education of a Welsh solicitor to the highest position in the state. The cunning and capacity for compromise and the suggestion of agreement in words where there was no agreement in deeds, learned from wrangles over affiliation cases or the grubby efforts in a minor practice of a local Welsh attorney made the education which led to similar cunning and compromise and misuse of words for deeds in the great councils of Europe, in which for the time he appeared to be successful, and in which he is now shown to have miserably failed. Mr. Macdonald had no such equipment. He passed, owing to the enthusiasm of a Scotch village schoolmaster, who, discovering a clever boy, devoted gratuitous extra work to teaching him Latin and the humanities, into the schoolmaster's profession, later becoming secretary of a Liberal member of Parliament of the type distinguished rather for worldly success than for ideal aims.

Mr. Macdonald has read everything, has been a journalist and reviewer, and can write as sustained and delicate English as any man alive. The privately published biography of his wife, though limited to a few pages, represents a style and feeling that any of the well known literary men of the age might envy. Mr. Lloyd George has always been essentially indolent. He has put forth ideas and allowed other men to carry them out, and then denounced the other men for carrying them out in a way which made them, as he thought, unpopular. For five days in the week he will contribute no thought at all on any subject, and then on the sixth he will suddenly acquire a kind of inspiration, and produce a speech not of intelli-

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

gence, but of genius, with an amazing energy and even fury; with humor, with eloquence, with brilliancy of illustration, simile, and rhetoric, which astonishes the world. Then he will resume the function of indolence again.

Mr. Macdonald is working every day and all day. He has none of this supreme capacity for supplying an audience with enthusiasm and making it forget all the crimes and mistakes of the speaker. In the House of Commons he was a "House of Commons man." In the eight years during which I shared membership with him in that strange assembly, I do not ever remember him, in popular phrase, "cutting much ice." All that a majority of listeners to Mr. Macdonald's speeches could acknowledge was the forceful representation in a parliamentary manner of a case presented by a person with no parliamentary backing—a case which had to stand on its own merits.

Above all, there was exhibited parliamentary ability, backed by knowledge of the personalities and conditions of the world. Mr. Macdonald has spent the greater part of his days in visiting not for amusement, but for information, the various centers of the world, and he has written books about them. He was in South Africa during or immediately after the South African War. He has visited Australia, and studied the methods of labor legislation there. He has been many times to America and Canada. Europe has been as open to him as a book. He has been on a royal commission in connection with the Government of India, and has also written his impressions of that astonishing land. It would be safe to say that this Labor leader, more than any other member of any party in the House, possesses a secure equipment of first-hand and intimate knowledge of the people who are ruling or about to rule the nations.

§ 2

I first met him in his little crowded flat in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he and his gracious lady, who combined great power of affection with a fierce consuming desire for the betterment of the world, used to entertain little parties or parties crowded beyond the capacity of what that little flat could hold. You met there in two small rooms, in which the walls were covered with books from floor to ceiling, all that was interesting in international affairs. Here were not only the young men who were pressing forward socialistic ideals in England, many of whom have since died or disappeared; but socialist leaders from Holland, distinguished litterateurs from Italy, or Russians who had passed twenty years in Siberian prisons in the cause of freedom. This was in a time in the early century somewhat similar to the present, when reaction was triumphant, when liberalism seemed dead, and when the crude exultation of brutality and imperialism was the only appeal which seemed able to evoke sympathy among a people very prosperous in worldly affairs and entirely indifferent to the condition of the poor. And one always came away from these evenings filled with new impressions. The first was Lamennais's assertion of his experience in prison, "I go there to meet better men than myself." The second was the conviction that there was somehow spreading beneath the surface of society and through the various countries a unity of minds

determined that at all costs the inequalities of modern society should be redressed.

The Labor party was then but a dream. Mr. Macdonald made it a reality. On the one side was its solitary member, Mr. Keir Hardie, and a group of persons who were preaching, in so far as publishers would accept their works, various types of socialist and labor ideals. On the other side was the great organization of the trades-unions, whose mass subscription was as adequate to provide large sums of money as "the party funds" of the older parties (obtained largely by the sale of honors), but of unions still in the main permitting their members to vote for Conservatives or Liberals as they pleased. In the larger of them, such as the coal industry, they normally voted Liberal. It was due to the genius of Mr. Macdonald that he fused together the intellectual socialists, of which he was a member, and the representatives of the trades-unions, who were not socialists at all. The result was that a fund was thus available by which socialists and trades-union secretaries, who were easily persuaded to be socialists in order to obtain a parliamentary seat, came together as a Labor party; and by which, in 1906, mainly, it must be confessed, by the support of the Liberals in the constituencies, a Labor party of forty members actually appeared in the House of Commons.

That party gave Mr. Macdonald his platform. It was comparatively useless in general debate, consisting of a number of men far past middle age who were astonished to find themselves in the House of Commons, who had been accustomed to vote Conservative or Liberal, and whose attitude was somewhat "on the knee" when any prominent Conservative or Liberal addressed them. But there were four or five men who were working away with their idea in view, and with contentment and patience, until that idea was realized. These were members of what was called the "Independent Labor party," including Mr. Philip Snowden, their most popular orator, and others whose ideas were beyond the trades-unionists' ideas. They were led by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, whose ability in practical political affairs towered above them all, and has brought him to the goal which to-day sees him leader of the largest opposition party, the most interesting and perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the new House of Commons.

His attainment of this almost intoxicating triumph has been won only after years of more than ordinary vicissitudes of public and private affairs. A man of profound family affection, he first lost a child, and then, through the death of his wife, was reduced to a condition in which worldly success appeared but as dust and ashes. It is curious to note that three of the most accomplished British statesmen, the prime minister (Mr. A. Bonar Law), Lord Grey, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, have passed through this similar experience—an experience which, as Lord Grey himself has said, resulted in a time when "I have been through that which would make it very easy for me to die." Mr. Macdonald's own health suffered, and some eight years ago a sentence of death was pronounced upon him by a high medical authority. He has always possessed something of that

fundamental brooding and somber sadness which are characteristic of many of his race, and a continuous interest in the mystery and destiny of human life which many politicians "put away" early in their career.

His has been a life of perpetual intellectual endeavor. Few men not professional journalists have contributed more to the various newspapers of the country. When he first came to London, he started addressing envelops as a clerk, while he studied at natural science in the evenings so hard that the double work broke down his health. All through the eighteen-nineties and the early years of this century one found an enormous output of matter from his pen. He was editor of the "Socialist Library." He is the author of books almost all occupied with industrial and social matters: "Labour and the Empire," "Socialism," "Socialism and Government," "The Awakening of India," "The Socialist Movement," "Social Unrest," "National Advance," "The Government of India," "Parliament and Revolution," and many more of the like. He has also edited from time to time the "Socialist Review" and other labor papers.

"What I have at heart," was his confession on entering Parliament in 1906, "is to use political power to ameliorate the condition of my fellow human beings. I believe in self-help through mutual aid, and therefore I am convinced that Socialism is the one hope of the people." "Self-help through mutual aid" covers a very wide field of actual economic change, including almost every scheme of coöperation, partnership, profit-sharing, state regulation of industry, or imposed equality of fortune; and he would be a bold man who would say which of any of these ultimate ideals Mr. Macdonald holds as being the one most worth realization in action. He is essentially a politician rather than a preacher; I mean this in no derogatory sense. He cherishes the vision of a time when all men will be free from hunger and cold. But Mr. Macdonald, despite his Highland ancestry and power of vision, has always been one of those less occupied with the devising of such ultimate ideals than with the carrying into operation of even some small measure of amelioration of the conditions of the people who walk in darkness, to whose welfare he has devoted his political career. So, on looking at him to-day and on looking back at the past, you will not find the elaboration of some great single scheme by which humanity may be freed. But you find a continual pressure, month by month and year by year, in national affairs, in international affairs, through European civilization, and even many remoter regions, such as South Africa, India, and Egypt. That pressure is directed toward "getting something done," some flagrant injustice remedied, some gate broken down or path made clear, over which others may pass; through which those who come after may find clearer capacity for realization of ideals which at this moment, owing to the obstinacy or foolishness of men, must remain in part a dream.

§ 3

But if Mr. Macdonald has endured private troubles that would have slashed a man of less persistent courage and determination into obscurity, no less remarkable has been his career in public affairs. At the beginning

of the war, in 1914, on that fateful Sunday when Germany sent her ultimatum to Belgium, Mr. Macdonald came to see Mr. Lloyd George, who was then leading the majority of the cabinet in the principle of "peace at any price." It would be unfair at this moment to record what passed between them. Suffice it to say that on the following day Mr. Ramsay Macdonald attacked with the utmost violence Lord Grey's speech vindicating the Government for entering the war, and that, on the day after, Mr. Lloyd George remained a member of the cabinet which declared war on Germany, with the overwhelming majority of the working people of England supporting him, while the majority of Mr. Macdonald's old colleagues screeched jingoism in even more strident tones than the jingoes themselves.

A growing hatred rapidly passed to actual bodily assault and violence against those who cried peace when there was no peace. Mr. Macdonald's career appeared to have come sharply to a close. I was working with him then on the government committee to deal with social affairs at home, working for the unemployed and the financial support of those, especially the women and children, who had been suddenly reduced to poverty. He did his work well, he was a good companion, he made no complaint; but his attitude was that of a man whose public life was over.

He came gradually to lead the movement, increasing in numbers, which saw, in the gigantic muddle of the war and the futile loss of men, evidence that the war was wrong; and which was protesting against the profiteers who, careless of human life, were raking in great fortunes from the impoverished people. Especially in his own land, in the great Glasgow upheaval, and as a contributor to the "Forward" newspaper, he was regaining influence which was scarcely recognized by those in the South. But when the general election came, with the claim by Mr. Lloyd George to have won the war, and the "coupon" given by him and Mr. A. Bonar Law to those whom they selected as likely to give them docile support, Mr. Macdonald was hurled out of his seat at Leicester by an overwhelming majority.

The futility of the Labor men in the new House of Commons opposed to Mr. Lloyd George's dictatorship, their unwillingness to attend, their unwillingness to vote, their ignorance of the point at issue, created a demand from all who cared for the new ideals for the return of Mr. Macdonald to the House of Commons. He was put up for a by-election at Woolwich, where it might have been thought that the continual dismissals from the Royal Arsenal, which depended on the continuance of war for its efforts, would have rendered a victory impossible. The Tories put up against him a futile ex-soldier whose sole claim—but it was a great one—was that he had won the Victoria Cross. Mr. Bottomley, now serving seven years' penal servitude for fraud, was brought down to oppose him. Labor meetings were broken up. He was forced to escape out of back doors and climb over garden walls. And in the result, even though by a small majority, he was beaten.

Most of the newspapers of all parties wagged their heads and announced this to be the end of Mr. Macdonald's political career. The English, they said, would never elect a man who had

shown himself so opposed to a war in which the very life and existence of England were involved. Last November, however, Mr. Macdonald was elected by a huge majority for a mining district in South Wales. Within a week, despite the opposition on the part of some of the trades-unionist element in the party who were quite unable to occupy the position, he was chosen leader of the Labor party, which had returned with over 140 members, representing over four million voters. With his return that party ceased to be a mere casual collection of trades-union secretaries of doubtful opinion. It has become a party as secure of permanence, as determined in views, and as resolute in action as either the Conservatives or the Liberals. And it is not too much to say that the future of that party is at the moment the most interesting in all politics, and that, therefore, the future of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, now triumphant after so amazing a career, from a cottage home in the remote Highlands to the leadership of the effective opposition in London, is the most interesting subject of discussion in all political quarters.

§ 4

From the first, when we entered Parliament together in 1906, he was accused of ambition and also of a suggestion of intrigue. The intrigue was that combination of Labor intellectuals and trades-union fanatics without which no Labor party could have been created. The ambition was undoubtedly present, and is perhaps present to-day; but it was ambition toward the realization of a personality in the service of a good cause. You may have comparatively contemptible political ambitions, such as those of Mr. Winston Churchill, which is to be at the top so far as power is concerned without any fastidious taste as to how that position is to be obtained, and with complete indifference to any particular policy so long as that policy can be used for its attainment. In Disraeli's language, it is "a greasy pole," and, as he announced when he became prime minister, "I have climbed to the top of it." But there is legitimate ambition in a man of gifts and character who has set himself toward the attainment of a definite policy, some little advance or change in the improvement of the world, and who is impatient of the foolishness of the crowd who are rendering impossible, as life passes, its realization in actual affairs.

"When that the poor have cried,
Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner
stuff."

No one can point to any occasion in Mr. Macdonald's life in which he has proved faithless to the welfare of the poor. On the other hand, one can find gaps and even a risking of complete destruction through adherence to an ideal. As a Highlander, with a great gift of reticence, he does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. He had anger and even contempt for the mess his party used to make of things in the House of Commons, seeing their progress thrown back by petty jealousies and stupidities and inability to take advantage of the opportunities offered to them by the stupidity of others. And he was sometimes, perhaps, too vocal in his expression of his opinion concerning such incidents to people who were always eager to

convey that expression to the men he condemned.

It is the socialists of Glasgow, and not those trades-unionists who have represented labor for the last ten years, who have flung him upward to the leadership of the Labor party. And with these socialists, all of combined education, unlimited audacity, and a belief in Bolshevism remote from any conviction of Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, he has really very little in common. The Labor party as it stands to-day represents a gigantic coalition, including men whose convictions are undistinguishable from the left wing of the Liberal party, and who definitely repudiate socialistic ideals, through all various creeds, to those whose belief borders upon the communism which it has expelled, and which take the Russian Revolution as their ideal. Over all these opinions, in which perhaps no one man holds the same as another, Mr. Macdonald rules, and he has to fuse all into something like a consistent opposition, and in future, perhaps, something like a consistent government party. It is a task which might appall the most courageous, which may quite possibly lead to failure and confusion, but which, if he can successfully steer it to a triumphant conclusion, will place his name among the great politicians of the century.

But as for pure personal ambition, he has expressed his opinion in his little private memoir of his wife. "The Buckingham woods are now yellow; the blackberries are spotting the hedges: but she whom they call to come out for happy hours in lane and field path is dead to their allurements, and her yearning for domestic peace is soothed by eternal rest. Some of her obituary notices, I observe, speak of her political ambitions. How little we know and how thoughtlessly we chatter about each other!"

He was the handsomest man in the House of Commons when he entered it, and though illnesses have made their impression upon his appearance, to visitors he is notable as a man marked out from his fellows. The white hair and black mustache, sunken cheeks, deep-set eyes, the indefinable sense of distinction which comes, no doubt, from Highland blood, all sharply separate him from the variety of stout or commonplace persons who make up the bulk of that assembly. There is the stamp of the idealist upon his very appearance, and also the stamp of determination that will fight without giving or receiving quarter till the end. It is doubtful how far he can be called a socialist, for it is doubtful how far any one to-day can be called a socialist or what, indeed, the term socialism means. In his little book on socialism, published some years ago, he repudiates many of the planks in the platform of the Marxian socialists; and he has always maintained a kind of warfare with the bureaucratic ideas of the Sidney Webbs. He came back from a tour of observation in Australia bitterly hostile to the trade boards that regulated wages by the state, and which most of the progressives of his time thought would prove the first step toward the creation of a socialist kingdom. He was compelled to abandon opposition to this Liberal act of regulating wages by state intervention only owing to the fact that in such opposition he was alone in his party, and if he had persisted in it, would have been compelled to break with his fellow-members.

He was called a few months ago to organize the people of Georgia as a socialist state. I have no information as to how this constitution was effected. But in any case, its life was precarious and brief, as Bolshevism swept in from the North and destroyed the whole affair. Like his friend Philip Snowden, the orator of the Labor party, he is bitterly opposed to Bolshevism as exhibited in practice in Russia or in theory by many of those who call themselves his followers; and it is a curious fact that the most moderate, statesmanlike, and in many ways cautious prominent man in the Labor movement has been elected as leader entirely by the votes of the advanced section. Whether they will drive him forward into a position he has hitherto not taken, or whether he may moderate their ardor into practical reform instead of the upsetting of the state, is one of the interesting questions of the hour.

In the greater part of Europe, including virtually all the territories in which industry dominates agriculture, the governments now term themselves socialist states, although, as a matter of fact, there appears to be no attempt in any of them to carry out the ideals of the Socialist Democratic federations which frightened men of possessions in the eighties and nineties of last century. The countries in which all such advance seems impossible are those in which a peasant civilization confronts the towns with ever increasing disgust and dismay—a France in which the socialists are incapable, an Italy in which the first experiments in socialism have been destroyed by the most astonishing counter-revolution of modern times. Mr. Macdonald is above all things a parliamentarian. He will never have anything to say to "direct action." If socialistic changes come, they will come by laws legally passed by the British Parliament and enforced by measures adopted by a party having a government majority elected by British electors.

It is possible that, if he had been given an opportunity, as, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George was given an opportunity, of entering Parliament in early years as an advanced radical, instead of being choked up among the intellectual proletariats with no seeming career before him, he would now have been the leader of the advanced radical section, or have been a cabinet minister in the last Liberal administration. He has always been occupied in practical and immediate advance rather than in stern and unbending principles. He has always been willing to take the second best if the first best is impossible, with that pliancy and compromise which are denounced by the strong upholders of theory, but which are the only ways in practical affairs through which any advance can be made.

To a certain extent he possesses that capacity for exciting distrust that has been brought to perfection by Mr. Lloyd George. But he has excited also great affection, and those who have the honor to number him among their friends recognize that they have a man in character as well as in energy and knowledge far superior to the normal standard. This distrust has in part been excited by the fact that through his marriage he attained a small fortune, that he has always been able to make money by his books and journalistic contributions, and that therefore he has lived all through on a

different standard from that of the ordinary Labor member. He has possessed a little house at Lossiemouth (his birthplace in the Highlands), a pleasant flat in London, for a time another country cottage in the Chilterns in which he passed the happiest hours of his life with his wife and children. He has never been stunted for books or bread or the capacity for the entertainment of friends, or those severe disabilities through which, as a rule, "Labor members" climbed only with difficulty through factory or mine into the high position of membership in the House of Commons. In consequence, there has always been a certain suggestion, represented by the slang title "Gentleman Mac," that he is despising the "comrades" who make inarticulate noises of protest, or that he may have been easily bought over by the offer of high office by one of the other political parties. I am sure that suggestion was always unfounded. He passed through years of progress and ambition, filled with "laughter and the love of friends." He passed through years when he could have protested with Heine, "The hand of the Almighty is heavy upon me," and of which he could say, "I have no pleasure in them."

§ 5

The little biography of his wife, distributed among his friends, exhibits a self-revelation which he has always kept from the world outside. She herself had a curious faculty for making enemies, apparently through deliberate bluntness of speech, and was by no means generally popular with the Labor movement; but to him she was all in all. "To turn to her," he confesses, "in stress and storm was like going into a sheltered haven where waters were at rest, and smiling up into the face of Heaven. Weary and worn, buffeted and discouraged, thinking of giving up the thankless strife and returning to my own house and children and household shrines, I would flee with her to my Buckinghamshire home, and my lady would heal and soothe me with her cheery faith and steady conviction, and send me forth to smite and be smitten. No one, not even I, can tell with accuracy how much of the steadiness there is in the Labor movement in this country is due to her."

At the end, the memory of those days and his determination to be worthy of so unclouded a vision sustained him in the world of failure and bitter purposes in all the later years, when the whole nation seemed to have gone insane, all the ideals for which he had fought had collapsed, and humanity was tearing itself to pieces in madness and futile war. "I am finishing," so he ends, "this little tribute to her, in that place, as I began it, in that home where we first went together. I have just returned from a walk she loved to take at nightfall. The black expanse of sky was glittering with stars as when she and I walked together and she talked of it like a gem sparkling upon the background of despair; the sea was moaning as it did when she said: 'Do not let us speak; let us walk silently because then we speak most truly.' The weird cry of the curlew flying into the night came out of the darkness, as it did when I first brought her here, and she shuddered, and said it made her wonder and wonder and wonder what was in the heart of the Unknown and the Infinite."

And now, by one of the most amazing turns in fortune ever seen in political affairs, Mr. Macdonald has been called down from the "Unknown and the Infinite" into the vast tumult of present-day politics. From an obscurity of nearly ten years he springs straight into the saddle as leader of far the most powerful of all the groups of the opposition; and in three weeks' time, in the short beginning of one session of Parliament, he has shown to all men his capacity for that post. The newspapers, which a month or two ago were damning him as a pro-German or denouncing him as a Bolshevist or revolutionary, are engaged in cooing praise of him for his moderation, his good temper, his careful determination to educate his party into parliamentary conditions. Whether they will coo so cheerfully when once he has pronounced the policy to which the active minds of Labor are looking remains conjectural. He is wrestling at present with definite social evils recognized by every one—an enormous unemployment, financial chaos, lack of houses for the poor, and all the other grim legacies of the worst government England has ever seen. It is these things which have sent his party in such numbers to power, and it is in the settlement of such things as these that labor will either attain a fresh start or sink back in the minds of men.

He cannot at present, with the number and character of his following, provide an alternative government, although there are probably more brains behind him in the House of Commons than in the dominant Conservative majority which occupies the front bench. Nor is it exactly clear what his alternative government would propose if they were by some miracle placed in power, for there is a variation in "isms" among them, with a profound distrust of the opportunists by the extremists, which might bring the whole concoction clattering to the ground, and make a Labor government impossible for the next generation. At present he may well be thankful that labor is not in power, for the work of criticism is easy and the work of construction is hard. Whether the accepted theory of so many publicists is a true one, and politics will split into the "supporters of the rich" and the "supporters of the poor" in some belated fulfilment of Marx's class war of sixty years ago, may form the subject of endless discussion. The gigantic mass of the middle class which has forced its way, since Marx wrote, into the position of prosperity, between the wealthy who are increasing their riches and the poor who are ever becoming more helpless wage-slaves, is a factor which certainly cannot be neglected in politics. Mr. Macdonald has still to convert his party from a party in the main of "class" to a party of "ideas" before he can make any impression upon this middle-class element, with its influence on the working people below it.

But, in any case, it appears evident that he will stand for at least the next decade, if he can preserve health, as the head of a party which can command more enthusiasm and devotion among the masses of the people than either of its competitors, and that there are many more unlikely things than that this child of a peasant people, descended from the village blacksmiths of Lossiemouth, may one day find himself called to a position of rulership in the British Empire.

A Dracula of the Hills

By Amy Lowell

Decorative Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

A Dracula of the Hills

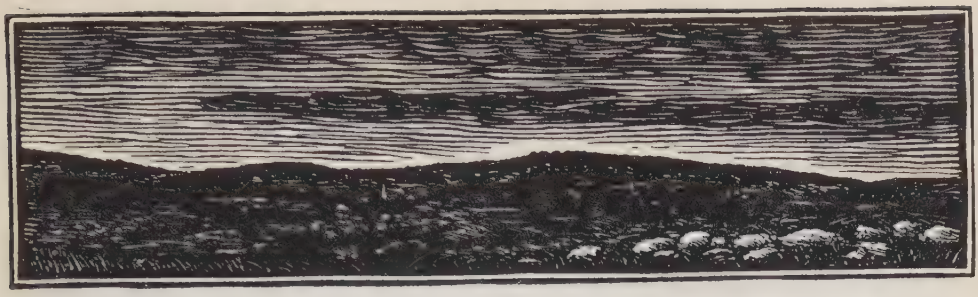
By Amy Lowell

YES, I can understan' ther's a sort o' pleasure collectin' old customs
An' linin' 'em up like a card o' butterflies.
Some on 'em 's real quaint, I dessay,
But lookin's one thing an' livin's another.
Folks don't figger on the quaintness o' th' things they 're doin',
Ther' ain't no knickknack about it then, I guess.
Times is changed since my young days,
Don't seem like the same world I used to live in.
What with the telephones and the automobiles,
An' city folks rampin' all over the place summers,
Lots o' things has kind o' faded out.
But I remember some queer goin's on;
They seem queer 'nough to me now, lookin' back.
We had good times a-plenty, nat'rally,
But they 're all jumbled up together when I think on 'em,
I can't git a-holt o' one more 'n another,
While ther's some fearful strange things I can't never lose a mite of,
No matter how I try.
I 'd like to forgit 'bout Florella Perry,
But I ain't never be'n able to.
I don't know as you 'd call it a custom,
'Twarn't the first time the like had happened, I know,
But ther' ain't never no such doin's nowadays.
Do the Lord's ways change, I wonder?
Superstition, you call it—but I don't know.
Seein's believin' all the world over,
An' 'twas my own father seed,
An' others besides him.
I did n't, 'cause I was a young girl an' not let,
But I watched the beginnin's;
An' what my eyes did n't see, my ears heerd,
An' that afore other folks' seein' was cold, as you might say.
'T was all of forty year' ago;
I was just a slip of a girl drawin' toward the beau stage, but not yit ther'.
One day I 'd be thinkin' o' nothin' but ribbons,
An' the next I 'd go coastin' bellybumps all afternoon with the boys.
Florella made me a woman for fair;
P'raps that was a good thing, 'twas time for it,
But I be'n a woman long 'nough now,

An' I kind o' like to look back to what went afore.
I warn't livin' here then;
My husband was a Rockridge man,
An' I come here when I married.
I was raised t' other side o' Bear Mountain, to Penowasset.
Father kep' the store ther'.
They thought a heap o' him in the town,
An' I had a happy childhood.
We did n't live over the shop,
But quite along by the end of the village
In a house my mother got from her father.
We had a couple o' fields an' a wood-lot
An' kep' a hired man.
Father used to drive back an' forth in a buggy mornin's an' evenin's,
But mother an' me did n't miss for neighbors.
Jared Pierce owned a fine big farm just beyond us,
An' Joe Perry's was t' other side the road.
Florella was Joe's wife,
An' a real pretty creatur' she was,
Fragile as a chiney plate
An' bright an' tidy as a June pink in sunshine.
She loved flowers;
Her dooryard was like a nosegay from May till October.
I never see sich flowers as hers;
Nobody else could n't make 'em bloom so,
Even when she give 'em the seeds.
Her snowdrops was al'ays first up in the spring,
An' it took more 'n a couple o' frosts to kill her late asters.
The way we knew she was ill was when the garden begun to git weedy.
She an' Joe 'd be'n married 'bout seven year then,
An', my! but they 'd be'n happy!
Exceptin' for not havin' a child, I don't think there was a thing they wanted.
An' then Florella took sick.
It come with a cough one winter,
An' she could n't seem to git back her stren'th.

Come plantin' time she could n't do it.
Joe done his best, but that year the garden warn't nothin' perticlar.
Florella used to set in her rocker on the piazza lookin' at it an' cryin'.
Many 's the time I 've slipped over and done a little rakin' for her.
At first she liked me to do it,
But after a while she said to let it alone;
Ef it warn't her garden, she said, she did n't care nothin' 'bout it.
She spoke almost fierce, I thought, an' I did n't go over ag'in for
quite a spell.
When I did, Florella had took to her bed.
She was a queer kind of invalid. You could n't seem to help her any.
She 'd let you do things an' thank you,
But she al'ays seemed angry that you had to come.
One day I was dustin' her room, an' she said to me:
"Becky, I ain't a-goin' to die."
"'Course you ain't, Florella," says I.
"Whatever put that into your head?"
She flared up at that.
"'T ain't no use lyin' to me, Becky Wales, I know I 'm dyin'.
But I won't die. You 'll see.
I 'll find some way o' livin'.
Even ef they bury me, I 'll live.
You can't kill me, I ain't the kind to kill.
I 'll live! I 'll live, I tell you,
Ef there 's a devil to help me do it!"
She screamed this out at me, settin' up in bed
An' p'intin' with her finger.
I was so scared I had to grab a chair to keep from fallin',
An' Joe come runnin' in from the barn.
He took her in his arms an' soothed her,
An' she bust out cryin' and sunk into a little heap in the big bed,
So 's you could n't hardly see her, she was so thin.
Joe sent me home. He said not to mind Florella,
That she was flighty an' did n't know what she was sayin'.
Well, after that things got worse.
Florella had spell after spell;

You could hear her cryin' an' hollerin' way down the road.
It was al'ays the same thing: she would n't die,
Nobody could make her die.
'T was awful pitiful to hear her takin' on.
Sometimes she 'd moan and moan,
An' then she 'd break out crazy mad an' angry, screamin' for life.
Joe was at his wits' end.
Dr. Smilie said there warn't nothin' to do for her
'Cept give her quietin' drafts.
But Florella would n't take 'em;
She said they was a little death,
And she 'd throw down the cup every time they give it to her.
Then she took a notion to see Anabel Flesche.
She was a queer sort of a woman, was Anabel;
She lived in a little shed of a place over Chester way.
Some said she had Indian blood in her.
Anyway, she was learn'd in herbs and semples;
She claimed to know just when to pick 'em,
And she talked a lot o' foolishness about the full o' the moon,
An' three hours before dawn, an' the dew o' the second Friday,
An' things like that.
Well, Florella had her in,
An' she made her camomile teas and lotions out o' leaves an' plants she 'd gathered,
An' fussed around with bits o' wax an' string,
But Florella did n't change none.
She kep' sinkin' and sinkin',
An' the cryin' spells got to comin' oftener.
She cried most o' the time then.
I used to set in the stair winder
When I 'd oughter be'n in bed, listenin'.
It made my flesh creep to hear her poor cracked voice declarin' she would n't die,
An' all the time she was dyin' plain as pikestaff.
I never see nobody so hungry for life,
She was just starvin' for it.



Why, even when ther' warn't nothin' left of her but eyes and bones,
She 'd talk an' talk 'bout the life she 'd a right to, an' she was goin' to have, come what or nothin'!
It was kind o' lonesome out our way then;
Most o' the passin' got to go by the Brook Road.
'Twarn't so handy by a good two mile,
But nobody could n't a-bear to hear Florella
Callin' an' wailin'.
You could n't count ten the times she was still.
'T was a' awful witchin' sound, comin' through the night the way it did;
I know I got all frazzled out losin' my sleep for hearin' it.
Mother an' Mis' Pierce used to take it in turns to watch her,
An' 'twas a real kindness to do it,
It wore the nerves so.
One Saturday afternoon Mis' Pierce was with her,
When all of a suddint she jumped out o' bed,
Cryin' she was goin' in t' th' garden,
That she was well now an' would n't be kep' back no more.
Mis' Pierce caught her just as she was goin' through the door,
An' ther' was a struggle, I guess.
Joe heerd where he was out in the yard hoein' beans.
He was scared to death, an' just heaved his hoe up onto his shoulder
An' run in as he was.
Florella seed him comin' with the hoe up on his shoulder,
An' she screamed a fearful wild scream:
"You, too, Joe!" she said,
"You want to kill me same as the others!
But you sha'n't do it.
I 'll live to spite you,
I 'll live because o' you."
She was mockin' and grinnin' and coughin',
An' menacin' him with her finger,
An' her head joggin' back an' forth from shoulder to shoulder like a rag-doll's.
Mis' Pierce run'd over and tell'd mother soon 's she could git a minit,

An' them was her very words.
Now, Florella loved Joe as only a rare few women do love;
But she was just plumb crazy by this time,
Worryin' 'bout the life was leavin' her, an' all eat up with consumption.
But it did n't make no diff'rence to Joe;
He loved her al'ays.
He just picked her up an' laid her back in bed,
An' she went off unconscious an' never come to.
She died that night.
I mind it well, 'cause the whippoorwills 'd be'n so loud the night before.
When I 'd heered 'em, I 'd thought Florella's time was come.
I 've al'ays hated funerals,
I can't a-bear to look on a corpse,
An' Florella's was dre'tful.
Not that she warn't pretty;
She was. Even her sickness had n't sp'iled her beauty.
She was like herself in a glass, somehow,
An old glass where you don't see real clear.
'T was like music to look at her,
Only for her mouth.
Ther' was a queer, awful smile 'bout her mouth.
It made her look jeery, not a bit the way Florella used to look.
Ef I shut my eyes, I can see that face now,
Blue an' thin, an' the lips all twisted up and froze so.
I guess I 've seen that face in my mind every day for forty year more or less.
Well, they buried her, an' we girls set pansies an' lobelia all about her grave,
An' took turns tendin' 'em, week by week.
I 'd loved Florella,
An', when she was dead, I rec'llected her as she was 'fore her sickness come,
An' forgot the rest.
Two years is a long time to watch a person die,

An' Joe 'd done more nussin' than most husbands.
He kind o' pined when 't was all finished,
But the neighbors kep' a-droppin' in to see him,
An' mother an' Mis' Pierce did him up every so often,
An' bimeby he got a-holt o' himself,
An' seemed to be gittin' on nicely.
He was a proper good farmer,
An' things was goin' well with him,
All 'ceptin' his sorrow, which nothin' could n't lift, nat'rally,
When the next winter he caught a bad cold.
I guess he let it go too far afore he saw the doctor;
Anyhow, it got a good settle on him, an' he could n't shake it off.
Nobody 'd have thought much of it, I guess, but for Florella beginnin' the same way.
Joe warn't concerned, he said he 'd be all right come spring,
But he warn't. He 'd try to do his work as usual,
But soon he 'd give over an' set down.
He was real patient, but he did n't git no better.
Dr. Smilie begun to look grave.
One day I went over with a bowl of soup from mother.
Joe was settin' in the garden, by a bed o' portulaca;
They 's cruel bright flowers, an' Joe looked so gray beside 'em
I got a start to see him.
"Becky," says he, "I know you loved Florella,
An' I should like you to have her flowers," says he.
"I 've willed the farm to my brother over to Hillsborough,
But you can dig up the flowers afore he takes possession."
"Joe," I said "Joe—" an' I could n't git out another word for the life o' me.
"Yes," he went on, "o' course I'm goin'. I 've give her all I could, but it can't last.
Anabel Flesche was here yesterday, an' she told me.
I 'm glad to ease her any, you know that,
But it can't last."
"Glad to ease Anabel Flesche," I thought,
But I know'd he did n't mean that.

I run right home an' told mother, an' she told father,
An' that evenin' they druv down to Dr. Smilie's.
The doctor 'lowed 'twas consumption, but he was angry enough 'bout Anabel Flesche.
"I 'll see that hussy stops her trapesin'," he said,
"Rilin' up a sick man with her witch stories," he said.
"I 'll witch her, I 'll run her out o' town, if she comes ag'in."
Anabel did n't come ag'in, but I guess she done it the first time,
For Joe did n't seem to take much int'rest in gittin' well.
When a man don't want to live, he don't live, an' that 's gospel.
Joe went down hill so fast that by midsummer there warn't no hope.
I used to set with him a good deal,
An' 't was queer how diff'rent he was to Florella.
I think he was the quietest man I ever see.
He did n't seem to have no pleasure 'cept in speakin' 'bout Florella.
By times he told me everythin';
How he courted her, an' what she said, an' the way she looked when he brought her home.
I got awful near life for a young girl, with the things he told me.
I 've be'n married an' widowed since, but I don't know as I ever got nearer to things than Joe's talk brought me.
Men ain't alike, an' women ain't alike, an' marriages is the most unlike of all.
My marriage, when it come, was no more like Joe's and Florella's
Than a piney 's like a cabbage.
But this ain't my story.
"Florella had a strong will," says Joe to me one afternoon.
Autumn had come by then, an' some o' the leaves had fell,
An' those that hung on were so bright they seemed to fairly smarten up the sun.
Joe was layin' in his bed, with a patchwork quilt over him,
A lovely one 't was, the State House Steps pattern;
Florella 'd made it, she was wonderful clever with her needle.
The whole room was a blaze o' sunshine.
Right on the chimbly hung a picture o' Florella
Some travelin' artist had painted the year she was married.

I don't suppose city folk would have made much of it,
But I thought 't was a sweet pretty thing, an' the spon-image o' Florella.
"Florella had a mighty strong will," says Joe ag'in.
"She owned me body an' soul, an' that was a rare pride to me."
I could n't figger what to answer, so I did n't.
"I guess she owns me still," he says, an' I don't know ef he was really talkin' to me.
"I 'm glad she does. It 's got to be both of us, all or neither together."
He smiled at that, very slow an' tired, almost as though it hurt his lips to do it.
"Perhaps you don't understand, little Becky," said he.
I don't know whether I did or not, an' I did n't have a chance to say,
For all of a sudden crash down come Florella's picture on the floor, with the cord broke.
I jumped nearly out o' my skin, I expect I screamed, too,
But Joe did n't so much as shiver.
"Yes," he said, lookin' at me with his steady smile,
"This proves it. You mark my words. It can't go on much longer. Poor Florella!"
He sighed then an' laid down, an' I thought he went to sleep.
I picked up the picture, but the glass had cut it badly,
All about the mouth, too.
It made it look the way Florella's corpse did an' give me a turn.
I was afeerd Joe 'd see it when he waked up,
So I set it with its face ag'inst the wall.
But I need n't have bothered, for Joe never waked up.
When mother come, she did n't think he looked right,
An' she sent for Dr. Smilie.
He warn't dead when the doctor got ther',
But he was unconscious an' hardly breathin'.
He stayed like that for a day an' a night,
An' then 't was all over.
All over for Joe, yes,
But not for us.
About a week after the funeral father met Anabel Flesche.

"So Joe Perry 's dead," whined Anabel, an' father was sure the old hag looked pleased.
So he only said, "Yes, he 's dead," and was pushin' on, when Anabel stopped him.
"Florella 's a determined woman," she cackled, "ain't you afeerd she 'll try somebody else?"
"What the hell do you mean?" cried out father.
"She loved life," said Anabel, in a queer, sly way.
"Joe 's gone, but ther's others."
Father was so angry he could n't trust himself to speak,
He just touched up his horse an' druv on.
But what Anabel said rankled.
He an' mother talked it over that night.
I warn't supposed to hear, but I did.
I was all shook up with the things had happened,
An' I dares n't stay in bed alone with nobody near,
So I used to creep out an' set on the stairs
Till father an' mother come up.
It comforted me to know they was in the next room,
An' I could sleep then.
Mother was real strict, an' I was al'ays sent to bed at nine;
They 'd come up 'bout ten, an' I 'd set that hour on the stairs,
Where I could look in t' th' kitchen an' see 'em.
That 's how I come to hear.
Afterwards I 'lowed I knew, an' they told me everythin'.
Well, to make a long story short,
Father an' Jared Pierce went straight to the selectmen,
An' told 'em what Anabel was hintin'.
Then some old people rec'llected things which had happened years ago,
An', puttin' two an' two together, they decided to see for themselves.
The selectmen was all ther', an' father, an' Jared Pierce;
They did it at night so 's not to scare folks.
I warn't ther', but father told it so I think I seen it:
The leaves blowin' an' sidlin' down,
The lantern light jerkin' 'long the ground,
The noise o' the pickaxes an' spades.
They got up the coffin an' opened it.
Florella's body was all gone to dust,
Though 'twarn't much more 'n a year she be'n buried,
But her heart was as fresh as a livin' person's.
Father said it glittered like a garnet when they took the lid off the coffin.
It was so 'live, it seemed to beat almost.
Father said a light come from it so strong it made shadows

Much heavier than the lantern shadows an' runnin' in a diff'rent direction.
Oh, they burnt it; they al'ays do in such cases.
Nobody 's safe till it 's burnt.
Now, sir, will you tell me how such things used to be?
They don't happen now, seemingly, but this happened.
You can see Joe's grave over to Penowasset buryin'-ground
Ef you go that way.
The church-members would n't let Florella's ashes be put back in hers,
So you won't find that.
Only an open space with a maple in the middle of it;
They planted the tree so 's no one would n't ever be buried in that spot ag'in.

The Children

By Margaret Kernochan Leech

THEY were not so much to sacrifice a life for, Gertrude thought as she sat by the tennis court and watched the four children quarreling. Allen had thrown down his racket in a temper.

"I 'm not going to play any more," he said. "It 's always the same thing. You can make somebody else the goat."

Eddie was, as usual, on Allen's side.

"It was his ball," he told Evelyn. "Why do you have to butt in? You heard him say he had it."

Gertrude knew that in a moment Evelyn's sulky mouth would twist, and she would walk off the court with her arm across her face. Soon one of the others would go ill-naturedly to bring her back, and the set would be resumed.

Behind the low frame-house the sun was sinking in a red disk, and the evening air was very close. Gertrude sat forward in the rocking-chair that Chris had brought down from the porch, so that she could have the fun of watching the tennis. She let her hands drop between her knees, which she had spread slightly apart. It rested her to sit in this way, because she was heavy and no longer young, and the heat distressed her. Between her fingers she held a handkerchief. Now and then she sat up and jerked it across her face as though it had been a fan; or, drawing up her mouth as a man does when shaving, she wiped her neck and chin.

She wore a dress of blue-and-white printed voile, with a pretty collar which she had hemstitched when she should have been finishing a dress for Evelyn. Gertrude had enjoyed the naughtiness of working on the collar instead of Evelyn's dress. And she had felt a guilty elation at Evelyn's petulant tears when she found the dress incompleted. Evelyn never wanted to do anything for herself. She had been very fretful about having to put in the hem.

The children were playing again.

"How was that for a shot?" Chris called to his mother.

"Fine, dear. You 're improving," she called back, but he must have guessed she had not been looking. It was rude of her not to watch, Gertrude thought, after Chris had been so thoughtful about bringing down the chair from the porch. She must take more interest in their tennis.

With an odd detachment she followed their motions, as though they were four strange children, not her four children at all. The boys were well enough, but they were clumsy animals and would never have grace or skill. Allen and Eddie were sturdy, indistinguished cubs. Chris, though heavily built, was frail and nervous, with a bad complexion. He was grown up: he would enter college in the fall

and he was the admirer of an objectionable young person called Lorna.

Evelyn was a brown girl, always sulky. She was fifteen, just a year older than Eddie, the baby. Perhaps she would be pretty when her disposition improved. Fifteen was a difficult age for a girl. Though she was erratic and could n't keep her head, Evelyn did n't play tennis badly. Some day she might have a rather dashing serve. But what was a rather dashing serve? Gertrude remembered how well she had played tennis when she was a girl. She had been one of the first women to play on the courts in Central Park, and the men had stared very much.

Her father had not approved. He was a stern man. He had taught her Latin and American history when she wanted to be at her music. Almost with sentimental affection, Gertrude pictured herself sitting by her father's desk in the book-lined study, translating the long passages out of Livy. Clearly she appeared in her memory, slender and serious, with long brown bangs, and candid eyes raised to her father's face. People had often spoken of her eyes when she was a girl, and their compliments had secretly delighted her because they were not the usual formulæ of courtesy. Still, after so many years, when she thought of her eyes, she imagined them as they had seemed to people then, filled with an unclouded, translucent gaze, like that of a very young child.

The mosquitos were beginning, and Gertrude stirred uncomfortably, and slapped her handkerchief at her ankles. Even such slight exertion made her perspire. She took her dress at each shoulder, holding the hemstitched collar carefully so that it should not muss, and shook it quickly to cool her neck. She wiped her forehead and upper lip, and laid the handkerchief over the arm of the chair to dry.

At fifteen she had been a more attractive girl than Evelyn; she had been more spirited, more intelligent. It was too bad she had had to give up her music; hers had been a real talent. But the four children, coming so close together, had taken most of her time. For years after her marriage, even after her husband's death, she had gone on practising; but finally she was forced to admit it had grown to be a farce. Then there had been a time when she had hoped that her music might mean something to the children. She had taken pains to teach them, but they had hated it, had been difficult and impatient. At last she had given that up, too.

It was odd that none of her children cared for music. Eddie was the only one who had ever seemed to like it at all—Eddie, her baby. Her eye rested on him with unconcern. Of all her children he was the only one who had ever given her companionship. Evelyn had always been sullen and contrary. Chris was irritable, Allen just a lumbering boy, cruel and bullying when he was little. Eddie alone had seemed to need her and care for her. He had patted her face sometimes with his small hand; he had come to stand by the piano while she practised.

If she had been writing a story, Gertrude thought, Eddie would have been the delicate one; but, in fact, he had always been a sturdy boy. Chris was delicate, but she had never been any closer to him for that, as mothers are supposed to be. She had often grown weary of his perpetual illness and fretting. He had been a bad

boy with the medicine, fighting it, crying, choking, spilling it on the bed.

For that matter, if she had been writing a story, Eddie would have died, because he was the baby and the only one who understood her. But this was real life, and nothing so dramatic had happened. Eddie had just grown up. He had stopped patting her cheek and listening to her music. Allen became his model because he was three years older. The first time Gertrude saw Eddie teasing a cat, she had felt sick.

Gertrude leaned wearily back in the rocking-chair, which moved unsteadily on the strip of lawn beside the court, and looked up at the pallid evening sky with a young moon like a crystal. A feeling of sensitiveness and hurt came over her, and with it a childish desire for sympathy. For the moment she wanted her dead husband, though they had never been happy together. There was no one with whom she could share the vagrant thoughts which meant so much to her. She might call out, "Children! there 's the new moon!" but they would be unresponsive. She had long ago learned that it was impossible to express any emotion to them. They were never touched by it, only puzzled or embarrassed.

"Going in, Mother?"

Gertrude stopped on the gravel walk.

"Yes, the mosquitos bother me. I thought I 'd go up."

§ 2

Slowly she climbed the steps of the porch. Because it might rain before morning, she turned the porch chairs over against the house, so that they looked like old ladies praying. But Gertrude was not thinking of that. She was thinking that she had four children, but it would not occur to one of them to turn over the chairs.

It was faintly stuffy with a warm house smell in the dark hallway, but in the living-room, sparse of furnishings for the hot weather, a small breeze was beginning to flutter the muslin curtains. Gertrude groped for a light, then changed her mind, and sat down in the dusk by the window. A summer scent of damp earth and grass floated in. She knew where the zinnias were blooming, massed near the porch in heavy rosettes colored like faded taffetas. Always she had wanted a room in the colors of zinnias, but here were the same old furnishings. Gertrude looked about her in the dim light. There were the things she had taken from home after her father died, the few pieces her husband had selected. She had meant to buy new furniture and redecorate, but the years had passed, and it was easier to keep things as they were.

The wind was turning over the leaves of the maple-trees with a sound like the stirring of thick silk, and the voices of the children came faintly from the tennis court. Their high, staccato notes seemed distant and impersonal, and to Gertrude, in her restless mood, they represented only the voices of youth. The tears were on her cheeks, because they poignantly recalled her own youth, now irrevocably past.

She began to cry quite helplessly. She had never had a chance. Everything had been against her. Until it was foolish to hope any more, she had gone on hoping. And now that hope was gone, she might better be dead. It was far better to be dead than to sit on, waiting for the ashes of life to grow cold.

The awnings were flopping in the breeze, and on the porch a rocking-chair started to jerk back and forth. She must have forgotten to turn that one over. On the back stairs steps sounded. It was Evelyn going up. The boys would use the shower under the porch.

Once her ambitions had seemed very near to realization. It was after her husband's death, when she saw that, with good managing, there would be enough money for her and the children. How the relatives had thrown that phrase at her, "with good managing!" She had come to hate the sound of it, and perhaps this had added a touch to her recklessness. It had seemed a glorious adventure to manage very badly indeed, and she had made her plans with a feeling of breathless excitement. She had decided to take a house in the country and engage a competent governess for the children, while she devoted her time to her music. The children should have the best of care. She would never leave them for long, and when she went abroad to study, she would take them with her.

But in the end she had told the competent governess that she would not need her. The forces against her had been too strong. Chris was sickly. Eddie, after all, was only a baby. Her relatives were horrified and incomprehending, and she had been bred in a day when duty was a rigidly instilled principle. She had gone to take up her life in the country, and she had managed admirably on her income, putting money away every year against the time when the children would be going away to school and college. Very gradually she had realized there was no use going on with her practising. Hers was a buoyant nature, and at first the idea was rejected as incredible. But it had eaten its way into her mind, until she came to despise herself for having hoped so long. There were days when she was bitter and could not bear to look at the piano. But for the most part it was still her greatest pleasure to play. Only at the piano could she forget her heartaches and disappointments, dreaming herself into the music until her pain was gone.

She had never been able to bring herself to play again for the relatives. Sometimes she had them for dinner. They would sit down in the living-room, heavy with the processes of digestion, the men lipping their cigars, and signify their readiness for light entertainment.

"Play something, Gertrude," one of them would begin. It would go round the room in a buzz of approbation.

She would plead laughingly that she was out of practice.

"Try something, anyway. It 's a pity for you to let your music drop."

That was the way they talked to her. Gertrude, alone in the darkness by the window, tried to fight back the sobs in her throat. She left her chair and began to walk heavily up and down the room. She was working herself up. She was too old to be so foolish; but there was no use talking that way. People had invented a theory that middle age was a time of peace and quieted desire. It was a time of terrible, passionate regret. She was more rebellious now than she had been as a girl. She was maddened by the knowledge that the fruitful years had passed, and she was trapped in this aging body. It frightened her to realize that she hated youth, that she felt a bitter envy of all young people

for whom fulfilment was still possible. The children had had her life. They had taken all she had to give; and they still had their own lives before them, too.

She had nothing. She wiped the tears from her face, blew her nose, and smoothed her hair with the palms of her hands. Blindly, she moved through the room, past her piano, a thicker blackness in the obscurity. Leaning against the table, she found the base of the lamp, then the little chain, and pulled on the light. She forced herself to be composed. There was happiness for her yet. She had a few congenial friends. This year the children would all be away at school, and she could do as she pleased.

§ 3

There were steps on the porch, and the screen door clacked. Gertrude heard a small crash of tennis-rackets on the table in the hall. Eddie came into the room, sleek and red-faced after his shower.

"We 're going to the movies," he announced briefly. Then, as he started to turn away, his face clouded, and he stood in an agony of discomfort because he saw that his mother had been crying.

"Don't you want to come with us?" at last he inquired diffidently.

"No, Eddie; not to-night." Gertrude moved about the living-room with an appearance of cheerfulness, putting away Evelyn's knitting, straightening the books on the table. "I 've felt the heat," she added. "I think I 'll just sponge off and go to bed early."

"You have n't been any place today," Eddie said awkwardly. He felt foolish at saying it. "We thought we 'd go," he went on, in hopes of clearing the subject up. "You better come."

"No, dear. I really don't want to. You run along."

Eddie moved reluctantly away. He shut the screen door softly, and his feet stubbed slowly down the steps of the porch. Around in back, he called to Evelyn to hurry down. Evelyn always kept them waiting. Perhaps they would go on without her. Then Evelyn would sulk, and refuse to run after them. Fervently, Gertrude hoped that they would not go on without Evelyn.

There came a scuffling of feet on the porch steps; enough noise for a dozen children, Gertrude said to herself. The screen door clacked, and they were all in the doorway. She guessed the truth even before Chris, because he was the eldest, spoke for them.

"Thought we would n't go. Pretty hot in the movies to-night." His manner was very much too casual.

They were staying home to keep her company!

"I think you 're foolish," Gertrude began tentatively. "You don't usually mind the heat at the movies."

But she saw it was futile. They were determined to stick it out. They sat down in a circle, as though it were school and she were the teacher. They were all very ill at ease. Chris was perhaps the most absurd, because he was trying so elaborately to hide his embarrassment with an air of nonchalance. Eddie sat on the sofa, frankly cowed, yet a little self-important. Evelyn wore a silly, frustrated look, and seemed to be ready to cry. Allen was making a huge pretense of indifference by throwing up a tennis-ball and catching it again. He felt he

had an advantage over the others because he had something to do.

Gertrude pitied them terribly because she was making them uncomfortable. None of them would meet her eyes. They gave her furtive side glances when she was not looking. It was so absurd that Gertrude wanted to laugh aloud. They were her four children! That was what made them so funny. It was ghastly, but very funny, to see them sitting opposite her like four embarrassed strangers who had stumbled upon her emotion and could not get away. Yet, in fact, she knew all about them, what foods disagreed with each one, and which of them had to wear rubbers when it rained.

She must try to help them out.

"Do you want your knitting, dear?" She began with Evelyn. "I put it in the bag. It 's hanging on the back of the Morris chair."

"How did your Latin go to-day?" she said to Chris, who was tutoring for college entrance examinations. "I hope you don't hate it as much as I used to."

"I think Latin 's a cinch," Eddie said. "Don't see why you have to tutor in it. I got B plus."

The resources of his tennis-ball exhausted, Allen started to whistle a tune to himself. Chris frowned at him, and he stopped. Then inspiration visited him.

"A drink," he muttered as he made his way to the door. "Do you want a drink, Mother?"

"Why, yes, I think I do."

"I want a drink," Evelyn said.

"Go get it, then."

Evelyn flounced angrily in her chair. Allen came back with the drink for his mother. As he walked by, Eddie tried to trip him, but the effort fell flat.

A funereal silence descended upon the group. Gertrude felt she must break it somehow.

"Are you all going to the dance tomorrow night?"

"Not me," said Allen.

"Not me," said Eddie.

"Suppose I got to," said Chris. "Lorna 's going to have a lot of women staying with her."

"Could n't get out of it, I suppose," said Allen in a rich falsetto.

"Gee, is n't that too bad!" said Eddie.

The breeze was still stirring the curtains.

"I got to get a new slicker before school," Allen said. "How about you, Ed?"

School! It was n't so far away, Gertrude thought. This was August. Soon she would be, for the first time in her life, quite alone. Vague anticipations of freedom drifted through her mind. She could rent the house. That had been in her mind for weeks. She had never mentioned the idea to any one, and she never would until it was all arranged. Then they could object as much as they pleased. She would find a tiny place for herself in town. The children could go to the relatives for the holidays. She would have a long winter of liberty—concerts, opera, theaters, pleasant evenings with old friends.

A paper blew from the table to the floor.

"I don't think it 's as hot as it was," said Allen. There was a latent significance in his tone, but no one grasped it.

"I don't think it would be so warm in the movies," he said at last.

His words shook their constraint

into horror. Appalled, the other three children turned to look at him.

"Perhaps it would n't," Gertrude said suddenly. Anything was better than this effort to make conversation, and it was selfish of her to keep them home. It was her duty to go out with her children.

They were incredulous and delighted. Even Evelyn's pouting face looked agreeable, and she started to put down the sweater she was knitting.

"Would you really like to go?" Chris asked. Chris was getting so polite! All the children were on their feet in a minute.

"Wait till I find my fan," Gertrude said.

They moved out through the dark hallway and down the steps of the porch. And now, as Gertrude looked at her children, she noticed that they were invested with a melancholy dignity—the dignity, she reflected, of suffering. A high sense of duty lent nobility to their mien and gestures: they were taking their mother to the movies.

Of a Child That Had Fever

By Christopher Morley

I bid you, mock not Eros
  Lest Eros mock with you.
His is a hot distemper
  That hath no feverfew.

Love, like a child in sickness,
  Brilliant, languid, still,
In fiery weakness lying,
  Accepts, and hath no will.

See, in that warm dispassion
  Less grievance than surprise,
And pitiable brightness
  In his poor wondering eyes.

Oh, delicate heat and madness,
  Oh, lust unnerved and faint;
Sparkling in veins and fibers,
  Division and attaint!

I bid you, mock not Eros;
  He knows not doubt or shame,
And, unaware of proverbs,
  The burnt child craves the flame.

"Cousin Butterfly"

Whistler and a Child

By Isa Urquhart Glenn

Sketches and Facsimilies from Whistler

VERY young, ecstatic, inexpressibly nervy, I joined the students who had assembled from the four corners of the earth for the opening of the Académie Whistler. That day there was tension in the air of the old house in the passage Stanislas.

The enormous, high-ceiled room which had been allotted to the women's life class was on the ground floor, and one entered from the corridor by a door at the top of a short flight of steps. This door was flung open. Every one held her breath; I could hear the whistling intake as they stopped breathing.

Carmen, with the grand gesture, appeared against banked shadows. With her great Italian chest flung back, her still beautiful head high in air, in her deep voice the roll of drums, she announced:

"Monsieur Whistlaire!"

She stood aside. The pride of an impresario in her majestic mien, she made way for a figure that now took the spot-light—a man clothed in black from head to foot; very slim, very odd, tremendously tall. About this black figure was no color except the red of the cheeks and the stubborn under lip and the amazing blue of the deep-set eyes. These eyes swept the room in a rapid glance. There was a light behind the blue, which was the deep cobalt of willow-pattern plates, a sparkling malice. He was laughing at us!

He handed to Carmen the great coat which had hung over his arm, the high hat which he had held in his hand. Into his right eye he screwed a monocle. He took a long time about it. He stood on that upper step like a *première danseuse;* a pause; the impression of being on his toes before a thrilled audience.

The immensely tall black figure came down the steps to the floor of the atelier.

"Goodness!" I said to myself, with an ecstatic prance behind my easel, "he 's not much taller than I am!"

My turn at criticism came. I knew that a Mephistophelian terror was standing behind me, I knew that he looked like the devil; but I kept my eyes fixed on the daub that I had spread upon my canvas.

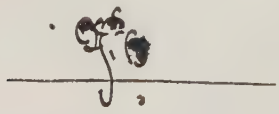
"Marvelous! Mademoiselle, do you call this a painting?" demanded the rasping voice. "The violence of youth is in these colors." The sparkling eyes were turned full upon me; they looked

me over from head to foot. The malice died, and the laugh grew back behind the cobalt. "Finish your education, mademoiselle; enlarge your brain. No one starts at your tender age with a brain. One cultivates it, coaxes it, helps it along, as one waters a flower which is to grow into a beautiful thing." His long fingers were painting in the air the growth of the beautiful thing.

"Some people do start with brains," I replied stubbornly. "And, besides, I am your cousin."

Raucous laughter from the master; stares from the students, who considered that I was disgracing their gild; from the culprit joyous shouts as I watched the ice break up.

"Mademoiselle my cousin!" said he, with an exaggerated bow. "I should have known it, should have felt it, from your amazing cheek! Only 'de fambly' could produce cheek of a quality so rare!"



Behold those skipping feet of mine running in and out of the studio on the rue Notre Dame des Champs! Behold the master, tolerant, amused, as at the antics of a kitten!

"What am I to call you?" I inquired fairly, in the spirit of meeting any prejudices half-way. "Cousin Jimmie?"

"Never! Many persons have called me Jimmie, and with few exceptions I have eventually wished to smite them hip and thigh. Think of something else, please, missie of 'de fambly.' "

"Cousin Butterfly, then? That sounds nice and pretty and—and—frisky. You know? Something one can play games with."

Never did young person take part in such strange conversations as those which were overheard by the dingy walls —and by the attentive Carmen. My English was slangy, my French the argot of the models with whom I persisted in chatting upon every occasion. Cousin Butterfly's French was as exquisite as Racine's, his English the tongue of Shakspere, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of the Bible. There were Bibles at the studio and at his house in the rue du Bac.

"Are you very religious, then?" I inquired with great interest.

"Well, now, you know, all lovers of art believe in some sort of religion. It is more beautiful to believe that we shall end up in another world than that the worms are the end of us. That is not a pretty thought—worms. Therefore we have religion, which is pretty. Everything, even Nature, has to be helped out in order to be pretty. Nature does not arrange her materials in a beautiful manner; but we take those materials from her lap, and rearrange them beautifully. And that is art."

"Then why did you leave this studio so ugly and bare? There is n't a pretty thing in it except the stacked-up pictures. And no one can see those, whether they are beautiful or not, for you have their faces turned to the wall as if they had been naughty."

"They have been naughty, many of them; they have given me much trouble. But this studio, now, this is a workshop. Beautiful things come out of here, to be shown; but the artist at work is not on exhibition. I establish the Académie Carmen, in the passage Stanislas, within a charming

old house that the minds of the students may be suitably stimulated; I establish myself at the top of this very hideous building that the attention of the sight-seer may not be drawn this way."

"You don't look just right for an artist, I don't believe," I said critically.

He laughed, but I did not mind his laughing now. I was growing to discriminate between his laughter at the world and his laugh with the few.

"As you go along the path, missie, you will discover that only those whose minds are still the minds of students dress the part of artist. Dirty finger-nails, uncombed hair, outrageous clothes—such stage properties are not nourished by brains, but by a bogus growth miscalled talent." He was, as he spoke, assiduously removing from his own long and pointed nails the marks of toil. As he continued to tell me of his detestation for the velveteen jackets, baggy trousers, ties like sashes, and wide-brimmed hats, he went on polishing those nails until they would have done credit to a fine lady. "Those clothes are the 'props' of the Boul' Miche'," he added.

"How about Carolus Duran wearing a gold link bracelet? I saw it below his cuff."

The most subtle smile that the world has seen since Machiavelli conceived his "Prince," but no answer in words.

"And you don't wear the right sort of tie!" I shouted triumphantly. "Father would not wear that tie when he got into evening clothes—or any other sort of clothes! It is an artistic tie, Cousin Butterfly!"

The long fingers carefully arranged the tie under discussion.

"This tie is not artistic," he told me, severely. "It is, however, beautiful. Your father would undoubtedly think it beautiful; but he could not afford to wear my beautiful tie into a court-room, because the minds of the other lawyers and of the judges are not educated up to beauty."

"Then," I persisted—"then it is an artistic tie, and there is, must be, such a thing as artistic license."

We dropped the subject of the tie. We ate the omelet that Carmen had cooked for us.

"Food can be beautiful," he remarked. "All work into which one has thrown the best that is in one thereby becomes a work of art. This omelet, my little Carmen, is beautiful."

Carmen, a foot taller than he, and three times as heavy, threw out her chest.

"Monsieur Whistlaire," she stammered, "thank you! Oh, thank you!"

He rose from the table and walked across the room to the long mirror.

"I do not see how you can think that anything about me looks artistic, which is a most abominable word. I have the flat back, the square shoulders of a West-Pointer; I have the feet of a gentleman. The tie is beautiful, but it is not artistic, as I have explained."

In the meantime I had bethought me of another argument.

"Your hats are odd," I commented.

"Your father does not wear such hats; is that it? Well, now, you see, my hats are a part of me, as a man's hats should be. They fit me; they are becoming. Why should the ladies wear the only becoming clothes? You take great pains fitting your hats, don't you? But you think that I, being a man, should forthwith rush

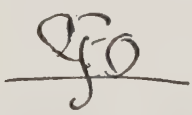
out in hot haste and buy for myself one of those shocking bowlers that the Englishmen wear. Let the dear Britishers place upon their heads whatever pleases their fancy. Their faces suit their bowlers. I shall wear the French hats."

To this subject of clothes we continually returned.

"Are you determined to be a painter?" he inquired.

"I am determined to be something—something big, nothing in which I have to be small," I modestly announced.

"We shall go on Sunday to Fontainebleau. Near Fontainebleau is something which I shall show you for the good of your soul."



To Fontainebleau we went just about the time when, if I had been in America, we should have been preparing for Thanksgiving. In that misty forest, with its blue and lavender shadows, there might have been whole flocks of turkeys, I brooded, if only these foreigners knew about turkeys.

On past Fontainebleau, out from the blue and lavender shadows, to the hamlet of By. We walked across fields to where we could discern a small, baggy figure hunched up before an enormous canvas—a little man, with straggling gray hair beneath a disreputable slouch hat; shoes caked with the mud of the fields. No attention was paid to us as we approached; work, work, work at the cows on the canvas, while the cows of the fields looked on with phlegm.

The little old man lifted his head. Not a little old man, but a little old woman—Rosa Bonheur!

I went home lost in thought.

"She is n't afraid of cows," I remarked finally. "Do you suppose that that is because of her clothes?"

"Well, now, missie, that is exactly why I took you to see her. She is a serious worker. She does not care how she looks, whether or not she is pretty or alluring. Are you willing to give up all future allurements? Are you willing to wear 'pants,' which are essentially ugly things?"

In the back regions of the Académie Whistler Rossi played always on his harp. Rossi had temperament. He made his lovely music for a while, and then he would take a rest and knock Carmen about; for was she not his wife? All this would she pour forth to her idol, "Monsieur Whistlaire," when she escorted me to *déjeuner* in the rue Notre Dame des Champs.

"Monsieur Whistlaire," said Carmen, tragically, "Rossi is a variety of brute. He goes to love that harp, but me? Ah, *non*. I am as the dirt under his feet."

"Well, now, my little Carmen," began Monsieur Whistler, soothingly, "you loved him, did you not, when you married him? I seem to remember your saying that you would die for him—and that you were convinced he would kill himself if you did not marry him."

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Carmen in profound disgust. "Did I say all of that? *Alors*— Such is marriage, mademoiselle. It is well that mademoiselle know all of these revelations about marriage before she grows to marry: is it not so, Monsieur Whistlaire? Remember, mademoiselle!

Bear in mind Rossi and his love and his so beautiful soul, and think often of the eyes that you have frequently observed in my face. Enough! You will know much of men if you remember this."

"Well, now, you see, my little Carmen, mademoiselle will, when the time is ripe, marry some West-Pointer of whom her cousin may approve. And West-Pointers do not black ladies' eyes."

But Carmen continued to stare darkly into the future of mademoiselle —and of all women creatures who might contemplate matrimony.

"It is better," she announced, "much better that one marry not at all; then one can leave when the eyes become blackened. I, Carmen, know whereof I speak."

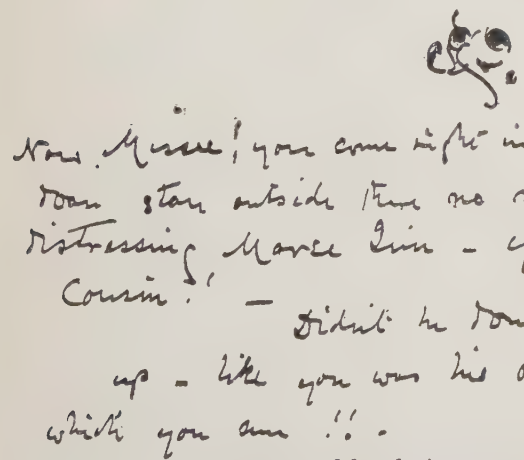
Home to the rue de Lille. Not trusted to walk down the rue du Bac, among the crowds of upper-class people, middle-class people, and the adorable common people, my Cousin Butterfly would insist that I drive down the hill with him.

We would step into the musty depths of a fiacre. At a clipping pace we would start down the steep streets leading from the heights of Montparnasse, and immediately my spirits would rise. This was adventure of a sort to appeal to my youthful outlook. For whoever intrusted himself to a fiacre without embarking upon adventure of a desperate kind? Hurtling along, half the time on one wheel, and with all four wheels on the ground but rarely, the bedraggled horse hunching his hind quarters as near his forequarters as he could get them, and the fiacre inevitably becoming entangled at a certain sharp turn of the rue du Bac with other fiacres in a like desperation of haste—this was gambling with fate.

"*Cocher!*" would shout my Cousin Butterfly from the window of our fiacre.

The fiacre would remain stationary, the while its driver called down upon his adversaries all the plagues of the Bible.

"*Cochon!*" would amend my Cousin Butterfly. He would hold his high silk hat firmly upon his head with one hand, while with the other hand he would then fix the crook handle of his umbrella around the spindling shank of the driver, and pull, pull, pull at the spindling shank. Maledictions issued from the window at the *cocher*, while the *cocher's* own maledictions continued to be hurled at the traffic in



A reprimand for playing truant

which he had become involved. This was delicious! This was life! I was always sorry when the fiacre turned down the rue de Bellechasse and landed me at home, and in the hands of the cross concierge. I would crane my neck around the fat concierge for a last glimpse of the protruding, silk-hatted head of my Cousin Butterfly.

Gazing reflectively at my always tousled hair, he told me many wise things about red-headed women, of whom he appeared to entertain the usual low opinion. In the studio, as the light failed, I sat open-mouthed and listened to it all. I heard about Maude and the drawing of the Venice plates. I heard about the holding off of Maude at arms' length for the good of the work. And I was rather contemptuous of his cold blood.

"You mean to say that you did n't kiss her even once all that time?" I asked from my abysmal ignorance.

"Passion is a great thing, and a tremendous incentive to creative work —if denied while the work is in process of completion. It is to be used by the creative mind as a fillip. You do not, of course, understand all that I am saying to you; but remember it when you are older, missie of 'de fambly.' "

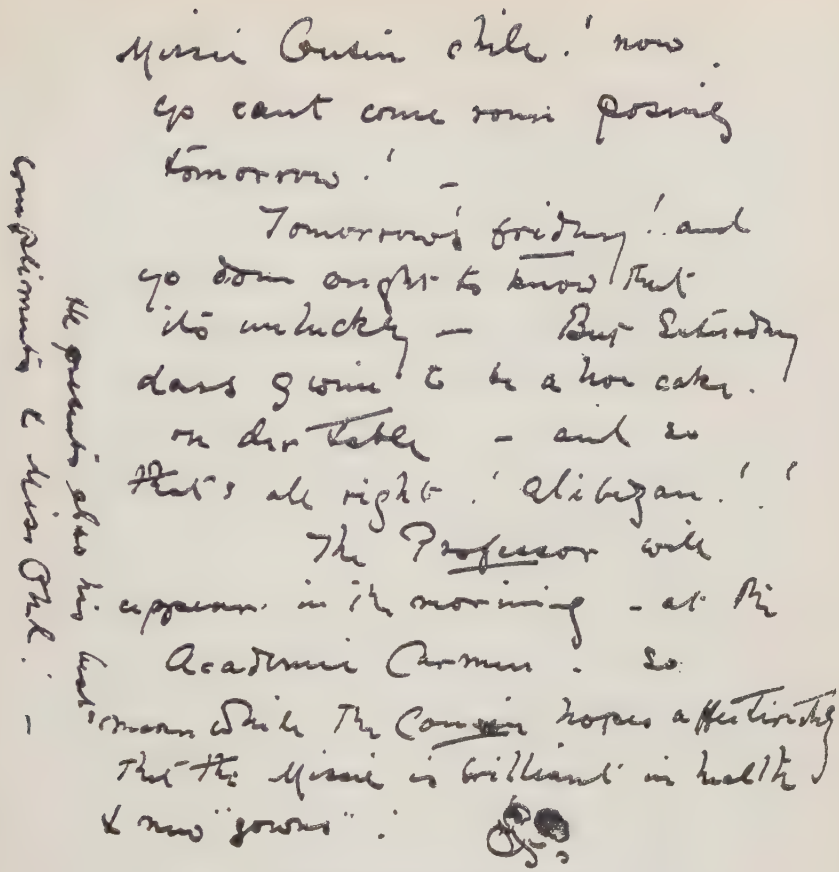
But I understood enough to be sorry for Maude. It seemed to me that that red-headed woman must have had a bad time of it. Had my Cousin Butterfly ever himself been young, I wondered. He with his eyes which had seen all things, his pursed mouth which had said all things, his big ears (like the wolf's) which had heard all things? He was old, immensely old, about twenty years older than my father. Could anything alive be older than that? I would stare at him as he worked on in the twilight. He looked like a gnome, a wicked gnome. But he was not wicked. I was convinced that he was the best man on earth, next to my father. It was not his fault that his ears were so big and that tufts of black hair stuck out of them and suggested Pan.

He would paint on. It was spooky up there at the top of the tall house. And the gnome would be seized with fits of profound discouragement, the birth-pains of creative work. He would scrape out the day's painting. I would then scold him severely. I would say to him, an important frown upon my face:

"You are a wicked man to have scraped that! And you are a bad gnome, after all, to have left for all these years those beautiful portraits of Lady Campbell with their faces to the wall of this dirty old atelier!"

I would go to a corner that I knew well, and struggle to turn a large canvas,—one of the first attempts at eventual composition,—Lady Archie Campbell in a black habit, pulling on a long tan glove. I loved it. I would stand looking at it, my heart in my eyes. And the gnome would cross the room and stand behind me, looking also at the portrait.

"It is beautiful," he would say musingly. "Just there—and there." He would pinch his obstinate red lower lip between the thumb and fore-finger of one long nervous hand, while with the disengaged hand he would point to the spots on the canvas about which he spoke. "It is beautiful, but not beautiful enough. That is the



Another of Whistler's superstitions

curse, missie—not beautiful enough, not perfect. When an artist in any line of art reaches the point where he considers his work perfect, that artist has reached his zenith. And the thing is, you see, to push one's zenith so near the stars that one continues to grow in power, in vision, as long as life lasts. That is the test of the true artist—to have one's zenith up with the stars. And there are the stars now, peeping at us through the skylight!"

And there they were, the stars, up in the amethyst sky, looking at us, talking about us. And we would stumble down the seven flights of unlighted, winding stairs, and go home in a fiacre and quarrel with the *cocher*.

I found him one morning running his hands through his carefully arranged hair. It then, after his fingers had gone their frenzied way, suggested the black arts and charmed me.

"Hello," I said, with the cheek that he appeared to like, "what 's up?"

"The devil is up! The devil in the form of an Englishman, as usual. Here I go to work and paint a beautiful thing of this beautiful creature, the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar, with her adorable red hair; and she is American, with verve, and I like her, and I am inspired. And I do an exquisite thing. But it is not a finished thing

yet. She goes away, and I am inspired in the meantime to paint another beautiful thing. And I turn the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar to the wall and paint this adorable little Venus. And now here comes a British note to me! I am to deliver the portrait at once! Well, now, you know, it is not finished, and I will not deliver it until it is finished."

"Why don't you get hold of her and finish it up?" I suggested with rare practicality.

"She is in Chicago, where she was born, although I could never understand that little contretemps! And I will not take the portrait to Chicago,— How could another beautiful thing be born in such a town?—and she will not come to Paris. And the portrait 'must be delivered at once!' "

He paused, staring abstractedly at me. He was tugging at his lower lip.

"Missie—I believe—yes, red hair, although darker than that of the adorable Mrs. Farquhar; smaller, too, but the frock could be tucked up—with pins and things like that. Yes, it can be done! Carmen, quick! Carmen!"

Carmen, who, with the liveliest interest in all that concerned her "Monsieur Whistlaire," had been watching and listening from the little kitchen, came quickly. She ran.

"My little Carmen, see if it is possible to pin mademoiselle into the frock of Madame Farquhar—and—*vite! vite!*"

Carmen pinned me into the frock, a white chiffon, a simple thing, which was easily adjusted by the black velvet ribbon at the waist. The ribbon was drawn a bit tighter pins were stuck indiscriminately into me and into the frock, the slippers were tied on, and, behold! a shrunken version of the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar! Proudly I took the pose. Proudly I stood up in those badly fitting shoes for the rest of the day, while my Cousin Butterfly painted as if the fiends were at his elbow.

He painted the next day; he painted all that week. I began to tire of this new game. It was not much fun to play at being the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar. While I was posing, my Cousin Butterfly would not talk; and when I talked, and thereby lost the pose, he would brandish a paint-brush at me and yell. I had heard him yell at a small Italian boy who had been posing for him, but I had not expected it in my case. I began to feel an acute sympathy for his sitters. Poor devils! those distinguished men and women who had gone through this in order to have their portraits "by Whistler!"

From my brief experience in the Académie Whistler I was aware of the rule—twenty minutes' rest out of every hour of posing. Blandly I called this fact to his attention.

"Ah," replied the absorbed man, "but that is different. Those models are not helping on the creation of a great work of art. While you—you are inestimably privileged. You are assisting at such a creation. Now, that foot there, the toe which is just peeping from underneath the hem of the skirt—you should be resting upon it lightly. You know the idea, missie— 'Her feet beneath her petticoat,' etc. Lightly, daintily."

"Humph!" I found myself exclaiming, to my own horror; for in truth I was greatly impressed with my job of assisting him. "My feet don't feel like little mice—not in these shoes they don't! Neither would yours if

you had on a big man's shoes. Besides, I 'm hungry all over!"

"Oh, the poor child!" He was at once all sympathy. Carmen was hurried in her preparations for *déjeuner*, my plate was piled high with the results of her labor, and everything was peaceful—until I had swallowed the last mouthful. Then back at the pose—a pose which lasted until the light failed.

This went on from about the first of December until the outdoors had grown so springlike and suggestive of pagan gambols that any one younger than my Cousin Butterfly would have felt the pull of play. But we worked during every one of his spare moments at the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar. He had in an evil hour gone at the face, and he would in exquisite language blaspheme that evil hour which had more than doubled the troubles precipitated by the British note.

The Honorable Mrs. Farquhar, on the canvas, grew darker, smaller, more impish than that lady had ever been in her own incarnation. Her hair was now auburn, where it had been light red. Her blue eyes had turned hazel, her nose was more high bridged, her mouth had changed its expression. The cheek of "de fambly" threw over her cool personality a baffling disguise. We used to stare helplessly at her. What was the matter with her?

"I know what is the matter with her," I informed the harassed painter of this anomaly. "She never on earth would have bought that outfit if she really looked as she looks now. Her clothes don't suit her any more."

"You are right," said my Cousin Butterfly, "although how you came at it is a mystery, and you have put it in most atrocious language. The clothes instinct in the woman creature is marvelous! Born with it! But what to do now, missie? Eh? What to do with her now? She has taken to looking like a little infanta in modern clothes. That Spanish flair in you has ruined my beautiful picture."

We would, in despair, stop work and play the graphophone that had been sent to him. The Honorable Mrs. Farquhar would stare at us from out of her new brown eyes with cold disapproval that did not suit her new face. Then back to the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar, back to the uncomfortable shoes, back to complete and heartrending silence.

"Damn!" I would say to myself, "is n't he a two-sided man!"

One day I said it aloud. He shouted, that raucous laughter which had enthralled me on the opening day of the Académie Whistler.

"Amazing! But you are not the first *jeune fille* who has said that to me."

"What other girl said it?" I asked with prompt jealousy. "And did she really curse, as I did then?"

"She swore more fluently. She was a little Miss Alexander. And she got tired of posing, as you did, and stamped her foot down on the floor and shouted at me: 'Damn! damn! double damn! And I don't care if you do tell my mother!' "

Wonderful sight, my Cousin Butterfly sick abed! Enthroned in the middle of an Empire bedstead, wearing a miraculous dressing-gown; his knees

covered with a piece of delicate, faded Chinese embroidery; his hair in its careful disorder as amazing as ever; his monocle in place; his finger-nails polished, he would receive as might have received an old fellow such as Louis the Sun King. And his courtiers stood around the bed in quite as awe-struck a silence as might have stood the courtiers of the great Louis.

Strange, I would think as I looked around, that these members of his household were afraid of him. I knew what a good playfellow he was. I would gaze with scorn at the awe-stricken faces, at the mouths which were hastening to say, "Oh, yes!" "Oh, no!" as he seemed to them to indicate that they must say.

"Poor Cousin Butterfly!" I thought. "He must be dreadfully lonely, with no one around who is n't afraid to death of him."

I thought a great deal about this, and became more and more sorry for him. He needed to be looked after, I decided, by some one who was not afraid of him. I told him so frankly.

"That is a beautiful little scheme, missie. Only, you see, you are the only person on earth now who is not afraid of me! And some day you will be going off and marrying when you find a man who is nicer than your cousin. So who will take care of me?"

That seemed to be awfully hard luck.

"I shall take care of you—when your family die off. I don't get on very well with English women."

"That is very nice of you. And I agree with you about English women; I do not think that you would get on very well with any whom I have seen."

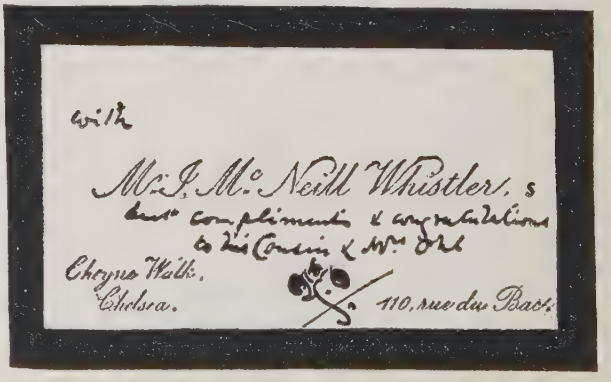
The day was wearing on; the studio was growing dim and ghostly. We always talked more confidentially at this hour, when the palette was being scraped and the tubes of paint being put away in their table drawers.

"You smell like pressed violets!" I said with conviction. "Like violets which have been pressed for years and years in an old Bible. Old paper, and old printer's ink, and old violets—all together in an old leather book. Years and years old; and saved by somebody who loved those violets."

"That is quite a flight of fancy," he replied. "Am I really so good as all that to a *jeune fille?*"

"Awfully good, although you try your best to look wicked, with that white feathery lock of hair sticking up, and your evil little tie quirking its two ends so maliciously. You are really good, you know, Cousin Butterfly."

Christmas came, and I was home-sick. What is Christmas in a foreign land where they have the Christmas trees on New Year's eve? Atrocious!



A greeting sent with white lilacs

I was sitting in front of the dying fire. It was midnight; Christmas eve was stopping and Christmas day beginning.

Behind me I smelled pressed violets, a whiff, passing along in the dim firelight, dying away, coming back.

I was afraid to look around. The room was very cold, and the fire was dying, and I was alone. I would not look over my shoulder. I knew that it was my Cousin Butterfly, and he must be in league with the devils to be frightening me this way. But it could not be the devils, for throughout the city the bells were tolling for the midnight mass. And the violets were again passing behind me! It was the angels, and this was the smell of heaven.

On that Christmas of 1898 I hurried to the rue Notre Dame des Champs with my present for my Cousin Butterfly—*papillon* orchids. They looked like him. They were incredibly mystifying, those small white *papillon* orchids. I arranged them in a jar that I had brought along, a gray jar with white butterflies in flight about it.

In the daylight I was no longer frightened about the experience of the night before; I was again the investigating young person of my country. I fixed him with a stern eye.

"Cousin Butterfly, were you thinking about me at twelve o'clock last night?"

Over his face, which had worn a pleased smile at the little flowers, and the white butterflies on the gray jar, there passed a shade, a shadow of a certain apprehension. He lifted both hands in protest.

"Missie, if it is anything supernatural, don't tell me! Don't tell me a word of it! I will not hear it! Not another word! You hear me? Not another word!"

This dropped a pall over our Christmas. I could not understand it. But many years after I understood. My Cousin Butterfly had been so much a believer in the supernatural at one time that he had forever washed his hands of it.

The last week of that winter I was in deep trouble. My father had died suddenly, and I was trying to get home. It was a gray day. The amethyst color of the spring in Paris was under a cloud. And I was under the first cloud of my life, and my Cousin Butterfly, from deep sympathy, was under a cloud also. We were very quiet as we stood and looked at the portrait of the Honorable Mrs. Farquhar. She was in an awful mess by this time. A dual personality had been the ruin of her. I knew by the way in which my Cousin Butterfly was tugging at his lower lip that he was despairing. I could not leave him in trouble, too.

"You want me to get into that frock and pose for a little while?"

"No, missie, you nice child! That would never do. It would be too selfish of me to let you do that to-day." This seemed to me to be the most unselfish thing of him, to ruin his wonderful picture because I was in trouble. I could not consent to that sacrifice. I slipped behind the screen and got myself into the costume. Carmen was not there, for this was to be our private farewell; I had a difficult time with the pins. Holding it together as best I could, I hurried out from the dressing-corner and took the pose.

He had remained in front of his picture without moving. He opened his mouth in protest.

"Missie, my dear child, no!" Abstractedly, he went closer to the portrait. He shook his head. "No, I could never look myself in the face if I did." He took up a paint-brush. He began to touch delicately at the canvas. "Stand there for just a minute, as you are already in the costume. Just a minute. This one bit here; it would be a crime to leave it as it is. Just a minute. Missie, don't move! I—just this one place." In another moment he was painting furiously; he was yelling at me when I moved, he was brandishing the brush at me, he was a thousand leagues away from the world.

I understood him. I knew that he did not intend to be unkind. He was as sorry for me as any friend could be; but he was also sorry for the hurt to his soul if that beautiful picture were never to be the perfect thing which his eyes saw when he shut them. I knew how he felt. So I stood up there all the afternoon. Occasionally, in the silence of the room, I would find my thoughts wandering homeward, and I would weep silently, that it might not disturb my Cousin Butterfly at his work.

Just before our hour for confidences he looked straight at me—his friend's eyes, not the eyes of the painter of the beautiful picture. The tears were at that moment rolling down my cheeks. Remorsefully, he threw down his brushes. In a frenzy he rushed me behind the screen.

While I was struggling out of the costume, he called to me at intervals.

"I am putting my things away, missie! No more posing, you poor little thing!"

But when I came out from behind the screen he was again standing before the picture, white painting-jacket removed, black coat on, and nails cleaned and polished, but in dark despair.

"It will have to be scraped, after all. Yes, it will have to be scraped. Too bad! too bad!"

Down from the heights of Montparnasse, with my Cousin Butterfly beside me in the fiacre, for the last time. He did not quarrel with the *cocher;* I did not stare from the window of the fiacre. We were silent. Down to the neighborhood of the Légion d'Honneur, to the corner house—the house to which I was to bid farewell in the morning.

"I shall take you to the train, missie," he assured me. "And I shall bring you a little present, a beautiful little etching, by which to remember your cousin. Which shall it be?"

I stopped sobbing long enough to say: "A Venice one, please, Cousin Butterfly? I love the 'Little Venice.' "

With the 'Little Venice' clasped in my arms, and the cold of the early morning striking into my heart, I told him good-by.

"Of course you are coming back," he reassured me as he carefully wrapped me in twice as many rugs as I needed. "Of course you are coming back. Who is to look after me, otherwise? Who that is not afraid of me?"

I smiled bravely from the window as the train pulled out, but I felt that I was not to get back, and that this was my last sight of my Cousin Butterfly.

The South Buries Its Anglo-Saxons

By Frank Tannenbaum

THE professor and I were visiting a cotton-mill man. He was sitting behind his polished desk in a large room, a kindly, interested, and public-spirited man who spoke feelingly about the mill-workers; a middle-aged man who had seen much of the world and who gave evidence of being personally concerned with the welfare of the men and women working for him. The questions and answers proceeded smoothly for a considerable period, but the man behind the desk apparently felt that I was asking too many questions, that if I was not unfriendly, at least I was inquisitive. Leaning over the desk, he pointed his finger at me, and said:

"I want you to understand, Mr. Tannenbaum, that our workers down here are not like the people who work in the mills up North. The people we have are just as good Americans as any. The best blood in the country flows in their veins. They are the people who made this country. Good, sturdy Anglo-Saxon stock, much better than the rich loafers who spend their time playing billiards and pool."

He kept this up for a while. There was in his voice a tone of aggrieved perplexity combined with a feeling of pride. But something happened to his brain. Suddenly he bent a little farther over the desk and, lowering his voice a trifle, said, "But they are like children, and we have to take care of them."

"But they are like children." That phrase illuminated much that had been obscure. It explained many things. I understood the solicitude, the care, the interest in the life and destinies of the mill-workers. It became clear why the mill people are recorded in a book owned by the mill man—a kind of Doomsday Book, where the child a day old is set beside the grandfather of sixty.

As soon as you are born you are recorded. After that all your destinies find a place in this long black book. There are written the name of the father, his age, his occupation, how many times he has been sick, where he came from, the room he lives in, the name of his wife, how many children she has had, the number that are still alive, how many of them are too young to work, how many of them are in school, how many are at work and what they are doing. If the family keeps boarders, they, too, are in the long black book of the mill man. Their names, their number, and their occupation are set beside those of the people they live with. The mill man can, by turning the pages of this book, tell the age of all the people that live in the village, their occupation, their health or disease, their marital condition, their education, and their room number. Not even a baby is unre-

corded. Their destinies are marked out for them to be mill people. All of this solicitude became clear and simple. "They are like children, and we have to take care of them."

They *are* like children, but rather strange, lost-looking, and bereaved. Their faces seem stripped, denuded, and empty. They give the impression of being beyond the realm of things daily lived and experienced by other people or children: they exhibit little of the frolicsome and joyous, little of shouting and play. Their faces are wan, and their eyes drawn and stupid. Unhappy children, if children at all. But really they are men and women who have been lost to the world and have forgotten its existence.

Talking to a mill man one day, I asked:

"Do your people marry young?"

"Yes, sir, and have big families," he replied quickly.

"Do they marry outside the mill village much?" I asked.

"No, n-o-o, a-l-most never," slowly. The question apparently had not occurred to him before.

"Don't you get a good deal of inbreeding?"

"No, not much."

"Why not?"

"Well, they move about."

"Where do they move to?"

"Why, sir, they move to other mill villages."

"Do they ever leave the mill villages and go back into the community, outside, to some other job or to farming?"

"No, sir, almost never. They just stays."

"Where, then, do you get your changes in population?"

"They come in, sir, from farms and the hills."

"And when they come, they stay in the mill villages?"

"Yes, sir; they almost never leaves it ag'in."

This is one side of the story. It is the typical side. You may go where you will in the cotton-mill section of the South and talk to the people who know the mill village, and they will tell you the same thing. They will tell you that once a mill-worker, always a mill-worker. Not only you, but your children and children's children forever and ever. They do not leave except to move to another mill village, which they do often enough. By the thousands they have become drifters, a distinctly recognized type of mill-workers, who come and go from mill village to mill village, but who never go outside of it.

What seems to happen is something like this. A mountaineer or farm tenant leaves the farm for the city, carrying his six children with him; if fortune provides him with an occupation in town, his children do different things. One child will work in a grocery store, one will become a newsboy, one will find his way to a machine-shop, and another will be a printer's devil; still another will go to school, and the last will go to jail. They are bedded in the community and have become part of it. Their destinies are varied, and one of the children may become a politician and another a business man. The family table represents the contacts and flexibility of interests and ideas that are abroad in the world. The family is spiritually saved and free. It is a part of the world. Its children intermarry with the children of the community, and they are flesh and bone of the things that are worth while, both good and evil. They are

not outcasts. They are not looked down upon. They are not derided and scorned. But let this man move to the mill village, and the destinies of the family and the children are separate and apart from the world about them.

He moves to the mill village for very definite reasons. Having been a cotton farmer, he has few technics. It means that he has lived on a very narrow money margin. He has been in debt beyond possibility of recovery. He has neither trade nor money, and the mill offered to give his children work at more money wages than he ever dreamed of for himself. It gave him a house at a very low rent. It gave his children a school—often a better school than he has had or than is to be had in the town. The mill also gave him many other things, including his coal at five dollars a ton instead of twelve dollars or more. He moved to the mill village. There was only one condition attached. He and his children who worked were expected to work in the mill. That is all. And that is enough. That makes the house a spiritual grave and the mill village a spiritual cemetery. It buries its inhabitants and hides them from the world.

The situation is exceedingly simple. The mill man builds himself a factory. Then he builds himself a mill village for the workers he needs in his factory. The size of the mill determines the size of the mill village. The mill man estimates a certain average number of workers per room. That is all. It is perfectly legitimate. The houses are built for that purpose. The people who occupy them are expected to work in the mill. That in practice means that all the workers in the family work in the same mill, that, in fact, they have to do so to keep the house. There are occasional exceptions, but they are exceptions. Any one who lives in a mill house, but works at some other occupation outside the mill village, is a rare and privileged person.

§ 2

"Why don't you sell the house to your workers?" I asked a kindly old man who told me of all the good things he does for his people. He even had said:

"Sometimes I think we do too much for them. They lose all ambition."

But his reply to my question was:

"We should lose control over them."

I asked another mill man the same question, and he answered:

"Well, they might sell the house to other people, and we would be a house out, as well as have to look somewhere else for workers."

Another man said:

"We could not do that because we could not look after them."

"What do you mean by looking after them?" I asked.

"Why, we look after their morals."

"After their morals?"

"Yes, sir; we do not keep any one who has a bad reputation, either man or woman."

"What do you do with them?"

"We fire them and put them out of the house that quick."

"Where do they go?"

"Well, sir, they move to another mill village."

So there are towns that have two kinds of mill villages; moral ones and those where the known immoral people, "scum of the earth," as one man called them, live and work. Still better, some mill-managers have two kinds of mill villages, a moral one and

one of the other kind, a refuge for the lost and outcast. Many find a haven there. Apparently it is hard to remain indefinitely in a state of innocence in the mill village. Any one who has talked with the social workers, with the chiefs of police, with the Red Cross people, with other similar agencies, like the neighboring boards of health, will agree that the mill village is generously fruitful in immorality, dope, consumption, and social degradation.

The house that the worker receives from the mill-owner limits the destinies of the family. It determines, even if the mill man has not this in mind, the future of not only the father who gets the house, but of the children who are born in it. The house is expected to provide its share of labor for the mill, and the children are sacrificed to satisfy that demand. The question of the children going to other places rarely arises. It naturally follows that the children should work where the parents do. Occasionally, however, it does arise, and the mill is not entirely ignorant of that fact.

"We could not rent a house for a dollar a week to a family and have all of the children work somewhere else."

That was a generous way of putting it, because in practice all the children have to work in the mill, though there are exceptions, even if the exceptions are rare. I asked one man whether all the people who lived in the company houses had to work in the mill if they could work, and he actually winced. The point was a sore one. To get any reply at all I had to get around to find out what proportion of the labor was expected from each room. To this I got a definite answer. The point had been an issue. Another man said to me in answer to a discussion of the schooling situation that "they go to work at the age of fourteen and a half. But if they want to go to school after that, even up to the age of sixteen, *we let them.*"

The solicitude for the children who have to be taken care of is at bottom solicitude for the house; the house has to contribute its share of labor. That is why it is built. That is why it is looked after. That is why it is given away almost for nothing. The houses are not self-supporting. The company loses thousands of dollars a year.

But let Mr. Stuart Cramer, President of National Committee, American Cotton Manufacturers Association, describe the mill village in his own words:

"A comparatively small town, generally located outside the corporate limits of any municipality and often in the country, therefore self-contained and self-supporting, with its own stores, schools, churches, and public utilities, with its dwellings clustered around the mill buildings and all owned by the mill company as a whole or in a large part. The citizenship is practically all native born of Anglo-Saxon descent, with a small negro population living in the outskirts or in some segregated district. These surroundings are the direct result of the conditions under which the industry has been established in the South, where there are few large cities or even large towns to draw upon for a labor supply. The organization and erection of a Southern cotton mill usually means the laying-off, building, and establishing of a village to house and supply the families for an adequate amount of help.

"Now here is a definite concrete

proposition, representative of a thousand or more cases embracing the very large majority of Southern cotton mill communities and, with slight modifications, typical of them all. Even when such communities are within the limits of incorporated towns, they are usually outlying and of this same general type. Parenthetically I would say that the feature about these mill villages which is most open to criticism is the ownership of the dwellings so largely by the corporations. My own observation is that most mill operatives want so much to live near their work that it is well nigh impossible to sell them homes except very near the mills; and the experience of many who have risked doing that has been that when *sold such houses do long furnish operatives for the mill but are in demand by petty tradesmen and others, thereby defeating the very object for which they are built near the mills, to the disadvantage of both the corporation and the operatives.**

"The real truth of the matter is that the feudal villages of the mill barons, about which the demagogues rant so much, are a very great handicap, and something the mill-owners would be very glad to unload and get rid of. How much of an advantage in that respect the Northern mill man enjoys, all of whose money is invested in mill buildings and producing machinery, compared to his Southern competitor who has probably an average of one third of his entire capital tied up in a village which is not only a heavy initial investment but also a source of constant and continual expense. The average charge for rent is twenty-five cents per room per week, including electric lights, water and sewerage—not even enough to keep the houses painted and in repair, and that small amount more than offset by village and welfare expense so that it is really a totally unproductive investment." But it serves to secure and provide labor for the mill.

In practice it means that all of the children have to be confined to the experiences of the narrowing, limiting contacts that follow from living not only in the same village, but working in the same mill, going to a mill school, a mill church, a mill moving-picture, and buying in a mill grocery-store and a mill drug-store. One teacher in a mill school—she has been there for ten years—discussed the problem with me. She had the interests of the young folks at heart. After corroborating the various aspects of the general story, as a professor who was with me said: "What an interesting interview that was! She proved your general analysis by trying to disprove it." She testified to the fact that one of her friends has three children, a son who is a foreman, a daughter who is working in the mill, and a boy of seventeen who is also working in the mill. This young boy of seventeen wanted to go to work in the grocery. In this case the grocery is not owned by the mill. She was afraid to take the boy from the mill because she might lose her house, and that despite the fact that her son was a foreman. In another instance a mill man told me that he gave a man a house, even a large house, if he had children who gave promise of being good mill-workers. Another mill man said that he had given a poor worker a house because two of his sons were good workers. Another told me that he had just had to make a man move with his family, because one of the boys had a fight with one of the

* My Italics.

foremen and he could not be allowed to stay in the village.

§ 3

I wish to make it clear that I am not at present discussing the question of wages, hours of labor, conditions of labor, or child labor. These are the things that have been most frequently the subjects for dispute when the question arose. I am discussing the burying of a complete section of the Southern community in the mill village, and the resulting loss to the life of the South. All I am saying is that the mountaineer or small cotton farmer who moves to the mill village is lost to the community. I am also saying that these are the people who have given the South and the nation some of their best spiritual leadership. "These people are all Americans, and hundreds can qualify as sons and daughters of the Revolution." They are the descendants of those who fought at King's Mountain, New Orleans, and Gettysburg. They are of the stock that produced Sam Houston and Stonewall Jackson. They are the people who have given the world its Lincoln on one hand and its Tom Watson on the other. They can also claim Sergeant York. They have enriched the life of the South. These people are being denuded, stripped, washed out, destroyed. They are being reduced to a state of childish impotence where they have to be taken care of and where they produce nothing.

They give the South no poets, no artists, no politicians, no orators, no teachers, no business men, no men of adventure, no builders, no engineers, no technicians, no leaders in any field of activity whatsoever. So far as the community is concerned, they might as well never have been at all. A professor of one of the colleges in North Carolina, who has been studying the situation for many years, said: "In the last twenty years out of a population of some three hundred thousand mill people in the State of North Carolina there is not a single person of county importance who has come from the mill village. I can think of only two preachers, uneducated evangelical spirits, and both of them no good." I was talking to one mill man about this, pointing out that I did not deny that the mill men were often paternal and generous, that often at great expense they gave their workers many things that they had not on the farm, but that this conditioning of the life of the family tended to deprive it of its contacts with the community, tended to give it no interests that we value, no insights that are useful, no relations with the world that open up new vistas of life and labor. That it destroyed and killed everything beautiful and worth while in human life-interest beyond the immediate. He replied:

"But we keep the family together. In the world at large the family would drift apart. The children would go from their parents; they would marry away from home; the family would be destroyed."

When I repeated my statement and pointed out that what he said was rather beside the point, that it was the complete submersion of a population that I was talking about, he turned to me and said seriously:

"Mr. Tannenbaum, you don't mean to tell me that you advocate the destruction of the family, do you?"

It was hopeless. It is hopeless

The mill village is a curious institution. It is built behind the mill and is an adjunct to it. It has no life of its own. Its destinies are spun by the mill. One mill village is like almost every other mill village, an institution apart. The houses are all the same. They are set at equal spaces from one another. They are colored by the same kind of coloring. Each house is alike. Each street is just as wide and just as big as every other street. It has uniformity. It gives the impression of system. It is not a town. It is not an incorporated village. It has no existence of its own. It is built upon private property. It is private property. The State may not enter in without a warrant. The school-teacher is paid by the mill man, and the school is built by the mill man. So is the church. The selection of the minister is frequently influenced by the mill man. The grocery-store, the moving-picture, the drug-store, the doctor, everything is in the hands of the mill man. If there are streets, it is because he has made them. If there are benches in the park, it is he who gave them. If the children play base-ball, it is he who has bought the balls and the bats. If they have uniforms, he has provided them. Everything is owned and bought by him. Even the policemen are paid by him. The people have no political life. They do not vote. They are not interested in politics.

It ought to be added that "almost invariably wages are held back for one pay-roll period, and in many cases it is two weeks between pay-days. When new-comers arrive at the mill, it may be four weeks before they receive any money; then they will receive two weeks' wages, though they may have a store account covering four weeks. They must go into debt for necessary supplies, and before they draw their first pay, their debt may be much more than the pay drawn will cover. As a rule the amount of the store will be deducted from the earnings of the employee," and "in some mills the company employs a doctor, and deductions for his services are made before earnings are paid over to the employee.

"A custom of making discounts from earnings advanced in money before pay-day prevails in many Southern mills, and in most cases the discount is five per cent. This charge falls heaviest upon the poor who must have the money as fast as they earn it and who can least afford the drain . . . when he has once made a beginning, it is almost inevitable that he should continue."

§ 4

I wish to make clear that there is in some villages considerable paternal interest in the mill population. Many have Y. M. C. A.'s. There are gymnasiums in others, there are community houses, there are welfare workers. This was particularly true during the war. To escape paying surplus-profit taxes and in response to the spirit then abroad in the world, much money went into various kinds of social activities. Better houses were built. Drainage systems were installed, nurses were hired, schools were improved, community life was stimulated. Much of this activity has now gone by the board, either allowed to die or deliberately cut off. Then, too, the Federal law that compelled children to stay out of the mill till the age of sixteen led many children into high school, and some of them are still there, but very

few. I state all this so as to make it perfectly clear that this involves no suggestion of malign influences in the mill-owners and mill-managers. In fact, the better the thing is, the worse it is. It sweetens the destruction of spiritual contact with the world abroad. One mill man said to me:

"You know my people have everything they need. Two years ago I decided that they ought to have some flowers. Flowers are good for them. I got me a man to plow up the piece of land in front of each house. You know we have a little piece of land in front of each house. My people know nothing of flowers, so I got me a gardener to buy some seeds for them. You know it would never do for them to be jealous of each other. So he bought the same kind of seeds for each garden and planted them all in similar rows. The flowers looked very pretty. But you know they are careless and just like children, so we had to tell them not to pull the flowers out." So they all had flowers. All the rows looked alike, and they could not pull them out.

By some of the mill-owners this paternalism is recognized to be bad. And in many instances there is a tendency to make the workers do some things for themselves. Clubs are organized, and the members contribute. They are encouraged to furnish their own club-room; they even buy their own piano. That is, they raise some of the money for the piano. As one man said, pointing to a piano in the recreation room:

"We do not buy everything for them any more. We used to, but it is not good for them. You see that piano over there. They bought it. It belongs to them. You know what I mean; they raised some of the money, and we gave the rest. In fact, the greater part."

A kind of playing at responsibility. Another man made much of the fact that all of their mill villages were incorporated. I could not get at the difference for a while. The man insisted that they were just like real towns.

"They vote. They have their own officials, their own mayor, their own councilmen, they hire their own policemen."

"But who pays the taxes?"

"We pay the taxes, of course, because we own all the property."

"Where do they get the money?"

"Well, we pay to the county, and the county gives them their share for their own expenses, and all of the officials are our own workers."

"Can they do anything they want?"

"Sure; just like in any other government."

"Do you mean that you pay all of the taxes and that they are left free to pass any ordinance without consulting you?"

"Well, you understand that there are some things we just could not allow."

"How do you manage?"

"Well, we have arranged to have every ordinance read twice before it becomes a law. If we do not like it, it is not read the second time, and so we never have any trouble."

The mill population is in a world apart. It does not play with the community. It does not mix with it. It does not intermarry, it does not work with it. The children do not play base-ball together, and in one instance an attempt to establish a common camp had to be given up on account of opposition to having the other chil-

dren associate with mill children. This is so general a fact in the mill section of the South that it is recognized as a caste system. The mill people are at the bottom of the scale. To become a mill-worker is to lose standing. A most careful student of cotton-mill history in the South concludes that the "Dislike for the operative's station is undoubtedly greater at present than in the years when the mills were building."

I recall a discussion in a train between a farmer and a mill-manager. The farmer was denouncing the mills for the evil they were bringing to the South. The mill man talked of their benefits. The farmer said:

"Why, if one of my tenants went to the mill for a couple of years, I would not give him any more land if he came back."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Why not? Why he would just be no good." Later he added:

"Even my tenant farmers would have nothing to do with him. They just become low-down."

A welfare worker, simple-minded and earnest, talked to me about this problem of exclusion and degradation, and was perplexed. This she could not understand.

"Why do the people outside think they are better, and why do the people inside feel that they are worse?"

She told me of two girls who came to the mill and went bad. She had talked to them. The only answer they could give was that now it made no difference. "They were mill hands, anyway. They just felt that they had taken a step down, and that things they could not do before were all right now."

One mill man said:

"*And* they are happy. We give them moving-pictures three times a week."

Another added:

"They come here to improve their condition and get schooling for their children, chances they did not have in the hills."

That brought back to my mind a little meeting I had witnessed. A bright welfare worker was talking to the mothers of the village. The village had a good school, a better one it seemed than the neighboring town, and two of the little girls had gone after graduation and found jobs in a department-store. The bright welfare worker was saying:

"You must be very grateful for the opportunities your children have in our village. The good schooling they get and other benefits cost a lot of money. We are very happy to do all of this, but it just will never do for them to get educated in our school and go to work in town. We just could not afford it. We educate them for ourselves and we simply can't have them go off like that."

The professor had remarked:

"They come to get better chances for their children and escape the lonesomeness of the isolated country."

That may be very true, but it is a blind alley. They get better houses and more to eat. But they lose all their freedom, their interest in the world, their knowledge of it. One teacher of sociology, who had sent some students to study the mill villages in the neighborhood, told me of the startling discovery the students had made.

"The people in the mill village know nothing about the outside world." They and their children lose their

readiness for adventure. They lose the technic of going out and breasting the world anew. Occasionally there is a strike, not very often.

But every now and then some one does come along and stir them up. It would be amusing if it were not pathetic, to read on page seventeen of the latest report of the Y. M. C. A. Southern Industrial Conference the following story:

"It is all very nice to get up in these meetings and tell these things, but I would like to ask, 'Why is it that, in some of the mills where they practise just such principles, the men strike without any real grievance or just cause? I have a good friend in Charlotte, a manager of a mill, and he has always been courteous and kind to his employees. Yet two years ago, certain men came into that mill and made two speeches, and all the operatives walked out and stayed out for two months.' " This was said by Mr. David Clark, editor of the "Southern Textile Bulletin," Charlotte, North Carolina, and Mr. John Funderburk of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kanapolis, North Carolina, added:

"Over at Kanapolis we had the same spirit, but our people were led astray and joined the strike. Even during the strike, however, the same spirit of friendliness between employer and employee existed. The workers were free to go to the president and superintendent of our office and talk to them while the strike prevailed. The strike has long since been settled and our people are satisfied and happy and things are going fine. They were led astray."

He did not realize that the strike was a kind of spiritual adventure, which, like the children they were, they could not resist, but had little strength to maintain. These strikes are almost always lost. The paternalism of the mill-owners is exceedingly interesting. It is a matter of pride in one of the large mill centers in the South that a few years ago, when one of their mill-owners was threatened with a strike he said, "If you go out, I will never take you back." He never did. Those that suffered were helped by the Red Cross. The mill-owner contributed to the Red Cross to make it possible for them to feed and support the most needy until they could get a job, but he would not take them back. A distinctly fatherly attitude!

One gets the feeling when he sees these long, emaciated figures, wan and sleepy-looking and without any vividness or interest, that it were far better that they had remained on the farm and scratched the soil with their nails. It were far better that they had starved on bitter roots, killed one another in long family feuds, that their children had lived in ignorance and had gone barefooted, ridden horses bareback and hunted wildcats, some going to the madhouse, some making moonshine, some escaping barefooted into a mountain or valley school. A few would have gone to the legislature, or become teachers, or perhaps bitter, relentless persecutors of other people. Now and then there would have been a poet or a preacher. There was some escape. The adventure of living was not at an end. They were still free to try the new and the unexpected, to become soldiers and governors, to carry on the great tradition of creating a new and better world if only in a small, bitter, and forlorn fashion. They were not children to be taken care of.

This is the problem that the mill village is bringing to the South. It is a new conquest by the North, for it is increasingly Northern capital that is building the mills and taking from the South part of its best and most cherished, its most fruitful, spiritual fountain. And this new conquest is welcomed with open arms and made much of. The root seems to be in the house. It is that which limits the contacts of the mill children with the world. It is that which makes possible a separation of the people in town from the people in the village. It is that separation which lends to isolation and to inbreeding, it is that lack of contact and fruitfulness in good and great things which leads to their being looked down upon as something from whom nothing good ever comes. And it is that which contributes to the immorality and bad savor commonly attributed to the mill village.

§ 5

The way out is apparently to compel the mill to secure its labor as other industries secure theirs, so that they can live in their own or in rented houses, so that some can go to the mill and others to the shop, others to school and still others into politics, into the community. This is a problem for the South. It must save its own people, or they will perish. It must by legislation or public opinion compel that change.

I do not wish to be unfair. It is true that here and there is to be found a cotton-mill manufacturer who recognizes the fact and is striving as best he can against it. These men are usually those who have come from the South and who have a glimmering of the older Jeffersonian democracy bred into their bones. But they are isolated instances. Worse than being isolated is the fact that to stay in the field as manufacturers they find themselves driven to adopt the standard methods and ways employed by their competitors. The tide is heavy the other way. The increasing tendency to build mills in the South makes that a serious and threatening problem. Let me repeat that I am not talking about wages, hours of labor, child labor, or conditions of labor. I am talking about the stripping of a large section of the Southern community of its contacts with the world. One mill man was telling me about a strike that they had in one of their mills. He said:

"The department of labor sent a man down to make an investigation. The first thing I told him was, 'I want you to understand that these people down here are not like your furriners up North. They are all good Anglo-Saxon stock. They are the people who made this country. They are just as good as anybody. That 's what I want you to know.' And the man looked at me, he did, and said, 'Well, you are the gul-dern'st fellow I ever did see.' "

One Road Alone

By Ben Ray Redman

Woodcuts by C. B. Falls

I saw Victor Farrère only three times, yet it is his story that I intend to write. At our first meeting we were merely introduced, and in our last encounter there were no words; but I feel surer of no life story than of his. For our knowledge of other human beings is not measured by the time we spend with them: a person who lives beside us through a lifetime may remain a stranger whose past acts are unexplained and whose future actions are, for us, unpredictable, while a casual contact may admit us intimately to a whole life's history. Ships that lie long and peacefully at anchor, side by side, may never speak across the narrow gulf that gapes between them; but a passing signal-light, seen for a moment only, can carry in its glow an unmistakable and unforgetable message.

I first saw the man in Shanghai. And, now with the whole story before me, it seems that this was a peculiarly fitting place of meeting; for it is a strange city, and the man was a strange man. But the analogy is more precise than that: in Shanghai two civilizations touch and overlap and interweave, but do not merge; and of the man, as well, this might be said. In Shanghai time, too, plays strange pranks: two jostling pedestrians are divided by a thousand years. But in this city the present is a thin, bright layer that lies above vast depths of the past, and the somber pools are all the more mysterious and fascinating for their polished surfaces. Shanghai has accepted the foreign settlements, with their clubs and houses and great sprawling sheds of commerce; but the East draws closer to itself and watches the event with ageless eyes that make no futile comment. Farrère was a Frenchman, though other blood than French flowed in his veins, civilized and suave; but the surface of the man, like that of the city, deceived.

It was on the noisy, crowded, famous Bubbling Well Road that we met. Rackham, a wandering writer like myself, and I had driven out to the joss-house for want of anything better to do. Half-way home we had violated all custom by dismissing our rickshaw boys, and we were now walking slowly toward the British settlement. Talking casually, we wandered on, unstimulated by the kaleidoscopic scene that was an old play to both of us. Then suddenly Rackham raised his arm as though bodily to check a passing rickshaw: the runner halted abruptly, and the man on the high seat leaned forward in a bow that was the product of momentum rather than courtesy.

"Do you know M. Farrère?" Rackham asked as he stepped to the side of the vehicle.

I indicated that I did not, and we were introduced. Another bow, of courtesy this time, greeted my murmured banality. And then I looked into the eyes of Victor Farrère for the first time, and for a moment I was aware of nothing else: that they were set in an olive-colored, finely sculptured face was knowledge later acquired. These eyes were dark and brilliant, but their brilliancy was a veiled, not an exposed, flame. Why is it that the human eye eludes description as no other feature does? Is it that here is life itself, whereas the face around it is only form? However, though I could not have described those eyes then and cannot now, I knew in that instant that I should never quite forget them.

"I did n't know you were here," Rackham was saying.

"I have n't been for long and I am going soon," Farrère replied. His voice was deep and full, rich in a variety of inflections never achieved by Anglo-Saxon vocal cords. It was a voice that gave the slightest words significance. Then I noticed that the man was very dark and that his nose was high, sharply cut and curved; but his nationality baffled me. His name was French, of course, but he could not be purely French.

"Do drop in and see me at the club," my companion begged cordially.

"That would be charming," the man assented gravely. There was a pause. Rackham found nothing more to say; his usual glibness failed him, and Farrère was obviously not seeking words, but resting in polite immobility and silence. There was a three-cornered conventional farewell: Farrère's boy tugged briskly at the shafts again, and we were alone. For a moment Rackham looked after the dust cloud that swirled in the rickshaw's wake, and then, turning sharply to me, he demanded:

"Do you mean to say you never met Victor Farrère? He 's been knocking about the East for several years now."

"Never," I replied. "An unusual pair of eyes he has."

"Eyes!" Rackham's blond head went back in a laugh. "If that were all that 's queer about him— You should know him. You should hear him talk. One of the weirdest fellows I ever met, and one of the most fascinating. French, with a heavy mixture of various other things. But really I suppose I know him less than you do, for I 've made the attempt and failed. I 've been acquainted with him for years, bumped up against him here and there; ships-that-pass-

in-the-night sort of thing, you know. Really you must see him sometime: there 's a story in that man if there ever was in any one." He paused and then added reflectively, "And he won't write it himself, apparently."

My instinct warns me against any one in whom I am told there is a story; but the memory of the eyes overcame the instinct.

"So he writes, then? What?" I asked.

"He has, and I suppose he 's writing still, but what, I have n't the least idea. When I first met him he was living in Paris, and then his sole preoccupation, so far as I could gather, was the violin. Not professionally, but for his own sake. A friend took me to his place: he nested four flights up in the rue des Saints-Pères, on the left bank,—a most luxurious nest, however; he seems to have plenty of money,—and he played for us. I have never forgotten it: it was like no other music I have ever heard. Gloriously beautiful, certainly; but something uncanny in it. If I were poetic or medieval, I 'd say he 'd sold his soul to the devil in exchange for a mastery over bow and strings. Most of what he played I 'd never heard before,—his own perhaps,—but he took a simple little love-song and did indescribable things to it. The notes were right, but the song they sang was one the composer had never heard. I 'm not a man who sees visions, you know that,"—Rackham looked at me with his candid blue eyes,—"but I saw them that afternoon. And when he finished playing, and I found myself back again inside the four walls of that Paris room, I felt as if I 'd been on a long and dangerous journey."

"Why, you 're waxing positively poetic," I rallied him. This was Rackham in a new rôle.

He looked at me soberly and said: "You did n't hear him play."

We walked on in silence for some moments. Very proud Chinese ladies rushed by us in their very new American automobiles. Then Rackham continued his story.

"I ran into him in the Balkans when I was doing feature stuff on one of the little rumpuses down there. Some articles by an unknown correspondent had been creating a great stir among the newspaper gang, and, lo and behold! I found the strange correspondent was none other than Farrère writing under a *nom de guerre*. We spent several evenings together in Saloniki, and I talked to him about his writing. It was amazing stuff he was doing, the greatest war stuff I 've ever read; but the devil was in it again, somewhere. There was an underlying note of something that you could n't put your finger on. The man hated war, that was obvious; but there was a strange fascination in it that drove his pen; that was obvious, too. One night he did the talking for a change, and it was a revelation. Half he said I could n't understand; but I gathered that he was after something big, the biggest thing in life, so he thought. His music and his writing were apparently only a means to an end, and unsatisfactory ones, it seemed, for when I asked him about the violin, he said he played no more. Simply that, no explanation; he played no more. Shortly afterward he vanished from Saloniki completely, and his articles stopped abruptly. He was off on some new tack. Then I ran into him here in Shanghai a year or so ago,

and since then I 've seen him a number of times. Apparently he 's been drifting about the East ever since he left the Balkans. He goes and comes, and no one knows the why or wherefore of it. There are strange stories about him in the clubs. He was mixed up in some dark native performance down in the Malay Peninsula, and it took the whole power of the French Government to pull him out of it. I don't know the details. Then he 's supposed to be awfully thick with a pack of Buddhist priests back in the interior. But I 've never been able to start him talking again. I try to draw him out, and he smiles politely. But that night in Saloniki was enough. You should have seen his eyes then: they were flame, I tell you, flame."

Rackham stopped short, seemingly ashamed of his own eloquence. Then he shook his head stubbornly, as though to confirm some inward notion of his own, and persisted:

"That man has something in him that most of us have n't. You really must get to know him."

"Not much chance," I answered. "You know I 'm off for England in a couple of days."

"Oh, you 'll run into him some place," Rackham insisted. "And when you do, make him talk."

§ 2

It was two years later that Rackham's idle prophecy was fulfilled. I had spent the night in one of the mountain resthouses above Darjiling, in the Himalayas, and was planning to carry on the next day to catch up with a party headed for Everest. I had been hung up at the start, and was a day behind the others, with only a few porters. The house was mine for the night, according to the permission granted on my official pass, but another party was due to take possession the next day. In sight of the three tallest peaks in the whole world I had watched the sun go down on a clear evening, but when the morning came it was raining torrents. Great sheets of water poured down, shutting the house off like an island. Going on seemed impossible. Mentally I prayed that the travelers behind me would imitate my discreet behavior, and I dug myself in for the day. It was rather dull, nothing to read, no view, and I sat heavily watching the rain while the porters jabbered idly in one corner of the veranda. About noon it looked as though it might clear, and I prepared to move on; but then the heavens opened again, and all thought of starting had to be put aside. Late in the afternoon I was inside the bungalow, before a blazing fire, when there was a great chattering among the porters and a stamping on the veranda. I knew that the following party had arrived: the house was theirs for the night. I hoped they were not many.

The door swung open with a great blast of cold, wet air, and a man stalked into the room, soaking, in a voluminous waterproof. As he approached the circle of lamplight and swung off his dripping hat, I recognized him immediately: it was Farrère. He looked at me and paused politely. I was in possession, but the house was his for the night. I rose and asked ineptly:

"How are you?"

"Very wet," he replied with a pleasant smile: I saw that he did not remember me.

"I met you in Shanghai a couple of

"'I have a longing for the peaks'"

years ago with Lawrence Rackham," I explained, feeling as foolish as one usually does in such circumstances. He looked at me intently. After all, I could not expect him to remember my eyes.

"Why, yes, of course, I remember perfectly. On the Bubbling Well Road, was it not?"

"It was. You were in a rickshaw, we were walking."

He smiled.

"So I was."

"Get off those wet things," I admonished him. "Where is the rest of your party?"

"I am the party," he replied, slipping his coat over the back of a chair near the fire.

"Alone?" I was surprised.

He stepped toward the fire, and answered:

"Yes, alone. With the usual porters, of course."

"You are going on into the mountains?"

"Yes"

"Rather a solitary expedition," I observed. "I 'm supposed to be catching up with my party, who had a day's start of me."

"Oh, I 'm not sure yet how far or how high I 'll go. But I have a longing for the peaks; there may be something up there that I would like to find."

The man uttered this cryptic sen-

tence as casually as he could say anything in that rich, flexible voice of his. I found no pertinent reply, but seized on the one strand that bound us in any way, and asked:

"Have you see Rackham lately?"

"Rackham? No. Still in Shanghai, I suppose. I have n't been there since I saw you. Have you news of him?"

I, too, had lost sight of Rackham, and I said so.

"Well, he 'll turn up some day," he answered. "People do, you see."

Then it occurred to me that I had an apology to make, but my polite regrets were cordially brushed aside.

"My dear man," Farrère replied, "it is the happiest accident. I am delighted to have company for the evening, and there is plenty of room here for both of us. Of course you would n't go on in the rain; I never would have dreamed of doing it if I had not been compelled to do so."

I wondered what the compelling force had been, but he proffered no explanation, and continued:

"Since I am the official host, though the later arrival, you will perhaps pardon me if I suggest supper?"

"An excellent idea."

He called his head-man, and ordered supper for two. Then he sat down close beside the fire and stretched out his long, powerful hands toward the blaze. Outside the rain swirled madly about the house, and the water drummed furiously upon the roof. The voices of our porters, huddled on the veranda, were lost in the noise of many waters. We sat silently for a time. Then I stirred. Obviously Farrère had a great capacity for courteous silence. I knew that I would be the first to speak.

"Are you going far?" I asked.

"Into Tibet. There 's an old monastery that I am rather eager to have a look at. And you?" He looked at me, but I felt that the question was a mechanical reaction to my own, and that the answer would not interest him. So I replied briefly:

"Oh, the crowd I 'm going with is headed for Everest."

He made no comment on this statement, and in a moment I grasped a thread that he had offered me, asking, "Don't you find these Buddhist priests rather a wretched lot?"

"You mean sordid and hypocritical and shallow? Yes, they are like that." He looked into the fire. Then he went on reflectively: "Like all men, they have lost their heritage. But the memory of something very precious still lingers in their old monasteries. The lamas themselves have now forgotten it was ever there, but I have been brushed by the ghostly wings of it on still nights, and I have heard a voice calling faintly across the centuries."

I looked at Farrère. It was the same voice speaking that had uttered the conventional greetings—speaking with no emphasis or change in tone. There was no affectation in the words, and so naturally were they spoken that it was only after a reflective pause that they seemed at all unusual.

"You mean that the priesthood has lost its reason for being?" I asked, with a purposeful vagueness in the query.

"Precisely, like most priesthoods. These monasteries are empty shells to-day; no true life stirs within them, the spirit is departed. But they were alive once. It was no idle fancy that raised them on these silent hills, any more than an idle impulse gave us the

carved faces in the temple at Bangkok or the dome of St. Peter's. But the vision is lost: one man dies, and other men forget. Rituals are repeated and carvings last and buildings endure, but the ears that hear and the eyes that see do not comprehend. Men forget." He repeated the words slowly, and then stopped speaking.

I moved in my chair. The chorus of rain swelled to a crescendo. We were shut off from the whole world, this man and I. Ten thousand feet above the sea two human beings were fumbling with each other's thoughts. Or, rather, I was fumbling. Farrère was aware only of himself.

"Men forget?" I repeated the words with a rising inflection.

"Yes. In every generation there are men who find the flame. They are bolder adventurers than ever sailed for Cathay. They bring back their treasure, and for a time men think they know the meaning of it all. But finally the symbol alone remains, and none can read it. All true art, all true literature, all true religion, is a legacy of men who have passed the threshold at which others pause. But there can be no real inheritance: the torch cannot be kindled once for all and thenceforward passed from hand to hand. A man must find the source himself, and in every generation a few men find it. For all men there are many roads, but for any individual there is one road alone that he can travel to the goal. And finding that road seems sometimes hard."

He passed his hand, as though in pain, across his broad forehead; the guide came in just then to announce supper, and for a while the spell was broken.

The meal was eaten for the greater part in silence; but I felt that this was only an interlude, not a fatal interruption. When we were seated once more before the fire, in answer to a question of mine Farrère took up his thought where he had left it.

"Yes, there is one road alone for each man, and few men find the road that they can travel. Through art and love and religion we struggle toward it, and many are the false ways that we take; but at the end of the true road there is what man calls ecstasy. All of us have fitful glimpses, but full vision is seldom won."

He puffed deeply at the cigarette that he had lighted, and continued:

"You know what you feel when listening to great music or in the presence of great art. We call it an esthetic reaction and satisfy ourselves with a phrase. We deal with this experience as though it were an isolated event, a titillation quite supervenient to the purposes of life, in short, a luxury of the emotions. But I believe that these esthetic reactions are contacts with the greater life. For a moment the veil is lifted, the soul is aware of an influx of forces that are nameless, since they are unfamiliar. Ecstasy is a sense of harmony with all life, all power. Man is transported for an instant; his pulse beats in unison with a greater pulse: for once he is not alone; he is merged in all creation, and he knows the ecstasy of being. Toward the perpetuation of these moments art strives and religion reaches, too; for religion is the art of life. The individual aches to know the unity of the whole; the instrument quivers beneath the winds that stir its strings."

His eyes now flung back the light of the fire, and I remembered that

prosaic Rackham had called them flame.

"All my life long I have sought this ultimate ecstasy. For a moment I have touched it in the voice of the violin, I have been transported on rhythmic waves that rose and fell with the universal surge. Words have sometimes brought me a fragmentary, stumbling message; and I have seen the light flicker and die in strange temples. All my life long, up and down the world, I have searched for the road that I am destined to travel; and in the East I have learned much, but I have not found what I seek. For the East is wise, but it is very tired. It has had its moments and has failed; and now, like a sage man, the East refuses to raise its eyes toward the sun, and with this refusal it denies itself the glorious blindness of revelation."

The voice rose and fell richly in superb modulations. The great head was bowed forward, and the eyes gazed through the fire, through the wall of the small dak-bungalow, out through the night, and over endless spaces. In the face of the words that I had heard I felt very helpless. Then Victor Farrère continued, as though talking to himself:

"The world longs for ecstasy, and yet, with hard sense, protects itself against a knowledge of it, for true beauty is very terrible. The visionary is suspect when he approaches holy ground. But the quest goes on, and some day a man may be born who will be strong enough to hold the torch for other men. But I am no altruist. Let the world move on with its clear, hard eyes that see so little. When I have come to the end of my road I shall not turn back, but hug my knowledge to myself. Once I would have written, once I would have played, once I would have flung my arms wide on some mountain peak and cried, 'Behold, I bring you great tidings!' and I would have gone to the cross or to an unremembered grave as other men have gone before. But that was when I was young. I am older now and more selfish. And when I stand alone at the end of the road and raise my eyes to the living flame that I have sought, I shall not turn back."

The words ceased, but the meaning of them sounded on in my brain. I sat quite still, holding the moment's illusion in fearful hands. But the massive head jerked up, and for the first time in many minutes the dark eyes looked into mine. I saw the polished surface; the fires were hidden now. Farrère was simply a gentleman who fears that he has wearied a companion. In no wise was he embarrassed, but I knew that he would talk no more to me as he had talked.

"You must be very tired," he said, "and I have been rambling on most selfishly. We shall both be off tomorrow, but on different roads; and I am afraid I shall have to make a very early start, so I shall miss you in the morning. Good night, and good-by until we meet again."

He did not extend his hand, and I did not offer mine: a handclasp would have been meaningless.

"Rest well," he said as he stepped into one of the bedrooms. And I was alone.

§ 3

The great war had been over for two years when I found myself in Adrianople, ostensibly studying the Near-Eastern situation for journal-

istic purposes. Rackham was there, too, on much the same mission as myself. Our paths had crossed in Constantinople, and we had come up together by rail from the Turkish capital to the city on the Tundja. I had told him the whole story of that night with Farrère in the Himalayas, and he had wisely wagged his head. We were at breakfast one morning in one of the numerous Greek restaurants of Adrianople, when Rackham looked up suddenly and asked:

"What do you know about dervishes?"

I laughed.

"Why, they are supposed to whirl, are n't they? What do you know about them?"

"Not much," he admitted. "But they interest me. They 're a queer lot. I met one once, an old chap who was the most placid old codger imaginable, but apparently a dervish in perfectly good standing."

"Did he whirl for you?" I asked idly.

"No; he belonged to a different breed; but he took the whole thing frightfully in earnest. He 'd have to, I should think. They eat glass and snakes and other pleasant morsels like that and do things to themselves with knives. But to hear the old fellow talk, you 'd think dervishing was the only life. And I never saw a more contented-looking man. Faith is a marvelous thing."

Rackham made this last remark with all the dignity of a man who has stumbled on a profound truth.

"It is, indeed," I agreed solemnly. "But why dervishes on this particular morning? How about the economic future of the Near East?"

"Hang the Near East! I 'm talking about dervishes. There 's a mosque not far from here that a sect of them uses for its rites, and I want to go and take a look at them."

"You missed your chance in Constantinople," I observed. "They even advertise regular performances there. I 've seen their placards."

Rackham sniffed.

"I know they do, but they are only tourist bait. My friend told me about the crowd here, and they 're the real thing. The mosque is n't far out of the city; only a mile or so. Let 's drive out there."

"It sounds worth while. Why not this afternoon? What time does the show begin? It ought to be an amusing experience, anyway."

"It is n't any show, and it won't be amusing," Rackham corrected me, sternly. "There are some of them there all the time, I believe. They go and come as the spirit seizes them."

So it was arranged. That afternoon we chartered an ancient victoria and set out for the mosque. We drove along the Tundja, and the day was rarely beautiful. The sunshine was hard and brilliant; our talk was far removed from things occult or mysterious: it was the Turkish Nationalist party that claimed our attention during the drive.

It was an unimpressive mosque, as these buildings go; but it was ancient and finely proportioned. As we stopped before it we heard a noise that struck strangely on our ears. It was like no sound that I could identify; surely it was not human. But Rackham explained gravely that it was only the "howlers" at their worship, that we were in luck; and we bravely descended from the victoria. The inevitable beggars were rooted to the steps, and

The man stood rigidly upright, his head held high

we stumbled over them as we made our way inside.

Coming from the brilliant sunlight into this dim interior, our eyes at first refused to adjust themselves, so we could see nothing for a moment. But we were aware of the warm odor of humanity and painfully aware of the vast volume of sound, hideously mingled in its nature, that broke upon our ears. When we recovered our vision, we saw that the place was not crowded. A thin line of men stood under the arches that upheld the balcony surrounding the interior central court. We could distinguish no foreign visitors among them; but no one noticed us, so we pressed forward into the front rank. There we came upon a weird sight. Within the hollow square of spectators were the dervishes; old men they seemed for the most part, clad in white, flowing robes, sitting on their haunches, swaying rhythmically and uttering the wild cries and groans that had greeted our arrival. There were at least twenty of them squatting at regular intervals upon the floor, like chessmen on a board; and each seemed to have his own individual motion and his own cry. The scene was lighted by a number of bronze lamps hung on long chains depending from the roof.

At first I felt the same horrid sensation that I have experienced in a madhouse. I looked at Rackham, but he avoided my eyes. The scene, however, was strangely fascinating: it was impossible to turn away from these old men who were writhing and shrieking in their frenzy. The eyes of the man nearest us were glazed. He was staring blindly before him, his gaunt hands clutching at his robe, and howling with delirious energy.

I heard Rackham's voice close to my ear, whispering:

"The soul goes out of the body when they get that way. It 's a state of perfect bliss."

"I can believe it," I murmured, and shuddered.

The wild discordant chant composed of clashing voices swelled louder and louder; the motions of the squatting dervishes became more violent. Gradually I became aware that this cacophony was no haphazard product; the whole began to take on form and meaning. Some climax was approaching. The flood of sound broke in waves, each one higher than the last. But it was only a prelude.

Suddenly a man arose from his squatting posture, his head flung back, his arms stretched upward, his long beard tossing in a frenzied dance. His hands tore the white robe from his body. He whirled madly for a moment, then leaped into the air like a slaughtered fowl, uttered one last piercing shriek that cut the ear-drums like a knife, and fell back heavily upon the stone floor. He did not move again.

"My God!" Rackham whispered in an awed tone.

But I knew that the climax was not reached. I felt the surge of strange forces beating about me; there was a power in the air that could not be denied; the place was alive with unknown energies. The whole atmosphere was vibrant. Something more was to come. Something must come. The strain was unbearable, but it could be broken only by some supreme act.

Another dervish arose, whirled with a final shriek, and fell back as had his predecessor. Then another and an-

other: one after the other they rose and shrieked and fell. The final state of ecstasy was approaching for them all.

From the far side of the court, like a messenger from the infernal regions, strode a giant African, naked save for a loin-cloth, his black muscles rippling and gleaming under the light of the pendent lamps. His great hands held a broad tray, which was glistening with sharp lights. A dervish flung himself upon the tray and, seizing a handful of the broken glass, thrust the jagged fragments into his mouth, then pressed his hands against his forehead and collapsed. Three times the negro disappeared and reappeared, bearing his fiendish offering. It was all hideous, but I was rooted to the spot. I was waiting—waiting for something; for what I did not know. I dared not look at Rackham, but I heard his heavy breathing close beside me. The floor was littered with crumpled white figures lying in ghastly immobility.

Once more the negro strode into the court, and a dervish rose to meet him —a dervish who had passed hitherto unnoticed, who had been in the last rank of his company. This time the tray did not hold broken glass: a red glow rose from its surface. The dervish stepped forward and stretched out two long, powerful hands; when he withdrew them they grasped two bars of red-hot metal. Then he stepped directly beneath one of the lamps, and I saw his olive face, his dark eyes, and his high curving nose. Rackham's fingers bit suddenly into the muscles of my arm, but I could not move. The man stood rigidly upright beneath the lamp, his head held high. And as I looked into that face I saw the living image of human ecstasy. Never have I seen such happiness as in that countenance. A light that fell from no lamp illumined it; the eyes blazed with an unearthly flame; on the face was a dawning smile of recognition, as though those eyes now saw for the first time what they had always sought. Time paused in that instant: it was eternal. Then the long hands were lifted, and the red irons drew level with the eyes, which dimmed the metal's sullen glow. The smile rose as the sun rises; there was no longer any doubt. Then a quick motion, and a faint sound came to us as of a flaming match quenched in water.

Twentieth-Century Medievalism

The Machine Age on Its Way to a New Order?

By Charles Merz

I know there are self-winding phonographs, self-starting motor-cars, self-filling pens, and that the Mayor of Chicago will shortly be able to speak by radio with the King of Abyssinia. But these are frills. Socially, the most interesting experiments being made with modern machinery are those that might inadvertently put us back in the Middle Ages, minus their tournaments and their scramble after food, but plus our own control over the forces of production.

I have suggested, in an earlier paper in The Century Magazine, some of the reasons why these machines of ours, despite their conquest of the field, are meeting with a certain new hostility. One man objects that the machine age drives us at a fierce, relentless pace. Another resents the way it packs us more and more in crowded cities. A third condemns the monotony of factory routine. A fourth fears that our new instruments of centralized control will enable power to be cornered by an ever smaller group of sovereigns. Still another laments the standardization of manners and morals characteristic of our day, the loss of that old-time variety which marked Athens off from Troy, Florence from Siena, even Boston from Virginia. To-day the same machine civilization is spreading everywhere. Those missionaries in the South Sea islands, clapping Mother Hubbards on new converts, are the true symbols of our modern age.

In all the attacks on industrialism, and in all the defenses of it, nothing is more interesting than the fact that much attention is given to speculation about what men will do with their machinery, and little to what machinery may be doing with itself.

§ 2

Power, applied to making things and moving them, has brought more new instruments of conquest, happiness, and misery into the world in the last hundred years than men had found in all the span of time between George Washington and Rameses I. And power to-day is at a cross-roads.

This energy that drives our engines and our factories we derive chiefly from two sources. One is water-power; the other, coal. What we could do with water-power if we used it all, and could apply it to the right contacts, the engineers have sketched for us. There is enough water-power going to waste in New York State, some of them estimate, to stoke every electric-light plant in that commonwealth, with enough left over for the railways. But that we also waste coal magnificently is not so

generally recognized. We waste it, first, in the way we mine it, then in the way we burn it. One third of the coal in the ground we waste in mining; four fifths of the rest, even in the most modern plants, converting raw material into power. More than that, one ton of coal in every five brought from the mines is used for transportation—used, that is, to haul from one place to another various things, including the four other tons of coal brought up in the same day's mining. And in each of these processes the totals are stupendous. There is coal enough dug in one year to build a wall the size of China's across the whole United States. And coal enough dug the next year to lift that barricade into space for a distance of a hundred miles.

Totals of that sort have caught the eye of engineers. They see, on one side, a vast supply of power being wasted; on the other, many spots to make it work. How can they carry power from source to destination with the least waste as it goes along? Burn coal at the mouth of the mines, harness streams with turbines, turn raw energy into electric power; then let it wing itself wherever it is wanted. The problem is one of transmitting electricity without appreciable leakage on the way.

And with that problem the engineers are gaining ground consistently. Already they are sending power across country at 220,000 volts, fully a thousand times what Edison used barely forty years ago when he brought his apparatus to New York. Transmission of high voltages is measurably more practical than it was even a short year ago. Within the last six months remarkable results have been obtained with various forms of new sending apparatus; with vacuum-tubes, for instance, especially one known as the "magnetron." Meantime, while one set of engineers experiments with transmission over long-distance lines, others try transmission without any lines at all. Every radio message means, of course, the transmission of at least a small amount of power. The problem here is how to direct wireless waves so closely that a large part of their power holds together instead of scattering to the four winds. Dr. Irving Langmuir of the General Electric Company points out that the energy used in radio-tubes has been increased more than a million-fold these last ten years, and asserts that "a few more years of the same rate of improvement would bring us beyond our wildest dreams." "All we need to say," he believes, "is that science and engineering have a new tool. It marks a turning-point like that determined by the steam-engine and the dynamo."

It may be wireless that will bridge the gap; perhaps high-tension lines. We know that Herbert Hoover has thrown his prestige as an engineer behind the ultimate success of a superpower plan, and that a host of fellow-engineers are actually at work upon the problem. Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania and for two decades a close student of the development of this country's store of native wealth, "looks forward confidently to the growth of a nation-wide interlocking power system." Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, known to newspaper fame as the man who "made lightning," predicts that we are on the eve of far-reaching innovations. "Franklin said that he would like to be sealed up in a wine cask for a hundred years and then come out and view the world

as it would be at the end of that time. We can imagine how amazed Franklin would be, if permitted to behold the electrical marvels of the twentieth century. Yet I feel safe in saying this would be but slight as compared to our surprise if we could seclude ourselves at this time for a like period and view the world in 2021. . . . High potential lines from central stations will be able to transmit [not far off in the future] sufficient power to turn the wheels of industry. . . . Electricity will be used so generally that the cost will likely be apportioned on the basis of a tax, like our water tax to-day. The charge will probably be so much a plug, as we are now charged so much a faucet. Electricity will be so cheap that it will not pay to have metres installed, readings taken, and a system of accounts kept." This is presuming, of course, that power is always controlled publicly in the interest of its consumers. Water itself would not be cheap if one monopoly or another were privileged to speculate in public thirst.

§ 3

Now, it will be observed that the men engaged in an engineering feat involving a vast distribution of cheap power are not approaching that problem from the point of view of the evangelist or the reformer. They are tackling a problem in the waste of energy, which, it happens, can be solved only by hustling power from point "A" to point "B" with a minimum of waste in transit. But this very enterprise, this hustling along of power, may have results as socially fundamental as the efforts of a brigade of reformers or a whole army of evangelists. It may pave the way for a decentralization of industry.

That is a tremendous phrase, and it is interesting that the engineers themselves should give us cause to use it. To-day factories cluster about the sources of power, or the sources to which power can easily be brought, like flies about a sugar-bowl: steel about the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, for example; flour about the waterfalls of Minneapolis. All this is something so familiar that we accept it without question, like hills and valleys, forgetting that it is the work of one brief moment in a long hour of history. To be sure, the association between an industry and its power site may to-day be artificial. It may be the remnant of something real enough a generation back, but something now replaced by such a man-made factor as a favorable freight differential, giving one locality or one group of manufacturers an advantage over all competitors. But in either case, real or artificial, imagine power flowing into small cities "so cheap that it will not pay to have metres installed," and the smaller centers of industry no longer have the odds against them. In fact, their proximity to local sources of raw materials, wheat, leather, timber, and the like, may even give them an advantage.

What am I assuming here? First, that power *can* be distributed at low cost, and *will* be distributed fairly to all comers. Second, that when a finished product leaves its factory it can be shipped to its market on fair terms, and not on the fictitious terms of fairness now obtaining on our transit lines. With that equality before the law, decentralization may become distinctly profitable. Even the experience of Henry Ford, high priest of "mass production," suggests such an

outcome. For Ford has already abandoned his methods of centralized production so far as the assembling of his cars is concerned. Only enough Fords are put together in Detroit to meet local needs. To economize on transportation charges, nine out of ten are shipped, conveniently packed as "parts," to assembling-stations nearer local markets. Put cheap power in those local stations, and Ford may also ship some of the processes of manufacture.

Decentralization of industry is a project endless in its possibilities. I shall come back to it again. Here I turn aside to note briefly two other current tendencies in the development of our machines. One is an obvious tendency in the direction of a shorter workday. We have come from a sixteen-hour day to a moderately well established eight-hour day, and there is no reason to believe that with the perfection of machinery and management the impetus will stop there. Somewhat less assured, however, is the second tendency I have in mind. Will machinery develop in the direction of efficient small-scale production?

There is a good deal in the history of our whirring engines to suggest that such a thing may happen. Watch a modern printing-press in action if you would see the sort of thing I mean. Innumerable little iron elbows jerk wide rolls of paper where they ought to go. Innumerable little wrists of steel spin wet ink-rollers over type. Innumerable little thumbs and fingers pull the printed paper from the press, and fold it, pile it, even count it, as it stacks. Ten men can handle an edition now that would have needed a small army fifty years ago. "R. U. R.," that Broadway drama picturing the coming of mechanical workmen, does not go half far enough in its conception. Not only have we *Robots* in our workshops; we have *parts* of *Robots:* little fellows, one thumb, perhaps, and nothing more; legs and shoulders would be wasted.

Up to this point what I have been presuming as the possible achievement of super-power is simply some decentralization of industry geographically, with the principles of specialized mass production undisturbed. I have been presuming, for example, that a motor-car might be made more economically, taking advantage of proximity to local sources of supply, in six places than in one, with the actual assembling performed, as it is performed to-day, on the threshold of the market.

But the *Robots* who help print our morning papers suggest another outcome. Those *Robots* have of course invaded other industries as well as printing. They are invading very *basic* industries. There is a man in Kentucky perfecting a "one-man flour mill" no larger than a carpet-sweeper. Machinery has been so far developed in many industries that it turns out products whole, as printing-presses turn out papers. Men simply feed in raw material at one end, take out a finished product at the other. With any vast development of machinery in this direction, a revival of efficient small-scale production looms up as a real possibility. I do not mean that whole motor-cars would be made in cottage factories. Hauling the rarer sorts of raw materials from distant points would be uneconomical, even if you could conceive the appropriate cottage engine making motor-cars as masterfully as our *Robot* press manipulates its ink and paper. What I am

thinking of, instead, is efficient small-scale production of far simpler things: of flour, shoes, clothing, tables, and the like. And I am thinking of that production only on this basis: cheap power, locally available; machinery developed more and more to handle intermediate processes of manufacture; the necessary raw materials being common things, like wheat and wood and wool and leather, materials not needing to be hauled long distances before they are fed to the machine. I am suggesting, in other words, a decentralization of industry functionally for certain basic industries, as well as geographically. It is something by no means so probable. But, with a question-mark, it definitely deserves to be listed in a prospectus of the industrial future.

We reckon, then, with a possible revival of successful small-scale production in certain basic industries, a probable decentralization of industry through super-power, and a certain reduction of the necessary number of hours in a day's labor. No appraisal of the machine age which ignores those three factors is even half-way adventuresome in its forecast of a changing order.

§ 4

Of the three, a shorter workday, super-power, new machinery, only the shorter workday figures in conventional discussion of what is going to happen to our social system; and yet, of the three, the shorter workday depends most for its effect on changes in an all too slowly changing human nature.

There is a passion for predicting benefits to flow spontaneously from a radical shortening of hours in a day's labor. One engineer in New York predicts the arrival of a two-hour day within the next sixty years. The prospect has its terror, as well as its delight. Four times as short a workday, and, probably, four times as many pool-room loungers, dime museums, and Coney Island midways. Likewise four times as many Sunday blue-law people seeking to prohibit all of them. One of the safest predictions about human beings is that the ability to enjoy leisure profitably and artistically will always lag two steps behind the chance for it. Changes wrought in people's conduct by cutting workdays to the bone will be disheartening in their slowness. Our comfort is this, that if ability to enjoy leisure lags behind its opportunities, at least it can never come without them.

Perhaps more evident from day to day to the human eye unaided by a microscope will be those changes wrought by super-power. It seems fanciful to suggest that there is an explosive engine in the world capable of breaking up our congested cities, or even of checking the tendency to build more of them. But super-power, distributed to all comers equitably, may accomplish nothing less than that.

Of the waste of life and effort in an overcrowded city, statesmen and poets and publicists have furnished many an indictment. But I have begun with engineers, and to engineers I hold. They are as explicit as the laymen. Herbert Hoover, for example, points out the "lack of adequate open spaces, of playgrounds and parks, the congestion of streets, the misery of tenement life and its repercussions upon each new generation." Open spaces are squeezed flat in cities, with lots of room outside. There is fifty times as

much land in Nassau County, New York, diverted into country clubs and golf links as into all city and suburban parks. And Nassau County is an average sample. Congestion in densely populated centers is an evergrowing problem. Raymond Unwin, in "Town Theory and Practice," suggests that modern cities can reach a saturation point where excess population, even from an engineering point of view, becomes sheer waste. Consider, for example, the waste in time and fuel of hauling people for tremendous distances via so-called rapid transit. Meantime, rents border on the impossible. A committee on the plan of New York and its environs finds that the cost of lodgings has begun to threaten seriously the security of family life. "New York's mad and illogical development, forced on it to a certain extent by prosperity, has resulted in such anomalies as a mile or two of East Side sheltering two million people, with thirty-two miles of wilderness across the Hudson only six miles away."

In the days before super-power (we are still living them to-day) the packing of people into limited areas was motivated by purposes of industrial production and intercommunication. But trains and radios and motor-cars take care of communication. And super-power may be on its way to handle problems of decentralized production, whether still mass production or production on a smaller scale. Even to-day the piling up of people in great cities is in part an artificial process; bankers and merchants and realtors fight to keep streams of traffic from being diverted to less congested centers. Usually, this effort to block the road to any sort of decentralization is motivated by a simple desire for profit. But intertwined with that goes a certain American enthusiasm for the colossal. We boast of fifty-story buildings and tremendous hippodromes. Far from being regarded with suspicion, the promotion of more and more congestion in our cities is ordinarily looked upon as a quite laudable civic enterprise, contributing the dignity of size.

We shall not recant our reverence for plain hugeness overnight, but a new industrial era based on super-power might set new currents going. Not because of any appeal to reason or any "model planning," but because it becomes possible to live profitably in smaller centers of production, will super-power inevitably turn city populations more and more in the direction of decentralization. I am not suggesting a sudden exodus one summer evening, nor even an initial appeal to a majority. Probably, as Mr. Unwin suggests, "it is much less difficult to set up healthy tendencies [in town development] than at first sight appears to be the case." Movement on the part of two or three per cent. of an urban population, he believes, might be "enough to set up a decentralizing tendency so urgent that it would be difficult to provide for it fast enough."

And here, it might be noted, this new application of electric energy would be working hand in hand with that new instrument of social organization, the coöperative society. So far, coöperative methods have been limited in this country largely to getting things produced and marketed, and limited also to farming populations; but co-operation among industrial producers and among consumers of all kinds is making headway. It develops local

leadership, federates new economic interests. Whether by producers or consumers, coöperation is a form of economic organization which tends to coördinate without centralizing the activities of individual and local groups.

§ 5

Super-power sends its voltage far afield. It may reach over into politics; for politics, like tenements, are suffering from overcrowding. It was on a well planned balance between the pivot of the circle and its rim that American democracy was originally constructed. The early Federalists presumed the existence of alert local governments vigorous enough to check a flood of power toward the center. Their ideal, as Walter Lippmann suggests in "Public Opinion," was "the self-governing community in a self-contained environment." But the world they built on did not last. Centralization of power, that same centralization we have been discussing, bore down on it like a dreadnought. Self-governing communities, where the governors and the governed are neighbors, have given way to government by long distance, remote, gigantic, meddlesome. So complicated has government become that no one can pretend to watch it all. Most people do not try. Many do not even vote except on Presidential ballots. It is rather typical of our times that a certain Representative William Love feels it necessary to introduce a bill into the New York State Legislature providing for the ringing of all fire-bells and church bells on the day of an election. That, he declares, "ought to make people sit up and take notice—call their attention to the fact that something unusual is happening."

Government is distant and confusing. It is burdensome as well. The delegate of the Kurdish tribesmen who came to the Lausanne conference in January and delivered himself of a brief ultimatum expressed sentiments widely shared throughout non-Kurdish territory. "What kind of government do you want?" they asked him. He replied:

"I no like Turkish Government. I no like British Government. I no like Arabian Government. I no like no government. I am farmer."

We are given, most of us, to invoking this vast bureaucracy of ours more frequently to check our neighbors than to aid ourselves. And behind the tinkering of reformers with odds and ends of legislation lies the task of somehow putting government back where the ordinary man will believe again that his vote counts for something, that he is obeying laws he really helped to frame. It is possible to dance about the edges of that problem with ingenious legislation. But the core of it is not political, but economic. A healthy decentralization of politics, in this country or in any other, is practicable only when some equally healthy decentralization of economics has preceded it.

Super-power, dotting the earth with new units of production, may quite conceivably plant in each of them the kernel of a revived, self-conscious localism.

§ 6

To sketch the bare outline of an idea, however little flesh hangs to its ribs, has been all that one paper could attempt with such material as this. Obviously, I have neither filled in gaps nor begun to suggest the possibilities

that might flow from a union of super-power and new machinery.

There are, for instance, certain promising ideas in the field of engineering, linked with the technic of industry. We have an appalling problem on our hands in traffic terminals. James J. Hill showed us that fifteen years ago, and the solution is as far away as ever. Bring super-power into the picture, super-power as a decentralizing factor, and for once you have an alternative to the hopeless problem of finding five billion dollars for new terminals, then five billion more, and then another five, only to find that new terminals are out of date by the time they are constructed.

Again, super-power makes it possible to run factories as they should be run, from an engineering point of view, with power production entirely separate from production of boots or breakfast food or clothing, and therefore more economical. As Steinmetz has pointed out: "The best efficiency requires the separation of power production, just as that of any other raw material. In the days of the steam-engine the two industries were carried on under the same roof. That is inefficient and wasteful." Meantime super-power also makes possible a consideration of the motive power cost of a year's operations as virtually a fixed element, something now beyond the power of the engineer. Simultaneously it reveals, with its economies, a more rational approach to the much discussed and little heeded conservation of our natural resources.

Nor, in the wider field of social changes, do a decentralizing influence upon industry and perhaps a partial recapture of politics from the high heavens to which they 've flown by any means exhaust the possibilities ahead. Super-power may put its impress on such a thing as education. To-day our most pitiful effort here is the one-room country schoolhouse. A single teacher tries to instruct eight different grades of pupils simultaneously. How woefully she fails is testified by the vim with which a dozen States are launching programs for new centralized schools, with motor-buses gathering children from a hundred farms and bringing them to one modern building. Within limits the plan works effectively. But there are districts beyond its reach—districts that will remain inaccessible until new centers of production, such centers as we have conceived, come along to serve as focal points.

Super-power, again, may help us with the problem of migratory labor. That is a real problem, no matter how obscured. A million men and women, homeless, unattached to any civic interest, offcasts of a careless economic system, wander up and down the country with the seasons. They bring into the world children who will have neither schooling nor the heritage of home. And no reorganization of society can touch them which does not reorganize the forces of production. For they are sacrificed to an irony that rotates crops, but, with the modern factory system centralized in large cities, leaves no work for them between rotations. Once the wheat crop of the plains is in, there is no work on the farms or near the farms that needs them. East or West they drift to some new harvest, California oranges, Texas cotton, Montana timber-jacking, apples on the hills of Oregon.

Probably there is no factor that can affect this situation short of our decen-

tralization. Wheat and oranges and cotton cannot be made to grow in the same soil, or ripen so evenly by calendar that they will furnish steady labor twelve months in the year. But with new centers of industrial production made practical by cheap power, the "migratory labor problem" assumes a different form. It is possible to conceive men working in the fields when ripe crops are due, then turning back to factories near at hand. Nor should it be assumed that doubling in this fashion is impossible. Tractors and machinery, coöperative farming, can materially reduce the time required for sowing crops and reaping them. Ford manages the work on his three-thousand-acre farm in one month a year. Meantime, on the factory side, we know that not one of our major industries runs at top speed all the year around. Shoe factories are idle one day in every three; garment factories, one day in three; mines, two days in every five. That idleness is itself a hardship for another group of workers. But put new productive centers within striking distance of crops that need reaping, and with an instrument far more effective than social legislation or the trumpeting of "back to the land" you attack realistically, both ends at once, the two problems of seasonal employment and migratory labor.

§ 7

I have called this paper "Twentieth-Century Medievalism." That is fanciful, but on the whole the phrase may justify itself. From most of us "medievalism" wrings the protest: "What! give up bath-tubs? Go back to moats and wooden plows?" I am not thinking of an adventure so unlikely. The essential characteristic of medievalism, as I have used the word, is the grouping of life around local centers built on no fictitious aspirations for a model settlement, but on the real vitality of a substantial economic interest. Centers, I suggest, with relationships personal enough to make life more interesting, problems small enough to be dealt with decently.

Beyond these possibilities lie others more remote and more engaging: a chance, with new machinery, to put the spice of more variety into a day's labor; a new diversity in culture between one community and another, the result of each one more nearly self-sufficient in itself; new provocation to experiment, perhaps new opportunities for creative effort.

I have not gone this far. I have suggested simply an industrial system increasingly decentralized, a political enigma lit up here and there with shafts of local interest—seasonal employment, schools, and migratory labor, all less and less the burden of the evangelist, and more the problem of the engineer. What I have avoided is the premise of any sudden metamorphosis in human nature, or the presumption that men will do things they do not want to do because of some one else's moral indignation.

I have not talked about the rules of life; conservatives and radicals will still have those to deal with. I have not talked about spanning a wide gap between environment and understanding, a problem for the social scientist. Here I have been thinking simply of the environment itself, of the weight and size and shape of all those pawns and castles for whose movements rules are made, and with which, under any rules, the game of life is played.

WHARTON
HARRIS
ESHERICK

Orientals have taught us the mystic significance of white; have taught our artists the difficult lesson of using empty white space as if it were a tone or color. Here the hush of snow-weighted trees, the snow-blanketed woods, is conveyed to us entirely through the artist's skilful handling of the white in his picture, the spaces on his wood-block

Here is Nature in her sternest and bleakest mood, with forlorn and hungry crows fluttering between a lowering gray sky and a barren white earth. Yet the silhouettes of birds and trees and man, the immense distance of hilly country, make a pattern of austere and inevitable beauty

There is an intimate homely quality in timber, in the beams and rafters of an unfinished house, which a woodcut is especially adapted to convey. It has, too, a kinship with the vines that curl round about and the trees that will give shelter. The block under the artist's hand lends itself, as it were, gladly and with peculiar rightness to such a scene

What one might at first glance mistake for a chariot of antiquity is in reality a very humble farm implement—a manure-spreader. The artist lifted an ugly task into dignity when he silhouetted his horses and men against the bright sky, figures instinct with the patient energy of those who work on the soil

The Van Zant Dinner

By Sandra Alexander

As well as I knew Harrison Evans, and my knowledge of him was a matter of years and not months, I rarely had occasion to talk with him. We were fortunate enough to publish all of his novels and a book of his plays, but my position at the tail end of our firm's signature gave the intimacy of his acquaintainceship to my father and elder brother rather than to me. This was my ill luck until I chanced to cross to England with him in February, where he was to attend the London premier of his new play, and I to patch up an unhappy mess with our English representatives. We met daily in the ship's smoking-salon.

To this day I do not believe the Van Zants exist, or ever existed, for that matter, outside of the mind of that intelligent weaver of tales who sat opposite me at the little table in that smoke-wreathed room. I do not know how the story started. Perhaps the Scotch furnished the introduction; it was old and mellow enough to do so. But Evans was fairly launched before I had oriented myself.

"When I first fell heir to the card," he was saying, "fifteen years ago, my wife told me that her mother had been at finishing school with the Van Zants' daughter. Like the children of a certain English king, this girl had the misfortune to drown while crossing the English Channel. The Van Zants took it very hard. They seldom enough went out before, but after that they were never known to appear at a social function of any sort. They simply retired from the world, and their infrequent visitors came in response to a royal summons. In our case the royal summons was in the shape of an invitation to dinner—sent two weeks in advance. It was engraved upon thick, creamy pasteboard and it read, as nearly as I remember,—I still have some of those cards,—'Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Tuyle Van Zant request the pleasure of'—blank space filled in by the hand of Mr. Van Zant's octogenarian secretary—'Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Evans' company at dinner on the evening,'—another blank space,—and then the hour—'eight o'clock'—engraving once more. Mark that—the hour was engraved, proving conclusively that Mr. and Mrs. Van Zant attached enough importance to their dinner-hour to have it cast once and for all into imperishable copper-plate.

"My wife assured me that I would hate it. She said she used to pray for a touch of influenza whenever she fished the card out of the letter-box. It had been coming to them once a year, in the season between Christmas and Lent, ever since she could remember. Her mother invariably hired a cab, and they drove up in state, while she rebelled all the way. She objected to going and she objected to the

price of the cab. She wound up by telling me that we 'd have to go and carry on the tradition.

"She did me grave injustice. I had n't the slightest intention of staying away. The yearly invitation seemed to me a touch of pretty sentiment. I fairly visualized the delightful old couple and their kindness of heart that led them year after year to do this gracious act, first to the friend of their dead daughter and her child, and then to the impecunious and struggling young literary man the child had married. I remember, as the day drew nearer, I seriously considered renting dress clothes, but my wife dissuaded me. It seemed the dinner in the past had meant extra expense and doing without something that she really wanted, and she did n't propose it should any longer. To my suggestion that we take a cab she likewise turned a deaf ear. We could go on the street car."

Evans stopped, and sipped his high-ball, his eyes twinkling at me across the table.

"The car crept uptown by way of Madison Avenue," he went on after a moment. "We planned to disembark at the cross street nearest the Van Zant house on Park Avenue and walk the rest of the way. House"—Evans paused again reflectively—"house does n't seem quite the right word to apply to the structure that sheltered my wife's old friends. The brown stone pile appeared to me to be somewhat smaller than the Museum of Natural History, yet at the same time it presented all the cordiality of that public building. It stood behind a breast-high stone wall, and we entered through a pair of handsome pierced iron gates. The windows—literally, there seemed to be hundreds of them—were shrouded in layers of lace and emitted a faint illumination. The front doors were multiple. An ancient butler saw us safely through them into the main hall, and a powdered footman took my overcoat and derby hat. An elderly maid came to lead Nancy back to some hidden dressing-room.

§ 2

"I examined the hall with some interest. I was to become very familiar with it in time. Decorators had already begun to go in for white-and-black marble tile foyers, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's drawings, and Chinese brocades; but the Van Zants, it was plain to be seen, were still in the period of Mr. Charles Dickens. The paneling was carved black walnut and reached to the ceiling; velvet hung festooned at windows and doorways. To the right were heavy folding-doors, and opposite a mammoth mottled marble mantelpiece. Over this tremendous ornament of the eighteer eighties branched a pair of elk horns. The floor was covered to the baseboard with wine-colored velvet carpet, and it, in turn, was strewn with Oriental rugs. I was studying them with rapture when Nancy returned, and the butler led us to the drawing-room door. He opened it and announced our names in a voice that died away before it reached the little group at the end of it.

"As we started down the length of that enormous double room, it began to dawn upon me what my wife had meant when she said I should hate the Van Zant function. She meant it was stuffy. She was right. Stuffiness rolled over me in an ever increasing wave. The depth of the carpet pile,

the shrouded windows, the dull twinkle of the lights, the dwarfed reflection of our figures in the full-length mirrors—all intensified the feeling. The quiet was unbelievable. The hurried and anxious roar of the town outside had been entrapped and wrapped around with octopus tentacles of velvet and smothered in Brussels lace. Our advance partook of all the qualities of Kipling's nightmare—'the bellying of the curtain kept me always in one place.' It seemed to my drugged senses that we were doomed to sink our feet deeper and deeper in that carpet and never to progress.

"But the nightmare came to an end presently in front of a bright fire of cannel-coal, and a round little woman got up from a satin arm-chair and murmured, 'Dear child!' in my wife's direction. Nancy breathed, 'Dear Mrs. Van Zant!' in her turn, and kissed the cheek presented to her.

"'And this is my husband, dear Mrs. Van Zant.' Mrs. Van Zant offered her hand. It was a little round cushion of a hand. I solemnly pressed it. 'And how are you, dear Mr. Van Zant? May I present my husband?' Mr. Van Zant grunted, whether it was to express the state of his health or his willingness to make my acquaintance I had no way of knowing. A thin, bird-like woman, whose gentility was evident in every bead on her gown, proved to be 'dear Miss Culver,' and then 'dear Doctor Sciple' came in for a share of Nancy's sweetness, and the introductions were over. We selected chairs and sank down into a soft, warm silence.

"It was very evident that our host and hostess had made an exhausting effort in greeting us, and their guests plainly lacked the temerity to venture upon conversation. Miss Culver—Nancy told me afterward she had been the daughter's governess—sat in approved cultivated pose, her back rigid, her ankles crossed, and one hand grasping the wrist of the other in her glittering lap. Doctor Sciple went quite the other extreme in relaxing and overflowing his chair; my heart warmed toward him. 'Dear' Mr. and Mrs. Van Zant were as alike as the traditional two peas in stoutness. I don't think I had ever seen in all my life two people so richly adipose. The greatest difference between them was that Mrs. Van Zant's maid, with the help of an hour-glass corset, had contrived to divide her mistress's figure in two parts, upper and lower; but Mr. Van Zant, proving the superiority of the male of the species, had comfortably let his go all in one piece. They had the same amount of double chins, and the same little eyes that expressed nothing when they looked at you—nothing except content with themselves and everything that was theirs.

"I sat considering them. My wife's face had its far-away expression; I knew she was probably planning the next day's dinner. We kept no cook in those days. I stifled a yawn. I made mental bets with myself as to who would make the first opening. I guessed Miss Culver, but I was wrong. It was Doctor Sciple. Nancy also told me afterward that Doctor Sciple was the family physician. You see, we were invited to meet the family governess and the family doctor. The Van Zants slew at one stroke their obligations to four objects of charity. It was a very good idea; I was struck with it. But Nancy resented it bitterly.

"Well, to go back, Doctor Sciple roused himself and remarked in his best bedside manner,—I knew it was his bedside manner, because, poor man, he 'd lost all the others,—'It looked very much like rain as I came in.' It was a very unfortunate choice. I could have told him as much myself, and this was my first visit, while he had probably been coming for the last thirty years. 'You 've made a mistake, old boy,' I thought. I was right, too; the little group agitated itself to a marked degree. Mr. Van Zant moved his head several times and said: 'What 's that? What 's that?' I learned, as time went on, that he was n't deaf in the least degree, but he did n't bother to listen.

"Doctor Sciple coughed. Great timidity marked his next statement about the probability of rain. It was evident he wished he had picked one of the other openings. Mr. Van Zant understood it this time and did n't approve of it. Mrs. Van Zant murmured, 'Tut! tut!' exactly what one would have thought she would murmur at anything. Miss Culver delicately tapped her foot and stonily looked at her knees. Doctor Sciple seemed more frightened than ever. He might easily have posed for the Rabbit at the Queen's garden party.

"Mr. Van Zant wedged himself from his chair and stood over us. 'Caroline,'—he boomed it,—'I told you we would have to order out the horses.' Caroline clucked her commiserating 'Tut! tut!' once more, and her round, pink face was puckered in great distress. The rest of us were silent; we had no suggestion to offer. I could see the horses; they were as round and fat and well fed as their masters, the brougham was without a speck of dust, and the harness shone like precious jewels. There would be a coachman and footman well on in the middle fifties, and they were round and well fed, were probably having their dinner in the servants' hall at that moment. It would be tragic to have them out.

"No one seemed to have the slightest suggestion to make; plainly it was beyond the ability of any one present to cope with the situation. Then Nancy spoke to Mrs. Vant Zant. She said, 'Dear Mrs. Van Zant, why not send and find out whether it is raining or not?' 'What 's that?' Mr. Van Zant turned to her. Nancy repeated her suggestion in exactly the same tone of voice. 'Yes, yes, Cornelius,' and Cornelius considered it from all its many angles, and then plowed over and rang the bell.

"While we waited, the tension enormously grew. Doctor Sciple seemed to feel his disgrace keenly; no one looked at him. Miss Culver was endeavoring to appear detached. In all this time she had not changed the position of her hands by the fraction of an inch. The string of her poise was stretched so tightly, one could almost hear it vibrate.

"The footman came back. He reported the weather fair; the stars were out. We relaxed. Mr. Van Zant favored Doctor Sciple with a walrus look, sank back in his chair, and abandoned his watch-fob seals, while a beatific smile spread itself over Mrs. Van Zant's soft creases. 'Now, you see, Cornelius,' she said in soft triumph, 'we won't have to have the horses out, after all.' Turning to Nancy she kindly explained, 'Mr. Van Zant was afraid we would have to have the horses out, my dear.' Nancy

nodded understandingly and would not meet my eye."

Evans paused. "My dear fellow, can you see them?"

"Yes." I laughed. "I should say I could. Marvelous, absolutely ripping—but I don't believe in them."

"Oh, you will," he assured me; "you will before I 'm done."

He helped himself to a fresh cigarette; then he went on.

"Dinner was announced in time to save any one else from further blunder. I had not uttered a word. Here was something entirely unexpected and precious. It so far surpassed my expectation that I could have hugged myself with joy of it. It really was too good to believe—a brand-new impression so perfectly fresh and unspoiled that I was actually afraid to breathe on it. The Van Zants and their atmosphere were as solid, as shapely, and as transparent as a block of ice.

"They belonged to thirty years back. They had been preserved, so I fondly told myself, in all their original juices, for my special benefit. And surely no one was more capable of enjoying them. Time and time again I have seriously considered putting them into a book, but I 've never done it. I grew fond of them, for one thing. In spite of their insufferable condescension, their ghastly snobbishness, and their unalterable opinion that trade of any sort, most of the professions, including that of literature, was 'low,' I could never bring myself to put them down.

"To get back once more. We went in to dinner. I bore the genteel Miss Culver on my arm. The dining-room was as overheated, as heavily upholstered, and fully as oppressive as the drawing-room. The table was round and immense. It was covered with a heavily incrusted cloth; there were five forks, four knives, and three sets of spoons at each place, four wine-glasses, and a silver goblet for water. The center of the table was banked around a flat mirror with pink roses and Roman hyacinths, and there was a large circle of candles casting their reflection in the pseudo-miniature lake.

"We seated ourselves according to the crested place cards, and I took up the menu with interest. I noted we were offered a choice of thick or clear soup; everything was on the same lavish scale. I congratulated myself as I ran over the list of seasonable and unseasonable delicacies. There was terrapin, procured heaven knows how; canvasbacks, with their attendant hominy, celery, and currant jelly; an English roast, huge and oppressive. I don't need to refresh my mind; every item of that two-hour dinner stands out in my memory like an electric sign on Broadway. And, as a matter of fact, we had, with slight variation, the identical things throughout the entire time we dined with the Van Zants. There were a pheasant pie, French artichokes, asparagus, Bar-le-Duc strawberries; and between one of the courses a compote of fresh pears in champagne was put down to tempt our fagged appetites. Never had I imagined such a feast.

"The wines—you 'll not believe me, but the champagne served from the fish to the roast was a vintage of eighty-two! I know, because upon this point Mr. Van Zant made himself very clear. His statement, as he held his glass up to the light, conveyed the only audible and intelligent remark he

had made since we had left the drawing-room. Throughout the entire dinner my glass was being constantly replenished with a very superlative *vin ordinare*, and when we had reached the Camembert cheese stage, a Romanee Conti Burgundy that shone in its etched glasses like light from the Grail, replaced everything else. When the ladies had left us, decanters of port were placed on the bare table, and a crested silver box, cedar lined, with part of an apple cunningly concealed in its top, were put within our easy reach."

Evans smiled reflectively. "Just imagine all this put down before a poverty-stricken scribbler who was making, perhaps, all told, fifteen hundred a year. At that time our own domestic arrangements were of the sketchiest. We had a small apartment on East 29th Street. Nancy prepared our breakfasts and delicatessen dinners, and we lunched at various restaurants in the neighborhood of wherever we happened to be. But to go back to that first dinner.

"There was no general conversation. The six of us sat in unbroken silence. Nancy, at her end of the table, did make an effort to distract Mr. Van Zant, and he favored her with a few grunts between his suspicious peerings into huge silver dishes that the butler uncovered for his inspection before he turned them over to the footmen to take to the side-tables and parcel out to us. Once a dish did not look up to the mark, and there was a lifted fork and a low rumble. The butler bent his head and deigned to murmur a few words in his master's ear, and the course of the dinner was unchecked. I sat on Mrs. Van Zant's left. The post of honor was given to Doctor Sciple by reason of his heavier standing. Nancy and Miss Culver shared in like manner Mr. Van Zant. Miss Culver, I was interested to note, had turned down her first wine-glass, and no further effort was made to serve her. Doctor Sciple, Mr. Van Zant, and I went steadily along without refusals. Mr. Van Zant frequently consoled himself with second helpings, sufficient proof, if we had needed any, that this was in no way a formal affair. As course succeeded entrée, and entrée, course, I began to crave a cigarette, but I dared not light one. Doctor Sciple surreptitiously helped himself, under cover of a cough, to a small pink pellet taken from an object that resembled a round silver watch, which he took from his waistcoat pocket.

"Miss Culver picked daintily at the food on her plate. Nancy frankly gave up somewhere between the roast and salad. She told me later that she had always done so. I was rapidly becoming quite stuffed. Breathing became difficult, and I knew why it was that no one talked.

"Mrs. Van Zant murmured first to Doctor Sciple and then to me in half-hour intervals. She asked me if I had heard the new star Emma Eames, and then, without waiting for my reply, she told me that she understood there was a new impresario at the Metropolitan—a Mr. Gatti-Casazza. I said gravely that it was undoubtedly true. Once she kindly asked if I enjoyed my work. 'It is a newspaper, is n't it?' I said I did enjoy it. Then she said something further to the effect that newspaper work must be very fatiguing. Did I not find it fatiguing? Doctor Sciple heard some of this and looked up from his hot artichokes to

tell me he had always understood that newspaper men were extremely loyal to their journals. To this illuminating remark I ventured, by way of a reply, to set up a distinction: I was not, in the exact sense, a newspaper man.

" 'Really?' said Doctor Sciple, suspiciously. 'I understood from your wife that you were connected with "The Post." ' "

" 'I am,' I hastened to assure him. Mrs. Van Zant's mouth was beginning to pucker distressfully. 'I do write for "The Post," Sunday articles usually, but I am in no way connected with the staff; and so—' I remember I floundered still a little longer before Mrs. Van Zant said, 'But you do write for a newspaper, don't you, Mr. Evans?' I saw myself fairly trapped, and I weakened to, 'Yes,' 'Then you might be said to call yourself a newspaper man, since you write for one?' she stolidly pointed out. I admitted that I might. Any explanation I could have made would have been a distinction without a difference. The subject was dropped. Thereafter in both Mrs. Van Zant's mind and Doctor Sciple's would rest a suspicion that for some dark and nefarious purpose I had attempted to cover up my calling.

§ 3

"By now you will have noticed what I discovered early in our acquaintance, that the Van Zants, by reason of the swaddling with which they had surrounded themselves, and their age, were utterly unable to change any of their preconceived opinions or ideas. Once they received a fact, it was forever sealed in its pristine state within their consciousness. No sort of operation could remove it or change it in any degree. They showed this by signs of distress on Mrs. Van Zant's part and anger on Mr. Van Zant's. It was hopeless to tell them anything, for by curiously distorted logic they entrapped you and led you complacently back to your starting-point. In those fifteen years there were never any arguments at that dinner-table. Books, music, the theaters were seldom, if ever, mentioned. They had all ceased to exist when the Van Zants had ceased to notice them. The conversation rarely varied. Mr. Van Zant grunted at Nancy, and Mrs. Van Zant asked me if I enjoyed my work and if newspapers were n't 'fatiguing.' The state of the weather came in for a large share of notice, and with the brandy and cigars Mr. Van Zant told a long and involved anecdote that had to do with an Irishman and a Scotchman. He leaned back in the black walnut chair that tightly incased him, his huge stomach covered in stiff white linen and black broadcloth, encompassed by a gold chain. His chins waggled when he talked, and clutched in one fat, gouty hand he held a thin and elegant cigar.

"As time passed, their eyes beamed with something akin to recognition and fondness as we came down the drawing-room toward them. It may not have been fondness. I gave it considerable thought; I believe the word 'usedness' would fit the case more nearly. They became used to us, and for that reason liked us. They never failed to send the engraved card with the dinner invitation upon it at exactly the same season of the year, and Nancy and I always went. The company never changed. Doctor Sciple continued to take his pink pellets during dinner, Miss Culver, growing thinner and darker as time went by,

still picked delicately at the twelve-course dinners that were offered us. The Van Zants grew older so slowly that we hardly noticed it from one year to the next. The war was fought, and its head-lines faded from the papers, but no change was apparent at the Van Zants'.

"Things, however, did not stand so still for Nancy and me. I published a book, my first; perhaps you remember it. It did fairly well, and we moved away from 29th Street to an apartment in Gramercy Park. Our eldest son was born. Nancy did talk to Mrs. Van Zant of baby-clothes and croup, I remember, and she and the baby received donations of roses and hothouse grapes for several weeks.

"I did another novel and then a play. Our second boy was born, and we decided to move to the country. We bought the small place we have now on the sound. We also got an automobile.

"It was about this time that Nancy conceived the idea of having the Van Zants to dinner. I think possessing a butler of her own must have gone to her head. It took me two years entirely to dissuade her. I pointed out that it would spoil everything. What possible good could it do any one except herself to have them dine with us? Why ruin an unique situation, which, if carefully nursed, would give us unbounded joy, for the satisfaction of showing them our set of Sèvres china and our less ornate damask?

"Finally, she gave up her plan to get even with them, and consented to regard the Van Zants in the light of a priceless boon. Her observation of the phenomenon became heightened. If anything escaped me, she was there to remind me that such-and-such had happened. It was she who noticed that Duganne, the Van Zant butler, had been replaced by some one who looked enough like him to be his twin. We never inquired for Duganne, but we mourned him.

"Our first automobile had been replaced by a closed car, and the gardener on the place drove us into town to any social functions we wished to attend. We agreed that it would never do to shock Duganne by driving up and alighting from our motor. So, much to our chauffeur's mystification, we alighted around the corner and trudged on foot to the door and Duganne's kindly ministrations.

"Nancy made it a rule to wear all of her oldest and dowdiest evening gowns. She did allow me a dinner jacket. It passed unnoticed. We might have appeared in burnoose and turbans; the Van Zants never really saw us. That is, they never saw us until the grand disaster."

Evans leaned forward and pushed the little bell in the wainscoting that summoned the steward.

"What will you have?" he said, turning back to me.

"The same," I replied. And, accordingly, our glasses were replenished. After a moment he went on again:

"There were no perceptible changes, as I have said before. Yes, once, I believe, Miss Culver did stay away—grippe. On that occasion the Van Zants were completely lost. They could n't have been more so if they had been set down in the subway and left to find their way home. Mrs. Van Zant fluttered and murmured, 'Poor, dear Miss Culver!' Mr. Van Zant was heard to wheeze that she was 'a dam' fine woman.' Doctor Sciple added a token of his respect, and

Nancy and I hung our memorial wreath beside it. She was back the following winter, and once again the tradition was perfected.

"After a meager little acquaintance of six years, Mr. Van Zant addressed me pleasantly as 'my boy.' He continued to do this as my hair thinned on top and finally disappeared entirely. I developed considerable embonpoint, but I was still 'my boy' until the very end. Nancy grew stouter, and her hair gray; but to Mrs. Van Zant she was still 'dear child' and our children's ailments were inquired into as though they were still in the nursery.

"Nancy and I began to feel that this state of affairs was to last forever, since time and death still continued to show the Van Zants proper respect. But everything comes to an end sooner or later, as has already been pointed out by some keen observer.

"In 1919,—I know the exact date,—one cold January night we galoshed around the corner from where we had left the car and yielded ourselves to the Van Zant menials. When we were admitted to the drawing-room we were overcome to find a stranger added to our party. A middle-aged and slightly grizzled Englishman had joined our circle around the fire. The Van Zants were excited to the point of good manners, Miss Culver was positively twittering, and Doctor Sciple was booming out platitudes in his best bedside voice. The gentleman proved to be Colonel Aubrey Gaylesworth, son of a gentleman of title who had known the Van Zants in the old days when they did a little globe-trotting. Mr. Van Zant told several reminiscent tales of having shot on his lordship's moor and of stays in his lordship's castle. The colonel was over on an inspection trip, and incidentally to transact a little business in connection with the embassy at Washington. He had brought a letter from his father, and the Van Zants were doing the proper thing by him.

"He was a very pleasant-looking chap; the hale and British sportsman shone from his ruddy face. I could see that Nancy wished she had worn a newer gown. I sat back and watched. The Van Zants were about to die an apoplectic death in their endeavor to keep up with him. He was enthusiastic about New York. He plainly felt that his interest would be appreciated, and he plied the Van Zants with questions. He particularly admired the Woolworth Tower. It developed that our hosts had never seen it. He spoke of the aquarium, compared it in glowing terms with the more famous one at Monte Carlo. The Van Zants had never been there, but had a suspicion it was at Battery Park. 'Oh, yes, the Battery, surely.' Mrs. Van Zant said it was a delightful place to drive, the water was so pretty. The colonel went on to Broadway; how many theaters did we have now? I supplied this bit of information. 'Really?' It was too remarkable! 'And the Follies!' But the Van Zants had given up long ago; they could n't follow him there. 'The hotels, rippin', simply rippin'.

"Dinner was announced, and we all got up with evident relief. Our hosts could not be expected to be catechized while anything so sacrosanct as food was before them. Their wish to please their guest, their nervousness, and their entire inability to cope with the situation were very amusing and at the same time a little pathetic. I trembled for them and I suffered as

we arranged ourselves around the table.

"Dinner went on as always. The colonel ate heartily and praised the ducks. Mr. Van Zant told him his steward had been in his service forty-five years. After this heroic effort to be entertaining he abandoned his guest for the issue in hand. The colonel fell to Nancy, and she filled in the gap in her best fashion. I rather envied him from my place between Miss Culver and Doctor Sciple. We dragged on until the dessert, and then Mrs. Van Zant retrieved her train and got heavily to her feet. At this signal the ladies, as they had done for years, rose to follow her. Nancy went reluctantly, I could see that. She knew the sanctity of this custom had been ripped away. The colonel gallantly replaced one of the powdered flunkies at the door and bowed them out.

"We seated ourselves once more, this time grouped at Mr. Van Zant's end of the table. The cloth was removed, and the port and cigars were passed. The colonel regretted Nancy's going, I could also see that. He regarded us in turn, evidently speculating as to which of the three might furnish him with some new information or impression. Mr. Van Zant was endeavoring to clip the end of a cigar, and his fingers, stiff and swollen with his ancient enemy, were pitifully slow. He hardly seemed a likely source. Doctor Sciple was as equally absorbed in extracting a pink pellet. He settled on me.

"I had always made it a rule to avoid any discussions under that roof which might let the glare of modernity into the Van Zant tomb. Naturally, I prepared for his onset with apprehension.

" 'I wonder now if Harrison Evans, the novelist, you know, is a member of your family. We think so highly of him in England.'

" 'My name is Harrison Evans,' I replied in a tone that I endeavored to make as little fatuous as possible.

" 'Oh, I say, now—well, really now, this is a happy chance.' He hitched his chair nearer mine and was immediately in full flood. 'Just before I left London I saw your play "Beachcombers"; a bully thing it is, too. Don't think I ever saw an ending that did me in so—' He rose to a tidal wave; you know the sort of thing socially apt people pour out on even the most obscure of us.

"Doctor Sciple was weightily interested in all this. He was making noble efforts at readjustment. Presently he plunged in with, 'I thought you were connected in some way with one of our metropolitan journals, Evans?' It was my chance to settle that ancient score, but I let the opening pass and mumbled a negative. 'So you write books? I congratulate you,' he went on in the same light elephantine manner.

" 'Is it possible you did not know?' Colonel Gaylesworth asked him.

"Doctor Sciple rounded a full period with the information that he had been re-reading Bulwer-Lytton for the last few years, and so had n't an opportunity to get into the moderns very much. The colonel's eye alighted next upon Mr. Van Zant; he was about to demand a tribute from him. But Mr. Van Zant forestalled him. He stood up—with the help of the table—and said, 'We will join the ladies in the drawing-room.' That was all. This was no fitting time to deal with me; I understood and agreed with him.

"We were a very disorganized group as we descended to our coffee. Nancy regarded us with suppressed questions in her eyes. As soon as the colonel had received his cup from Mrs. Van Zant's hand he made for her and told her he had just discovered he had been spending the evening in the same room with Harrison Evans and did not know it until a few minutes ago. Nancy cast one appalled and fleeting glance at me and then at Mr. Van Zant's suffused face before she yielded herself up to him.

"It was too late now for regrets. I drank my coffee and looked at the tragedy from every angle. I had stupidly let myself be carried along upon a sea of adulation while the Van Zants had been betrayed before my eyes. It was tragic. What was more, it smacked of rankest ingratitude. They had accepted Nancy and me as charity; charity we should have remained in the name of all decency. I looked across at Mr. Van Zant and hastily away again. He was dissected and quivering before my eyes. I felt very low myself. Things would never be the same again, no matter what their reaction was to my changed condition. They would drop us.

§ 4

"Well,"—Evans leaned over and blotted out the end of his cigarette,—"that is what happened."

"You don't mean," I interrupted, "that you never saw them again?"

Evans nodded.

"They never asked us again. Nancy and I have never laid eyes on them from that day to this."

"Oh, my Lord!" I leaned back in my chair and laughed until I was faint.

"When I had stood as much of the colonel's voice as I possibly could,—he gave no one a chance to talk about anything else except Harrison Evans, and you can imagine how I loved the sound of my name by that time,—I signaled to Nancy, and we got up to go. We did n't get rid of him so easily though; he went with us. Tore himself away from the outstretched arms of the Van Zants and followed us to the sidewalk and around the block to our car. I don't know what he thought of us for parking it there. We took him down and dropped him in front of his blessed 'Follies'; we would n't go with him. Then Nancy and I went home. We felt that there had been a death in the family and we wanted to be alone to mourn."

"You did n't call?"

"No; we considered it, and decided not. We waited until the next year. We watched the mail feverishly; the invitation did n't come. It never came again."

"Are they still living?"

"I think so. Yes, they are still living, of course they are; they 're deathless. Once a year they gather with Doctor Sciple, reduced to taking more pink pellets as time goes by, and the cultivated Miss Culver, in that drawing-room with its blue satin walls and the Aubusson carpet, and discuss the weather and their ailments. Nancy and I are never mentioned. Our brief little stay among them was a mistake and not to be discussed. It is something that has never been."

"Ah, you should write it," I said as Evans got to his feet preparatory to departing bedward; "you really should, my dear fellow!"

But Evans only shook his head as he bade me good night.

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

Lodge—Hewlett—Hutchinson—Archer

By Walter Tittle

Drawings by the Author

I entered a room in a large apartment-house in Victoria Street in response to the bidding of a hearty voice, and was confronted by a great oak-tree of a man, with a head like the dome of St. Paul's. He was drying some clothes before a fire, as the day was very wet, and with a smile he said that caution of this sort was one of the penalties of age. "You are young; you don't have to think about such things."

Now, it happens that I have been young for a length of time sufficient to find it pleasantly flattering to be mistaken for a mere youth, and a sense of honesty dictated that I confess my real age. The comfort that I craved was immediately forthcoming, as my punctilious admission brought from Sir Oliver Lodge a hearty laugh. He shook his head and said, "You are an old man!"

Sir Oliver bears a striking resemblance to the late Lord Salisbury. His head, like the rest of him, is massive and has unusual length, the cranium being bald and high, and the huge jaw lengthened in effect by the white beard.

From childhood science has always had great interest and fascination for me, and here was an opportunity *par excellence* for a bit of journey into the scientific fairy-land. So, as I made my sketch of Sir Oliver, I plied him with questions, with the result that I had from him a most enlivening and instructive discourse on several subjects about which I was curious.

He told me about the new conception of the atom—new at least to me and, I think, to the average layman.

"Well, Sir Oliver," I said, "this is alchemy at last, is it not?"

"Yes, in principle. We have not been able to make gold, however. The claims of the alchemists were made merely as a measure toward self-preservation. If they had confessed that they were investigating the laws of nature, they would have been burned as sorcerers, or put to death in some horrible way as punishment for imprudently trying to pry into secrets of the Almighty. But if they said, 'We will make gold of the baser metals,' the authorities responded with much enthusiasm: 'Excellent. A sane and laudable ambition. When you succeed, let us have some of it.' "

Sir Oliver was one of the pioneers in the atomic discoveries above referred to, and also in the development of radio. I asked if he thought there was a possibility of a vast number of "tunings" being made available for practical use, with the result of supplanting the telephone and cable. He

thought not, as interference would hardly be overcome unless the vibration numbers, or "tunings" in use were rather far apart, thus limiting the scope. In the case of wires the difficulties from various kinds of interference are virtually eliminated, and, in his opinion, they will always carry a great majority of the traffic in messages. Astronomy was another subject upon which he touched.

He spoke of his recent lecture tour in America, where he delivered perhaps eighty addresses, mostly on the subject of spiritualism. He was delighted with the cordial hospitality extended to him, and gratified by the large audiences that greeted him everywhere.

"It was a revelation to me to see them turn out in such numbers to hear an old man talk," he said. "Americans seem to be very fond of lectures."

We rested after a while from our work on the sketch, and the conversation continued over the tea-cups. Sir Oliver expressed the conviction that America must lead in science in the future, as, among other reasons, unlimited money is provided there for the furtherance of scientific experimentation in all subjects. He expressed an envy, with which I had the greatest sympathy, of American scientists of his acquaintance who have at their command money in any quantity necessary for the continuance of their investigations.

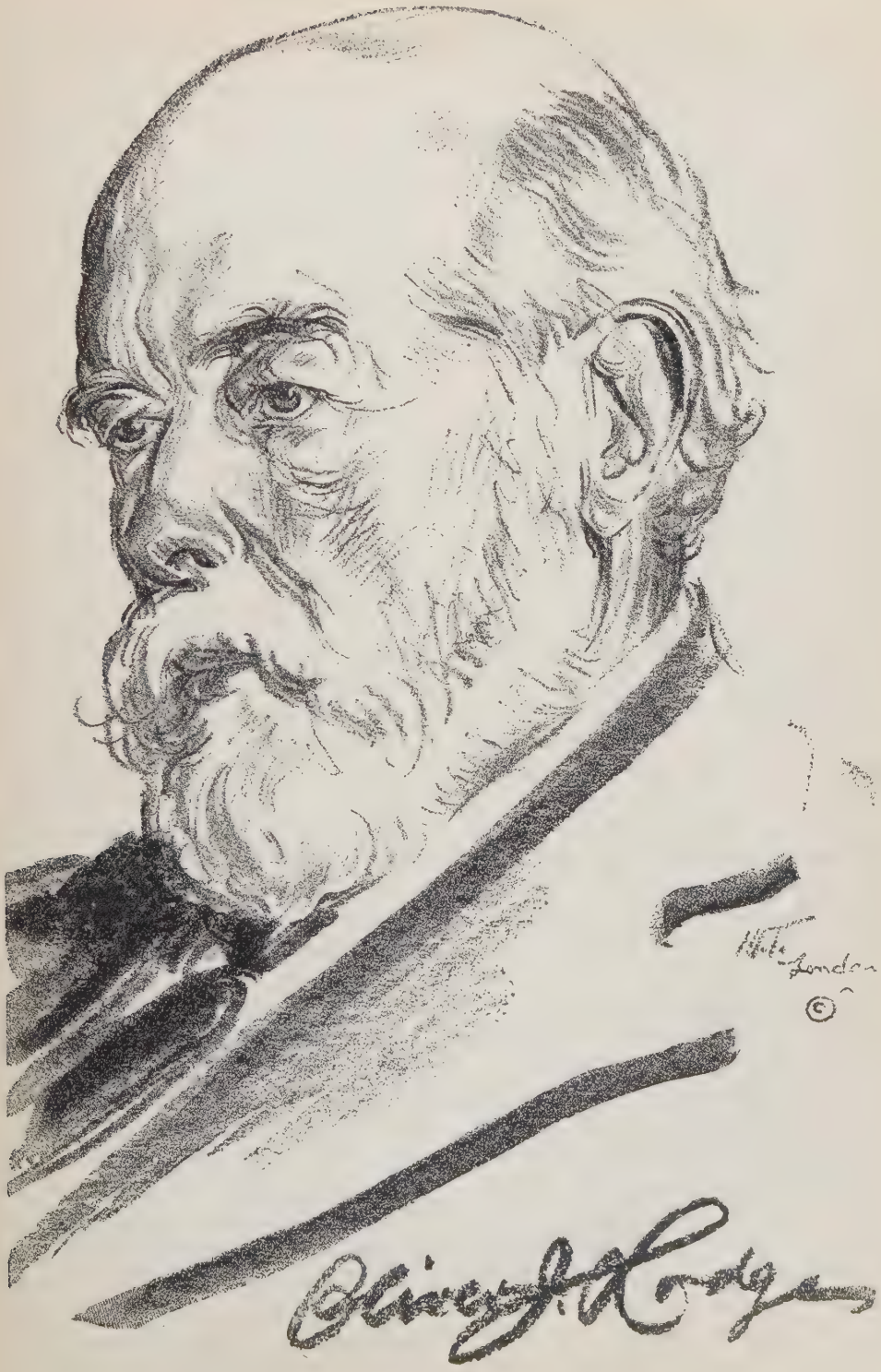
I asked him, too, about his investigation years ago of the famous medium Eusapia Paladino. He said that she was for the most part a precious old fraud, willing to do anything to deceive, but possessed, nevertheless, of remarkable powers. Several mediums to-day have similar ability, notably an Austrian boy who can cause levitation of heavy objects, and can exert a mysterious force in other surprising ways. In response to my question whether any progress at all had been made toward the explanation of spiritualistic phenomena, he replied that some slight progress had been made, but that most of the *genuine* manifestations of this kind still remain mysteries. It is his hope to clear away as much of the uncertainty as possible, and toward this end he is conducting experiments at his laboratories. He invited me to his home in the country, and promised me a view of his workshops.

Fortunately, the following Sunday found me in Salisbury, so I rang him up from my hotel. Sir Oliver's fine, heavy voice, with its rich Staffordshire bur, was most pleasant to hear again. He had previously drawn a diagram to direct me in finding Normanton House, regretting that his motor-car was not available for use at the present time. I replied that it would be a simple matter to get one in the town.

"No, no," he said; "get a bicycle. You 'll enjoy the exercise, and it is cheaper."

Sir Oliver's house is a large rectangular edifice of alternating blocks of gray stone and chalk that is studded with flints. On entering the house, my eyes were at once attracted by a photographic portrait of Raymond Lodge, Sir Oliver's dead son, with a wreath of immortelles festooned across it.

My host appeared promptly, and after calling my attention to this picture, showed me, among other things, an excellent likeness of himself in oils and a number of Lady Lodge's paintings. Then he carried me off to his


Oliver Wendell Holmes

psychical laboratory, where he had an apparatus designed for taking photographs of spirits. I asked if he had as yet produced any successful photographs. He replied that he had not, and appeared skeptical of the possibility of its achievement.

"Photography is very easily manipulated, you know," he said. "If I produce some successful pictures myself, I shall believe it, but not before."

Sir Oliver Lodge is, first of all, a great scientist, and in trying to explain psychical phenomena he absolutely remains the scientist. Thousands of people of the highest intelligence have observed the exercise by mediums of a mysterious physical force that causes heavy objects to rise in the air, that can make deep indentations in stiff clay at a considerable distance, and that performs many other equally surprising things. Some of the mediums, too, achieve remarkable feats in the psychic field, with the published accounts of which most of us are familiar.

These are not superstitions, but realities, unless we are to believe that a multitude of the greatest scientists of the world, as well as many famous men of various professions, have been successfully and repeatedly hoaxed over a long period of years, and despite the most exacting precautions that they can devise. The list of the names of eminent men who have observed these things and have been forced to believe in them as actual scientific realities is enough to give pause to the most skeptical. In whose province lies the investigation of these physical forces if not in that of the physicist? And who is to sift the evidence having to do with the psychological phenomena that have been authoritatively observed and recorded if not the psychologist? If, after all, the phenomena are false, these are the people to prove it, and the finger of scorn should not be directed at their endeavers. True, Sir Oliver believes that he has been in communication with the spirit of his son, a thing that he cannot yet prove to the satisfaction of many of us. But if he did not believe, he would hardly have the same incentive to investigate the many phenomena that are as yet unexplained. He is one of the pioneers, willing to dare, and to seek the truth even in this almost forbidden field. Columbus was ridiculed because he believed the world was round, and had the courage to brave uncharted seas to try to prove it. The sincere scientist seeks after the truth even though his efforts bring derision upon him, and welcomes the truth whether it elevates his theory to the dignity of a law or dashes it into oblivion.

Sir Oliver spoke with a smile and a shrug, and Lady Lodge a bit more feelingly, of the uplifting of eyebrows in some quarters because of their championing of spiritualism. A great many self-constituted critics think that they must be a bit "touched," she said, or they would not have espoused such a belief. But they are not in the slightest degree shaken in their determination to pursue their investigations with all possible thoroughness. They regret that much of their work must be done through mediums, as some of these people are at times willing to resort to pretense to bolster up any sagging of their powers. But it seems to me that the world is fortunate in having so great a scientist as Sir Oliver Lodge battling with a subject that has baffled many people over a

great span of years. I do not speak as a partizan of spiritualism. I am without knowledge of the subject and quite skeptical; but I am in full sympathy with a sincere inquiry into the subject.

Adjoining the psychical laboratory was one devoted to physical research. I was greatly interested in various devices, among them an amplifier of sounds which Sir Oliver is perfecting that makes audible the ticking of a watch at a distance of thirty or forty yards. One of these was attached to his radio outfit. He tried to pick up messages for me, but none was being broadcasted at the moment. There was a top that did astonishing things, apparently making a jest of the law of gravity, and a model of the moon that aped all the phases of the real one and treated me to the spectacle of an eclipse into the bargain.

When we had finished in the laboratories, I was shown the study, a huge vaulted apartment covering nearly the entire top of the house, with a wealth of books in cases arranged about the room and away from the wall, like the book-stacks of a public library in miniature. On the ends of these and on the wall were small framed portraits of eminent scientists.

"This is Lister," said Sir Oliver, "this is Ampère, this Pasteur, and this Helmholtz. Do you know about Helmholtz?"

"I remember a bit about him," I replied. "I had a year or two of physics in school."

"Oh, did you?" said Sir Oliver; then, with a mirthful twinkle, "I did n't; I studied the classics."

Lady Lodge is possessed of an extremely attractive personality. Her hair is white, her features strong and cleanly cut. She bears somewhat of a resemblance to Lady Gregory. She is an efficient co-worker with her husband in the psychic field. During luncheon she talked at some length of their endeavors. She said her belief was a source of great comfort.

We visited her studio later and saw many skilful sketches that she has produced from time to time since her student days under Alphonse Legros in London. Two recent ones in oils were of sunlight effects, and revealed most excellent observation. She said she found it most refreshing to indulge in a bit of "shop" talk about the work, a thing usually denied her in the country. A sincere love of art was evident in her enthusiastic discussion of it.

After a stroll through the flower gardens and meadows, my host said:

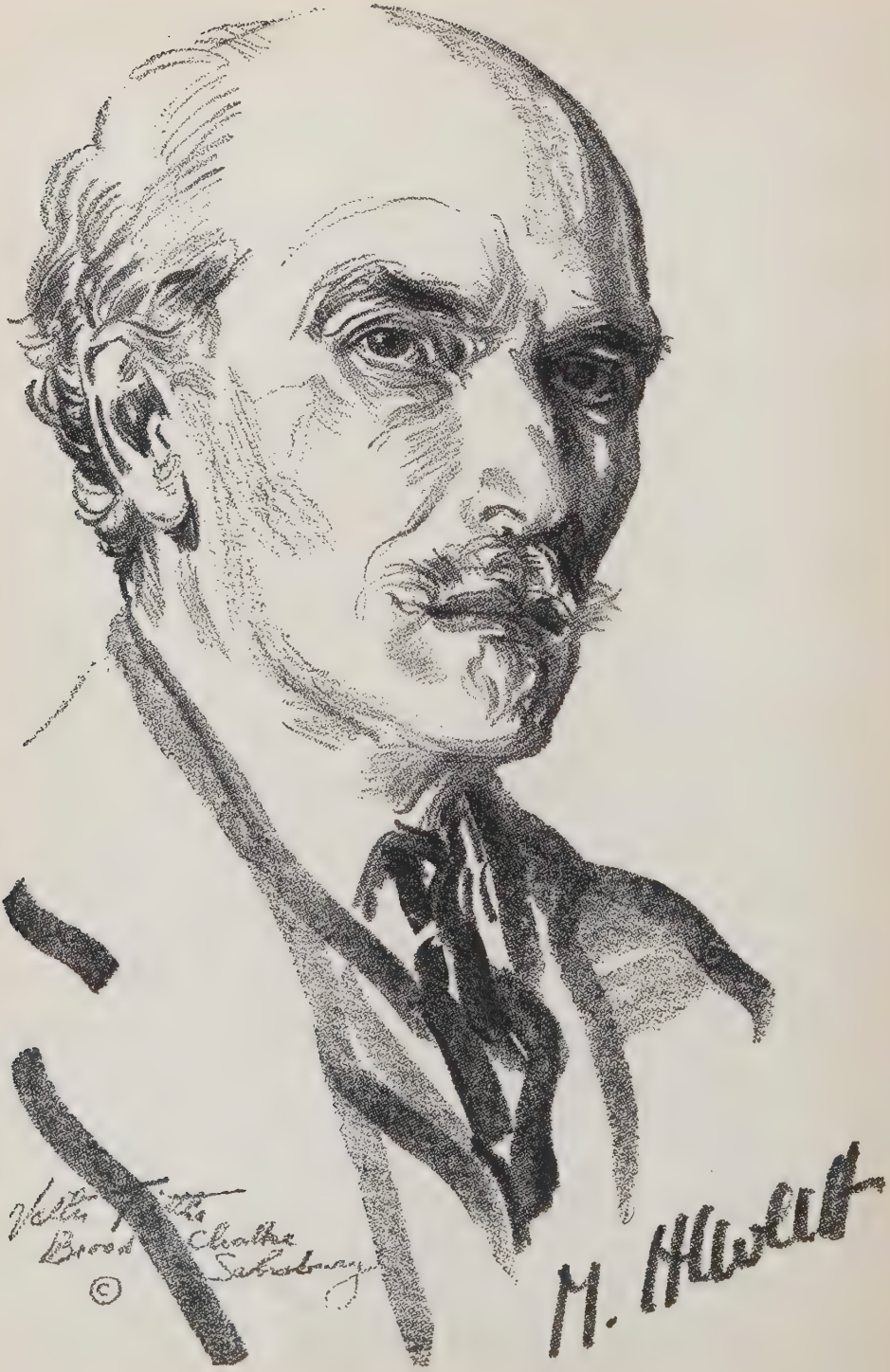
"I want you to see our river, the Avon, one of several in England bearing this name. We are very proud of it. But England is so small and America so large, I suppose it will not look like much to you."

We came upon it suddenly, concealed until we were within a few feet of it by the rushes on each side. I could almost have leaped across it with a running jump, and Sir Oliver seemed much amused at my finding it so small.

"A countryman of yours visited me recently," he said, "and when I brought him to see my river, his only comment was: 'River! That ditch?' "

He told me of an ingenious American device "for making water pump itself" that he was securing to install in the stream. This motor would automatically supply water for his gardens.

As we were returning to the house, apropos of nothing that had preceded in the conversation, he asked me if I had ever made an ascent in an aëro-


M. Hewlett

plane. I replied that I had; twice. This seemed to interest him greatly.

"Did you like it?"

"It is one of the most delightful things I have ever experienced."

"For a long time I have wanted to try it, and an aviator had definitely arranged to take me up. But I finally abandoned it because of the risk."

The time for my departure arrived, if I was to see Stonehenge, perhaps three miles distant across rolling Salisbury Plain. Sir Oliver accompanied me most of the way, a striking figure striding briskly in the high wind, telling me of the Druids and their temple as we walked. And when the ancient ruin stood silhouetted on the horizon, he bade me adieu with a kindly heartiness that left a pleasant glow.

§ 2

It seems most fitting that I happen to be in Italy as I write these paragraphs about one who has loved it well, and who has shared its beauty through his writings with multitudes, most of whom have not been privileged to enjoy this lovely country at first hand. Readers of the novels and poems of Mr. Maurice Hewlett will find their minds turning hitherward at the mention of his name. His present abode is far away, but his choice of it indicates a consistent taste. Though Salisbury and its neighborhood are typically English, there is much that is similar to Italy in the loveliness of the locality. Five beautiful streams flow tortuously through the town, their dark, transparent waters enriched in color by the long abundant moss that is combed by the lively current, and the darting trout tempt those with whom angling is a passion to make light of the law. A multitude of quaint bridges cross these streams, and from them the winding waterways between the ancient houses of this Venice of England, as it is fittingly called, are worthy prototypes of the canals of its Italian namesake.

From this enchanting spot I was driven seven or eight miles to the tiny village of Broadchalke. My conveyance was a hybrid affair, consisting of a chassis of American make, but utterly extinguished by a huge English body that was almost too great a burden to be borne, especially in the ascent of the large hills that we encountered on our journey. The law of compensation made full amends, however, for in the descent of the hills the car's performance was excellent. Asking our way at Broadchalke, we proceeded a short distance through narrow, winding lanes, and found our destination in a charming stone cottage nestling in a valley between two high hills. I am sure that every worker in the arts yearns often for just such a retreat as this, where concentration and recreation are possible without the wearing toll of energy that the cities take.

The sound of the laboring of our brave little motor brought Mr. Hewlett to greet me. His physical appearance was quite as his photographs had led me to expect, except that his hair is white. His face is sensitive and somewhat eagle-like, and his unusually large, dark blue eyes proclaim the poet. The upper part of his head is broad, with the keen eyes wide apart, and below the prominent cheek-bones the jaws are narrow. His mouth turns downward at the corners under his crisp rising mustaches. The complete impression is of a man who is nervous and highly organized.

A. S. Hutchinson

After a look at the flower garden, with its thatched walls of chalk sloping down to a crystal brook at its foot, we entered the living-room of the house, with almost its entire length thrown open to the out-of-doors. The producing of my lithographic crayons for the sketch brought forth some amusing reminiscences of the American, Joseph Pennell, at a time when Mr. Hewlett and he were doing some work together in Italy. This was followed by a good story about the perennially entertaining George Bernard Shaw. In the midst of a lecture to a large audience, he had been greeted by a tremendous burst of applause. A single dissenting voice from the top balcony expressed dissatisfaction in a loud, protracted "Boo!" Shaw looked up with a sunny smile and said:

"I quite agree with you, my friend; but what are we two among so many?"

A clever utterance of W. S. Gilbert I must repeat here: "I am sure no one could possibly think more highly of X—— than I do—and I think he 's a nasty little beast."

My distinguished host was most beguiling. He told me many interesting things about the neighboring country, of Salisbury, with its beautiful cathedral and close, and its near-by ancestor, Old Sarum. The fact that Constable produced some of his finest canvases in the Salisbury meadows brought forth an interesting discussion of his influence, and that of Turner, on modern landscape-painting.

We inspected Mr. Hewlett's household gods, which included some excellent examples of old furniture and china, as well as some interesting prints, and his family being absent, I was afforded an alluring glimpse of them through their photographs. At luncheon I was regaled with the most excellent roast duck I have ever eaten, and the "wine of the country," apple cider, provided a delightful complement.

My host consented to talk a bit about his own work, and showed me some illustrated editions of his novels. He is not writing novels at the present time, but is occupied mostly with several series of articles that appear at intervals in British publications. It afforded me much pleasure to be the bearer to him of a most enthusiastic message from Mr. Joseph Conrad to the effect that Mr. Hewlett's articles are for him a constant source of delight.

Thus the interesting hours sped, and the diligence of my pencil lagged considerably over a discussion of the relations among the different forms of creative expression. The sound of the motor that came to take me back to Salisbury found the drawing not finished, and, its completion achieved, I was not allowed to depart without tea. Then the absolute refusal to function of the engine of my aged conveyance, a different one, also of American make, but one step higher in the mechanical and social scale than its predecessor, afforded us a splendid opportunity for profound mechanical theorizing, and a display of our familiarity with the names of certain parts, most of which seemed to be entirely lacking in this remarkable ancestor of the up-to-date motor-car. Just as Mr. Hewlett was despatching a messenger for assistance, with no apparent reason the motor started at a great rate; so with hurried adieus lest delay might prove fatal, I was spinning over the hills toward Salisbury.

§ 3

A tall, slender man, with an eager, sensitive face, glasses with thick lenses as an assistance to eyes that showed the strain of much use, called upon me at my hotel in London. He seemed shy almost to the verge of timidity, and, as I learned on acquaintance, is possessed of an extreme modesty, amounting almost to an inferiority complex; and all this despite the fact that he has a decided personal charm that is obvious even at the first glance, and mounts with enviable rapidity when he is engaged in conversation. If Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson reads this, I am sure he will gasp with amazement, as he is sincerely convinced that he is unpleasant to look upon, and that "If Winter Comes" is a second-rate novel that by some freakish whim of fortune sold prodigiously without any explainable reason.

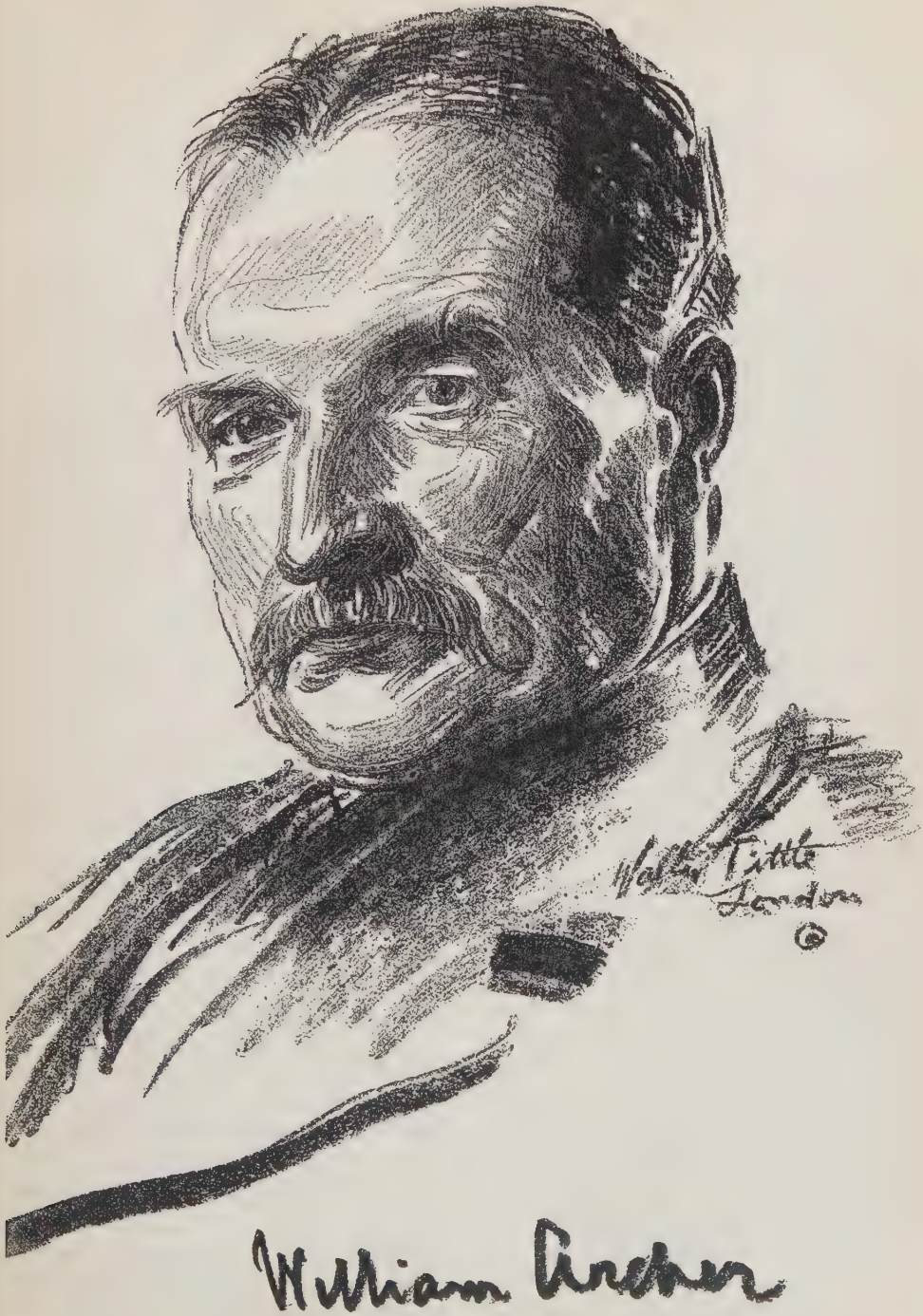
I had an amusing account from Mr. Algernon Blackwood of a speech Mr. Hutchinson made on the occasion of a dinner given in his honor. Among other things he said:

"I suppose it is expected of me to say some things about this upstart book of mine that has sold so tremendously. You have all doubtless asked yourselves, 'Why *did* it sell?' but I assure you that you cannot be more mystified than I am. I have evolved a theory, however, that I think must be the real solution of the problem. Do you remember what a frightfully hot summer we had last year? Every one was nearly prostrated, and the subject of the weather was the one constantly discussed. We gasped and sweltered—and then my book appeared. They saw it on all the newsstands—'If Winter Comes.' Ah! here was a discussion of the one absorbing subject! The incontinent summer had caused them much suffering; perhaps it would be followed by a winter equally severe. And here was a book, with an almanac, perhaps, and forecasts of what was in store. So they rushed to buy my book, took it home, and, after a disgusted glance at its contents had revealed their error, tossed it aside unread."

The whimsical self-sacrificing humor that this reveals is typical of the man. Mr. Hutchinson's sensitiveness is such that he seems to take refuge from possible criticism by having the first laugh at himself if any is to be had, and refusing absolutely to take himself seriously. He tells me that he avoids reading reviews of his books, and I am quite sure that the recent increase to his fame has brought him great uneasiness and some misery. It surprised me to have this most gifted man envy what powers I possess for pictorial expression. He said he has always been sure that he would prefer it to writing.

§ 4

Before seeing Mr. William Archer I had an unreasoning mental picture of his physical appearance, complete to the last detail. This keenest of British dramatic critics, I thought, must be tall and very slender, with delicate aquiline features, long slender hands, abundant white hair, and the most perfect of white mustaches. He must be the ideal aristocratic "first-nighter" of the old school, immaculate, resembling Sargent's portrait of Coventry Patmore to some degree, but with a handsomer face. Two notes that I had received from him were in an irregular, shaking hand. Quite right. He must


Walter Tittle
London
©
William Archer

be nervous. So sure was I of the appearance of my prospective sitter that I had decided upon the exact technic that I should use in my drawing, and could visualize it as a completed thing.

I ascended two flights of stairs to the study in his house in Fitzroy Square, and was sure that there must be a mistake; but in response to my inquiry, the very pleasant gentleman who confronted me assured me that he was Mr. Archer. He was tall, but not of the delicate design that I had expected. Large, vigorous of frame, with a robust, healthy look, and color in his cheeks, with thin hair and long, thin, black mustache, he was a far cry from my imagined esthete. I liked the reality better. His eyes twinkled with humor from beneath his bushy brows, and the bone-structure of his head and hands was vigorous and angular to a most unusual degree. His voice was soft, and the Scotch accent that he retains was most agreeable.

I arrived at tea-time, and most acceptable it was in view of my having had no lunch on that particularly busy day. It appears that my host had started in the law, but soon deserted it for journalism, and in a few years became the dramatic critic for one of the big London papers. He has occupied the same position on a number of publications since then, has translated some of Ibsen's most important works, and produced a number of books of his own. His play, "The Green Goddess," had a great success financially, as well as in an artistic sense. He said:

"At last, after so many years, this play has liberated me from the necessity of writing dramatic criticism, and I am delighted to be free. Now I can write what I choose. I am working just now on another play."

This was amusingly true to form. Nearly all artists and writers yearn to be free from the phase of their work that has brought them success or distinction, eager to try their wings in other flights. That very evening the critics of London were giving a banquet in his honor to celebrate his supremacy in a field that he was glad to abandon.

He showed me one of his own books, evidently of reminiscences of contacts with famous literary figures. It contained photographs of many celebrities, among them William Morris, Swinburne, Shaw, and George Moore. Max Beerbohm had taken this particular volume, and with black and white gouache had transformed all of the portraits into the most delightful and extravagant caricatures. With another copy of the book in its original state, he showed me picture after picture before and after the transforming magic of Mr. Beerbohm's brush, laughing heartily at the grotesque results. Beneath each caricature the artist had written, in a tiny copperplate hand, humorous foot-notes burlesquing the text of the book.

Mr. Archer made comments in passing on some of the writers represented. He spoke of Shaw as a handsome and picturesque person when a young man, with his abundant red hair. Morris, he said, was possessed of a magnificent head.

Mr. Archer has spent much time in America, and likes the life here. The subject matter of two of his books is about this country.

Italy and the Fascisti

By Arthur Livingston

Some very estimable observers of Italian Fascismo find it as hard to forget that the Fascista movement destroyed Italian Bolshevism as to remember that Mussolini and the central leadership of the Fascisti derive from the extremist wing of the old Socialist combination. Yet this latter fact is of the first importance. By virtue of his sympathy for the Left, Mussolini has on three occasions faced crises among his followers.

The first was in May, 1921, when Mussolini, to retain the new elements from the middle classes who had rallied to him, abandoned the syndicalistic republican program of the primitive Fascisti and optioned to support the constitutional monarchy. The second was in July of the same year, when he tore up his "pact of pacification" between all groups of labor, to conciliate the landowners of the Po Valley who had become contributors to his support. The third was only a few weeks ago (January, 1923), when, by a hurried telegram from London, he repudiated a rumored proposal for "one big union" of Italian workers, to exorcise a threatened rebellion of his Nationalists.

We stress these facts as an offset to a tendency we may all share to indulge in simple formulæ of praise or blame for Fascismo as a violent triumph of conservatism or reaction. Mussolini is fundamentally a politician of the Left who has been forced step by step to the Right by the developments inside and around his movement. If we must understand that the ultimate energies on which Fascismo depends come from the large middle-class membership that has been gradually enlarged to include the whole long-suffering public, we must also understand that the impulses which drive Fascista policies now in this direction and now in that come from the two combatants in the class struggle which the movement has absorbed, the interests of industry and land on the Right, and the interests of the masses on the Left. As a tactician fighting for power, Mussolini stood now with the Right and now with the Left as the vicissitudes of political battle required; as a responsible dictator he is now by preference standing with the neutral public as arbiter between Right and Left. By temperament, education, tradition, and outlook Mussolini, however, belongs to the Left, and whenever he has asserted himself in a peculiarly individual way in the last three years, his influence has been in its favor. To ignore this situation is to misunderstand the history, the present tendencies, and the future of Italian Fascismo.

§ 2

Not only Mussolini and the Fascista general staff that has accompanied him in his rise to power, but the

original rank and file that in large part has deserted him (to go over to D'Annunzio), came from the parties of the Left. Just how many of the first Fascisti were frankly radical (socialistic or syndicalistic) the historians of Fascismo have still to determine; but so far as primitive Fascismo (January–September, 1919) had a formulated program, it was a movement of national regeneration on a popular and a republican basis. Some of these platforms are in print. They call, among other things, for a redistribution of land, for a parliament of producers (syndicalism), for confiscation of war-profits, for taxation of capital to equalize fortunes and pay the national debt. They show two dominant emotions that were destined to great fortune as the movement progressed: love of country (nationalism), which invited people to make, in the future of peace, the same sacrifice of self which the soldiers had shown in going to the front; and hatred for everything that was not devotion to national greatness and welfare.

This animosity, moreover, implied some very specific things: that Italy should henceforth be governed by the soldiers who had saved her, eliminating from political life the bureaucracy of politicians who had "played safe" during the war, profiteered in money and in opportunity, put their friends and relatives in secure and lucrative swivel-chairs, brought on the disaster of Caporetto by mismanagement, and were now (1919) botching the negotiations at Versailles.

It is a curious fact that this fundamental anti-bureaucratic tendency of Fascismo does not emerge as a controlling one till the middle of 1922, after the movement had, for special causes, been successfully directed against Socialism.

The quarrel of the Fascisti with Socialism arose not because of the latter's program for proletarian redemption, but because of the policies of the official Socialist organization during and after the war. Mussolini, Bianchi, Rossoni, Lanzillo, in the first place, come from that faction of the old Socialism which was syndicalistic, or at least insurrectionary, but patriotic also and nationalistic. "Official" Socialism, however revolutionary in language, had a bureaucracy of its own, was inclined to peaceful democratic methods, and remained faithful to Marxian internationalism. The Fascista (even though a Socialist) was a patriot who had served four years in the trenches to save his country and make it great. The "official" Socialist was a man who had worked in the factories for high wages, and had sabotaged the war to exact still higher wages.

The misfortune of the Italian Socialists was to have found themselves at the end of the war the party of greatest strength in the country, but burdened with a fixed dogma of internationalism not easily adaptable to varying circumstances. When an international social revolution proved an illusion, there was still the chance of following the program of nationalistic Socialism (of Mr. de Ambris's Italian Socialist Union for example) to the establishment of a reformed state of proletarian hue. With such a program the first Fascisti would have had little fault to find. Instead, the Italian Socialists contented themselves with an exaggeration of their peace-time tactics—sabotage of the economic system of the nation, and derision, under

the formula of militarism, of the returning soldiers and the sacrifice the latter had made. In the year 1919 it was unsafe for an ex-soldier to appear on the public streets in his uniform, his stripes, and his medals. To this extent the claim of the Fascisti that their first brushes with the Socialists were defensive in character seems thoroughly justified.

§ 3

There are still many points of obscurity in the early history of Fascismo. Through the year 1919 the Fascisti were a group of "new men," ex-soldiers, with many laudable impulses, with dangerous political views, with no particular support. They first attracted attention by their participation in D'Annunzio's descent on Fiume, by occasional scuffles with Socialists, by raids, in conjunction with Nationalists, on Socialists and Slavs in the reconquered territories, and by the hazing of Wilsonian liberals (Renunciationists) at home. This was a period of political insanity in Italy quite as much as in the United States. From the Left came the menacing drive of Bolshevism, triumphant in the elections of November, and destined to continue up to the seizure of the factories in September, 1920. From the Right came the drive, no less disturbing, of the inflated war industries and the nationalism of steel. The outstanding political feature of this period was the complete decline of the state's prestige, ministry after ministry playing the humble rôle of unrespected arbiter between clashing factions each disruptive of public equanimity and social order. During this time Mussolini was in frequent conferences with manufacturers in Turin, Genoa, and Milan. He also looked in at Fiume.

The schism between Mussolini and D'Annunzio, more real than apparent, dates from this time. Both men caught the significance of the nationalistic awakening in Italy, D'Annunzio instinctively, as a born poet, actor, and emotionalist; Mussolini as an enthusiast also, but an enthusiast capable of cold calculation and with fixed views as to the use of means to ends—the materialism of Wilfred Pareto and the insurrectionism of Georges Sorel.

Mussolini did not find Fiume a congenial environment; it was too small a puddle for two big frogs. But the important thing to remember about Fiume is that the backbone of D'Annunzio's resistance was Giulietti's union of Italian seamen, a powerful organization of sailors, communists on the one hand and patriots on the other,—loyal, that is, both to God and the devil,—who kept him supplied with money and provisions from the sea. This fact has determined D'Annunzio's policies ever since. When the Fiume venture came to an end, the poet found himself the worshiped leader of thousands of patriotic working-men, willing to follow him anywhere that he might lead.

This situation has always embarrassed Mussolini; it has embarrassed D'Annunzio just as much. Neither could destroy the other without attacking a tested patriotism of nation-wide recognition. D'Annunzio likes the adoration that goes with leadership; he has only vague ideas as to where next he would like to go. He has manœuvered, therefore, to retain the adoration, leaving the rough work to Mussolini. The latter's movement developed by the violent methods now

well known. D'Annunzio accordingly strikes a Franciscan pose, talks of brotherly love, and of reconciliation between the classes, raising a protecting hand over patriotic labor organizations that Mussolini would willingly hammer to pieces. He has saved his old seamen's union, and by virtue of his friendship with Mr. D'Aragona, prevented the extermination of the weakened Socialist Federation. In his old guise as patriot, and in his new one as labor leader, he lifts his voice to moderate, to temper, to restrain, to intercede. D'Annunzio is a sort of Virgin Mary to the Fascista Italy, of which Mussolini is the wrathful Lord Jehovah.

§ 4

Mussolini's trips to Turin and Genoa were more fruitful of results than his visits to Fiume. When Fascismo emerged from obscurity early in 1920, it was a vigorous movement of anti-Socialists, well organized, well financed, well armed, its eyes fixed on the "enemy at home," where formerly it had winked in many directions.

The disintegration of Socialism had gone far, however, before the Fascisti started their attack on its tottering structure. Lenine's fatuous attempt to centralize proletarian agitation in Moscow had created, as it could not fail to create, a schismatic communist demagogy inside the Italian labor movement. Quarrels among leaders bewildered the rank and file, hitherto eager and able to seize the country once the word was given. The official Socialist reports on conditions in Russia discouraged the vast masses who had followed revolutionary Socialism rather for the advantages it promised than for the ideals it preached. The flimsiness of the impressive Socialist fabric became apparent in the fall of 1920, when the workers seized the factories and the leaders ran to cover. It was because the masses had ceased to trust Socialist leadership that Mussolini, with a few thousand energetic men, was able to overthrow such a huge Socialist organization.

The conditions created in Italy by Socialist and communist agitation at this time, agitation without responsibility or purpose, have been even too well stressed in the daily press. The public at large welcomed the Fascisti as deliverers from a hideous oppression. Mussolini suddenly found his movement swamped by the addition of thousands of boys and ex-soldiers from the middle and agrarian classes, men who knew nothing of the original Fascismo, and were anti-Socialist merely. Manufacturers of all types, seeing a chance to dismantle the machinery of organized labor for good and all, poured money liberally into the Fascista treasury. This was the heyday of Fascista expansion and of Fascista evolution as well; for the conservative majority newly created in the movement made short shrift of the old radical and even republican platforms of the primitive Fascisti.

§ 5

Nevertheless, the foundation for an eventual Fascista *coup d'état* was laid not by the Fascisti themselves, or by any hold they as yet had on the public, but rather by a political manœuver of Giolitti which worked too well.

In the background of all political history in Italy in the years 1919–21 lies that great financial struggle between speculative and conservative industry that we have already referred

to as a "drive from the Right." Taken by and large, this struggle was occasioned by the attempt of the war industries to preserve themselves by cornering the financial resources of all other industry, and incidentally by placing France in the position formerly held by Germany in Italian capitalization. The conflict simmered down to a fight between the new Italian Discount Bank and the old Banca Commerciale Italiana, and it ended, in the winter of 1921–22, in the complete victory of the latter. This struggle was disastrous in two respects: not only did it vitiate such chance of a return to normalcy as there may have been, but it prevented a conservative majority in Parliament to meet the Socialist menace.

Giolitti, who assumed power in the summer of 1920, decided to wean the Socialist block of 156 deputies to his own side, and so dispense with a conservative majority. He winked at the seizure of the factories in September, knowing well that they would amount to little. He made overtures for Socialist collaboration. When these failed, he tried to force the Socialists either into impotence or into obedience by giving a free hand to the Fascisti, covering his momentary alliance with the extreme Right by the armed suppression of D'Annunzio in Fiume.

Unopposed now by government authorities, equipped with government supplies, even supported, as at Florence in the attack on San Frediano, by the Royal Guards, the Fascisti began a concerted offensive from all sides upon the Socialists. In these circumstances Fascismo swept all of northern Italy, and even invaded, though unsuccessfully, the liberal South. With Socialist-baiting now become a fad, the youth of middle-class Italy, particularly the generation that had arisen since the war and had no glories to match with those of its big brothers, stampeded to the Fascista standards. Another development, to be of great significance later, also occurred: Mussolini gained a foothold in the lower ranks of the state bureaucracy, so that henceforth he was able to thwart any further attempts made from Rome to control him. Soon, in fact, when the Socialists were reduced to helplessness, Giolitti tried to draw in the reins again, only to find that soldiers would not shoot, policemen would not arrest, judges would not convict, the "heralds of a new national order."

§ 6

With another accession which came to Fascismo at this time (1920–21) Mussolini was not so well pleased, though deftly and with great political acumen he met the situation to which it gave rise. Among the objects of primitive Fascista animosity were the great rural landlords of Romagna, Emilia, Venetia, and the Marches, Clericals, anti-monarchists, pro-Austrians, defeatists, for the most part, who had facilitated the peace moves of Benedict XV, protected Austrian espionage in Italy, raised the Adriatic question to counter the Allied policy of "breaking up Austria," evaded service, and done all they could to disintegrate the war morale of the nation. A native opposition to this class had grown up in the Socialist, Catholic, and Republican unions of farm-hands, which in the four provinces mentioned had come to a stand-off with the "oppressors." This truce involved contracts for agricultural

management of such comprehensive scope that the famous "red provinces"—red at the bottom and black at the top—came virtually to constitute an independent syndicalist state inside the Italian nation.

The landlords seized upon the popularity of Fascismo as an opportunity for ridding themselves of this irksome radical restraint. From the last months of 1920 and the first of 1921 date the celebrated "punitive expeditions," the violence of which has profoundly shocked liberal observers abroad. In this phase Fascismo presented itself in much the same features as the White Guard "terrors" of Finland and Hungary, as a movement of out-and-out reaction, in favor of one class, against everything that savored of progress for the common people.

Mussolini, in great alarm, gathered his primitive remnants about him to consider the chances of a house-cleaning inside Fascismo. But he found himself the victim of his own propaganda. The mass of his followers were in no mood to distinguish between good "unions" and bad ones. Unable to discipline his "converts" in the Po Valley, he countered with an agrarian movement of his own, raising the Fascista banner over many proletarian unions, which saved the organizations and, while making many concessions to the landlords, still conserved most of the hard-won gains of labor.

This evolution, which was complete by the summer of 1922, produced some of the most astonishing and perplexing contradictions of Fascismo. In less than a year Mussolini had over a million and a half working-men, formerly Socialist or Catholic, in his own ranks, and the proprietors had to lament more exasperating forms of dictation from their laborers than the Socialists had ever dreamed of imposing. Viewed from this angle, Fascismo, which sold itself to speculative industry in 1919–20, became a middle-class movement in 1920, and an agrarian "white guard" in 1920–21, acquired a popular, a proletarian, wing in 1921–22. This last step, there can be no doubt, was the most important. There are people in Italy, the theorists of the so-called Nationalist party, who believe that the future of Italy lies along the line of a dictatorship of business men and a policy of industrial imperialism. Most people, on the other hand, Mussolini among them, believe that no party can long govern the country which does not have deep roots in the laboring masses. Around this issue the future domestic battles of Fascismo will be fought.

§ 7

The process and the slogans by which Mussolini won public confidence, gave an overwhelming majority to his party, and was acclaimed as dictator, have been widely expounded by the propagandists of Fascismo in this country and by American admirers of note who have swallowed the pill of outraged democracy because the sugar coating of anti-Bolshevism tickles their palates. Mussolini must complacently view in his own triumph the verification of his theory of "democracy by insurrection," which means that, in the present primitive stage of European political consciousness, populations will ever applaud conquerors whom they are unable to resist, that any group, provided it wants something in harmony with the needs of the moment, can get it if it has the courage to fight for it.

The plain fact is that Italy, which has little aptitude for ballot democracy as Anglo-Saxons understand it, has an instinct for democracy and for government by the *vox populi*. It is the method of the *comitium:* show yourself better than your antagonist by beating him or shouting him down, and we will give you a chance to make good on your promises! The Italian public was prepared and even disposed to accept Socialistic leadership in 1920. But the Socialists proved to be rabbits. Very well, we bet on the hound. This is the "psychology" of the Fascista *coup d'état.*

But it was the simple straightforward appeal of Mussolini that caught the national imagination and electrified the world by the spectacle not of a party's triumph, but of the awakening of a people to national self-consciousness. The Socialists were Italians, but they sought redemption of the proletariat over the ruins of the nation. The Clericals were Italians, but they sought their ends by keeping the state weak and divided. The rulers were patriots, but they kept in power by subordinating the country to special interests, that Italy, an agricultural nation, might "cut a figure" in the modern industrial and commercial world. As a prophet of nationality rather than of nationalism Mussolini promised to wipe out these disastrous policies of the past, asking labor to seek its welfare in that of the nation, Catholics to revere their church, but not at national expense, industrials to make their profits, but not by manipulating state machinery. The public caught this idea, hallowed it for a moment with a sort of religious consecration, and welcomed Mussolini because it thought he had a chance at least of doing something new. Nausea for the twaddle of the old politicians, a sporting desire to give a new man a chance—these were the decisive elements in the surrender of the Italian nation to Fascismo.

§ 8

By virtue of this "mandate" which he has in part obtained, in part extracted, from the people, Mussolini has had little trouble so far. He has made progress in disarming and disbanding his followers. He has introduced sweeping reforms in the ministries. He has swept away all the shackles that war had left on commerce and industry. He has initiated far-reaching changes in public administration and in the organization of education.

Politically, the situation has not yet been clarified. As a party becomes a nation, it loses distinctiveness. What does it mean to be a Republican in the United States? The same name covers both sheep and goats. What we are witnessing in Italy is the effort of various groups to establish their outlines in the general Fascista blur.

The Nationalists, the political vanguard of the interests behind the "drive from the Right," were among the first to be worried by the turn events began to take just before the "revolution of October." The increase by leaps and bounds of Mussolini's popularity, his hold on the imagination of the middle classes, his resumption of the mantle as labor's messiah, indicated clearly that he might not easily be controlled as the passive tool of the speculators who now publicly boasted of having created him. To build up a new balance of power, they turned to the liberal South

and hurriedly organized a Nationalist "party of action" (Fascismo) out of available elements in the riffraff of Southern cities, meanwhile starting a drive of corruption among the higher subordinates of the dictator's general staff. During November and December there were armed skirmishes between Nationalists and Fascisti in Naples, Bari, and other Southern towns. Mussolini weathered the impending storm apparently by the simple device of permitting a resumption of the attack of "patriotic" finance on the "foreign" and "Jewish" interests represented in the Banca Commerciale Italiana, conciliating the French animus behind that attack by offering official Italian lip service to M. Poincaré's adventures in the Ruhr. But to the public he presented the matter thus: was Italian Nationalism opposed to, or in favor of, the objectives which the "revolution of October" brought within possibility of attainment for the Italy of the future? If opposed, it should be suppressed; if in favor, it should get on the bandwagon again. In March, 1923, the Italian Nationalist party blended officially with Mussolini's organization.

The attack on freemasonry (February, March) was a cleaning-up operation on the battle-field where the old bureaucracy had been routed. With all its ritual of allegiance to the Great Architect of the Universe, Italian freemasonry was, under the old régime, really an employment agency covering political and civil service appointments, and a disbursing agency covering governmental patronage of the fine arts. If Mussolini allowed the issue of secret societies to be raised, it was to reassure the young men of his party aspiring to political careers that, despite the presence of freemasons in his directorate, a brand-new set of wires had been provided for "pull."

Mussolini himself is reported to be behind a new and slowly developing realinement of labor forces, which would absorb all doctrinal differences (Socialism, Anarchism, Catholicism, guildism) in a patriotic formula, and in the end, make the masses again the strongest concentration of political power in the nation. At the moment the class struggle is in a state of forced arbitration.

The question of democracy is being debated, as lost causes are debated, warmly and academically. The middle-class elements in Fascismo naturally look forward to a rehabilitation of Parliament, in which they will for the present guarantee a Fascista majority by Fascista methods. Mussolini is opposed to democracy in principle and to parliaments in particular. He prefers a small group of "willing workers"—at least till he has completed and tested his reform program.

Mussolini may indeed be aspiring to fill the rôle of an Italian Porfirio Diaz, but his public has far other elements than those with which Mexico's beneficent dictator had to work. This is a reflection that may cheer the disappointed liberal. Mussolini's régime has modified only the executive branch of the Government. The legislative mechanism remains intact, and he can revitalize it at any time by calling an honest election. There is no indication that he has tampered at all with the judiciary, which, it should be remembered, twenty-five years ago occupied and successfully held the last trenches of Italian democracy, whence the attack that overthrew Pelloux's dictatorship was eventually launched.

Utopia in Arkansas

By Charles J. Finger

Drawings by Kerr Eby

Once, I thought that I had found the limit of incongruity. It was years ago, when, on Wellington Island, on the coast of Patagonia, I found on the beach an iron-bound box, and, opening it, discovered a little leather-bound volume, all time stained and yellowed, and the book was Dryden's Vergil. Afterward I went a-sailing with one Bill Potter, a kind of pirate fellow who took up gold-digging, and one day down in Beagle Channel he picked up the Vergil, became interested, and read it with every evidence of vast interest.

But that incident as evidence of incongruity is run pretty close by another of quite recent date, and this later one has a flavor of disjointed ends. It brings to mind Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," the swamp city in Jeffrey's "After London," or the classic New-Zealander of Macaulay. Idealism and decadence cheek by jowl would be a better way to put it. For once a man named Harvey, prominent in 1896, when sentimentalists and economists were talking about the silver question, made a great deal of money. So, being rich, he set about building a great castle of white stone in the wilds of Arkansas, and the building remains unfinished to this day. There, in a cup of the hills, you see the remains of a vast thing of embrasured towers, of mullioned windows, of arched doorways, and it has

the appearance of a feudal castle in process of demolition. To come upon it suddenly, unexpecting any such thing, is like a vision of Melrose Abbey in the Sahara.

The purpose of the man was stranger than his plan, for his idea was that some day,—to put it exact, twenty-five years from 1896,—an ideal commonwealth would be centered about the castle, and the building itself would house poets and philosophers, inventors and philanthropists, scientists and sages, and a golden age would dawn. It was to be a place of the lit lamp and the girt loin, and because of its influence people were to be lifted out of themselves, were to be imbued with high social ideals, were to have a splendid faith in humanity. Above all, the State of Arkansas was to lead her sister States socially, educationally, and morally.

One evening, in the shadow of that unfinished dream of stone, we two who were tramping the hills made our coffee, and while so doing became unpleasantly aware of a boy with a stony expression of countenance who appeared from nowhere and stood watching us, making a very unpleasant kind of noise by whistling through his teeth. He was a lean, fidgeting kind of lad, as ragged as *Huckleberry Finn*, and he was full of a bovine seriousness. Obviously, we had no right to order him off, for he was not interfering, nor was he meddlesome or actively inquisitive. So, in that kindly, authoritative way in which men talk to strange young people of the countryside, we asked him his name. Perhaps he was a dreaming kind of lad and perhaps he was slow of speech, for a long time elapsed before he made reply. Then he said "By-gee," which for a swift moment we imagined to be exclamatory until his head, nodding, showed us our error.

"By-gee," repeated my companion, musingly. Then, "How do you spell it?"

"I don't," he answered very seriously, and added by way of afterthought, "but mebbe my uncle knows how."

We hazarded "Abijah" as a possible solution, but the lad, though mildly interested, was unable to aid us; so there followed a little social catechizing. Could he read? He could a little, but did not. Did he attend school? No; and, anyway, school only "kept" for two months a year where he was, and the last teacher quit because a boy beat him up. What did he do for a living? Well, as to that, he just "got by, like the rest." A little berry-picking, a little wood-cutting, and now and then an odd job. And his spare time, of which he seemed to be so richly endowed, what did he do with that? Well, he "jest hung round with the boys." And at that point we found ourselves in a conversational cul-de-sac. On his part, there were some things he wanted to know. Were we "the law?" If not, why did we go afoot? Had we anything to sell or were we walking on a bet? I think that we left him unconvinced of our lack of ulterior motives, and after a long and searching look at us he turned away.

But, like a figure in a Greek tragedy, he had given us a theme, and as we lay under the stars, in the roofless castle, a host of phantoms arose. For, if this lad was no rare specimen, then indeed he represented a danger, a menace, a wandering fire, and not for nothing had Arkansas at last discov-

ered that she stood forty-sixth among the States in order of educational advantage, that her young men were by the draft test only thirty per cent. efficient, that in her public libraries she had only thirty-seven volumes to every thousand inhabitants. And, alas! for Harvey's dream!

§ 2

The next day we walked many miles without seeing sign of man until we came to a narrow place where the road fell away, so that it was a mere stone ledge in the living rock of the mountain-side, and we had to crowd and make ourselves small to permit the passage of a horse carrying a man, with a woman riding pillion. They gazed at us without speaking, not even answering our salute; but as soon as we were passed, the weather-beaten pair, all grizzled and toil-bent, drew rein to gaze after us. Then at a bend of the road we overtook a man going the same way as we were, and with him we joined company.

He was tall and spare, and seemed careworn, as indeed did almost every one we met on our walk. High on his shoulders he carried a pack covered with a black and shiny cloth. His gray and sparse beard was forked, like the beard of Chaucer's merchant, his shirt was of checkered blue and very irregularly slashed, and it was evident that his trousers had been devised for a much larger man. On his head was a cap such as golf-players use, a head-covering but little suited for a land of beating sunshine. As old as the hills was his sort, and Piers Plowman might have rubbed shoulders with such a one on the Malvern Hills.

For a short while, after a surly greeting on his part, we walked in silence, and we knew that he was filled with that strange suspicion regarding strangers harbored by the people of the country-side. Moreover, like the lad of the night before and the two on horseback, he looked upon us as curiosities, and it is not nice to be regarded as a curiosity. However, the conversational ice being once broken, we got along very well. His talk was a *macédoine* of tautologies and repetitions, and he had "but smal gramere"; yet from him we learned many things, for he knew the country-side and its people very well indeed. And, let it be said, there was indubitable evidence, when he turned his face to the one or other of us as he said things, that the mountain folk who operated stills harbored no suspicion toward him.

He was, he told us, on occasion a school-teacher, a preacher, a trader in horses and cattle, a berry-picker, and a farmer; and just then he was venturing into new fields, killing two birds with one stone, and following the dual occupation of rubbing doctor and peripatetic barber. His field was, and always had been, limited, for out of the northwestern part of the State he had never been, nor did he wish to go. In his own way he had, as Sir Walter Scott said of his Highlander, "all the good manners that nature can teach."

Little by little, as we walked, he unfolded his philosophy, and we learned that in his view the law was a kind of invading entity, the state a sore oppressor. He was, he told us, a practical man and could see no advantage in government. There were no vital connections between him and the state,

nor was there a social organism. Instead, each hamlet and village was a compact little realm, each community a separate commonwealth, and there were, metaphorically speaking, stone walls of separation between village and town, between country and city. He was a man most rootedly individualistic.

"Government!" he said with a note of scorn. "Now, look at this town of Red Star. Them there folks pays taxes. If they don't, then the gov'ment will sell up a wider's cow or pig. A man 'll have mercy. A gov'ment don't know none. And what does Red Star get for it all? Nothin'. Nothin' at all. Protection, says you. But protection 'gainst what, I asks? Police? They don't need 'em. Roads? We ain't got none. Then your gov'ment up in Washington gets into war. What then? Down it comes and takes what it wants. Our men go, and the kids and women folk is left to shift as best they can."

Hearing that, we questioned him somewhat closely, dimly suspecting that somehow he had been touched by Edmund Burke or Prince Peter Kropotkine; but there we were at fault. For understanding presently our suspicion, he very roundly denounced many, naming specifically socialists, anarchists, communists, and prohibitionists, and in comminatory ecstasy bundled with them as objectional all Northerners, foreigners, lawyers, bankers, and especially those who were born in the neighboring State of Oklahoma; for, as it appeared, two from that State had cheated him in a trade, selling him a wry-necked hog. "Every one from Oklahoma," he said, "is tarred with the same stick."

Of the truth of many things that were new and strange to us he was firmly convinced, nor could argument shake him. Thus he revealed to us the curious fact that "the lay of the Milky Way" showed which would be the direction of the prevailing wind for the space of a lunar month; the position of the horns of the moon foretold wet or dry seasons; when there was a ring about the moon, the number of stars within the circle indicated the number of weeks of bad weather; to lay the foundation of a house, to build a fence, to shingle a roof, or to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon was to court certain disaster; in a new house of wood, the resin blisters by spontaneous generation developed into *Cimex lectularius;* a newly born child should be shaken by the heels to the end that its liver should properly fall into place. There was much more of it, and he made the positive statement that the stars and the moon were eternal lamps hung out for signs and seasons, and that the theory of evolution was mere folly.

§ 3

At noon we came to a place where a group of men were squatted on their heels outside a ramshackle store building. The sorry structure was painted in various colors, red and blue predominating, with here and there, as if laid on by an absent-minded painter, stripes of yellow. On the porch, which was propped up with loose bricks, sat three or four men and a fat woman who chewed snuff, and two yards away a sow and her litter lay sunning.

Our traveling companion disengaged his pack, and busied himself setting out on a sawed-off tree-stump a display of little bottles filled with liquids of various colors, red and blue, green

and golden, which, he said, were toilet waters and headache tonics. To those on the porch he recounted his experiences as a pain-and-trouble reliever, but his best trade seemed to be in vanilla extract, sold in little flat bottles, for that is by way of being the local substitute for Burgundy. So, seeing him busy, I went into the store to buy some cheese.

At first, in that place, after one had grown accustomed to the darkness, the eye was shocked with the tangle, for there was neither attempt at classification nor apparent desire for order. On a box close to the door slabs of bacon were piled, and a cat with kittens was asleep on a sack thrown over the top-most piece. The shelves were packed with things canned, bottled, tied in bundles, hidden in torn cartons, or stuffed into little chance spaces where they stood or stuck precariously. The filthy counter was littered with a heterogeneous collection: a great cheese, with a wedge cut from it; a dirty pair of scales; a glass case, the top of which was broken, containing a higgledy-piggledy of cheap candy, much fly-specked; part of the carcass of a freshly killed hog, blood-clotted and hideous; an open box of crackers; and, at the farthest end, a little cash-register, with an open Bible atop. The floor was black with ancient filth, and in the middle of it was a stove white powdered with the winter ashes.

A few men and lads were lounging, talking, one telling a story amid an obbligato of remarks. He was foul-mouthed and licentious and malicious. To be sure, he held his tongue a moment or two when a girl came in to exchange eggs for crackers, but she was barely out of earshot before he launched a piece of nastiness that was greeted with squealings. I say squealings, for it was that; not Rabelaisian laughter, but mean squealings, tee-heeings, hyena-like cachinnations.

But, after all, I did not buy the cheese, for just as the storekeeper was about to attend, he was called outside by a man who was lifting a part of newly butchered hog, evidently the other half of that which lay on the counter, on to a wagon. Having done this service with perfect good humor, he came again to us, ready to weigh out the cheese. But we perceived that he had not washed his hands; wherefore the prospective trade fell through.

We saw, on leaving that place, that our traveling companion was too busy to notice our departure save by the briefest of nods, for he was selling a bottle of greenish hair tonic to a countryman who sought something to cure his wife's headache, and the contents of that bottle the brisk man spiritedly recommended. So we went our way.

Now, as it happens, in the country through which we passed there was much of natural beauty everywhere: richly wooded mountains and sweeping valleys with precipitous sides; narrow roads under expanding roofs of mighty oaks; rutted paths that skirted sheer cliffs; purple mountain masses against turquoise skies and exquisite afterglows of rare sunsets. But what rests in my mind is the memory of men met and of faces seen on the way. There were others we met of whom I might tell, blighted men and women who seemed never to have known youth, but only toil; people lost in solitary wilderness, like the lonely ones of Chaucer. But, then, perhaps it were idle to tell more, for the world is full of those who dare not be other than they are.

Please, Sir, the Plumber

By A. Neil Lyons

The man from Brown's, in a clean white apron, came to the door of the new scullery and wiped his paint-brush on the new mat.

"All right, Jock!" he exclaimed.

Jock, who wears two pairs of trousers, blue on top, and takes his orders only from Mr. Black, got up from his bucket and faced the man from Mr. Brown's.

"Don't mean ter say you 're *done?*" he remarked.

"Well," remarked the man from Brown's, "we 're done *so far*. You can start now. When you got the pipes in, we 'll kerry on."

"It 's only twelve o'clock," said Jock. "We 've only bin waitin' 'ere since seven. Can't you keep us idle for a little longer?"

The man from Brown's was used to plumbers. He smiled good-humoredly, moving his brush with cleanly deliberation to a fresh area of mat. The man from Black's entered the scullery.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, casting a swift glance around him. "This is a cutting-away job." He then returned to the doorway, and putting both hands to his mouth, he uttered loudly the word, "Hoy!"

"Hoy!" An answering call, which might have been an echo of his own, came out of a shed, where Jock's subordinate had retired to take tobacco.

"Fetch along the tool-bag, Will," thundered the voice of Jock. "'Urry up! There 's a cutting-away job 'ere."

Will, who also wears two pairs of trousers, although he is hardly more than fourteen years of age, then emerged from the shed and hastened, almost ran, to the scullery door, carrying hammers and chisels and other heavy objects in his hand. The man from Brown's, having finished my mat, sat down on Jock's bucket. Then Jock began to whistle; I retired to my workroom, happy in the thought that we were at last getting in sight of the pump.

Had I forgotten to mention the pump before? Oh, well, it has no real importance except that it happens to be connected with the presence in my house of Jock and William and the man from Brown's.

Things did not move very rapidly in my workroom because of the activities of Jock and William, who were cutting away rather loudly in the adjacent room. I should not, however, have dreamed of interrupting them if they had not cut away my framed portrait of Dr. Watts. A chisel, a brick, and a hammer-head extruded themselves quite unexpectedly from the bosom of that remarkable saint, and the sight provoked me.

"Gorn through into your sitting-room, 'ave we?" said Jock when I mentioned the circumstance to him.

"I 'ardly *think* so, sir. No; 'ardly that."

I still ventured to believe the evidence of my own eyes.

"That 's a very curious thing, then," said Jock, thoughtfully. "We was aimin' for the crorse-tie to kerry our pipe. Where are we now, then?"

"Just below the first waistcoat button," I replied.

Jock looked at me curiously. He was too well mannered, being a foreman perforator, to ask me to repeat my answer.

"P'raps I 'd better come in and look," he said.

He came in. He looked.

"Ar," said he, with a cheerful smile, "I see now what we 're playin' at. It 's a very funny thing, but I forgot to allow for the kink in the flue. A funny thing. That flue 's bin settin' me crooked all along. That 's the *third* carry-through I 've had to make, and we ain't found the crorse-tie yet. A funny thing!"

I followed him into the scullery, and found that it was even as he had said. Two preliminary carry-throughs had been carefully effected, each of which let air and light into the flue of my workroom fireplace.

"Will it work like that?" I inquired.

"Will what work?" demanded Jock.

"My study fireplace."

"Like what?"

"Like that; with all those holes in it."

"Go' bless my soul!" responded Jock, "don't you worry about them little 'oles, sir. We shall make them good all right—*some* time er other."

I was going to ask him to fix an approximate date for this good work, but he happened to look at his watch, and immediately lost consciousness —in the professional sense. "Hoy, Will!" he exclaimed, "Din-*ner!*" At which words Will descended in haste from the scullery ceiling and hurried out of doors to find a bucket for Jock.

Jock sat on his bucket for an hour, eating one thick sandwich, while William, sitting on a nail bag and eating another thick sandwich, listened attentively, but in thoughtful silence, to his foreman's pessimistic views on modern cricket.

The man from Brown's, meanwhile, went into the scullery and cleaned a few more brushes, and Dr. Watts suddenly discharged the hammer from his bosom and broke a Brittany vase.

At ten minutes past two, Jock and William, having reprimanded Hobbs and buried all other cricketers, returned to the scullery ceiling and knocked two more holes in Dr. Watts. They then knocked a further hole in the workroom fireplace. They then, to their intense surprise and palpable annoyance, blundered right on the cross-tie, which piece of carelessness put an end to all the frolic. Jock came down, and, going to the scullery door, called out:

"All right, Fred!"

The man from Brown's looked up.

"What d' ye mean, 'All right'?" he inquired.

"We 've done—so far," explained Jock. "You can start again now."

"What d' ye mean, 'Start again'?" said the man from Brown's. "Mean ter say you 've fixed that pump since dinner-time?"

"Pump!" echoed Jock. "'Oo spoke about a pump? We ain't on'y jest found the crorse-tie. I want you to come in 'ere an' make good."

"What d' ye mean, 'Make good'?"

"This flue 'ere," explained Jock, affably. "It 's a bit on the skew,

Fred. We carried through into the gentleman's droring-room here—and there. I want you to come in and make good afore I gets on to the pump."

"Not me, Jock," replied the man from Brown's, decisively. "I can't start till you got the pump fixed. You get the pump fixed. I 'll start quick enough then."

Jock still sustained his air of quiet persuasiveness.

"You see, Fred, I likes to 'ave my work made good be'ind me. It would not be right for me to start not until you 'd made it all good be'ind me."

The man from Mr. Brown's shook his head.

"No good arstin' me to come in till you 've got the pump up," he insisted.

"Make it good be'ind me, then, an' I 'll *get* the pump up," said Jock.

"You—get—the—pump—fixed," insisted Fred.

Jock's nose turned very white.

"I don't take my orders from you," he cried. "I on'y takes my orders from Mr. Black."

"Then you 'd better go and find Mr. Black," retorted the man from Brown's, and he smiled, a slow, ungenerous smile.

"That 's just what I 'm a-goin' to do," declared Jock, walking briskly to the gate. "Hoy, Will!" he bellowed. And William, setting fire to a minute portion of cigarette, hastened after him.

The man from Brown's sat silently on his bucket. If he had been a Frenchman, he would have shrugged his shoulders.

There followed a period of suspense and monotony, diversified only by one slight incident. Dr. Watts, with a sudden, audible shiver, shed a chisel.

At last, with the approach of dusk, the lissome figure of young William hastened past my window-pane, followed by the less lissome figure of big Jock, which, in turn, was followed by the earnest, thoughtful figure of Mr. Brown, which again was closely pursued by the eager figure of Mr. Black.

"Now we shall hear something," I remarked confidentially to Dr. Watts.

When we had heard it for ten or twelve minutes, and the tumult still raged, I thought that the time had come to go out and arbitrate. So I went out.

"The difficulty," I said, "seems to be that Mr. Black's man is of opinion that he has made as many holes in my house as he can honestly be expected to make in one act. He says that he can't make any more holes until Mr. Brown's man has intervened. Mr. Brown's man, on the other hand, says that he can't intervene until Mr. Black's man has made some more holes. Therefore we have a deadlock. What is the solution?"

"*Ding! ding! ding! ding! ding!*" replied the parlor clock.

The man from Mr. Brown's immediately got up from the bucket and put on his coat.

"Of course, sir," said Mr. Brown, "I ain't got a word of complaint to make against *you*. *You 've* always be'aved like a gentleman, sir."

I thanked Mr. Brown.

"And I hope, sir," said Mr. Black, "as you will allow me to say the same."

I thanked Mr. Black.

"You see, sir," pursued Mr. Black, confidentially, while Mr. Brown, respectfully uncovering his head, went

into the scullery to verify the holes—"you see, sir, it is rather hard lines on us plumbers, the way we sometimes git put about by these builders. They 're glad enough to make use of our skill, sir, but—"

I nodded.

"And yet," continued Mr. Black, "where would they be, sir, if it was n't for our skill?"

Again I nodded—knowingly.

"Your mention of skill reminds me, Mr. Black," I said, "to ask you, what about these holes?"

"Well, sir," responded Mr. Black, "It 's gorn five o'clock, sir. My men go home at five."

Looking round, I saw that Mr. Black had spoken the truth.

"But," said Mr. Black, "I could send again on Wednesday. We are rather busy. But I could send again on Wednesday."

"It 's Friday now," I mused.

"Yes sir," assented Mr. Black. "To-morrow, you see, Saturday, that don't 'ardly count as a day at all. But I 'll try to send on Wednesday. See any 'oles there, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Brown, "there 's a tidy few 'oles." Mr. Brown came out of the scullery as Mr. Black went in.

"It 's a pity about this, ain't it?" said Mr. Brown in a sort of whisper. "Knockin' 'oles into the place! These plumbers are all alike. My man 's gorn 'ome now,—'e knocks off at five,—but I 'll try to send again on Wednesday."

"Could n't you make it Thursday?" I suggested. "I 'm expecting—er—visitors on Wednesday."

"Thursday 'd suit me *better*," replied Mr. Brown. "I 'm *rather* busy. The fireplace won't come to no 'arm waitin' till Thursday, not if you don't light any fires in it. Are you comin' my way, Mr. Black?"

Mr. Black came out of the scullery.

"Certainly I am, Mr. Brown," he said.

Both gentleman bowed to me.

"Next Wednesday, then," said Mr. Black, "and thank you very much, sir."

"Thursday, sir, thank you, sir," said Mr. Brown.

I opened the door for them and watched them walk into the murky road, their shoulders very close together. I went back into my sitting-room and listened to the wind as it came hooting down the chimney, in and out of the holes. Then I got a sack and covered up the new, untarnished pump, which lay on a sodden grass plot, forgotten by everybody.

What I should Like to Preach

By Allan A. Hunter

THE thing that the oncoming generation reacts more violently against than anything else is stuffiness. If you want to make a girl feel she is out of the race, call her mid-Victorian. If you want to cut a young man to the quick, call him a prig.

I am about to be graduated from an undenominational seminary, and I am planning to be a preacher. I hate stuffiness whether in blue-stockinged conduct or in stiff-necked doctrine, just as cordially as do the rest of us who are under thirty. And I crave, what we of this eager generation crave above all else, ventilation, a complete airing of soul. For our demand in these days is to meet all sorts of human beings, to have all kinds of experience.

The trouble is that most of us at present, no matter how cock-sure we may appear, are over-diffident; we are only groping, only stumbling toward the light that we must have. The shock of the war, when we had to drop behind as useless baggage all but the simplest and most portable creeds and conventions; the shock of science, which, as historical criticism and as psychology of religion, has thrown a cold, searching light not only upon the Bible, but upon our very souls; the shock of seeing old institutions of government and society break up before our eyes—all these have bewildered us. And now we find ourselves curiously bold in our irreverence regarding the old, our disrespect for the past.

On the other hand, we feel that it is no use appropriating the second hand in religion. Those doctrines which were inspiring enough to our fathers, such as the virgin birth of Buddha, the threat of brimstone and eternal torment or the lure of halos and golden streets to come, the tyranny of demons and dragons, the verbal inspiration of the Koran, the divine descent of the mikado—doctrines such as those we cannot accept. Nor, in a sense, can we take over glibly from the past any doctrine at all, because we have an idea that to be real, a spiritual truth must be achieved by one's own self out of a struggle. If it is not so battled for and won out of experience, it has no meaning. This, at any rate, we feel.

But our motive—and let me emphasize this—is not to destroy what has been sanctified by the past. On the contrary, the force that drives us on to-day has been sanctified for nineteen hundred years by One Who came that men might have life and have it more abundantly. What we seek is more air, more life, more personality. It is toward the production of personality that the whole creation moves. We are becoming more assured of that. Up-to-date scientists like J. A. Thomson, though not dogmatizing about it, point to trends in nature that seem to be a drive in the direction of person-

ality. Writers like Wells and Hocking, who take in large horizons of history, trace a spirit that has been stirring in man since the beginning of civilization, and that has been expanding through the centuries his feeling and realization of kinship with all other men. Though not unanimous, the testimony of the greatest souls that have yet appeared is to the effect that character is the most worth while thing in the world, and that character can be achieved not in solitude, but only in the great currents of the world, where men meet men as brothers.

There is a devil in the world all right. The devil is the spirit of divisiveness. There is a sin against the Holy Ghost, too. That sin is boredom, the ennui, the deadening sense of meaningless monotony, that eats out the spirit of men when they are making no contribution of bread or joy, of machinery or truth, of healing or beauty, to their fellows. This sin we observe as a dry rot here and there in society, low and high, and here and there in the church. Whether this curse of stupid snobbishness takes the form of stodgy, non-productive denominationalism or of complacent small-town aristocracy, whether it is a matter of sects or sets, welcoming only the properly immersed or the properly introduced, it leaves the atmosphere equally sick and musty. It is the attitude of shutting oneself off from others, so that only dullness of soul can result, that we despise and that we will fight with our very life.

Accordingly, many of us young people, not only on this hemisphere, but in Asia and Africa and Europe as well, are betting our lives to-day on a simplified faith. How many we are one cannot compute. What advances beyond these minimum essentials we shall make, each along his own particular line, one cannot even guess. But in this belief, or rather in this attitude and prevailing enthusiasm, we stand united.

A man on a desert island is next to nothing. He cannot do anything worth while by himself. He cannot mean anything by himself. It is people that make life interesting. What we strive after is to be on our toes, exuberant, aware; to take such deep drafts of life to-day that to-morrow we shall breathe even more deeply and be even more alive. We want so increasingly to widen ourselves that we shall more and more incorporate within ourselves the vibrating life of others. We want to be caught up in thrilling projects. The world is so made that we cannot go on and on, free from the chance of colliding with others, unless we coöperate with them and share with them the best we have. Apart from the reasonableness of it, pulling together with other people is hugely satisfying, and it is more than mere gregariousness.

§ 2

I believe that this is where the spirit of youth unites. This is the common ground on which could come together the new generation of church members, whether in Zenith or on Morningside Heights, who squirm at the narrowness of their denominations, who will leave the church unless ecclesiastical windows are opened wide enough to clear the air of Bryanism and premillennialism. Neither do I doubt that it would appeal to hosts of idealistic young pagans not only in America, but in Europe as well, who would be startled were they to hear themselves

called Christians, but who nevertheless walk in the light, since they love their brother and work for a fairer community. And my contact during the last six years with the young men and women of Asia leads me to the assurance that a surprisingly large number would stand with us here. Take those students of Peking or Shanghai or Nanking who are becoming too sensible to wear American hats, but in whose bones there burns an apostolic zeal for science and a China to be saved by science. Consider Miss Szee, who is now studying at Teachers' College, New York. "I am going to have the fun," she declares buoyantly, "of spreading village education in my home town in China," a home town beside which Gopher Prairie would show up as a metropolis.

We of the West who look out freshly on the twentieth century can count on aid from China and Japan, perhaps from Burma. No doctrinal pessimism of Buddha will paralyze their eagerness for fuller life; we can be sure of that. As for the young Indians, the better one becomes acquainted with them, the more one realizes that they have something immensely liberating to offer to youth the world over. "My religion," said a brilliant young Indian Mohammedan to me, "is *youth;* that is, spontaneity, idealism, grace; and *beauty,* the beauty of God that I find in clouds and sunshine, in the friendship of men and women; and *service,* the service of being a good neighbor, a good citizen." This twenty-two-year-old Oriental was a student in Oxford, and therefore not a typical spokesman for either India or Islam; but he does represent a regenerating spirit in the East that is animating many young idealists who would break free of the old stifling prejudices, to walk joyously in the open sunshine of world friendship. I met any number of students in India who impressed me as having an unshakable faith in the sheer supremacy of spirit over matter, and a radiant brotherliness within them that would bring them naturally to our fellowship.

It has been said that no common religious factor can be discovered which will unite the youth of to-day. But have we not got it here—a common factor in the strivings of all idealistic young people? I believe that not only can we join here, but that we can go together on an even wider basis, holding in common a reverence for the divine fire in human life. No doubt it interests only those who care for friends intensely, but most of us who care with all our heart and all our strength, agree that personality must somehow continue. Speaking of the findings of a cosmopolitan group of students in an English university seeking for a common religious platform, an undergraduate told me that they all agreed on these two principles, reverence for personality and immortality of the soul.

§ 3

One of these enemies is war—war that is bred of overweening nationalism, of the stupid swank of battle-gray dreadnoughts or goose-stepping regiments, that overrides the rights of conquered and conquerors alike, that respects nobody. Yet it appears to be true that hardly any of our older friends seem able to understand our reaction from the jingoistic bitterness of the war years, our demand that war be destroyed before it destroy us, not because we are afraid to die, but be-

cause this evil breeds hatred of men and an indifference toward them that strikes us as utterly silly.

But how can we stop war and that sort of talk? By building up a new patriotism, for one thing. Those of us who have the dawn of a brighter day in our eyes are beginning to realize that we must develop within us a deeper love for our country—the love of motherland that considers it treason to disrespect other countries. And that means we must toil terrifically in behalf of an organized world court and an international police force to back the decisions of that court. It means that we cannot cease from advertising everywhere what a young-minded prophet has recently declared, "There can be no peace now but a common peace, no prosperity but a general prosperity." Nor shall our sword sleep in our hand till secret diplomacy gives place to open agreements openly arrived at.

Another enemy of youth is the spirit within the nation of class domination and class selfishness in industry. The attitude of the clenched fist that respects only the claims of its own class, without caring a straw for the obligations that go along with those claims, is utterly of the devil, no matter on whose side it is found.

What right under the blue sky has any employer or any corporation to accept in exchange for a pittance twelve hours of machine-like drudgery from human beings seven days in the week?

"But we must obey the law of supply and demand," it is objected.

Well, in the same sense a pagan must bow down to wood and stone: these are his gods. He must worship *them*. God help us if we cannot see that labor is not a commodity! Some of my friends do see that men come before excessive dividends, and they are not just contemplating that vision in the sky, either. They are building brotherhood and justice into automobile-tire factories. One is making the attempt in the oil-fields of the Near East, where one drop of oil is said to be esteemed at higher value than a hundred drops of blood.

Divisiveness in industry is of the devil. Equally of the devil is race arrogance. Wells is right: race prejudice "justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty, and abomination than any other sort of error in the world." If the Turks had not nursed it, there would have been no atrocities. If the British had wiped it out of their minds six years ago, there would not be the "Indian situation" to-day. If we Americans took our democracy seriously, the people of India would not be reading with such horror what a friend in Bengal described as a best-seller, "The Martyred Race," an account of the lynchings and other mistreatment of negroes in the United States. The race snobbishness that shouts, "We Nordics are the people!" is riding for a fall, and the sooner we get off that high horse, the better for us.

§ 4

The last enemy of all, and the enemy which we shall have to fight most desperately, is sex irresponsibility. The mind of this questioning generation is being colored far more than older people realize by an influential group of writers who are challenging the ideal of chastity as it has never before been challenged. H. G. Wells, with his far-flung influence on youth,

in one of his latest books would have us believe, apparently, that it does not matter so very much what kind of sex life one leads so long as he is devoted to the cause of internationalizing the supply of coal. What Anatole France calls "the sanctity of tolerance" is being perverted beyond all morality, thanks to the shock of the war and this new freedom about which we have recently heard so much. "The longer I live," states a clever young newspaper woman, "the less I blame anybody for anything."

Vast numbers of young people in America are now frankly adopting that attitude. As regards sex laxity, it is not merely that they do not hate the sinner (and for this freedom from priggishness let us be thankful), but it is that they tolerate or even condone the sin. Many of them have no convictions at all.

Meanwhile the student leaders of the Orient are at sea about the whole business of sex. They glance at Bertrand Russell's ideas with respect to extra-matrimonial relations. Those who take graduate work in this country read our head-lines focusing on divorce and the break-up of families. Their temptation, whatever the cause, is to throw over the morality of their own civilizations and seize with both hands the license of the new.

Now, if we young people of the West keep on losing our convictions regarding the supreme value of the home and the rigorous necessity for monogamy, if we fail to make our stand at that Verdun, we shall risk being overrun by barbarism. Worst of all, we shall encourage the youth of the Orient to give in to barbarism—the barbarism that can see merely the cost and not the glory of a home where husband, wife, and children are knit together in the love that comes only through loyalty.

The prevalent increase of divorce, the splitting up of homes, and the resulting parental neglect of growing children—all this seeming disintegration may be only a symptom of progress, the growing pains of a more highly developed morality than any heretofore evolved by the race through its ages of testing. So at least a young Indian friend insists. We do not know. But we do know we must establish, else we go under, a new chivalry, based not on prudery, but on self-restraining respect of men for women and women for men.

Perhaps it is even more important that we work out a new chivalry toward the race, a eugenics conscience. In various countries of the Orient I met students who do not see much use in trying to stop war unless there is exercised among the overcrowded nations a measure of birth control; they believe it is their duty to spread information among the dense poor of their native villages and cities, that will automatically prevent the nations from being overpopulated, and in consequence imperialistically hungry for territory.

An enthusiastic handful in this country consider it the missionary work of the oncoming generation to assist them in solving that problem of regulating the quantity and quality of people throughout the earth. They feel, too, that society in America, as well as across the seas, must be protected from having dumped upon it children whom the parents are not able to care for properly.

After all, what we want is life, more life. What we need is not so much birth reduction as birth release; birth

release among families of character, a new consecration of motherhood to the future, a new dedication of fatherhood to the race. If we devote ourselves to cutting down the population without remembering the obligation of increasing life in homes rich with wholesomeness, we are cavalierly playing with forces that may destroy the best human heritage of the Chinese, Japanese, Indian, as well as our own Anglo-Saxon world. For is it not in the home, in the tenderness and care of parents, that youth first finds God Himself?

Not every young idealist in the world will join with us in meeting the issues thus, of course. But I believe that numbers of us, perhaps in every country, who do not care to remain behind in the stuffy dugouts, can agree to go forward and fight shoulder to shoulder on this firing-line against the foes of free development and for the forces of frankness and trust that make men one.

The mass murder of war must go; a wider patriotism that gives service to one's own country and allegiance to a world court's decrees of justice for other countries must come in. Arrogance between social groups within the nation, whether class against class or race against race, must go; industrial democracy and race reconciliation must come in. Sex irresponsibility must go; a new loyalty to the family and race must come in.

In a novel written by a contemporary is this description: "The whole church had the smell of clothes shut up in a closet that had not been worn or used for a very long time." As one hoping to enter the ministry, I should leave the church if I thought it would prove to be such a hopeless, embalming institution. But I am sure that notwithstanding its undeniable squeamishness, its cramping denominationalism, the church cannot help but be inspired to a new endeavor by its avowed Redeemer. One who walked in the open sunshine of the Galilean hills in the candor of God. One who met men eating and drinking, quick with redemption, exuberant with laughing humor, gesturing with immense great jollity as he made fun of the pious sticklers who strain at a gnat only to swallow a camel.

It is in Jesus that the spirit of youth unites and always will unite, for his was a radiant respect for the personality of every man. And we who want a more generous world must share his chivalry. We must be fair to the other fellow's point of view, recognizing that he will have a vision through spectacles different from our own, not forgetting that before our own special creed is the universal creed of the sportsman who looks the other man in the eye and fearlessly declares, "May the highest ideal triumph, whether yours or mine, my friend!"

A Lost Lady[1]

A Novel in Three Parts—Part III

By Willa Cather

Woodcut by Bernhardt Kleboe

Neil had planned to do a great deal of reading over in the Forresters' grove that summer, but he did not go so often as he had intended. The frequent appearance of Ivy Peters about the place irritated him. Ivy visited his new wheat-fields on the bottom-land very often, and he always took the old path that led from what was once the marsh up the steep bank and through the grove. He was likely to appear at any hour, his trousers stuffed into his top-boots, tramping along between the rows of trees with an air of proprietorship. He shut the gate behind the house with a slam and went whistling through the yard. Often he stopped at the kitchen door to call out some pleasantry to Mrs. Forrester. This annoyed Neil, for at that hour of the morning, when she was doing her housework, Mrs. Forrester was not dressed to receive her inferiors. It was one thing to greet the president of the Colorado & Utah *en déshabillé*, but it was another to chatter with a coarse-grained fellow like Ivy Peters in her wrapper and slippers, her sleeves rolled up, and her throat bare to his cool, impudent eyes.

Sometimes Ivy strode through the rose plot where Captain Forrester was sitting in the sun; went by without looking at him, as if there were no one there. If he spoke to the captain at

[1] Synopsis of preceding chapters in "Among Our Contributors."

all, he did so as if he were addressing some one incapable of understanding anything. "Hullo, Captain, ain't afraid this sun will spoil your complexion?" or, "Well, Captain, you 'll have to get the prayer-meetings to take up this rain question. The drought 's damn bad for my wheat."

One morning as Neil was coming up through the grove he heard laughter by the gate, and there he saw Ivy, with his gun, talking to Mrs. Forrester. She was bareheaded, her skirts blowing in the wind, a big tin bucket resting on the fence beside her. Ivy stood with his hat on his head, but there was in his attitude that unmistakable something which shows that a man is trying to make himself agreeable to a woman. He was telling her a funny story, probably an improper one, for it brought out her naughtiest laugh, with something nervous and excited in it, as if he were going too far. At the end of his story Ivy himself broke into his farm-hand guffaw. Mrs. Forrester shook her finger at him and, catching up her pail, ran back into the house. She bent a little with its weight, but Ivy made no offer to carry it for her. He let her trip away with it as if she were a kitchen-maid, and that were her business.

Neil emerged from the grove, and stopped where the captain sat in the garden.

"Good morning, Captain Forrester. Was that Ivy Peters who just went through here? That fellow has n't the manners of a pig!" he blurted out.

The captain pointed to Mrs. Forrester's empty chair.

"Sit down, Neil; sit down." He drew his handkerchief from his pocket and began polishing his glasses. "No," he said, "he ain't overly polite."

More than if he had complained bitterly, that guarded admission made one feel how much he had been hurt and offended by Ivy's rudeness. There was something very sad in his voice, and helpless. From his equals respect had always come to him as his due; from fellows like Ivy he had been able to command it—to order them off his place or dismiss them from his employ.

Neil sat down and smoked a cigar with him. They had a long talk about the building of the Black Hills branch of the Burlington. In Boston last winter Neil had met an old mine-owner who was living in Deadwood when the railroad first came in. When Neil asked him if he had known Daniel Forrester, the old gentleman said: "Forrester? Was he the one with the beautiful wife?"

"You must tell her," said the captain, stroking the warm surface of his sun-dial. "Yes, indeed; you must tell Mrs. Forrester."

One night in the first week of July, a night of glorious moonlight, Neil found himself unable to read or to stay indoors at all. He walked aimlessly down the wide, empty street, and crossed the first creek by the foot-bridge. The wide, ripe fields, the whole country, seemed like a sleeping garden. One trod the dusty roads softly, not to disturb the deep slumber of the world.

In the Forrester lane the scent of sweet clover hung heavy. It had always grown tall and green here ever since Neil could remember; the captain would never let it be cut until the weeds were mowed in the fall. The black, plume-like shadows of the poplars fell across the lane and over Ivy Peters's wheat-fields. As he walked

on, Neil saw a white figure standing on the bridge over the second creek, motionless in the clear moonlight. He hurried forward. Mrs. Forrester was looking down at the water where it flowed bright over the pebbles. He came up beside her.

"The captain is asleep?"

"Oh, yes; long ago. He sleeps well, thank heaven! After I tuck him in, I have nothing more to worry about."

While they were standing there, talking in low voices, they heard a heavy door slam on the hill. Mrs. Forrester started, and looked back over her shoulder. A man emerged from the shadow of the house and came striding down the driveway. Ivy Peters stepped upon the bridge.

"Good evening," he said to Mrs. Forrester, neither calling her by name nor removing his hat. "I see you have company. I 've just been up looking at the old barn to see if the stalls are fit to put horses in there to-morrow. I 'm going to start cutting wheat in the morning, and we 'll have to put the horses in your stable at noon. We 'd lose time taking them back to town."

"Why, certainly; the horses can go in our barn. I 'm sure Mr. Forrester would have no objection." She spoke as if he had asked her permission.

"Oh!" Ivy shrugged scornfully. "The men will begin down here at six o'clock. I won't get over till about ten, and I have to meet a client at my office at three. Maybe you could give me some lunch to save time."

His impudence made her smile.

"Very well, then; I invite you to lunch. We lunch at one."

"Thanks. It will help me out." As if he had forgotten himself, he lifted his hat, and went down the lane, swinging it in his hand.

Neil, turning to look after him, said: "Why do you let him speak to you like that, Mrs. Forrester? If you 'll let me, I 'll give him a beating and teach him how to speak to you."

"No, no, Neil! Remember, we have to get along with Ivy Peters; we simply have to." There was a note of anxiety in her voice, and she caught his arm.

"You don't have to take anything from him or to stand his bad manners. Anybody else would pay you as much for the land as he does."

"But he has a lease for five years, and he could make it very disagreeable for us, don't you see? Besides," she spoke hurriedly, "there 's more than that. He 's invested a little money for me in Wyoming, in land. He gets splendid land from the Indians, some way, for next to nothing. Don't tell your uncle; I 've no doubt it 's crooked. But the judge is like Mr. Forrester; his methods don't work nowadays. He will never get us out of debt, dear man! He can't get himself out. Ivy Peters is terribly smart, you know. He owns half the town already."

"Not quite," said Neil, grimly. "He 's got hold of a good deal of property. He 'll take advantage of anybody's necessity. You know he 's utterly unscrupulous, don't you? Why did n't you let Mr. Dalzell, or some other of your old friends, invest your money for you?"

"Oh, it was too little. Only a few hundred dollars I 'd saved on the housekeeping. They would put it into something safe, at six per cent. I know you don't like Ivy, and he knows it. He 's always at his worst before you. He 's not so bad as—as his face, for instance." She laughed nervously. "He honestly wants to

help us out of the hole we 're in. Coming and going all the time, as he does, he sees everything, and I really think he hates to have me work so hard."

"Next time you have anything to invest, you let me take it to Mr. Dalzell and explain. I 'll promise to do as well by you as Ivy Peters can."

Mrs. Forrester took his arm and drew him into the lane.

"But, my dear boy, you know nothing about these business schemes. You 're not clever that way; it 's one of the things I love you for. I don't admire people who cheat Indians! Indeed, I don't!" She shook her head vehemently.

"Mrs. Forrester, rascality is n't the only thing that succeeds in business."

"It succeeds faster than anything else, though," she murmured absently. They walked as far as the end of the lane and turned back again. Mrs. Forrester's hand tightened on his arm. She began speaking abruptly. "You see, two years, three years, more of this, and I could still go back to California—and live again. But after that— Perhaps people think I 've settled down to grow old gracefully, but I 've not. I feel such a power to live in me, Neil!" Her slender fingers gripped his wrist. "It 's grown by being held back. Last winter I was with the Dalzells at Glenwood Springs for three weeks,—I owe *that* to Ivy Peters; he stayed here at night, and his sister kept house for Mr. Forrester,—and I was surprised at myself. I could dance all night and not feel tired. I could ride horseback all day and be ready for a dinner party in the evening. I had no clothes, of course,—old evening dresses with yards and yards of satin and velvet in them that Mrs. Dalzell's sewing-woman made over,—but I looked well enough. Yes, I did. I always know how I 'm looking, and I looked well enough. The men thought so. I looked happier than any woman there. They were nearly all younger, much; but they seemed dull, bored to death. After a glass or two of champagne they went to sleep and had nothing to say! I always look better after the first glass. It gives me a little color; it 's the only thing that does. I accepted the Dalzells' invitation for a purpose, to see whether I had anything left worth saving; and I have, I tell you! You would hardly believe it. I could hardly believe it, but I still have! Now I know."

By this time they had reached the bridge, a bare, white floor in the moonlight. Mrs. Forrester had been quickening her pace all the while. Presently, she added:

"So that 's what I 'm struggling for, to get out of this hole,"—she looked about as if she had fallen into a deep well,—"out of it! When I 'm alone here for months together I plan and plot. If it were n't for that—"

As Neil walked back to his room behind the law offices, he felt frightened for her. When women began to talk about still feeling young, did n't it mean that something had broken? Two or three years, she said; he shivered. Only yesterday old Dr. Dennison had proudly told him that Captain Forrester might live a dozen more.

"We are keeping his general health up remarkably, and he was originally a man of iron."

What hope was there for her? He could still feel her hand upon his arm as she urged him faster and faster up the lane.

The weather was dry and intensely hot for several weeks, and then, at the end of July, thunder-storms and torrential rains broke upon the Sweet Water Valley. The river burst out of its banks, all the creeks were up, and the stubble of Ivy Peters's wheat-fields lay under water. A wide lake and two rushing creeks now separated the Forresters from the town. Ben Keezer rode over every day to do the chores for them and take them their mail. One evening Ben, with his slicker and leather mail-bag, had just come out of the post-office and was preparing to mount his horse when Neil Herbert stopped him to ask whether he had the Denver paper.

"Oh, yes; I always wait for the papers. She likes to have them to read of an evening. Guess it 's pretty lonesome over there." He swung into his saddle and splashed off. Neil walked slowly around to the hotel for dinner. He had found something very disconcerting in the Denver paper—Frank Ellinger's picture on the society page along with Constance Ogden's. They had been married yesterday at Colorado Springs, and were stopping at the Antlers.

§ 2

After supper Neil put on his rubber coat and started for the Forresters'. When he reached the first creek, he found that the foot-bridge had been washed out from the far bank and lay obliquely in the stream, battered at by the yellow current, which might at any moment carry it away. One could not cross the ford without a horse. He looked irresolutely across the submerged bottom-lands. The house was dark, no lights in the parlor windows. The rain was beginning to fall again. Perhaps she had rather be alone to-night. He would go over to-morrow.

He went back to the law office and tried to make himself comfortable, though the place was in distracting disorder. The continued rain had set one of the chimneys leaking, had brought down streams of soot and black water, and flooded the stove and the judge's once handsome Brussels carpet. The tinner had been there all afternoon, trying to find what was the matter with the flue, cutting a new sheet-iron drawer to fit under the stovepipe. But at six o'clock he had gone away, leaving sheets of metal lying about. The rooms were damp and cold. Neil put on a heavy sweater, since he could not have a fire, lit the big coal-oil-lamp, and sat down with a book.

When he looked at his watch it was nearly midnight, and he had been reading three hours. He would have another pipe and go to bed. He had scarcely lit it, when he heard quick, hurrying footsteps in the echoing corridor outside. He got to the door in an instant, was there to open it before Mrs. Forrester had time to knock. He caught her by the arm and pulled her in.

Everything but her wet, white face was hidden by a black rubber hat and a coat that was much too big for her. Streams of water trickled from under the coat, and when she opened it, he saw that she was drenched to the waist; her black dress clung in a muddy pulp about her.

"Mrs. Forrester," he cried, "you can't have crossed the creek! It 's up to a horse's belly in the ford."

"I came over the bridge, what 's left of it. It shook under me, but I 'm

not heavy." She threw off the hat, and wiped the water from her face with her hands.

"Why did n't you ask Ben to bring you over on his horse? Here, please, swallow this."

She pushed his hand aside.

"Wait. Afterwards. Ben? I did n't think until after he was gone. It 's the telephone I want; long distance. Get me Colorado Springs, the Antlers, quick!"

Then Neil noticed that she smelled strongly of spirits; it steamed above the smell of old rubber and creek-mud and wet cloth. She snatched up the desk telephone, but he gently took it from her.

"I 'll get them for you, but you 're in no condition to talk now; you 're out of breath. Do you really want to talk to-night? You know Mrs. Beasley will hear every word you say." Mrs. Beasley was the Sweet Water central, and an indefatigable reporter of everything that went over the wires.

Mrs. Forrester, sitting in his uncle's desk chair, tapped the carpet with the toe of her rubber boot.

"Do hurry, please," she said in that polite, warning tone of which even Ivy Peters was afraid.

Neil aroused the sleepy central and put in the call.

"She asks whom you wish to speak to?"

"Frank Ellinger. Say Judge Pomeroy's office wishes to speak to him."

Neil began soothing Mrs. Beasley at the other end.

"No, not the management, Mrs. Beasley; one of the guests. Frank Ellinger." He spelled the name. "Yes, Judge Pomeroy's office wants to talk to him. I 'll be right here. As soon as you can, please."

He then put down the instrument.

"I 'd rather, you know, publish anything in the town paper than telephone it through Mrs. Beasley." Mrs. Forrester paid no heed to him, did not look at him, sat staring at the wall. "I can't see why you did n't call me up and ask me to bring a horse over for you, if you felt you must get to a long-distance telephone to-night."

"Yes, I did n't think of it. I only knew I had to get over here, and I was afraid something might stop me." She was watching the telephone as if it were alive. Her eyes were shrunk to hard points. Her brows, drawn together in an acute angle, kept twitching in the frown which held them, the singular frown of one overcome by alcohol or fatigue, who is holding on to consciousness by the strength of a single purpose. Her blue lips, the black shadows under her eyes, made her look as if some poison were at work in her body.

They waited and waited. Neil understood that she did not wish him to talk. Her mind was struggling with something; with every blink of her lashes she seemed to face it anew. Presently she rose as if she could bear the suspense no longer and went over to the window, leaned against it.

"Did you leave Captain Forrester alone?" Neil asked suddenly.

"Yes. Nothing will happen over there. Nothing ever *does* happen!" she answered wildly, wringing her hands.

The telephone buzzed. Mrs. Forrester darted toward the desk, but Neil lifted the instrument in his left hand and barred her way with his right.

"Try to be calm, Mrs. Forrester. When I get Ellinger I will let you talk

to him; and central will hear every word you say, remember."

After some exchanges with the Colorado office, he pointed her to the chair.

"Sit down, and I 'll give it to you. He is on the wire."

He did not dare leave her alone, though it was awkward enough to overhear. He walked to the window, and stood with his back to the desk where she was sitting.

"Is that you, Frank? This is Marian. I won't keep you a moment. You were asleep? So early? That 's not like you. You 've reformed already, have n't you? That 's what marriage does, they say. No, I was n't altogether surprised. You might have taken me into your confidence, though. Have n't I deserved it?"

A long, listening pause. Neil stared stupidly at the dark window. He had steeled his nerves for wild reproaches, incoherent ravings. The voice he heard behind him was her most charming; playful, affectionate, intimate, with a thrill of pleasant excitement that warmed its slight formality and burned through the commonplace words like the color in an opal. He simply held his breath while she fluttered on:

"Where shall you go for your honeymoon? Oh, I 'm sorry! So soon! . . . You must take good care of her. Give her my love. . . . I should think California, at this time of the year, might be right."

It went on like this for some minutes. The voice, it seemed to Neil, was that of a woman young, beautiful, happy; warm and at her ease, sitting in her own drawing-room, and talking on a stormy night to a dear friend far away.

"Oh unusually well for me. Stop and see for yourself. You will be going to Omaha on business next week, before California. Oh, yes, you will! Stop off between trains. You know how welcome you are, always."

A long pause. An exclamation from Mrs. Forrester made Neil turn sharply round. Now it was coming! Her voice was darkening with every word.

"I think I understand you. You are not speaking from your own room? What, from the office booth? Oh, then I understand you very well indeed!" Neil looked about in alarm. It was time to stop her, but how? The voice went on:

"Play safe! When have you ever played anything else? You know, Frank, the truth is that you 're a coward; a great, hulking coward. Do you hear me? I want you to hear! . . . You 've got a safe thing at last, I should think; safe and pasty! How much stock did you get with it? A big block, I hope. Now let me tell you the truth: I don't want you to come here! I never want to see you again while I live, and I forbid you to come and look at me when I 'm dead. I don't want your hateful eyes to look at my dead face. Do you hear me? Why don't you answer me? Don't dare to hang up the receiver, you coward! Oh, you big . . . Frank, Frank, say something! Oh, he 's shut me off! I can't hear him!"

She flung the receiver down, dropped her head on the desk, and broke into heavy, groaning sobs. Neil stood over her and waited with composure. For once he had been quick enough; he had saved her. The moment that quivering passion of hatred and wrong leaped into her voice, he had taken the big shears left by the tinner and cut the insulated wire behind the

desk. Her reproaches had got no farther than this room.

When the sobs ceased, he touched her shoulder. He shook her, but there was no response. She was asleep, sunk in a heavy stupor. Her hands and face were so cold that he thought there could not be a drop of warm blood left in her body. He carried her into his room, cut off her drenched clothing, wrapped her in his bath-robe, and put her into his own bed. She was absolutely unconscious. He put out the light, locked her in, and left the building, going as fast as he could to Judge Pomeroy's cottage. He roused his uncle and briefly explained the situation.

"Can you dress and go down to the office for the rest of the night, Uncle Judge? Some one must be with her. And I 'll get over to the captain at once; he certainly ought n't to be left alone. If she could get across the bridge, I guess I can. By the way, she began talking wild, and I cut the telephone wire behind your desk; so keep an eye on it. It might make trouble on a stormy night like this. I 'll get a livery-hack and take Mrs. Forrester home in the morning before the town is awake."

When daylight began to break, Neil went into Captain Forrester's room and told him that his wife had been sent for in the night to answer a long-distance telephone call, and that now he was going to bring her home.

The captain lay propped up on three big pillows. Since his face had grown fat and relaxed, its ruggedness had changed to an almost Asiatic smoothness. He looked like a wise old Chinese mandarin as he lay listening to the young man's fantastic story, merely blinking and saying:

"Thank you, Neil; oh, thank you."

As Neil went through the sleeping town on his way to the livery-barn, he saw the short, plump figure of Mrs. Beasley, like a boiled pudding sewed up in a blue kimono, waddling through the feathery asparagus bed behind the telephone office. She had already been next door to tell her neighbor, Molly Tucker, the seamstress, the story of her exciting night.

§ 3

Soon afterward, when Captain Forrester had another stroke, Mrs. Beasley and Molly Tucker and their friends were perfectly agreed that it was a judgment upon his wife. No judgment could have been crueller. Under the care of him, now that he was helpless, Mrs. Forrester went to pieces.

Even after their misfortunes began to come upon them she had maintained her old reserve. She had asked nothing and accepted nothing. Her demeanor toward the townspeople was always the same, easy, cordial, and impersonal. Her own friends had moved away long ago, all except Judge Pomeroy and Dr. Dennison. The Episcopal church was closed, having no membership left. When any of the housewives from the town came to call, she met them in the parlor, chatted with them in the smiling, careless manner they could never break through, and they got no further. They still felt they must put on their best dress and carry a card-case when they went to the Forresters'.

But now that the captain was helpless, everything changed. She could hold off the curious no longer. The townswomen brought soups and custards for the invalid. When they came to sit out the night with him, she

turned the house over to them. She was worn out, so exhausted that she was dull to what went on about her. The Mrs. Beasleys and Molly Tuckers had their chance at last. They went in and out of Mrs. Forrester's kitchen as familiarly as they did out of one another's. They rummaged through the linen closet to find more sheets, pried about in the attic and cellar. They went over the house like ants—the house where they had never before got past the parlor, and they found they had been fooled all these years. There was nothing remarkable about the place at all. The kitchen was inconvenient, the sink was smelly. The carpets were worn, the curtains faded, the clumsy, old-fashioned furniture they would n't have had for a gift, and the up-stairs bedrooms were full of dust and cobwebs.

Judge Pomeroy remarked to his nephew that he had never seen these women look so wide-awake, so important, and pleased with themselves as now when he encountered them bustling about the Forrester place. The captain's illness had the effect of a social revival. It was like a new club or church society. The creatures grew bolder and bolder, and Mrs. Forrester apparently had no power of resistance. She drudged in the kitchen, slept, half-dressed, in one of the chambers up-stairs, kept herself going on black coffee and brandy. All the bars were down. She had ceased to care about anything.

As the women came and went through the lane, Neil sometimes overheard snatches of their conversation.

"Why did n't she sell some of that silver? All those platters and covered dishes stuck away with the tarnish of years on them!"

"I would n't mind having some of her linen. There 's a chest full of double damask up-stairs, every tablecloth long enough to make two. Did you ever see anything like the wine-glasses! I 'll bet there 's not as many in both saloons put together. If she has a sale after he 's gone, I 'll buy a dozen champagne-glasses. They 're nice to serve sherbet in."

"There are nine dozen glasses," said Molly Tucker, "counting them for beer and whisky. If there is a sale, I 've a mind to bid in a couple of them green ones, with long stems, for mantel ornaments. But she 'll never sell 'em all unless she can get the saloons to take 'em."

Ed Elliott's mother laughed.

"She 'll never sell 'em as long as she 's got anything to put in 'em!"

"The cellar will go dry some day."

"I guess there 's always plenty that will get it for such as her. I never go there now that I don't smell it on her. I went over late the other night, and she was on her knees, washing up the kitchen floor. Her eyes were glassy. She kept washing the place around the ice-box over and over till it made me nervous. I said, 'Mrs. Forrester, I think you 've washed that place several times already.' "

"Was she confused?"

"Not a particle! She laughed, and said she was often absent-minded."

Mrs. Elliott's companions laughed, too, and agreed that absent-minded was a good expression.

Neil repeated this conversation to his uncle.

"Uncle," he declared, "I don't see how I can go back to Boston and leave the Forresters. I 'd like to chuck school for a year and see them through. I want to go over there and clear those

gossips out. Could you stay at the hotel for a few weeks and let me have Black Tom? With him to help me, I 'd send every one of those women trotting down the lane."

It was arranged quietly and at once. Tom was put in the kitchen, and Neil himself took charge of the nursing. He met the women with firmness: they were very kind, but now nothing was needed. The doctor had said the house must be absolutely quiet and that the invalid must see no one.

Once the house was tranquil, Mrs. Forrester went to bed and slept for the better part of a week. The captain himself improved. On his good days he could be put into a wheel-chair and rolled out into his garden to enjoy the sunlight and the last of his brier roses.

"Thank you, Neil, thank you, Tom," he often said when they lifted him into his chair. "I value this quiet very highly." If a day came when they thought he ought not to go out, he was sad and disappointed.

"Better get him out, no matter what," said Mrs. Forrester. "He likes to look at his place. That and his cigar are the only pleasure he has left."

When she was rested and in command of herself again, she took her place in the kitchen, and Black Tom went back to the judge.

At night, when he was alone in the lower part of the house, when Mrs. Forrester had gone to bed and the captain was resting quietly, Neil found a kind of solemn happiness in his vigils. It had been hard to give up that year; most of his classmates were younger than he. It had cost him something, but now that he had taken the step, he was glad. As he put in the night hours, sitting first in one chair and then in another, reading, smoking, getting a lunch to keep himself awake, he had the satisfaction of those who keep faith. He felt a singular pleasure in being alone with the old things that had seemed so beautiful to him in his childhood. These were still the most comfortable chairs in the world, and he would never like any pictures so well as "William Tell's Chapel" and "The House of the Tragic Poet." No card-table was so good for solitaire as this old one with a stone top, mosaic in the pattern of a chess-board, that one of the captain's friends had brought him from Naples. No other house could take the place of this one in his life.

He had time to think of many things of himself and of his old friends here. He had noticed that often when Mrs. Forrester was about her work, the captain would call to her, "Maidy, Maidy," and she would reply, "Yes, Mr. Forrester," from wherever she happened to be, but without coming to him, as if she knew that when he called to her in that tone he was not asking for anything. He wanted to know if she was near, perhaps; or, perhaps, he merely liked to call her name and to hear her answer. The longer Neil was with Captain Forrester in those peaceful closing days of his life, the more he felt that the captain knew his wife better even than she knew herself; and that, knowing her, he, to use one of his own expressions, "valued" her.

§ 4

Captain Forrester's death, which occurred early in December, was "telegraphic news," the only state news that the discouraged town of Sweet Water had furnished for a long while.

Flowers and telegrams came from East and West, but it happened that none of the captain's closest personal friends could come to his funeral. Mr. Dalzell was in California, the president of the Burlington Railroad was traveling in Europe. The others were far away or in uncertain health. Dr. Dennison and Judge Pomeroy were the only two of his intimates among the pall-bearers.

On the morning of the funeral, when the captain was already in his coffin, and the undertaker was in the parlor setting up chairs, Neil heard a knocking at the kitchen door. There he found Adolph Blum, carrying a large white box.

"Neil," he said, "will you please give these to Mrs. Forrester, and tell her they are from Rhein and me for the captain?"

Adolph was in his old working-clothes, the only clothes he had, probably, with a knitted comforter about his neck. Neil knew he would n't come to the funeral, so he said:

"Won't you come in and see him, 'Dolph? He looks just like himself."

Adolph hesitated, but he caught sight of the undertaker's man through the parlor bay-window and said, "No, thank you, Neil," thrust his red hands into his pockets, and walked away.

Neil took the flowers out of the box, a great armful of yellow roses, which must have cost the price of many a dead rabbit. He carried them upstairs, where Mrs. Forrester was lying down.

"These are from the Blum boys," he said. "Adolph just brought them to the kitchen door."

Mrs. Forrester looked at them, turned her head away on the pillow, her lips trembling. It was the only time that day he saw her pale composure break.

The funeral was large. Old settlers and farmer folk came from all over the county to follow the pioneer's body to the grave. As Neil and his uncle were driving back from the cemetery with Mrs. Forrester, she spoke for the first time since they had left the house.

"Judge Pomeroy," she said quietly, "I think I will have Mr. Forrester's sun-dial taken over and set above his grave. I can have an inscription cut on the case. It seems more appropriate for him than any stone we could buy. And I will plant some of his own rose-bushes beside it."

When they got back to the house it was four o'clock, and she insisted upon making tea for them.

"I would like it myself, and it is better to be doing something. Wait for me in the parlor. And, Neil, move the things back as we always have them."

The gray day was darkening, and as the three sat having their tea in the bay-window, swift squalls of snow were falling over the wide meadows between the hill and the town, and the creaking of the big cottonwoods about the house seemed to say that winter had come.

§ 5

One morning in April Neil was alone in the law office. His uncle had been ill with rheumatic fever for a long while, and he had been attending to the routine of business. The door opened, and a figure stood there, strange and yet familiar; he had to think a moment before he realized that it was Orville Ogden, who used to come to Sweet Water so often, but who had not been seen there now for several years. He did n't look a day older;

one eye was still direct and clear, the other clouded and oblique. He still wore a stiff imperial and twisted mustache, the gray color of old beeswax, and his thin hair was brushed heroically up over the bald spot.

"This is Judge Pomeroy's nephew, is n't it? I can't think of your name, my boy, but I remember you. Is the judge out?"

"Please be seated, Mr. Ogden. My uncle is ill. He has n't been at the office for several months. He 's had really a very bad time of it. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, I 'm sorry to hear that! I 'm sorry." He spoke as if he were. "I guess all we fellows are getting older, whether we like it or not. It made a great difference when Daniel Forrester went." Mr. Ogden took off his overcoat, put his hat and gloves neatly on the desk, and then seemed somewhat at a loss. "What is your uncle's trouble?" he asked suddenly.

Neil told him.

"I was to have gone back to school this winter, but uncle begged me to stay and look after things for him. There was no one here he wanted to intrust his business to."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Ogden, thoughtfully. "Then you do attend to his business for the present?" He paused and reflected. "Yes, there was something I wanted to take up with him. I am stopping off for a few hours only, between trains. I might speak to you about it, and you could consult your uncle and write me in Chicago. It 's a confidential matter, and concerns another person."

Neil assured him of his discretion, but Mr. Ogden seemed to find the subject difficult of approach. He looked very grave and slowly lit a cigar.

"It is simply," he said at last, "a rather delicate suggestion I wish to make to your uncle about one of his clients. I have several friends in the Government at Washington just at present—friends who would go out of their way to serve me. I have been thinking that we might manage it to get a special increase of pension for Mrs. Forrester. I am due in Chicago this week, and after my business there is finished, I would be quite willing to go on to Washington to see what can be done, provided, of course, that no one, least of all your uncle's client, knows of my activity in the matter."

Neil flushed.

"I 'm sorry, Mr. Ogden," he brought out, "but Mrs. Forrester is no longer a client of my uncle's. After the captain's death, she saw fit to take her business away from him."

Mr. Ogden's normal eye became as blank as the other.

"What 's that? He is n't her lawyer? Why, for twenty years—"

"I know that, sir. She did n't treat him with much consideration. She transferred her business very abruptly."

"To whom, may I ask?"

"To a lawyer here in town, Ivy Peters."

"Peters? I never heard of him."

"No, you would n't have. He was n't one of the people who went to the Forrester house in the old days. He 's one of the younger generation, a few years older than I. He rented part of the Forresters' land for several years before the captain died, was his tenant. That was how Mrs. Forrester came to know him. She thinks him a good business man."

Mr. Ogden frowned.

"And is he?"

"Some people think so," Neil said. "Is he trustworthy?"

"Far from it. He takes the cases nobody else will take. He may treat Mrs. Forrester honestly, but if he does, it will not be from principle."

"This is very distressing news. Go on with your work, my boy. I must think this over." Mr. Ogden rose and walked about the room, his hands behind him. Neil turned to an unfinished letter on his desk in order to leave his visitor the freer.

Mr. Ogden's position, he understood, was a difficult one. He had been devoted to Mrs. Forrester, and before Constance had made up her mind to marry Frank Ellinger, before the mother and daughter began to angle for him, Mr. Ogden had come to the Forresters' more frequently than any of their Denver friends. He had n't been back, Neil believed, since that Christmas party when he and his family were there with Ellinger. Very soon afterward he must have seen what his women-folk were up to; and whether he approved or disapproved, he must have decided that there was nothing for him to do but to keep out. It had n't been the Forresters' reversal of fortune that had kept him away. One could see that he was deeply troubled, that he had Mrs. Forrester heavily on his mind.

Neil had finished his letter and was beginning another when Mr. Ogden stopped beside his desk, where he stood twisting his imperial tighter and tighter.

"You say this young lawyer is unprincipled. Sometimes rascals have a soft spot, a sentiment, where women are concerned."

Neil stared. He immediately thought of Ivy's dimples.

"A soft spot? A sentiment? Mr. Ogden, why not go to his office? A glance would convince you."

"Oh, that 's not necessary. I understand." He looked out of the window, from which he could just see the tree-tops of the Forrester grove, and murmured: "Poor lady! So misguided! She ought to have advice from some of Daniel's friends." He took out his watch and consulted it, turning something over in his mind. His train was due in an hour, he said. Nothing could be done at present. In a few moments he left the office.

Afterward Neil felt sure that when Mr. Ogden stood there uncertainly, watch in hand, he was considering an interview with Mrs. Forrester. He had wanted to go to her, and had given it up. Was he afraid of his women-folk? Or was it another kind of cowardice, the fear of losing a pleasant memory, of finding her changed and marred, a dread of something that would throw a disenchanting light upon the past? Neil had heard his uncle say that Mr. Ogden admired pretty women, though he had married a homely one, and that in his deep, non-committal way he was very gallant. Perhaps, with a little encouragement, he would have gone to Mrs. Forrester, and he might have helped her. The fact that he had done nothing to bring this about made Neil realize how much his own feeling toward that lady had changed.

It was Mrs. Forrester herself who had changed. Since her husband's death she seemed to have become another woman. For years Neil and his uncle, the Dalzells and all her friends, had thought of the captain as a drag upon his wife; a care that drained her and dimmed her and kept

her from being all that she might be. But, without him, she was like a ship without ballast, driven hither and thither by every wind. She was flighty and perverse. She seemed to have lost all her faculty of discrimination, had lost her power of easily and graciously keeping every one in his proper place.

Ivy Peters had been in Wyoming at the time of Captain Forrester's illness and death, called away by a telegram which announced that oil had been discovered in that part of Wyoming where he held land. He returned soon after the captain's funeral, however, and was seen about the Forrester place more than ever. As there was nothing to be done on his fields in the winter, he had amused himself by pulling down the old barn after office hours. One was likely to come upon him at almost any hour, smoking his cigar on the front porch, as if he owned the place. He often spent the evening there, playing cards with Mrs. Forrester or talking about his business projects. He had not made his fortune yet, but he was on the way to it. Occasionally, he took a friend or two, some of the town boys, over to dine with Mrs. Forrester. The boys' mothers and sweethearts were greatly scandalized. "Now she 's after the young ones," said Ed Elliott's mother. "She 's getting childish."

At last Neil had a plain talk with Mrs. Forrester. He told her that people were gossiping about Ivy's being there so much. He had heard comments even on the street.

"But I can't bother about their talk. They have always talked about me, always will. Mr. Peters is my lawyer and my tenant; I have to see him, and I 'm certainly not going to his office. I can't sit in the house alone every evening and knit. If you came to see me any oftener than you do, that would make talk. You are still younger than Ivy—and better-looking. Did that never occur to you?"

"I wish you would n't talk to me like that," he said coldly. "Mrs. Forrester, why don't you go away? To California, to people of your own kind."

"I mean to just as soon as I can sell this place. It 's all I have; and if I leave it to tenants, it will run down, and I can't sell it to advantage. That 's why Ivy is here so much; he 's trying to make the place presentable, pulling down the old barn that had become an eyesore, putting new boards in the porch floor where the old one had rotted. Next summer I am going to paint the house. Unless I keep the place up, I can never get my price for it." She talked nervously, with exaggerated earnestness, as if she were trying to persuade herself.

"And what are you asking for it now, Mrs. Forrester?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"You 'll never get it. At least not until times have greatly changed."

"That 's what your uncle said. He would n't attempt to sell it for more than twelve. That 's why I had to put it into other hands. Times have changed, but he does n't realize it. Mr. Forrester himself told me it would be worth that. Ivy says he can get me twenty thousand, or, if not, he will take it off my hands as soon as his investments begin to bring in returns."

"And in the meantime you are simply wasting your life here."

"Not altogether." She looked at him with pleading plausibility. "I am getting rested after a long strain. And while I wait, I 'm finding new

friends among the young men, those your age and a little younger. I 've wanted for a long while to do something for the boys in this town, but my hands were full. I hate to see them growing up like savages, when all they need is a civilized house to go to, and a woman to give them a few hints. They 've never had a chance. You would n't be the boy you are if you 'd never gone to Boston, and you 've always had older friends who 'd seen better days. Suppose you had grown up like Ed Elliott and Joe Simpson?"

"I flatter myself I would n't be exactly like them if I had. However, there is no use discussing it if you 've thought it over and made up your mind. I spoke of it because I thought you might n't realize how it strikes the townspeople."

"I know!" She tossed her head. Her eyes glittered, but there was no mirth in them; it was more like hysterical defiance. "I know; they call me the Merry Widow. I rather like it."

Neil left the house without further argument, and though that was three weeks ago, he had not been back since. Mrs. Forrester had called on his uncle in the meantime. The judge was as courtly as ever in his manner toward her, but he was deeply hurt by her defection, and his cherishing care for her would never be revived. He had attended to all Captain Forrester's business for twenty years, and since the failure of the Denver bank had never deducted a penny for fees from the money intrusted to him. Mrs. Forrester had treated him very badly. She had given him no warning. One day Ivy Peters had come into the office with a written order from her, requesting that an accounting, and all funds and securities, be turned over to him. Since then she had never spoken of the matter to the judge, or to Neil save in that conversation about the sale of the property.

§ 6

One morning when a warm May wind was whirling the dust up the street, Mrs. Forrester came smiling into the office, wearing a new spring bonnet, and a short black velvet cape fastened at the neck with a bunch of violets.

"Please be nice enough to notice my new clothes, Neil," she said coaxingly. "They are the first I 've had in years."

He told her they were very pretty.

"And are n't you glad I have some at last?" She smiled inquiringly through her veil. "I felt as if you were n't going to be cross with me today, and would do what I ask you. It 's nothing very troublesome. I want you to come to dinner Friday night. If you come, there will be eight of us, counting Annie Peters. They are all boys you know, and if you don't like them, you ought to. Yes, you ought to." She nodded at him severely. "Since you mind what people say, Neil, are n't you afraid they 'll be saying you 're a snob just because you 've been to Boston and seen a little of the world? You must not be so stiff, so—so superior! It is n't becoming at your age." She drew her brows down into a level frown so like his own that he laughed. He had almost forgotten her old talent for mimicry.

"What do you want me for? You used always to say it was no good asking people who did n't mix."

"You can mix well enough if you take the trouble. And this time you will, for me, won't you?"

When she was gone, Neil was angry with himself for having been persuaded.

On Friday evening he was the last guest to arrive. It was a warm night, after a hot day. The windows were open, and the perfume of the lilacs came into the dusky parlor, where the boys were sitting about in chairs that seemed too big for them. A lamp was burning in the dining-room, where Ivy Peters stood at the sideboard mixing cocktails. His sister Annie was in the kitchen, helping the hostess. Mrs. Forrester came in for a moment to greet Neil, then excused herself and hurried back to Annie Peters. Through the open door he saw that the silver dishes had reappeared on the dinner-table, and the candlesticks and flowers. The young men who sat about in the twilight would not know the difference, he thought, if she had furnished her table that morning from the stock in Wernz's store. Their conception of a really fine dinner service was one "hand-painted" by a sister or sweetheart. Each boy sat with his legs crossed, one tan shoe swinging in the air and displaying a tan silk sock. They were talking about clothes; Joe Simpson, who had just inherited his father's clothing business, was eager to tell them what the summer styles would be.

Ivy Peters came in, shaking his drinks.

"You fellows are like a bunch of girls—always talking about what you are going to wear and how you can spend your money. Simpson would n't get rich very fast if you all wore your clothes as long as I do. When did I get this suit, Joe?"

"Oh, about the year I graduated from high school, I guess."

They all laughed at Ivy. No matter what he did or said, they laughed, in recognition of his success.

Mrs. Forrester came back, fanning herself with a little sandalwood fan, and when she appeared, the boys rose, in alarm, one might have thought, from the suddenness of it. That much, at any rate, she had succeeded in teaching them.

"Are your cocktails ready, Ivy? You will have to wait for me a moment while I put some powder on my nose. If I 'd known how hot it would be to-night, I 'm afraid I would n't have had a roast for you. I 'm browner than the ducks. You can pour them, though. I won't be long."

She disappeared into her own room, and the boys sat down with the same surprising promptness. Ivy Peters carried the tray about, and they held their glasses before them, waiting for Mrs. Forrester. When she came, she took Neil's arm and led him into the dining-room.

"Did you notice," she whispered to him, "how they hold their glasses? What is it they do to a little glass to make it look vulgar? Nobody could ever teach them to pick one up and drink out of it, not if there were tea in it!" Aloud she said, "Neil, will you light the candles for me? And then take the head of the table, please. You can carve ducks?"

"Not so well as—as my uncle does," he murmured, carefully putting back a candle-shade.

"Nor as Mr. Forrester did? I don't ask that. Nobody can carve now as men used to. But you can get them apart, I suppose? The place at your right is for Annie Peters. She is bringing in the dinner for me. Be seated, gentlemen!" with a little mocking bow and a swinging of ear-rings.

While Neil was carving the ducks, Annie slipped into the chair beside him, her naturally red face glowing from the heat of the stove. She was several years younger than her brother, whom she obeyed unquestioningly in everything. She had an extremely bad complexion, and pale yellow hair with white lights in it, exactly the color of molasses taffy that has been pulled until it glistens. During the dinner she did not once speak except to say, "Thank you," or, "No, thank you." Nobody but Mrs. Forrester talked much until the first helping of duck was consumed. The boys had not yet learned to do two things at once. They paused only to ask their hostess if she "would care for the jelly," or to answer her questions.

Neil studied Mrs. Forrester between the candles as she nodded encouragingly to one and another, trying to "draw them out," laughing at Roy Jones's heavy jokes, or congratulating Joe Simpson upon his new dignity as a business man with a business of his own. The long ear-rings swung beside the thin cheeks that were none the better, he thought, for the rouge she had put on them when she went to her room just before dinner. It improved some women, but not her, at least not to-night, when her eyes were hollow with fatigue, and she looked pinched and worn as he had never seen her. He sighed as he thought how much work it meant to cook a dinner like this for eight people, when a beefsteak with potatoes would have pleased them better. They did n't really like this kind of food at all. Why did she do it? How would she feel about it to-night when she sank dead weary into bed, after these stupid boys had said good night, and their yellow shoes had carried them down the hill?

She was not eating anything; she was using up all her vitality to electrify these heavy lads into speech. Neil felt that he must help her, or at least try to. He addressed them one after another with energy and determination; he tried base-ball, politics, scandal, the corn crop. They answered him with monosyllables or exclamations. He soon realized that they did n't want his polite remarks; they wanted more duck, and to be let alone with it.

Dinner was soon over, at any rate. The hostess's attempts to prolong it were unavailing. The salad and frozen pudding were despatched as promptly as the roast had been. The guests went into the parlor and lit cigars.

Mrs. Forrester had the old-fashioned notion that men should be alone after dinner. She did not join them for half an hour. Perhaps she had lain down up-stairs, for she looked a little rested. The boys were talking now, discussing a camping trip Ed Elliott was going to take in the mountains. They were giving him advice about camp outfits, trout-flies, mixtures to keep off mosquitos.

"I 'll tell you, boys," said Mrs. Forrester, when she had listened a moment, "when I go back to California, I intend to have a summer cabin up in the Sierras, and I invite you, one and all, to visit me. You 'll have to work for your keep, you understand; cut the firewood and bring the water and wash the pots and pans and go out and catch fish for breakfast. Ivy can bring his gun and shoot game for us, and I 'll bake bread in an iron pot, the old trappers' way,

if I have n't forgotten how. Will you come?"

"You bet we will! You know those mountains by heart, I expect," said Ed Elliott.

She shook her head and smiled.

"It would take a lifetime to do that, Ed; more than a lifetime. The Sierras, there 's no end to them, and they 're magnificent."

Neil turned to her.

"Have you ever told the boys how it was you first met Captain Forrester in the mountains out there? If they have n't heard the story, I think they would like it."

"Really, would you? Well, once upon a time, when I was a very young girl, I was spending the summer at a camp in the mountains, with friends of my father's partner."

She began there, but that was not the beginning of the story. Neil had once heard from his uncle that the beginning was a scandal and a murder. When Marian Ormsby was nineteen, she was engaged to Ned Montgomery, a gaudy young millionaire of the Gold Coast. A few weeks before the date set for their marriage, Montgomery was shot and killed in the lobby of a San Francisco hotel by the husband of another woman. The subsequent trial involved a great deal of publicity, and Marian was hurried away from curious eyes and sent up into the mountains until the affair should blow over.

To-night Mrs. Forrester began with "Well, once upon a time." Sitting at one end of the big sofa, her slippers on a footstool and her head in shadow, she stirred the air before her face with the sandalwood fan as she talked, the rings glittering on her white fingers. She told them how Captain Forrester, then a widower, had come up to the camp to visit her father's partner. She had noticed him very little; she was off every day with the young men. One afternoon she had persuaded young Fred Harney, an intrepid mountain-climber, to take her down the face of Eagle Cliff. They were almost down, and were creeping over a projecting ledge, when the rope broke, and they dropped to the bottom. Harvey fell on the rocks and was killed instantly. The girl was caught in a pine-tree, which arrested her fall. Both her legs were broken, and she lay in the cañon all night in the bitter cold, swept by the icy cañon draft. Nobody at the camp knew where to look for the two missing members of the party; they had stolen off alone for their foolhardy adventure. Nobody worried, because Harney knew all the trails and could not get lost. In the morning, however, when they were still missing, search parties went out. It was Captain Forrester's party that found Marian and got her out by the lower trail. The trail was so steep and narrow, the turns round the jutting ledges so sharp, that it was impossible to take her out on a litter. The men took turns carrying her, hugging the cañon walls with their shoulders as they crept along. With her broken legs hanging, she suffered terribly; fainted again and again. But she noticed that she suffered less when Captain Forrester carried her, and that he took all the most dangerous places on the trail himself.

"I could feel his heart pump and his muscles strain," she said, "when he balanced himself and me on the rocks. I knew that if we fell, we 'd go together; he would never drop me."

They got back to camp, and every-

thing possible was done for her; by the time a surgeon could be brought up from San Francisco, her fractures had begun to knit, and had to be broken over again.

"It was Captain Forrester I wanted to hold my hand when the surgeon had to do things to me. You remember, Neil, he always boasted that I never screamed when they were carrying me up the trail. He stayed at the camp until I could begin to walk, holding to his arm. When he asked me to marry him, he did n't have to ask twice. Do you wonder?" She looked with a smile about the circle, and drew her finger-tips absently across her forehead as if to brush away something, the past or the present, who could tell?

The boys were genuinely moved. While she was answering their questions, Neil thought about the first time he ever heard her tell that story. Mr. Dalzell had stopped off with a party of friends from Chicago. Marshall Field and the president of the Union Pacific were among them, he remembered, and they were going through in Mr. Dalzell's private car to hunt in the Black Hills. She had, after all, not changed so much since then. Neil felt to-night that the right man could save her even now. She was still her indomitable self, going through her old part, but only stage-hands were left to listen to her. All those who had shared in fine undertakings and bright occasions were gone.

§ 7

With the summer months Judge Pomeroy's health improved, and as soon as he was able to be back in his office, Neil began to plan to return to Boston. He would get there the first of August, and would go to work with a tutor to make up for the months he had lost. It was melancholy time for him. He was in a fever of impatience to be gone, and yet he felt that he was going away forever, and was making the final break with everything that had been dear to him in his boyhood. The people, the very country itself, were changing so fast that there would be nothing to come back to.

He had seen the end of an era, the sunset of the pioneer. He had come upon it when already its glory was nearly spent. So in the buffalo-times a traveler used to come upon the embers of a hunter's fire on the prairie after the hunter was up and gone. The coals would be trampled out, but the ground was warm, and the flattened grass where he had slept and where his pony had grazed told the story.

This was the very end of the road-making West. The men who had put plains and mountains under the iron harness were old; some were poor, and even the successful ones were hunting for rest and a brief reprieve from death. It was already gone, that age; nothing could ever bring it back. The taste and smell and song of it, the visions those men had seen in the air and followed—these he had caught in a kind of afterglow in their own faces, and this would always be his.

It was what he most held against Mrs. Forrester that she was not willing to immolate herself, like the widow of all these great men, and die with the pioneer period to which she belonged; that she preferred life on any terms. In the end Neil went away without bidding her good-by. He went away with contempt for her in his heart.

It happened like this, had scarcely the dignity of an episode. It was

nothing, and yet it was everything. Going over to see her one summer evening, he stopped a moment by the dining-room window to look at the honeysuckle. The dining-room door was open into the kitchen, and there Mrs. Forrester stood at a table, making pastry. Ivy Peters came in at the kitchen door, walked up behind her, unconcernedly put both arms around her, his hands meeting over her breast. She did not move, did not look up, but went on rolling out pastry.

Neil went down the hill. "For the last time," he said as he crossed the bridge in the evening light—"for the last time." And it was even so; he never went up the poplar-bordered road again. He had given her a year of his life, and she had thrown it away. He had helped the captain to die peacefully, he believed; and now it was the captain who seemed the reality. All those years he had thought it was Mrs. Forrester who made that house so different from any other. But ever since the captain's death it was a house where old friends, like his uncle, were betrayed and cast off; where common fellows behaved after their kind and knew a common woman when they saw her.

If he had not had the nature of a spaniel, he told himself, he would never have gone back after the first time. It took two doses to cure him. Well, he had had them! Nothing she could ever do would in the least matter to him again.

He had news of her from time to time as long as his uncle lived.

"Mrs. Forrester's name is everywhere coupled with Ivy Peters's," the judge wrote. "She does not look happy, and I fear her health is failing, but she has put herself in such a position that her husband's friends cannot help her." And again: "Of Mrs. Forrester, no news is good news. She is sadly broken."

After his uncle's death, Neil heard that Ivy Peters had at last bought the Forrester place, and had brought a wife from Wyoming to live there. Mrs. Forrester had gone West; people supposed to California.

It was years before Neil could think of her without chagrin. But eventually, after she had drifted out of his ken, when he did not know if Daniel Forrester's widow was living or dead, Daniel Forrester's wife returned to him a bright, impersonal memory.

He came to be very glad that he had known her, and that she had had a hand in breaking him into life. He has known pretty women and clever ones since then, but never one like her as she was in her best days. Her eyes, when they laughed for a moment into one's own, seemed to promise a wild delight that he has not found in life. "I know where it is," they seemed to say; "I could show you." He would like to call up the shade of the young Mrs. Forrester, as the witch of Endor called up Samuel's, and challenge it, demand the secret of that ardor; ask her whether she had really found some ever-blooming, ever-burning, ever-piercing joy, or whether it was all fine play-acting. Probably she had found no more than another; but she had always the power of suggesting things much lovelier than herself, as the perfume of a single flower may call up the whole sweetness of spring.

Neil was destined to hear once again of his long-lost lady. One evening as he was going into the dining-room of a Chicago hotel, a broad-shouldered man with an open, sunbrowned face

approached him and introduced himself as one of the boys who had grown up in Sweet Water.

"I 'm Ed Elliott, and I thought it must be you. Could we take a table together? I promised an old friend of yours to give a message if I ever ran across you. You remember Mrs. Forrester? Well, I saw her again twelve years after she left Sweet Water, down in Buenos Aires." They sat down and ordered dinner.

"Yes, I was in South America on business. I 'm a mining engineer; I spent some time in Buenos Aires. One evening there was a banquet of some sort at one of the big hotels, and I happened to step out of the bar just as a car drove up to the entrance where the guests were going in. I paid no attention until one of the ladies laughed. I recognized her by her laugh; she had n't changed a particle. She was all done up in furs, with a scarf over her head, but I saw her eyes, and then I was sure. I stepped up and spoke to her. She seemed glad to see me, made me go into the hotel, and talked to me until her husband came to drag her away to the dinner. Oh, yes, she was married again, to a rich, cranky old Englishman; Henry Collins was his name. He was born down there, she told me, but she met him in California. She told me they lived on a big stock ranch, and had come down in their car for this banquet. I made inquiries afterward and found the old fellow was quite a character; had been married twice before, once to a Brazilian woman. People said he was rich, but quarrelsome and rather stingy. She seemed to have everything, though. They traveled in a fine French car, and she had brought her maid along, and he had his valet. No, she had n't changed as much as you 'd think. She was a good deal made up, of course, like most of the women down there; plenty of powder, and a little red, too, I guess. Her hair was black, blacker than I remembered it; looked as if she dyed it. She invited me to visit them on their estate, and so did the old man when he came to get her. She asked about everybody, and said, 'If you ever meet Neil Herbert, give him my love, and tell him I often think of him.' She said again: 'Tell him things have turned out well for me. Mr. Collins is the kindest of husbands.' I called at your office in New York on my way back from South America, but you were somewhere in Europe. It was remarkable how she 'd come up again. She seemed pretty well gone to pieces before she left Sweet Water."

"Do you suppose," said Neil, "that she could be living still? I 'd almost make the trip to see her."

"No, she died about three years ago. I know that for certain. After she left Sweet Water, wherever she was, she always sent a check to the Grand Army Post every year to have flowers put on Captain Forrester's grave for Decoration day. Three years ago the post got a letter from the old Englishman, with a draft for the future care of Captain Forrester's grave, *'In memory of my late wife, Marian Forrester Collins.'* "

"So we may feel sure that she was well cared for to the very end," said Neil. "Thank God for that!"

"I knew you 'd feel that way," said Ed Elliott, as a warm wave of feeling passed over his face. "I did."

(The end of "A Lost Lady.")

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Youth and Wings

Edna St. Vincent Millay: Singer

By Carl Van Doren

Drawing by William Zorach

THE little renaissance of poetry which there has been a hundred historians to scent and chronicle in the United States during the last decade flushed to a dawn in 1912. In that year was founded a magazine for the sole purpose of helping poems into the world; in that year was published an anthology which meant to become an annual, though, as it happened, another annual by another editor took its place the year following. The real poetical event of 1912, however, was the appearance in "The Lyric Year," tentative anthology, of the first outstanding poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Who that then had any taste of which he can now be proud but remembers the discovery, among the numerous failures and very innumerous successes which made up the volume, of "Renascence," by a girl of twenty whose name none but her friends and a lucky critic or two had heard? After wading through tens and dozens of rhetorical strophes and moral stanzas, it was like suddenly finding wings to come upon these lines:

"All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a
wood;
I turned and looked another way,
And saw three islands in a bay.
So with my eyes I traced the line
Of the horizon, thin and fine,
Straight around till I was come
Back to where I'd started from;
And all I saw from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a
wood."

The diction was so plain, the arrangement so obvious, that the magic of the opening seemed a mystery; and yet the lift and turn of these verses were magical, as if a lark had taken to the air out of a dreary patch of stubble.

Nor did the poem falter as it went on. If it had the movement of a bird's flight, so had it the ease of a bird's song. The poet of this lucid voice had gone through a radiant experience. She had, she said with mystical directness, felt that she could touch the horizon, and found that she could touch the sky. Then infinity had settled down upon her till she could hear

"The ticking of Eternity."

The universe pressed close and crushed her, oppressing her with omniscience and omnisentience; all sin, all remorse, all suffering, all punishment, all pity poured into her, torturing her. The weight drove her into the cool earth,

where she lay buried, but happy, under the falling rain.

"The rain, I said, is kind to come
And speak to me in my new home.
I would I were alive again
To kiss the fingers of the rain,
To drink into my eyes the shine
Of every slanting silver line."

Suddenly came over her the terrible memory of the "multi-colored, multiform, beloved" beauty she had lost by this comfortable death. She burst into a prayer so potent that the responding rain, gathering in a black wave, opened the earth above her and set her free.

"Ah! Up then from the ground sprang I
And hailed the earth with such a cry
As is not heard save from a man
Who has been dead, and lives again.
About the trees my arms I wound;
Like one gone mad I hugged the ground;
I raised my quivering arms on high;
I laughed and laughed into the sky."

Whereupon, somewhat quaintly, she moralized her experience with the pride of youth finally arrived at full stature in the world.

"The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

"Renascence," one of the loveliest of American poems, was an adventure, not an allegory, but it sounds almost allegorical because of the way it interpreted and distilled the temper which, after a long drought, was coming into American verse. Youth was discovering a new world, or thought it was. It had taken upon itself burdens of speculation, of responsibility, and had sunk under the weight. Now, on fire with beauty, it returned to joy and song.

§ 2

Other things than joy and song, however, cut across the track of this little renaissance. There was a war. Youth—at least that part of it which makes poems—went out to fight, first with passion for the cause and then with contempt for the dotards who had botched and bungled. Gray Tyrtæuses might drone that here was a good war designed to end war, but youth meantime saw that it was dying in hordes and tried to snatch what ecstasy it could before the time should come when there would be no more ecstasy. Boys and girls who would otherwise have followed the smooth paths of their elders now questioned them and turned aside into different paths of life. Young men and maidens who would otherwise have expected little of love for years to come now demanded all that love offers, and demanded it immediately for fear it might come too late. The planet was reeling, or looked to be; all the settled orders were straining and breaking. Amid the hurly-burly of argument and challenge and recrimination a lyric had a good chance to be unheard; yet it was a lyrical hour, as it always is when the poet sees himself surrounded by swift moments hurrying to an end. Some sense of this in the air, even amid the hurly-burly, gave to the youth of the time that rash, impatient,

wild ardor and insolence and cynicism which followed in such fleet succession, growing sharper as the war which was to have been good turned into the peace which was bound to be bad.

Miss Millay's "Aria da Capo," like "Renascence," has an allegorical sound, because it lays its finger so surely upon the mad sickness of the race during those futile years. The little play, now dainty with artifice and now racy with slang and satire, opens with Columbine and Pierrot skylarking in their pretty fashion, using, however, words with two sharp edges to each of them. But they are driven from the stage by tragedy, which sets the friendly shepherds Thyrsis and Corydon to playing a scene in which they divide their mimic field with colored ribbons, which they call a wall, find one of them mimic water on his side and the other mimic jewels, move on to a conflict which they did not mean or want and which they see is hardly so much reality as senseless acting, and in the end kill each other across the barrier, dying in each other's arms. Back come Pierrot and Columbine to resume, only a little disturbed by the dead bodies lying under their feet, the happy farce. Love among the ruins! Butterflies above the battle! Such folly as had been acted by the nations, the play hints, belongs rather to the painted theater than to the solid earth. There is not enough wisdom to understand it; there are not enough tears to bewail it. It may be better to frolic and forget.

§ 3

The decade since the little renaissance began has created a kind of symbol for this irresponsible mood in the more or less mythical Greenwich Village, where, according to the popular legend, art and mirth flourish without a care, far from the stupid duties of human life. No one so well as Miss Millay has spoken with the accents credited to the village.

"My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!"

Thus she commences in "A Few Figs from Thistles." And she continues with impish songs and rakish ballads and sonnets which laugh at the love which throbs through them. Suckling was not more insouciant than she is in "Thursday":

"And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true.

And why you come complaining
Is more than I can see.
I loved you Wednesday—yes—but what
Is that to me?"

With what a friendliness for wild souls she tells the story of the singing woman "Whose mother was a leprechaun, whose father was a friar."

"In through the bushes, on any foggy day,
My Da would come a-swishing of the drops away,
With a prayer for my death and a groan for my birth,
A-mumbling of his beads for all that he was worth.

And there sit my Ma, her knees beneath her chin,

A-looking in his face and a-drinking
of it in,
And a-marking in the moss some
funny little saying
That would mean just the opposite of
all that he was praying!

He taught me the holy-talk of Vesper
and of Matin,
He heard me my Greek and he heard
me my Latin,
He blessed me and crossed me to keep
my soul from evil,
And we watched him out of sight, and
we conjured up the devil!

Oh, the things I have n't seen and
the things I have n't known,
What with hedges and ditches till
after I was grown,
And yanked both ways by my
mother and my father,
With a 'Which would you better?'
and a 'Which would you
rather?'

With him for a sire and her for a
dam,
What should I be but just what I
am?"

Speaking in this manner, Greenwich Village seems a long way from the village of Concord, heart of the old tradition, even though Hawthorne loved a faun when he met one, and Thoreau was something of a faun himself. In the classic village any such mixture as this of leprechaun and friar would have been kept as close a secret as possible, and conscience would have been set to the work of driving the leprechaun taint out. In Greenwich Village the friar is made to look a little comical, especially to the mother and daughter who conspire to have their fling behind his back.

§ 4

This tincture of diablerie appears again and again in Miss Millay's verse, perhaps most of all in the candor with which she talks of love. She has put by the mask under which other poets who were women, apparently afraid for the reputation of their sex, have spoken as if they were men. She has put by the posture of fidelity which women in poetry have been expected to assume. She speaks with the voice of women who, like men, are thrilled by the beauty of their lovers and are stung by desire; who know, however, that love does not always vibrate at its first high pitch, and so, too faithful to love to insist upon clinging to what has become half-love merely, let go without desperation. A woman may be fickle for fun, Miss Millay suggests in various poems wherein this or that girl teases her lover with the threat to leave him or the claim that she has forgotten him; but so may a woman show wisdom by admitting the variability and transience of love, as in this crystal sonnet:

"I know I am but summer to your
heart,
And not the full four seasons of the
year;
And you must welcome from another
part
Such noble moods as are not mine,
my dear.
No gracious weight of golden fruits
to sell
Have I, nor any wise and wintry
thing;
And I have loved you all too long and
well
To carry still the high sweet breast of
spring.

Wherefore I say: O love, as summer goes,
I must be gone, steal forth with silent drums,
That you may hail anew the bird and rose
When I come back to you, as summer comes.
Else will you seek, at some not distant time,
Even your summer in another clime."

What sets Miss Millay's love-poems apart from almost all those written in English by women is the full pulse which, in spite of their gay impudence, beats through them. She does not speak in the name of forlorn maidens or of wives bereft, but in the name of women who dare to take love at the flood, if it offers, and who later, if it has passed, remember with exultation that they had what no coward could have had. Conscience does not trouble them, nor any serious division in their natures. No one of them weeps because she has been a wanton, no one of them because she has been betrayed. Rarely since Sappho has a woman voiced such delight in a lover's beauty as this:

"What 's this of death, from you who never will die?
Think you the wrist that fashioned you in clay,
The thumb that set the hollow just that way
In your full throat and lidded the long eye
So roundly from the forehead, will let lie
Broken, forgotten, under foot some day
Your unimpeachable body, and so slay
The work he had been most remembered by?"

Rarely since Sappho has a woman written as bravely as this.

"What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts to-night, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply;
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry."

In passages like these Miss Millay has given body and vesture to a sense of equality in love; to the demand by women that they be allowed to enter the world of adventure and experiment in love which men have long inhabited. But Miss Millay does not, like any feminist, argue for that equality. She takes it for granted, exhibits it in action, and turns it into beauty.

§ 5

Beauty, not argument, is, after all, Miss Millay's concern and goal. She can be somewhat metaphysical about it, as in her contention that

"Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare.
Let all who prate of Beauty hold their peace,
And lay them prone upon the earth and cease
To ponder on themselves, the while they stare
At nothing, intricately drawn nowhere
In shapes of shifting lineage."

For the most part, however, she stands with those who love life and persons too wholly to spend much passion upon anything abstract. She loves the special countenance of every season, the hot light of the sun, gardens of flowers with old, fragrant names, the salt smell of the sea along her native Maine coast, the sound of sheep-bells and dripping eves and the unheard sound of city trees, the homely facts of houses in which men and women live, tales of quick deeds and eager heroisms, the cool, kind love of young girls for one another, the color of words, the beat of rhythm. The shining clarity of her style does not permit her to work the things she finds beautiful into tapestried verse; she will not ask a song to carry more than it can carry on the easiest wings; but in all her graver songs and sonnets she serves beauty in one way or another. Now she affirms her absolute loyalty to beauty; now she hunts it out in unexpected places; most frequently of all she buries it with some of the most exquisite dirges of her time.

These returning dirges and elegies and epitaphs are as much the natural speech of Miss Millay as is her insolence of joy in the visible and tangible world. Like all those who most love life and beauty, she understands that both are brief and mortal. They take her round and round in a passionate circle: because she loves them so ardently she knows they cannot last, and because she knows they cannot last she loves them the more ardently while they do. Dispositions such as hers give themselves to joy when their vitality is at its peaks; in their lower hours they weep over the graves of loveliness which are bound to crowd their courses. Having a high heart and a proud creed, Miss Millay leaves unwept some graves which other poets and most people water abundantly, but she is stabbed by the essential tragedy and pity of death. Thus she expresses the tragic powerlessness of those who live to hold those who die:

"Nor shall my love avail you in your hour.
In spite of all my love, you will arise
Upon that day and wander down the air
Obscurely as the unattended flower,
It mattering not how beautiful you were,
Or how belovèd above all else that dies."

Thus she expresses the pitiful knowledge which the living have that they cannot help the dead:

"Be to her, Persephone,
All the things I might not be;
Take her head upon your knee.
She that was so proud and wild,
Flippant, arrogant and free,
She that had no need of me,
Is a little lonely child
Lost in Hell,—Persephone,
Take her head upon your knee;
Say to her, 'My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here.' "

Are these only the accents of a minor poet, crying over withered roses and melted snows? Very rarely do minor poets strike such moving chords upon such universal strings. Still more rarely do merely minor poets have so much power over tragedy and pity, and yet in other hours have equal power over fire and laughter.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank

Unsettling the Social Settlement

Social settlements have played an important rôle in the development of sound social ideals among the poor and immigrant classes of our large cities. They have brought recreation into crowded tenement quarters whose only playground was the street. Through their settlement theaters they have given an opportunity for self-expression to thousands of able and ambitious youths who were otherwise stifled by their environment. They have taught the stammering tongues of foreigners to speak the English language, which was the key to their new world. They have exerted a valuable influence by their interpretation of America to the immigrant and by their interpretation of the immigrant to America. Even when their achievements have not been of the sort that can be captured in statistics, they have brought something of the grace and gladness of life into sordid surroundings. And on that, of course, no price can be placed.

If their leaders have not always gone as far as some of the radicals whom they serve would have liked them to go, they have in most instances gone further than some of the conservatives who support them would have them go. All in all, our social settlements have more than justified themselves not only by the practical services they have rendered to their immediate neighborhoods, but also by the more indefinite, though equally important, influence they have exerted upon the social thinking of our wealthier and more conservative classes.

The other evening I was discussing the probable future developments in American business and industry with Mr. Edward A. Filene, who always reminds me of the distinguished economist and philosopher, Adam Smith, of whom Woodrow Wilson said, "He was no specialist, except *in the relation of things*." Now, Mr. Filene is a specialist in the policies and procedures of successful business, but he has also an unusual sense of the interrelations of economic, social, educational, and political issues. How this sense of "the relation of things" brought the discussion of the probable future of American business and industry around to social settlements will appear as I go on with this comment. It is enough to say here that the discussion left me unwilling to stop with the blanket indorsement of social settlements expressed in the two preceding paragraphs. There is little, if anything, to criticize in the general idea of the social settlement; it is mainly their technic, I think, that offers opportunity for basic reform. This becomes clear when one realizes how

thoroughly the settlements depend upon education as the means of accomplishing their purpose.

Now, one thing is obvious, and that is that the best educational results, in any sort of institution, are obtained when the student brings to his studies a sincere and sustained desire to learn, when the student is possessed by a genuine interest that needs no coddling by the teacher. The first concern of the modern teacher is not the enforcement of discipline, but the awakening of interest.

Yet what are the possibilities and limitations that the settlement teacher faces when he sets out to stimulate the curiosity and to awaken the interest of the young men and women who go to the settlement to learn? There are exceptions, I know. There are unusually brilliant youths in our poor and immigrant classes who, despite tired bodies and crowded hours, will always steal time from their pillows for their books. But, in the main, the settlements are attempting to educate men and women who are victims of conditions of living and circumstances of employment which tend to crush their spirits and dull the normal alertness of their minds. And the settlements are attempting to teach them in evening hours when they are tired and want recreation, when, indeed, they should have recreation instead of intense application to the tasks of a classroom.

The settlement, then, as an educational agency, faces two fundamental problems. The first is the eternal problem that every educational effort encounters—the problem of stimulating in the students that eager intellectual interest without which there can be no education worthy of the name. The second is a problem peculiar to the settlement—the problem of finding some way of getting at the minds of its people when they are less tired.

What can the settlement teacher do to awaken in his students a keen interest that will make their study more an adventure and less a task to which they must whip their tired bodies and tired minds? Of this much I am certain: the closer any educational effort can be related to the student's job, the more likely he is to be so eagerly interested in his study that he will forget that it is a task. If study bears a definite relation to the student's economic and social advancement, half the struggle for the student's interest is won before the class is called.

Mr. Filene emphasized this point in telling me of his own experience as a young man, when he was obliged to assume business responsibility instead of going to college. "When I was obliged to give up the notion of entering Harvard University," he said, "I set about a plan of self-education by which I made the daily problems that arose in my business my cues for study. I did not map out a course of general reading and give my leisure hours to the conquest of that elusive thing called culture. I did not, in a general search for knowledge, undertake the study of this and that subject. I did not try to duplicate the thing I would have done had I been able to attend the university. I did not take up the study of economics *as economics* or the study of sociology *as sociology*, but whenever I was cornered by a problem in my business I immediately went on a still-hunt for the facts and the theories that would throw light on that particular problem. This piecemeal

method led me, of course, into practically all the subjects I would have studied in Harvard, but my study was not a matter of memorizing 'lessons' in economics or sociology, but the more interesting task of unraveling personal problems. Practical necessity forced me to adopt this method, but, as I look back upon it, I am convinced that it was educationally sound."

After all, there is some ground for thinking that the custom of teaching by subjects is artificial and absurd. Outside of a classroom we never think in terms of history or geography or mathematics or language. We think in terms of concrete situations. When we read a despatch in our newspaper, all the geography and economics and race involved in the story merge in one impression. It is easier to feel a keen interest in a good newspaper story and then to "look up" whatever geography and economics we may need in order to understand the story than it is to become excited over an assigned lesson in geography or economics. And we are more likely to retain the facts as part of our permanent equipment.

There is no reason why this method of study should not be valid for any educational effort, but particularly valid for the educational work of settlements. I do not think the settlements can afford to depend as fully as conventional educational institutions do upon the mere itch for culture. I do not mean to say that there is no general hunger for cultural advancement among the poorer classes served by our settlements. I do not mean to suggest that the man who works with his hands may not and does not have an alert and curious mind as well. The long and inspiring history of the movement for adult education and the brilliant record of the Workers' Educational Association would disprove any such contention. I am saying only that, taken by and large, the students in our social settlements start with the handicap of stifling environments and physical tiredness, and that no added means of mental stimulation should be overlooked. I believe that the settlement teachers could achieve the necessary interest, eagerness, and curiosity in half the time with half the effort if, in addition to relating their educational effort to the general subjects that bear upon the students' probable life-work, they related the work to the specific job out of which the students are making their bread and butter at the moment, making the problems of their jobs the cues for study.

But all this is rather stale generalizing on a matter that has been put better in a score of modern books on education. And it leaves untouched the biggest problem the settlement teachers have to meet. It accepts the notion that our settlements must go on trying to bring education to its students in evening hours, in the scraps of their time, and when they are tired from the day's work. And this leads me to the second problem: What can be done about getting at the minds of these youths when they are less tired? It is on this point that Mr. Filene made a very practical suggestion.

Here it is in Mr. Filene's words, as nearly as I can remember them. "I believe," said Mr. Filene, "that social settlements should carry on their educational work not in the settlement houses, but in the stores, shops, and factories where those they serve work. As I said a moment ago, the details, the demands, and the difficulties of

the settlement student's daily job afford the best possible cues for his study. Manifestly, the best place in which to pick up these cues is the place where they first show themselves, and the best time to catch them is when they first show themselves. This means that the sort of educational work the settlement is called upon to do can best be done where the student works and while he is at work.

"I believe that the business men who are attempting to do business scientifically would aid and abet such a program. For instance, at the present time we could use in our store several men and women who might be called floor-managers but who would be in reality teachers, men and women who would move about among our employees, using the mistakes and the problems that arise hourly as cues for direct instruction in the finer and more effective carrying out of the employees' duties. There are, I am convinced, unlimited possibilities of development in this direction. Some day the foremen, superintendents, and departmental managers of businesses will be regarded as men whose function is not merely to spy upon and to speed up, but to educate, their subordinates.

"Business men, in order to make their businesses succeed, need to have an educational effort constantly going on among their employees. The directors of our social settlements are carrying on an educational effort among the very people who are doing the ordinary work of the world. The point I am trying to make is that the business man and the director of the social settlement are working away on the same problem, and that both are losing because they do not combine their efforts.

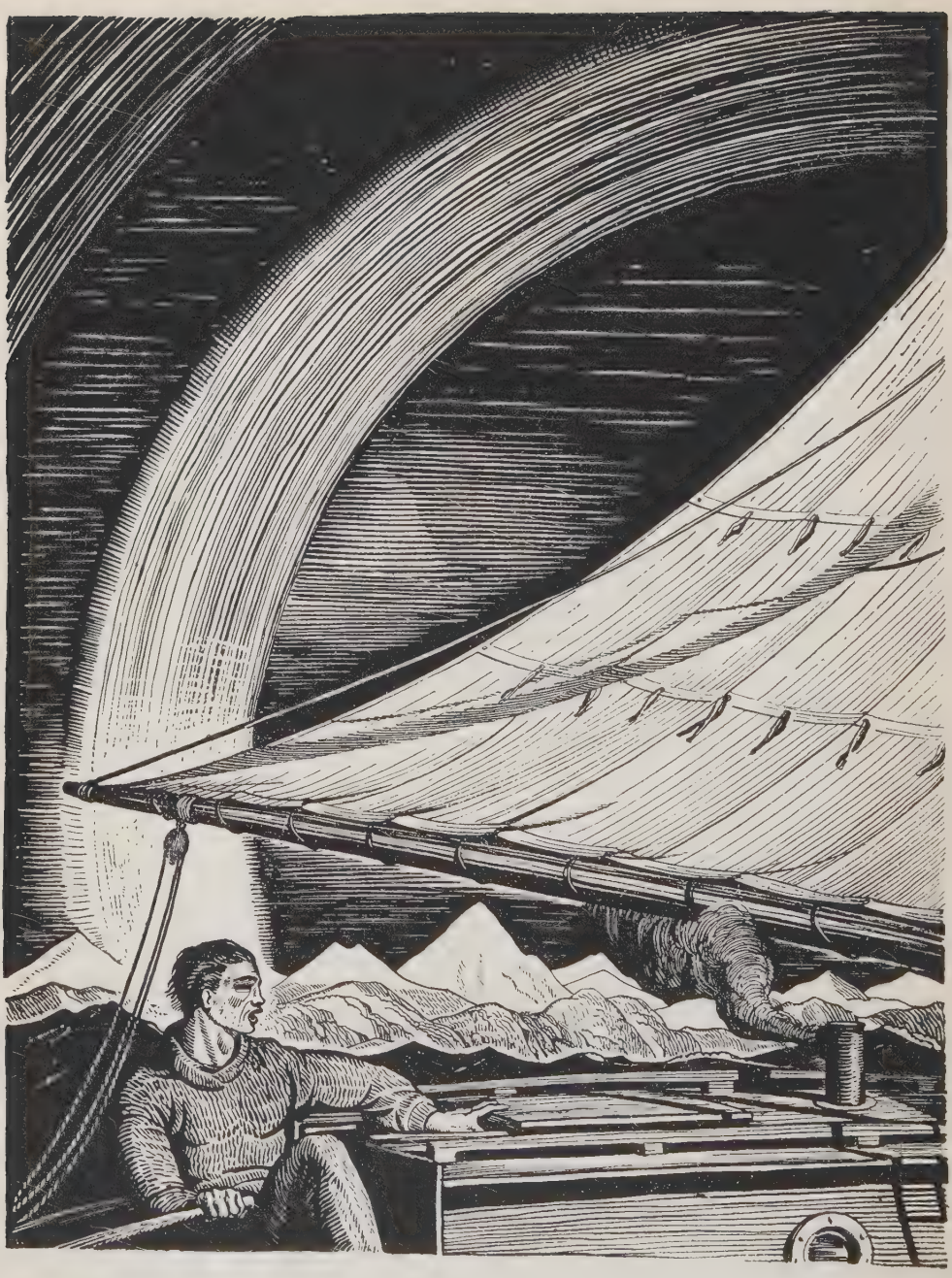
"The business man loses, from the business point of view, when he fails to institute a thorough and comprehensive educational work in his plant, leaving his employees to get what education they can in their tired evening hours at the social settlement or in other evening classes. The settlement teacher loses, from an educational point of view, when he conducts his classes in the conventional manner in evening hours at the settlement house, where it is more difficult to relate the student's study to the student's job, where it is more difficult to stimulate the intellectual eagerness that comes involuntarily when the student sees early advancement, early increase in income, and sure development of efficiency in his job as a result of the lesson in hand.

"I do not think it is visionary to suppose that in the future much of what we now call 'settlement work,' except its purely recreational aspects, will be carried on away from the settlement houses, in stores, shops, and factories during business hours, not at night, as now. The social settlement of the future will be in the store, the shop, and the factory. What we now know as the social settlement will disappear. There will remain in its place an institution which will be the club and home of the teachers and workers who do the creative educational work in our businesses and industries, a place where they get together for recreation and the pooling of their experience in the give and take of discussion. This new kind of settlement will, I believe, mean a greater efficiency in teaching the students, and a still greater efficiency in teaching the teachers." The real problem, then, is to unsettle the settlement.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

JULY
1923



"Life is so rich"

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *July*, 1923 No. 3

A Voyager's Log

By Rockwell Kent

Drawings by the Author

But O the ship, the immortal ship! O ship aboard the ship!
Ship of the body, ship of the soul, voyaging, voyaging, voyaging!
—Walt Whitman

At last, for the first time in months of fevered work, I pause. The difficulties, the delays, the anxieties of penury—all, with the launching of my boat from this ship's deck to-day, are gone. I 'm laughing—laughing as I wipe my greasy hands on a piece of waste and toss it overboard, as I look down upon the crowd against the rail where my boat hangs. Ancient three-masted ship, of *your* proud launching have you memories of such a gathering as this to-day upon your deck? Of governors and captains, of the flower of the rich and cultivated and the beautiful? It 's spring here in far southern South America, and the girls' cheeks glow with roses such as only the cold salt sea-wind can make bloom. How beautiful in all their brilliant finery upon that dingy deck, with the wide blue water of Magellan's strait about them! How beautiful the world, all glistening in the young spring sun! The gleaming crimson of the flags whipped in the wind! O sweet west wind, the breath of youth and gaiety! And snow-white damask there upon the hatch, with crystal glasses and champagne! Sweet, sweet champagne, I 'm laughing. It 's the birthday of my ship.

§ 2

It is another spring, mid-spring, and five months earlier in time. It is May in New York. The same west wind has blown the heavens clear; across the profound blue sweep belated clouds, trailing their shadows over the city's towers. The sun shines down with such sweet warmth that the stone walls, like horns of plenty, pour out their living flowers until the pavements are a garden gay and beautiful with life. New York is paradise in spring, an Eden, with vastly more of happiness and beauty than was ever dreamed of by the shepherd patriarchs. The fruit of happiness and wisdom hangs from boughs so heavy laden down that there 's no tempter needed but the fruit itself. There are no

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

gates, no wall, and no angel with flaming sword to warn and to expel. Here in this happiness the heart cries out its own despair, speaks its own doom and banishment.

How unobserved and silently is the deep measure of the soul's endurance filled! It mounts the rim, trembles a moment there, then, like a torrent, flows—the vast relief of action. This hour you are bound by the whole habit of your life and thought; the next by unerring impulse of the soul you 're free. How strong and swift is pride to clear itself, from misery or joy, from crowds, from ease, from failure, from success, from the recurrent brimful, the too much! Forever shall man seek the solitudes, and the most utter desolation of the wilderness to achieve through hardship the rebirth of his pride.

Within an hour of the thought I had secured a clerk's berth on a freighter sailing for the farthest spot on the wild far southern end of South America, of all lands that one hears or reads of the most desolate and terrible. Because I love the cold and desolation and the wilderness? It 's hard to say.

There is the glamour of adventure, shipwreck, death about that land; there are a hundred tales of month-long battles with the wind and sea to round the Horn, with mountain waves a mile between their crests gleaming and thundering eternally on granite shores. That region is the sailors' graveyard, and the souls of the drowned, as albatrosses, haunt its waters.

And modern charts bear warnings to wrecked mariners against the savage natives of the coast. The traveler recounts their treachery, and confirms Darwin's reports of the peculiarly hideous cannibalism that was their practice. And there are other terrors. Criminal fugitives from the prisons of Chile and the Argentine, fled to the wilderness, where they have mingled with the savages, have been the theme of stories of brigandage and pirate adventure as desperate as were ever told of the bucaneers of the Spanish main. Shipwreck and murder are the warp and woof of the tradition of that land. Magellan, Tierra del Fuego, and Cape Horn—these are living names that stir the spirit.

We 've sailed. We clear the Hook, the land drops down, the hard horizon of the sea encircles us. My life 's a memory, and the future breaks against our prow and shimmers, and is foam, and trails behind us in the steamer's wake. Hours and days and seven weeks glide by. One day I brought my charts and spread them out and talked of what I hoped to do; I hardly knew. Leaning across the table, listened a young Norwegian, the third mate. God had formed his features without malice, given him a mass of thick black hair low on his forehead, narrow blue eyes through which his soul showed mean or passionate or kind, a nose and mouth and teeth. God had made him fair enough; then the great war tore a seam across his nose and cheek, and in another war in Equador some rebel drove a crowbar hard against his lips and made his mouth a horror. Still, I have seen that mutilated face transformed with tenderness.

How much I must unthinkingly have understood this man, for when quite suddenly he said, "I want to leave the ship and go with you," I answered, "Good; you shall." And from that hour it was two of us.

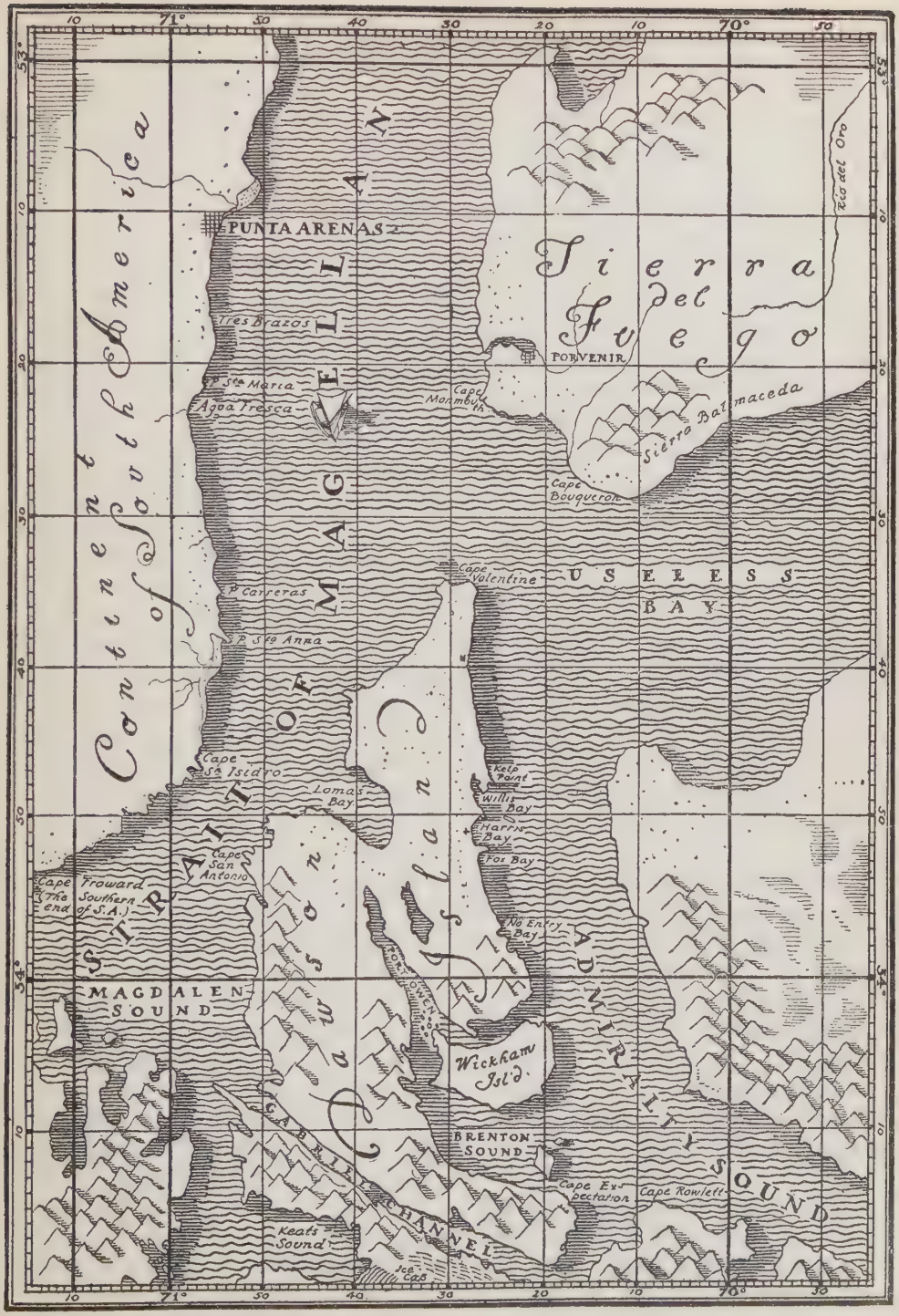


Chart of Dawson Island with the lands and waters surrounding it

With heads together, we pored over charts, embarking our dreams upon the wildest voyages. Gamblers we were, two poker-players, staking not wealth, —we had n't any,—but our recklessness, pile upon pile, against each other's daring. "Stop!" I cried at last. "I 'd willingly start with you and walk the Andes from the strait to Panama, or row with you in a dory around the world; but there 's no sense in it and no use in boring ourselves. But we 'll do this: we 'll fit out a life-boat and sail around the Horn. We can get wrecked or drowned or eaten, or nearly. We 'll call that settled."

§ 3

Steaming for seven weeks from north to south, you pass through many climes and seasons. Spring in the north, then summer at the line, the hot and cloudless summer of the tropics. Then gradually, scarcely to be felt, the days and nights grow colder, for you are penetrating the midwinter of the southern hemisphere. It was night in mid-July when we entered the Strait of Magellan, and the low shore was scarcely to be seen. We made the narrows with the turning tide, swept through, and woke at the clatter of the winch. It was morning, a blue one and a clear one, with a howling wind; we lay at anchor in the open road of Punta Arenas.

You wonder, when you see that harbor first—wonder what miracle of time has carried you back over fifty years to open your eyes upon past glories of the sea. You look, and doubt your senses; there they are, the ships, the barks. What world is this, what port? And then your staring eyes discern them shorn and stripped, with lowered yards, dismasted—hulks.

Beyond them is the city, crowded close, a port of commerce. Warehouses, a foundry, shipyards, blocks of office buildings, churches, streets of one-story homes and little shops, there at a mile away one eye full on the wide, desolate, fire-scarred plain of the continent.

Gasping to breathe, we stand there in the gale, my mate and I, and strain to see. Blue golden day, wild day, exuberant, young. Swiftly and deeply the thought of everything has touched us here on the threshold. Adventurers, alone in a new land, conquerors without a sword, voyagers without a ship, vast needs and little cash and friendless. With one impulse we turn and see through eyes that the wind has brought to tears the wild exulting of each other's hearts.

By noon the gale had moderated, and with the captain I went on shore. Burdened with anxieties and the embarrassment of appearing among these strangers in my rôle of mad adventurer, I little knew what an immediate dawn of luck was imminent. The introduction of that kingly captain conferred a title of nobility. At once every man of authority in the port became my friend; and that friendship proved itself materially as substantial as, over whisky and dice in many a midnight bout, it was humanly heartening and warm. These were true men, with more loyalty than principle, and strong wills to perform what their lips promised. While I talked with the maritime manager, he subjected me to close, but not unfriendly, scrutiny. At last he said magnificently, "If there is anything at any time that you want, come to me and ask for it." There proved to be very little that at some time I did n't want, but nothing

that I did n't get. That very day a boat was found for me, and with that my greatest care was gone.

Later, as I sat again on board and told my mate of our windfall of good fortune, it seemed suddenly, poor adventurers, that we were the king and duke in "Huckleberry Finn," and that if our prosperity increased, an enraged populace would some day turn and egg us out of town. But as the weeks went on, and we continued honored, undetected, I came to believe in ourselves as a king and duke by the grace of God. But that 's not new in life.

A week has passed. The friendliness of Chile has enfolded us. It is night in the harbor of Punta Arenas. The hulk of the old ship *Lonsdale* swings gently rocking at her moorings. In the mahogany-furnished cabin of the captain, long untenanted, sleep we two. The morning comes, we wake in darkness, light the lamp, and dress. I grope my way up the companionway into the piercing cold. Some snow has fallen, and my steps sound muffled on the iron deck. Over the black water a golden streak of dawn breaks through low-hanging clouds. Masthead-lights gleam over the shadowy forms of ships, and from the city glitter the lamps of early risers. It is profoundly still. I draw a pail of icy water from the tank and wash, and, shivering, dive down below. In the old ship's saloon a swinging lamp burns feebly, losing its light upon the dusty-gray floor and ceiling and in the shadowy confusion of the sails and ship's gear littering the walls and corners. The old pot-bellied iron stove glows red. My mate has finished sweeping, and as the dust cloud settles down, we move a little table to the heat. The cook comes in with coffee. Good. Here sit we two amid the early-morning dark and cold of a Magellan winter, toasting our legs and ribs at the hot fire and warming our bellies with the boiling drink.

The bump and rubbing of a heavy boat along our ship, the clattering of wooden ladder-steps against the iron sides, voices of men, the tramp of heavy boots on deck—these tell that it is seven and the working-day has begun. On the forward deck two carpenters report to me for work.

Against the starboard rail, blocked up and braced to stay upright, is the boat that I have bought, a life-boat from the wrecked steamer *Beacon Grange*. The boat's length is twenty-six feet; her beam, eight feet six; her depth inside, three feet and an inch or two. She 's a double-ender, clinker-built, with light bent ribs. The stem is splintered, seven planks are stove or rotten; she 's warped, dry as a bone, and open everywhere. She 's of slip-shod factory construction, with every knee and brace a false one sawed from straight-grained plank. Such is our boat, a derelict. She cost me twenty dollars.

§ 4

From now onward every waking hour, week-days, Sundays, feast-days, from dawn till bedtime, in sun or rain or snow or wind, we worked upon that boat. We fitted new planks to her sides and hewed a stem from a twisted root. We gave her a keel of hardest wood and shod it with iron. With fire and water we warped strong timbers and tempered them in the flames. The blows of the hammer on nails, and it 's *tap tap tap* on the rivets, the song of the saw, the clangorous beating of iron on steel, the sooty smoke and the flame of the forge, the hiss of the torch as it

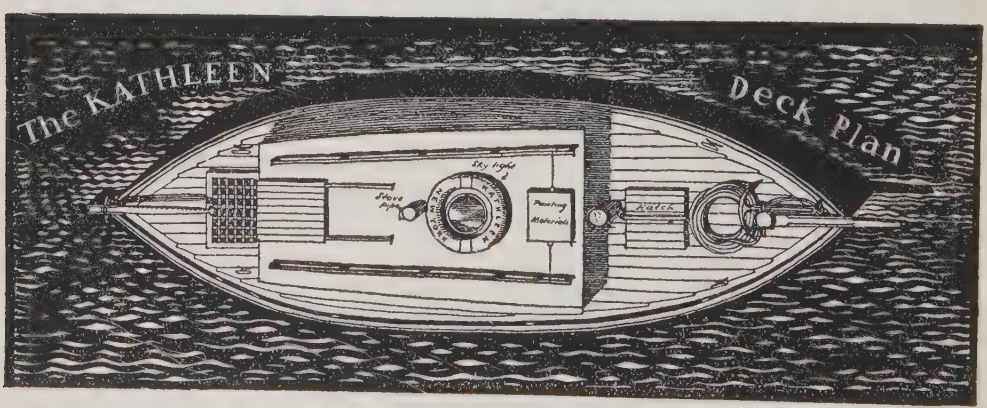
blistered her sides, the stench of the sizzling paint, the raucous scraper tearing on nails and sand, thunder claps of falling planks on iron, snow, sleet, and drenching rain and winter cold, numb hands and icy feet, and laughing and songs—these were the sound of us, the breath of us, the life of us, for days that became weeks, and weeks that were a month, and still we worked.

We lived aboard our hulk like kings, we tasted mutton seven different ways a day, our beds to tired bodies were as soft as dream clouds; yet it was a madhouse. It was a sepulcher of derelicts, of men still living on with life behind them, finished.

There were four men besides us two aboard the *Lonsdale*. They occupied what had once been the officers' quarters aft of the saloon. They messed by themselves, and at night kept closely to their rooms, except one, an old Frenchman, who was constantly with us in the long evenings. Frenchy was a good-hearted, sober man; the others, as their moods permitted them were generous and friendly or morosely indifferent. They were failures, hopeless and careless of it.

There was little drinking on the ship, but occasionally there were orgies that enlivened an entire week. One night is a fair picture of them all.

Crash! a roar of curses. *Crash!* a heavy weight falls on the floor. The tinkle of broken glass. Silence. Suddenly a door is hurled open and back against a wooden wall. Heavy footsteps cross the passage and enter another room. Voices, the scuffling of chairs, a roar, and then a savage laugh, and Frenchy pops in to us, his round and rosy face staring with the fright of some poor little hunted creature. He does n't speak; but, getting a pack of cards from a shelf, draws a long bench close to the light and us, straddles it, and feverishly lays out the cards for solitaire. There is a moment's peace; then a great bulk of something stirs and lurches down the passage toward us, muttering ominously. A huge form fills the doorway, a rhinoceros of a man, coarse and heavy-featured, with round, watery blue eyes, red lids, and puffy sockets. He gives a hitch to his trousers and, like a rolling ship, comes in. "Good evening, gentlemen," he says with impertinent obsequiousness,



and drops upon the bench. Frenchy has fled.

He talks incoherently, a maudlin drunkard; and then says this with some distinctness:

"Misher Kent, or cap'n or king, I 'm drunk; anoiam." His fingers are working as if they played a piano. "What I was goner say—we don't like Americans on this ship, an' there 's goner be some shootin'. Get me?" I am trying, during this, to keep my mind upon a very delicate drawing for The Century Magazine, and I don't look up. He continues. "I 'm the strongest man on this ship, I 'm the strongest man in the territory, an' I can throw—"

My mate by this is on his feet.

"Stand up, you miserable white-livered, pot-bellied bluff, stand up, and I 'll set you on your ear so quick—"

"Could you do that to me?" queried the big fellow, quite piteously.

"You bet your damned life I could," cried my furious mate.

"Well," said the mighty one, ever so gently, "maybe you could." And he got laboriously up from his seat and left us.

The weeks flew by, and still the boat was unfinished. It was impossible to speed the work. Our Chilota carpenters liked the job; they nursed it along to tide them through the winter. And this they could do without much hindrance from me, for we spoke alien tongues, and they could understand nothing that might inconvenience them. I heard only once an English phrase from the lips of either of them. "Next week," I was saying in dumb show to the *maestro*, "finished or not, we 'll launch that boat." The statement was so startling that it demanded a decisive answer. In unmistakably good English, emphatic and clear, he said:

"You—bloody well—can't."

However, this time we "bloody well" did. It lacked nothing but a few refinements of luxury and art, and these the remaining days would see supplied. She was decked and cabined, calked and painted and varnished. The spars had been my work. From sound and straight Norwegian spruce I 'd planed them down and tapered them and scraped them and polished them. To the last detail they were beautifully done. My mate meanwhile had made the sails; they were of heavy duck and strong enough, as I said prophetically at that time, to tear the boat itself apart. Sailmaker and rigger, you 'd look far for a better one than the mate. However, with only a few things left to do, a bit of calking, a seam to putty, a dab of paint or varnish, last touches everywhere of no necessity, but of vast importance to us, that week before the launching was a whirlwind climax to long weeks of effort. Far into the nights we worked with lanterns on the deck or 'tween-decks, where the spars and rigging were assembled. But always, however time might press, we held to a high standard, slighting nothing. And in my delight with the perfection of the boat I likened it to the one-horse shay. It shall be all, I proudly thought, so evenly and sufficiently strong, from the shoe of the keel to the eye of the peak pennant-halyards, that nothing can go wrong with her until the end of time.

§ 5

It was to be the farthest-south launching in all history of an American ship. We determined to do it magnif-

icently and make the occasion an imposing example of Yankee efficiency. All kinds of help was given us. They sent a gang aboard to clean the hulk and to remove the litter and left-over materials of our work. It was made beautifully tidy. The derrick-tackles were inspected, blocks were oiled, new rope was sent aboard for slings.

It is the day before the launching, steam is in the winch, our boat stands in the slings. We 're flying about, adding the last graces of perfection to order already more than good enough.

That last day is far too short. It is late, very late at night, when I bring out from concealment an empty champagne bottle, carry it quietly on deck, and fill it with the amber water from the tank. Taking it again into my cabin, I whittle a mushroom stopper for its top out of cork from an old life-belt. This I wired carefully and tight, so that the cork bulges out between the crossings of the wire. Then I coat the top above the label with glue and, producing a piece of tin-foil saved from cigarettes, clap it on, rubbing it so that it adheres tightly. When I have dusted off the loose tin-foil, rubbed it a bit, and dusted on some dirt from the floor, I have what appears to be a virgin bottle of champagne. It is for the christening. Does this humbug tell enough? We 're broke.

The great day opens up its eyes so bright and beautiful that it might be God's birthday blessing on our little boat. Breathless with haste and the confusion of last-minute needs, we feel the hours slip by like moments. Suddenly in the midst of things a steamer blows, and the tug bears down on us, brilliant with flags aloft and a gay crowd on deck. The hour 's at hand.

And now in that hour we have reached the moment with which this story begins. Governors and captains, a consul, editors, sweet women and pretty girls, are crowded about the launching-platform that I have mounted to make a speech. It was a moment to pause; and if, as a tumult of thought sped through my mind, I mechanically wiped the dirt of labor from my hands upon a piece of waste, and threw the waste into the sea, it was at once the unconscious gesture of completed toil and a symbol of the restored serenity of a distraught adventurer's mind. The speech we pass; the christening is at hand. There where the infant boat hangs at the rail's side in the slings stands a beautiful Chilean girl, with my poor champagne bottle, gaily draped with bunting, in her hand. She speaks.

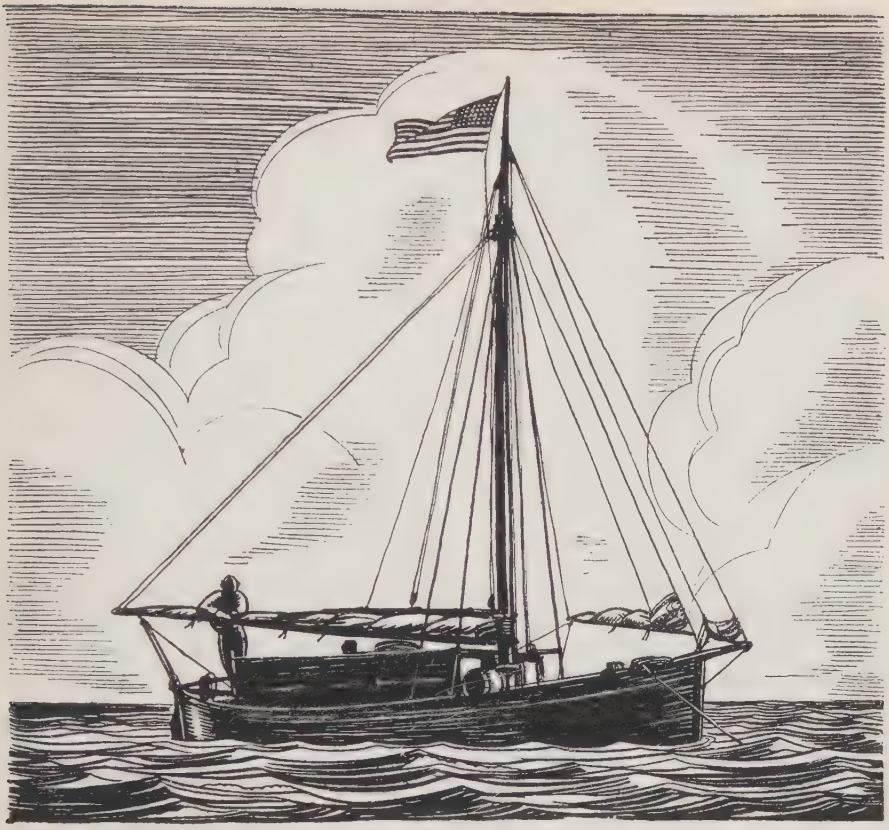
"Le nombro Catalina, barquito nuestro, que te acompane la bendicion de Dios en tu viaje."

She breaks the bottle and the amber fluid flows like rarest wine over the bows. At that instant the *Kathleen*, with the mate standing proudly on board, dropped smoothly down and kissed the sea.

"Mother," a little girl was saying, "it splashed in my face."

"Never mind, dear," answered her sweet mother; "it was good champagne."

Within a week we 'd rigged her and trimmed her and stowed our stores on board; and then with scarcely a preliminary trial we sailed. After days of calm that day had dawned with a rising wind. Escorted by a launch, amid cheers and toasts and dipping flags, we swept out through the harbor's shipping to the open strait,



"Our ship is tight and strong"

hoisted our sails, cast off, and bore away.

Ah, what a day, so sharp and blue and golden where the far sky touches the circle of the world! With sails all set and drawing full, the little *Kathleen*, wind abeam, lies over on her side and, with the main-boom trailing in the water and the deck awash, goes like a wild thing fled to freedom. "Don't ease her!" cries the mate. Her bows shiver the seas; the cold spray wets us. We exult. Ah, freedom that we 've worked for—waited for for months! Down the long stretch of Broad and Famine reach stand the white peaks and ranges of the wilderness, with all the threat and promise of their mysteries; and still beyond, and high above them all, the crystal virgin peaks of Sarmiento.

The wind has risen, and the seas run high; great crested waves bear down and threaten us—and laugh, and lift us tenderly. About our bows the porpoises, fat beauties, leap and plunge, the voyagers' good omen. We *ride* the seas; our ship is tight and strong. She sails and holds her course, come everything. "A beauty!" cries the mate, and with my soul on eagle wings of happiness I go below.

There in the cabin was such cleanliness and order that I could only forget whatever errand had brought me down in new admiration of my home's

perfection. There were the shelves, with food in orderly array, with dishes in their place, and tools and linen; with a place for nautical instruments and a place for cameras, with racks for paints and for paper, and clever little holders for brushes and pens. The stove was polished, and the beds were made all sweet and clean for night. It was so perfect that I resented the little pool of water that had leaked up from the bilge as we heeled over. I take a cup to bail it out, and meanwhile chat through the open companionway with my mate.

§ 6

"With the wind holding like this," he said, "we should make Willis Bay by five o'clock this afternoon." It is now about eleven, and we have been an hour and a half on our way. We have covered maybe twelve miles; good sailing. Our course lies straight for Cape Valentine, on Dawson Island. We talk of our plans and when we 'll get to where, and of our ship and the perfection of her sailing, and how she lifts to every sea, how dry she is, how strong, how perfect. And all the time I 'm bailing. It occurs to me presently that I 'd have done better to have taken a kettle to bail with rather than a cup. I take a kettle. We 're leaning so in the fresh gale that I must plant one foot up on the side to keep my balance. The mate is singing; he 's in love, and she is seven thousand miles away. I know the softness of my hard mate's heart; great happiness brings yearning.

"I 'm sorry." In my haste I 've poured a kettle of cold water on his legs. I 'm bailing fast. God! is the water rising? It is; my foot slips, and it fills my shoes. I 'm standing in the water now, using a twelve-quart pail to dip it up. I brace my legs and work.

A quarter of an hour has passed. I 'm bailing furiously, emptying the pails at random over the mate, his tender heart, and everything. There is no time for thought; the water is to my knees. We 've changed our course, to run for the windward shore, fifteen miles away. In turn about we work, work to exhaustion, each of us. And steadily the water rises. The gale is heavy, and the sea runs high. Then the truth dawns: we 're sinking.

All hands on deck to lower sail! The gaff jambs, and the mate scrambles aloft and tramples on it. In a fury of beating and slatting down it comes, and we lie hove-to under the staysail. The skiff that we carry on the deck is eight feet long, four wide, flat-bottomed; it 's of no conceivable use in a sea. Nevertheless, we launch it and secure it astern, and I begin with canvas and tacks to deck it over in some fashion. This finished, I stow life-belts and a few necessities on board, stick my opened clasp-knife in the bow, and the life-boat is ready.

From the skiff the forlorn condition of the *Kathleen* is apparent. She lies sodden in the water, with her deck awash and lists heavily. As I climb on board I have suddenly the most poignant realization of the utter hopelessness of our situation. In a flash I see my life as a thing of tragic incompletion; there 's a swift pageant of loved ones weeping, an instant of vertigo, a griping of the bowels, as though I hung over an immense and sheer abyss; and then as swiftly courage reasserts itself, sweeps memory and fear aside, and leaves me with energy and a clear mind to act. Down

in the cabin, almost to his waist in water, the mate is bailing with the strength of desperation, bailing and singing. In a wild, strong, rich young voice he 's singing "Smiles." And suddenly I understand. And deep within me I laugh, for I have seen that even the brave are touched by fear.

There in the cabin, seated in a flooded bunk, with the icy water washing over my knees, I take the log-book of the *Kathleen*, and on the clean first page write this:

"First day out, three hours from sailing. Boat half-full of water, hove-to. Bailing in turns. Life boat equipped to cross to Porvenir. Strong west wind blowing. Mate singing; great fellow. No chance to save anything; life-boat is too small."

Then tying up a few special treasures in a water-tight package, I 'm ready.

I am a man of calculating intelligence. I had observed the steady rise of the water in the cabin, and had marked its rate. We are tired, and incapable of any greater effort. My reason has proved conclusively that in ten minutes more the *Kathleen* will have sunk. My mate was gifted with many good qualities; he had courage and good nature, dogged perseverance, and a giant's strength. He had virtually no intelligence, and it was almost pathetic to see him in the face of the quite apparent futility of bailing continue to ply the heavy pail to the rhythm of his everlasting "Smiles." As I sat there and watched him,—there was room for only one to work at a time,—there came over me a sense of utter humiliation and shame at this dismal ending on the very day of its beginning of an enterprise that had cost such labor and such love.

The minutes sped, the fellow bailed, and still we floated. Ten minutes passed, and twenty. As time goes on, and we continue alive, a new energy possesses us; it is scarcely hope, but rather an animation of the spirit that the reasoning mind denies. Due to the swashing about of the flood, it was difficult to determine what progress the water made. We watched it with the intensity of men awaiting death; and yet when, after an hour of strained anxiety and unremitting work, we knew beyond all doubt that we had checked its rise, it was without emotion that we received our lives again.

It was by now perhaps two in the afternoon; we had stopped the water, but it still stood nearly knee-deep in the cabin and required continuous bailing to hold it. Ruined supplies of every kind floated about, and our fair ship, four hours ago so trim and beautiful, was now the picture of desolation. We bailed; the afternoon sped on; and with the close of the day the wind and sea abated. We took in so little water now that every minute showed it lower; and presently, with only a foot's depth in the cabin, we hoisted a reefed mainsail, came about, and started for the lee shore, some miles away.

The afternoon increased in beauty and in peacefulness, and, as the certainty of our security became established, profound contentment rose like the morning sun within us. Life is so rich that nothing matters only that we live.

Evening comes on; the shadows of the land creep out and cover us. It 's cold. With the last breath of wind we reach our anchorage.

It is the close of the first day of a four months' cruise, and, strained and

leaking, we have limped to port. We can only guess at the exact cause of our misfortune. That the boat was opened by the violence of that day's sailing there can be no doubt. But where, only a close examination on a beach or dock can show. We see the humiliation of returning to Punta Arenas and sense our own unhappiness at renouncing the freedom in solitude that is ours to-day.

How still it is! Darkness has almost hidden the abandoned whaling village on the shore. Dimly the forms of stores and houses detach themselves from the dark ground. In one house burns a lamp. A man is driving cattle down the silent street; treeless sand hills inclose the little plain on which the settlement is built; beyond them stands the barrier of snow-topped mountains. For long minutes we have not spoken. We go below. There 's a damp fire burning, and it 's faintly warm. In soaking blankets, we lie down in wet beds to sleep.

"To-morrow, Matey," I call over to him, "we get up at daylight and try it again." And whether that night he slept or not, the mate was happy.

(End of the first part of "A Voyager's Log")

The artist's idea of how the author looks

Ida Hauchawout

By Theodore Dreiser

She is identified in my mind, and always will be somehow, with the country in which I first saw her, a land, as it were, of milk and honey. When I think of her and the dreary, commonplace, brown farm-house, in a doorway of which I first saw her framed, and later of the wee, but cleanly, cabin in which I saw her lying at rest, I think of smooth green hills that rise in noble billows, of valleys so wide and deep that they could hold a thousand cottage farms, of trees that were globe-like from being left unharried by the winds, of cattle red and black and white and black, great herds dotting the hills, and of barns so huge that they looked more like great hangars for flying-machines than storehouses for hay and grain. Yes, everywhere was plenty, rich fields of wheat and corn and rye and oats, with here and there specializing farmers who grew only tomatoes or corn or peas or ran dairies, men who somehow seemed to grow richer than the others.

And then I think of "Fred" Hauchawout, her father, a man who evidently so styled himself, for the name was painted in big black letters over the huge door of his great red barn. This Hauchawout was a rude, crude, bear-like soul, stocky, high-booted, sandy-haired, gray-eyed and red-skinned, as well as inhospitable. He was clad always, on Sunday and every other day, so I heard, in worn brown overalls and jumper. In short, he was one of those dreadful, tramping, laboring grubs who gather and gather and gather, sparing no least grain for pleasure by the way; and having so done, dying and leaving it all to children who have been alienated in youth and care no least whit whether their forebear is alive or dead, nor for anything save the goods which belike he has been able to amass. But in this latter sense Hauchawout was no huge success, either. He was too limited in his ideas to do more than hide or reinvest in land or cattle or bank his moderate earnings at a low rate of interest. He was quoted locally as living up to his assertion that "no enimel gets fet py me," and he was known far and wide for having the thinnest and boniest and hardest-worked horses and cows in the neighborhood, from which he extracted the last ounce of labor and the last gill of milk.

He was the father of three sons and two daughters, so I was told, all of whom must have hated him; those I knew did, anyhow. For one of the sons, when first I wandered into the region, had already gone to the far West, after pausing to throw a pitchfork at his father and telling him to go to hell, or so the story went. Another, whom I knew quite well, being a neighbor of a relative of mine, had married after being "turned out," as

he said, by "the old man" because he would n't work hard enough. And yet he was a good enough worker to take over and pay for a farm of forty acres of fertile land in seven years, also eventually to acquire an automobile, a contraption which his father denounced as "a loafer's buggy."

The third son, Samuel, had also left his father because of a quarrel over his very human desire to marry and make his own way, a change which his father did not seem to sympathize with. Latterly, because he was greedy like his father and hoped to obtain an undue share of the estate at his death, or so his relatives said, he had made friends with his father, and thereafter exchanged such greetings and visits as two such peculiar souls might enjoy. They were always fighting, the second son told me (the one who had acquired forty acres and an automobile), being friendly one month or so and the next not, moods and differing interests dictating their volatile and varying approaches and understandings.

In addition, there were two daughters, Effie, a woman of twenty-nine or thirty, who at the age of twenty-one had run away to a near-by great city and found work in a laundry never to return, since her father would not let her have a beau; and finally Ida, the subject of this sketch, whom I first saw when she was twenty-eight and already looked much of the care and disappointment with which apparently her life had been freighted. For, besides being hard on "enimels," Hauchawout was hard on human beings and seemed to look upon them as mere machines like himself. It was said that he was up at dawn or earlier, with the first crow of his roosters, and the last to go to bed at night. Henry Hauchawout, the son I knew best, once confessed to me that his father would "swear like hell" if all his children were not up within five minutes after he was. His wife, a worn and abused woman, had died at forty-three, and he had never married, but not from loyalty. Did he not have Ida? He had no religion, of course, none other than the need of minding your own business and getting as much money as possible to bury away somewhere. And yet his children seemed not so hard; rather sentimental and human, reactions, no doubt, from the grinding atmosphere from which they had managed finally to extricate themselves.

But it is of Ida that I wish to speak —Ida, whom I first saw when my previously mentioned relative suggested that I go with him to find out if Hauchawout had any hay to sell. "You 'll meet a character well worth the skill of any portrayer of fact," he added. It was Ida who came to the door in answer to a loud "Hallo!" however, and I saw a woman prematurely old or overworked, drab and yet robust, a huge creature with small and rather nervous eyes, red, sunburned face and hands, a small nose, and faded red hair done into a careless knot at the back of her head. At the request of my "in-law" to know where her father was, she pointed to the barn. "He just went out to feed the pigs," she added. We swung through a narrow gate and followed a well fenced road to the barn, where, just outside a great pen containing perhaps thirty pigs, stood Hauchawout, a pail in each hand, his brown overalls stuck in his boots, gazing reflectively at his grunting property.

"Nice pigs, eh, Mr. Hauchawout?" commented my relative.

"Yes," he answered, with a marked accent, at the same time turning a quizzical and none too kindly eye upon us. "It 's about time they go now. What they eat from now on makes me no money."

I glanced amusedly at my relative, but he was gazing politely at his host.

"Any hay for sale, Mr. Hauchawout?"

"How much you t'ink you pay?" he asked cannily.

"Oh, whatever the market price is. Seventeen dollars, I hear."

"Not py me. What I got I keep at dat price. Hay vill pe vorth yussed five tollars more if dis vedder keeps up." He surveyed the dry green-blue landscape, untouched by rain for these several weeks past.

My relative smiled.

"Very well. You 're quite right, if you think it 's going to stay dry. You would n't take eighteen a ton, I suppose?"

"No; nor twenty. I t'ink hay goes to twenty-two pefore July. Anyhow, vot I got I can use next vinter if I can't sell him."

I stared at this crude, vigorous, self-protective soul. His house and barn seemed to confirm all I had heard. The house was small, yellow, porchless, inhospitable, the walks at the front and side worn and flowerless, the grass, such as it was, nearly treeless. A thin dog and some chickens were in the shade of one fair-sized tree that graced a corner. Several horses were browsing in the barn lot, for it was Sunday, and the sectarian atmosphere of this region rather enforced a strict observance of the day. They were as thin as even moderate health would permit. But Hauchawout, standing vigorous and ruddy before his large newly painted barn, showed where his heart was. There was no flaw in that structure. It was a fine big barn and held all the other things he so much treasured.

But it was about his daughter that my relative chose to speak as we drove away.

"There 's a woman whose life has been ruined by that old razorback," he reflected after volunteering various other details. "She 's no beauty, and her chances were never very good, but he would never let any one come near her, and now it 's too late, I suppose. I often wonder why she has n't run away, like her sister, also how she passes her time there with him. Just working all the time, I suppose. I doubt if he ever buys a newspaper. There was a story going the rounds here a few years ago about her and a farm-hand who worked for Hauchawout. Hauchawout caught him tapping at her shutter at two in the morning and beat him up with a hoe-handle. Whether there was anything between them or not no one knows. Anyway, she 's been here ever since, and I doubt if anybody ever courts her now."

§ 2

I neither saw nor heard of this family for a period of five years, during which time I worked in other places. Then one summer-time, returning for a vacation, I learned that "the old man" had died, and the property had been divided by law, no will having been left. The lorn Ida, after a service of thirty-two or -three years in her father's behalf, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing, feeding the chickens and pigs, and helping her father to reap and pitch hay, had secured an equal fifth with the others, no more, a total of fifteen

acres of land and two thousand dollars in cash. The land had already been leased on shares to her prosperous brother, the one with the automobile, and the cash placed out at interest. To eke out an existence, which was still apparently not much improved, Ida had gone to work, first as a laundress in a South Bixley (the county seat) laundry, at a later date as a canner of tomatoes in the summer canning season, and then as housekeeper in a well-to-do canner's family. She was reported by my host's wife as still husbandless, even loverless, though there was a rumor to the effect that, now that she had property and money in the bank, she was being "set up to" by Arlo Wilkens, a garrulous ne'er-do-well barber of Shrivertown, a drunken, roystering, but now rather exploded and *passé*, person of fifty; and one Henry Widdle, another ne'er-do-well of a somewhat more savory character, since he was one who was credited with having neither the strength nor courage to be drunken or roystering. He was the son of a local farmer who himself owned no land and worked that of others. With no education of any description, this son had wandered off some years before, trying here and there to sell trees for a nursery and failing utterly, as he himself told me; and then going to work in a furniture factory in Chicago, which was too hard for him; and later wandering as far West as Colorado, where necessity compelled him to become a railroad hand for a time. ("I served my time on the Denver & Rio Grande," he used to say.) But finding this too hard also, he had quit, and returned to the comparative ease of his former life here, which had no doubt brightened by contrast. Once here again, he found life none too easy, but at the time I knew him he was making a living by driving for a local contractor, that being "the easiest thing he could find," as a son of the relative aforementioned most uncharitably remarked.

While working in this region again for a summer under some trees that crowned a hill and close by a highroad which crossed one slope of it, I was often made aware of this swain by the squeak of the wheels of his wagon as he hauled his loads of stone or sand or lumber in one direction or another. And later I came to know him, he being well known, as are most country people the one to the other in a region such as this, to the two sons of my host. Occasionally, as they worked in a field of potatoes alongside the hill on which I worked, I could see them hailing this man as he passed, he for some reason appealing to them as one who offered a source of idle amusement or entertainment. Several times I ambled over and joined them, the possibility of country-side news enticing me. He proved an aimless, unpivoted, and chartless soul, drifting nowhere in particular and with no least conception of either the order or the thoroughgoing intellectual processes of life, and yet not wholly uninteresting to me. Why? I often wondered. In so far as I could see, he picked only vaguely at or fumbled unintelligently with such phases and aspects of life as he encountered. He spoke persistently and yet indefinitely of the things he had seen in his travels,—the mountains of the West, the plains of Texas, where he had tried to sell trees, the worth of this region in which he lived, —and yet he could only report fragmentarily of all he had seen. The

mountains of Colorado were "purty high," the scenery "purty fine in some places." In Texas it had been hot and dry, "not so many trees in most places; but I could n't sell any." The people he had met everywhere were little more than moving objects or figures in a dream. His mind seemed to blur almost everything he saw. If he registered any definite vital impression of any kind, in the past or the present, I could not come to know. And yet he was a suitor, as he once admitted to us via our jesting, for the hand of the much-buffeted Ida; and, as I learned later in the same year, he did finally succeed in marrying her, thus worsting the aged and no doubt much more skilful Wilkens.

And still later in the same year, since I had manifested an interest in him and Ida, it was reported to me that they were building a small house or shack on her acres, and with her money, and would be in it before spring. They were working together, so the letter ran, with the carpenters, he hauling lumber and sand and brick and she working with hammer and nails. Still later I learned that they were comfortably housed, had a cow, some pigs and chickens, a horse and various implements, all furnished by her capital, and that they were both working in the fields.

The thing that interested me was the fact that at last, after so many years, having secured a man, even of so shambling a character, the fair Ida was prone to make a god of him.

"Gee!" one of the sons commented to me upon my return the following summer, "Widdle has a cinch now. He don't need to do any more hard work. She gets up in the morning and feeds the chickens and pigs and milks the cow and gets his breakfast while he lies in bed. He works in the field plowing sometimes, but she plows, too."

"Yes, and I 've seen her pitch hay into the barn from the wagon, just as she did for her father," added the second youth.

"Ah, but the difference! the difference!" mine host, the father, was at pains to point out rather jocosely. "Then it was against her will and without the enabling power of love, while now—"

"Love 's not gonna make hay any lighter," sagely observed one of the boys.

"What treachery to romance!" I chided.

"No, nor make plowin' any easier, nuther. Aw! haw!" This from a farm-hand, a fixture about the place. "An' I 've seen her doin' that, too."

I did my best to stand up for romance, come what might.

Be that as it may, Widdle was about these days in a cheerful and even facetious frame of mind. When I knew him as a teamster he had seemed to wear a heavy and sad look, as though the mystery of life, or perhaps better the struggle for existence, pressed on him as much as it does on any of us. But now that his fortune had improved, he was a trifle more spruce, not so much in clothes, which were the usual farmer wear, but in manner. On certain days, especially in the afternoon, when his home chores were not too onerous or his wife was taking care of them for him, he came visiting my woodland table on its hill. A great and beautiful panorama spread before us. He inquired one day, rather niblish in manner, as to the matter and manner of writing. Could a man

make a living at that now, say? Did you have to write much or little in order to get along? Did I write for these here now magazines?

Rather ruefully I admitted that when I could I did. The way of ye humble scribe, I tried to make plain, was at times thorny. Still, I had no great reason to complain.

We then drifted to the business of farming, and here, I confess, I felt myself to be on much firmer ground. How was he getting along? Had he made much out of his first season's crop? How was his second progressing? Did he find fifteen acres difficult to manage? Was his wife well?

To the last question he replied that she was, doing very well indeed, but as for the second from the last:

"Not so very. Course, now," he went on musingly, "we ain't got the best implements yet, an' my wife's health ain't as good this summer as 't was last; but we 're gettin' along all right. I got mebbe as much as a hundred barrels o' potatas comin' along, an' mebbe three hundred bushels o' corn. Fer myself, I 'm more interested in this here chicken business, if I could once git it a-goin' right. Course we ain't got all the up-to-date things we need, but I 'm calc'latin' that next year, if everything goes right, I 'll add a new pen an' a coupla runways to the coop I got up there, an' try my hand at more chickens."

Never his wife's, I noticed, when it came to this end of the farming institution. And as an aside I could not help thinking of those breakfasts in bed and of his wife pitching hay and plowing, as well as milking the cow and feeding the chickens while he slept.

The lorn Ida and her great love!

And then one day, expressing curiosity as to this menage, I was taken there to visit. The place looked comfortable enough—a small, unpainted, two-room affair, with a lean-to at the back for a kitchen, a porch added only the preceding spring, so that milord might have a view of the thymy valley below, with its green fields and distant hills, while he smoked and meditated. It was very clean, as I noticed even from a distance, the doorway and the paths and all. And all about it, at points equidistant from the kitchen, were built a barn, a corn-crib, a smokehouse and a chicken-coop, to say nothing of a new well-top, all unpainted as yet, but all framed by the delicious green of the lawn. And Widdle, once he came forward, commented rather shyly on his treasures, walking about with me the while and pointing them out.

"What with all the other things I gotta do, I ain't got round to paintin' yet; but I 'low as how this comin' fall or spring mebbe I 'll be able to do sumpin' on it, if my wife's health keeps up. These chickens are a sight o' bother at times, an' we 're takin' on another cow next week, an' some pigs."

I thought of those glum days when he was still hauling sand and stone in his squeaky wagon.

And then came Ida, big, bony, silent, diffident, red-tanned by sun and weather, to whom this narrow fifteen-acre world was no doubt a paradise. Love had at last come to her. It being a Sunday afternoon, the only appropriate time to make a call in the farming world, when presumably the chores of the week were out of the way, still she was astir among her pots and pans, though she came forward and made us welcome in her shy way. Would n't we sit down? Would n't we have a

glass of milk? The worthy Widdle, resuming his seat on the porch, went on smoking and dreaming and surveying his possessions. If ever a man looked at ease, he did, and his wife seemed to take great satisfaction in his comfort. She smiled as we talked to him or answered in monosyllables when we addressed her, having been so long repressed by her father, as I assumed, that she could not talk.

But my relative had called my attention to one thing which I was to note, and that was that despite the fact she was within three months of an accouchement, we would find her working as usual, which was true. She was obviously as near her day as that, and yet during our visit she went to look after the pigs and chickens, the while milord smoked on and talked. His one theme was his farm, his proposed addition to his chicken-coop, a proposed enlargement of his pig-pen, the fact that his farm would be better if he could afford to take over the five acres to the east, and so on. Several times he referred to his tour of the West and the fact that he had "served his time" on the Denver & Rio Grande.

After that I could not help thinking of him from time to time, for he illustrated to me again so clearly the casual and accidental character of so many things in nature, the fact that fortune, strength, ease, beauty, fame, any power of the mind or body, come in the main to the individual as gifts and are so often not even added to or developed by any effort of his. Here was this vague, casual weakling drawn back to this region by a kind of sixth sense which regulated his well-being, and after he had failed in all other things, only to find this repressed and yet now free victim, his wife, seeking, by the aid of her small means, some satisfaction in the world of love through him. But did he really care for her? I sometimes asked myself. Could he? Had he the capacity, the power of appreciation and understanding which any worth-while love requires? I wondered.

§ 3

The events of the following September seemed to answer the question in a rather definite way, and yet I am not so sure that they did, either. Life is so casual; love, or the matter of affinity, such an indefinite thing with so many! I was sleeping in a large room which faced the front of the house—a room which commanded the slope of a hill and a distant and splendid valley beyond. Outside was a number of evergreens and horse-chestnuts that rustled and whispered in the slightest breeze. At two or three of the clock of one of those fine moonlit nights I heard a knocking below and a voice calling:

"Oh, Mis' K——! Oh, Mis' K——!"

Fearing that my hostess might not hear, I went to one of the open windows; but as I did so, the door below opened, and I heard her voice and then Widdle's, though I could not make him out in the pale light. He seemed, for once, somewhat concerned, and asked if she would not come over and see his wife.

"She 's been taken powerful' bad all of a sudden, Mis' K——," I heard him say. "She ain't been feelin' well for the last few days; been complainin', sorta, an' she 's very bad now, an' I do' know what to do. It 'd be a big favor if you 'd come. Mis' Agrew 'phoned fer a doctor fer me, but

she don't seem to be able to get none yet."

So the time had come! I wondered how the spinsterish Ida would make out. She was rather old now for motherhood, and so large and ungainly. How would she fare? How serve a nursing child? Not many minutes after I heard Mrs. K——, accompanied by one of her sons, leaving in the machine, the humanitarian and social aspects of the situation seeming to arouse in her the greatest solicitude. Then I heard nothing more until the following noon, when she returned. By that time Mrs. Widdle was very ill indeed. She had worked in the fields up to three days before, and on the day before her illness had attempted to do a week's washing. No help of any kind had been called in, no doctor consulted. Widdle had gone on dreaming as usual, possibly doing his share of the work, but no more, and no doubt accepting cheerfully the sacrifices and the ministrations of his wife until this latest hour.

It was evident to all that the conditions underlying possible motherhood for Mrs. Widdle were most unsatisfactory. During all the nine months of gestation she had given herself no least attention. A doctor called in at this late hour by my relative wagged his head most dolefully. Perhaps she would come through all right, but there was undue pressure on the kidneys. He suggested a nurse, but this Mrs. Widdle, ill as she was, would not hear of. The end came swiftly on the following night, and with great agony. She was in nowise fitted to endure the strain, and an attempt to remove the child, accompanied by uric poisoning, did for her completely. Ether was given, and she remained unconscious until she died.

§ 4

I saw her once afterward, and only once, when I joined the family in "viewing the body." Widdle was in no great standing with either his relatives or his neighbors, being of that poor, drifting, dreaming caliber which offers no least foundation on which a friendship or even a community of interests may be reared. He was usually silent or slow of speech, with just a few ideas relative to his present state upon which to meditate or discuss. Consequently, few neighbors and no relatives, barring her two brothers, were interested to call, and the latter in only the most perfunctory way. Such as did come or had offered assistance had arranged that the parlor, a most sacred place, should be devoted to the last ceremonies and the reception of visitors; and here the body, in a coffin the like of which for color and decoration I had never seen before, lay in state. It was of lavender plush, lined with pink silk, and to be carried by handles of gilt. And this parlor was no doubt a realm of beauty as these two had seen it, and hence arrested my attention. It was furnished with a center-table, now pushed to one side, some stiff and homely chairs with red plush seats, and a parlor wood-stove decorated with nickel and with red isinglass windows in front. On the walls, which were papered a bright pink, were two yarn mottos handsomely framed in walnut, a picture of Widdle and his wife boxed in walnut and glass and surrounded by a wax wreath, and, for sharp contrast, a brightly colored calendar exhibited a blonde movie

queen rampant. Gracing the center-table was a Bible, and a yellow plush album in which was not a single picture, for I looked. It must have been the yellow plush that had fascinated them, that ancient and honorable symbol of luxury.

But the coffin! I have no desire to intrude levity in connection with death, and, anyhow, it is said to presage misfortune. Also, I recognize too well the formless and untutored impulse toward beauty which struggles all too feebly in the most of us, animals and men. Out of such have risen Karnak and the Acropolis and the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." But at that time, and for all I know the custom may endure to this hour, there were being introduced, to the poorest sections of the big cities at least, and from this experience I judged to the backwoods also, a type of coffin calculated to engage the attention of any lover of color, astonishing confections in yellow, blue, green, silver, and lavender plush, usually lined with contrasting shades of silk and equipped with handles of equally arresting hues —silver, gilt, black, or gray. Trust the profiteer Barnums of the undertaking world to prepare something that would interest the afflicted simple in their hour of bereavement. Beauty, as each interprets it for himself, must certainly be the anodyne that resolves all our pains. At any rate, this coffin was of lavender and lined with pink silk and ornamented with bright gilt handles; and considering the general solidity and angularity of the frame it held, it could not but seem incongruous. Astonishing, in fact, yet obviously selected for its beauty and as a special comfort to the bereaved living, the Honorable Henry Widdle. Indeed, unless I am greatly mistaken, Widdle was for the first time in his life indulging a long repressed impulse toward luxury, which in its turn was disguising itself to him as deep grief.

But the figure in the coffin, embedded in such voluptuous materiality at so late a date, she who had followed the plow and pitched hay, struck me as remarkable. Her hair was thick and coarse, but smoothly plaited and laid —red hair. The large, bony head, with the wide mouth and small nose, looked tired indeed. But one strong arm held snugly the minute infant that had never known life pressed close to her breast and big yearning face.

I turned away, arrested and humiliated by the terrifying cosmic urge that had brought all this about. That face showed lines which stilled all humor. Sleep! I thought, sleep! It is best.

But the little house she had left, that little shell in which she had thought to intrench herself against misery and loneliness. Not a corner or a window or a shelf or a pan but had been scrubbed and shined and dusted repeatedly. The kitchen revealed a collection of utensils almost irritatingly clean; the dining-living-room the same. And outside were all the things as she had left them, all in clean and orderly array. And on the front porch, viewing the scenery and greeting the few straggling visitors, was Widdle himself. For the occasion he had donned his best clothes, and looked for all the world as though he were holding a reception or conducting a function of some kind, the importance of which had been solemnly impressed upon his mind.

What interested me most, after see-

ing this other, was his attitude, the way in which he now faced death and this material as well as spiritual loss, his attitude toward the future, now that this brief solution of most of his material difficulties had been removed. Any one who postulates the mechanical or chemical origin of life, and behaviorism as the path of its development, would have been interested in this case. As I viewed Widdle then, he was but a weak reflection of all the customs or emotional or mental mechanics of his day and realm. It was customary on such occasions to wear black, and he wore black, as much as he could find. He had heard or seen that funerals were occasions of state, so this coffin, with none of the other evidences of grandeur, was introduced into this meager home. He had noted that people grieved, so he drew a long face and wore as sad a mien as he could muster.

But when I asked about his future, after due comments on the pathos of his great loss, he showed a strong, if repressed, interest in the fact that all this which had been his wife's was now his, assuming that no undue wind arose to disturb him. For some reason, due to no conscious effort on my part, he assumed that I was friendly to him and wished him well, and in consequence, not five minutes after I had come out of the house, he wished to know if I had seen the barn. I replied that I had not and expressed interest, and he took me to see it, solemnly and slowly, cortège style. Once there, his spirit seemed to unlimber, and he talked of the future that was now his. The one horse he had there was good enough, but now that he was alone and might need to hire occasional help, he was thinking of buying another. His wife had helped him a good bit, and he was n't sure whether he could get along now without a man. Next came the pigs, which we examined with care. His wife had thought that four were enough for this fall, but next year, if his crops turned out right, he might try six or eight. There was money in the dairy business, too, if only a man had three or four cows; but there was a lot of trouble connected with feeding, milking, calving, and the like, and he was n't sure that he understood this as well as his wife had. Did I know anything about the law governing a wife's property or her husband's just claim to it?

"You know," he said, leaning against one of the posts of the pig-pen, "my wife's relations ain't any too friendly to me, fer some reason. I never could make it out, an' I was thinkin' mebbe they 'd feel they have a claim on this, though when we bought, she would n't have it any other way but joint. 'Squire,' she says to Squire Driggs over to Shrivertown, when she was havin' the property transferred to the two of us when we got married, 'I want this property fixed so that in case anything happens to either of us the other one gets it, money an' all.' That 's what she said, an' that 's what both of us signed over there to Shrivertown. I got the papers in the house here now. That 's clear enough, ain't it? I 'd like to bring the papers up to you some time an' let you look at 'em. There ain't no way they could interfere with that, is there, do you think?"

I thought not, and said so. It seemed to ease him some. Then he led me to the chicken-coop and the milk-house. We stood at a fence and looked over that five-acre field adjoin-

ing which some day he hoped to own. After a few more comments as to the merits of the departed, I left, and saw him but once after, some two weeks later, when, the funeral being over and the first fresh misery of his grief having passed, he came up to my table on the hilltop one sunny afternoon to spend a social moment or two, as I thought, but really to discuss the latter phases of his position as master and widower.

§ 5

The afternoon was so fine! A sea of crystal light bathed the hills and valleys, and where I worked, the ground was mottled with light sifting through the leaves. Birds sang, and two woodchucks, bitten by curiosity, reconnoitered my realm. Then the brush crackled, and forward came Widdle out of nowhere and sidling slightly as he came.

"Nice view you have up here."

"Yes, I enjoy it very much. Have that stump over there. How 've you been?"

"Oh, pretty fair, thank you. I was thinkin' you might like to look over them papers I spoke about. I have 'em here now." And he fished in his coat-pocket.

I turned over the one paper he extracted, which was a memorandum to the effect that Ida Widdle, née Hauchawout, sole owner of such-and-such property, desired and hereby agreed that in the event of her death and the absence of any children, her husband, Henry Widdle, was to succeed her as sole owner and administrator. And this was witnessed by Notary Driggs of Shrivertown.

"There 's no question in my mind as to the validity of that," I solemnly assured him. "It seems to me that a lawyer could make it very difficult for any one to disturb you in your place. Still, I 'm not a lawyer. Why not see one? Or ask Justice Driggs?"

"Well," he said, turning his head slowly and as slowly taking the paper, "I don't like to go to any lawyer unless I have to. I 'm afraid of 'em. They could make a lot o' trouble for an inexperienced feller like me. I don't calc'late to do nothin' unless I have to, but I thought you might know."

I stopped my work and meditated on his fate and how well chance had dealt with him in one way and another. After a time, during which it seemed to me that he might be thinking of the misused Ida, he searched in his pockets and finally extracted another paper, which I thought might be another agreement of some kind. He held this in his hands for a minute or more, then unfolding the paper very carefully he said:

"You bein' a writer, I thought I 'd bring up a little thing I 've fixed up here about my wife an' ask you what you thought of it. It 's some poetry I 've been thinkin' I 'd put in 'The Banner' over here to Bixley."

I could scarcely suppress my astonishment, let alone my curiosity, as to the nature of this composition which was to be published, at his request presumably, by "The Banner."

"How do you mean, publish?" I inquired respectfully, and holding out my hand. "Suppose you let me see it."

"If you don't mind, I 'd rather read it to you. It 's in my writin' an' kind o' mixed up, but I can read it to you."

"By all means. But tell me something about it first. You say it 's a poem about your wife. Did you compose it yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Only yesterday an' last night. Well, mebbe three days, countin' the time I been thinkin' on it."

"And it 's going to be published in 'The Banner?' Do you submit it, or just how is that?"

"Oh, they always print death-rhymes," he went on in his slow explanatory way. "They charge ten cents a line. Everybody does it when anybody they 're fond of dies—husband or wife, or like o' that."

"Oh, I see," I hazarded, a great light dawning. "It 's a custom, and you feel in a way that you ought to do it."

"Yes, sir, that 's it. If it don't cost too much, I thought I 'd just put this in."

I prepared to give the matter attentive ear.

"Read it," I said, and he smoothed out the paper, the slanting afternoon light falling over him and it, and began:

"'Dearest wife who now are dead,
I miss you as in the days before we were wed.
Gone is your kind touch, your loving care.
I look around, but can't find you anywhere.
The kind deeds that you scattered far and wide
Tell me that you are no longer by my side.
I look around now and seek you in vain;
My tears they fall like rain.
The house is silent without your dear tread,
Everywhere that you were you are now missed instead.
I am lonely now but our Father above
Now has you in His care and love.
If gone from me, you are happy there at rest,
And death that tortures me for you is best.
Dear husband, weep not for your departed wife,
For from heaven, looking down, I see you as in life.
I see your woe and grief and misery,
And would be there with you if I could in glee,
So kind you were, dear husband, and so good.
The Father of All above knows what you 've withstood;
He knows how hard you 've tried, what efforts you have made,
To help and serve in love. Don't be afraid.
Face the world with courage, husband dear,
And never have any fear.
For if in life you may now be misunderstood,
Our Father who is in heaven knows that you were kind and good.
Your efforts were very many, your rewards were few.
The world should know how kind you were and true.
The tongues of men may slander, husband dear,
But do not let that trouble your ear.
I, your wife in heaven, know how we
While we were together on earth did love and agree,
And in heaven too, when it pleases God to call us,
We will love and be happy together as we did on earth always.'"

He paused and looked up, and I confess that by now my mouth had unconsciously opened a little. The simplicity! The naïf unconsciousness of

possible ridicule, of anachronism, of false interpretation on the part of those who could not know! Could a mind be so obtuse to even the most elementary phases of fact as to believe that this was not ridiculous? I stared while he gazed, waiting for some favorable comment.

"Tell me," I managed to say at last, "did you write all that yourself?"

"Well, you know the papers publish them death-rhymes right along, every week. I see 'em in 'The Banner,' an' I just took some of the lines from them, but most of 'em are mine."

"You have quite a few lines there," I volunteered, trying to evade the necessity for comment. "At ten cents a line you are going to have a big bill to pay."

"That 's so," he agreed, scratching his head rather ruefully. "I had n't thought o' that. Let 's see," and he began to count them.

Looking at him as he counted up the cost of his poetic flight, which totaled three dollars and forty cents, as he finally announced, and thinking of his wife, the dreary round of her days, the heavy labor up to the very hour of her death, the carefully exacted agreement as to the ultimate disposition of her property in case of her death, I could not help thinking of the pathos and the futility of so much that we call life and effort, the absolute nonsense that living becomes in so many instances. Above me as I speculated was that great blazing ball we call the "sun" spinning about in space and with its attendant planets. And upon the surface of this thing, "the earth," we, with our millions of little things we call "homes" and "possessions." And about and above and beneath us, mysteries, mysteries, mysteries. Not even within miles of a guess as to what we are or what the sun is or the "reason" for our being here for anything. And yet passion and lust and beauty and greed and yearning, this endless pother and bitterness and delight in order to retain this elusive and inexplicable something, "life," "us," "ours," in space. Birds awing, trees blowing and whispering, fields teeming with mysterious and yet needed things, and then, on every hand, this wealth of tragedy. Life living on life, men and animals plotting and scheming as though there were only so much to be had and all of that in the possession of others.

And yet, despite the mystery and the suffering and the bitterness, here was this golden day, an enormous treasure in itself, and these lovely trees, those mountains blue, this wondrous, soothing panorama. Beauty, beauty, beauty, appealing and consoling to the heart—life's anodyne. And here, in the very heart of it, Ida Hauchawout, and her father, with his "no enimel gets fet py me," and his son who threw a pitchfork at him, and this poor clown before me with his death-rhymes and his fear of losing the little that had been left to him. *His* love. *His* loss. *His* gain. *His* desire to place *him*self right before the "world." This was what he was rhyming about. This was what he was worrying about.

Was he guilty of any wrong before the world? Not a bit that I could see. Was he entitled to what he had come by? As much so as any of us are entitled to anything. But here he was, worrying, worrying, worrying, and trying to decide in the face of his loss or gain whether his verse, this tribute or self-justification, was worth three

dollars and forty cents to him as a display in a miserable, meagerly circulated and quickly forgotten country newspaper.

Mesdames and Messieurs, are we all mad? Or am I? Or is *life?* Is the whole thing, what it appears to be to so many, an aimless, insane, accidental jumble and gibberish? We articulate or put together out of old mysteries new mysteries, machines, methods, theories. But to what end? What about all the Hauchawouts, past, present, and to come, sons, daughters, and relatives, and all the fighting and the cruelty and the parading and the nonsense?

The crude and defeated Ida. And this fumbling, seeking, and rather to be pitied dub with his rhymes. Myself, writing and wondering about it all.

§ 6

A letter written several years later by my relative's wife adds this for my enlightenment:

"He has taken to religion now and interprets the Bible in his own fumbling way, coming to me occasionally for help. He plows his fields and meditates, expecting God any minute to come in the form of a dragon or giant and finish him and all men. He has figured out that the world will come to an end in this wise: God will appear as a dragon or a gigantic man, and wherever he places his foot, there life will cease to exist. That will be the end of the world. Yet he has no notion that the world is any larger than the United States at most. I said to him once, 'But it would take Him a long time to step over all the world and crush out all life.' 'Yes, that 's so,' he replied; 'but I guess His feet are bigger than ours—maybe as big as a barn,'—those great barns!—'an' mebbe He can walk faster than we can.' He has lost himself completely in the Bible now and reads and meditates all the time, applying everything he reads to his own few acres. He still lives alone and does his own cooking. His chief dish is cornmeal mush, which he boils and pours into saucers or flat plates to the thickness he wants, because he does n't know how to pour it into a deep dish and slice it."

Portable Wisdom

By Willard L. Sperry

Lord Acton once said of Tocqueville that he had a "portable wisdom." That is a very thought-provoking phrase. It fastens upon the distinctive characteristic of modern knowledge. The only wisdom that any of us can afford to-day is a wisdom which is portable. The man who does not succeed in preserving the mobility of the human mind will be written off as unfit for the struggle.

The problem created by this fact becomes year by year more acute and perplexing. For the scientific and cultural "baggage of this world," as St. Augustine has it, is piling up at a dizzy pace. The back of the knower bends under the burden of fact loaded upon it, and the time comes when nothing but a ruthless eclectic system of knowing can insure the mobility of the knower and the portability of his knowledge.

This is, as the life of man on this planet goes, a very recent predicament. There lies, at this moment of writing, in the treasure-room of one of our greatest American libraries, a little book called "Originum sive Etymologiarum Libri XX." It is a beautiful, hand-copied, and illuminated manuscript of a work by Isidore of Seville, a Spanish prelate who "flourished" in the early part of the seventh century. This, his *magnum opus* according to "The Encyclopædia Britannica," is an encyclopedic work, eclectic in character, and presenting in dry compendious form the sum of the knowledge of the age. During the Dark Ages this one book was the stable article of mental pabulum for the saints and scholars of all Europe.

According to the latest figures, the library where this manuscript is now displayed contains "2,187,900 volumes and pamphlets." Patently, the task for a human mind has been vastly complicated since the days of Isidore. One gazes wistfully at the tight little pages of the Spanish churchman and thinks black thoughts about the other 2,187,899 volumes. With that one book in hand and mind, one might have passed in other times as an erudite person. Happy Isidore! Happy students and scholars in an early world!

As a matter of historical fact, it is said that a certain Roman cardinal who lived in the thirteenth century was the last man who knew all that was known in his day. It does not matter for the moment that much of what he knew was not so; the important item about him was his ability to compass and order in portable form all that the mind of man up to his day had thought. After this cardinal, the human mind suffered fission. At first it took two men to know what was known, then four and eight and sixteen men. Since then the number of men required to know what is known has

increased at a pitiless geometrical progression, until no one can say how many men are needed to-day to know what our world knows.

The paradoxical and tragic aspect of all exact modern knowledge is just this process of fission. We hold to the romantic theory that education should unite men; but the very process that compels the scholar of to-day to become a specialist makes against any large and genial human community of mind. I have known some lonely hours in life, but the blackest, loneliest hours of them all were spent for one bleak week in a university commons at a dining-table assigned to graduate students. Here were many men from many colleges, bachelors and masters of the arts on their way to higher academic altitudes. They were supposedly educated men, *quorum pars una fui*. Theoretically, they were the possessors of that most adequate medium for human commerce and friendship, a liberal education. One could not have imagined a potentially more social and sociable spot than such a dinner-table; but the ironic fact was that these men wolfed their meals in silence and fled to their cells at once. They had nothing to say to one another. Small talk as to the weather served as an *ave atque vale*. But when it came to knowledge, each man was aristocratic and arrogant as to his own learning, and half-contemptuous, half-afraid of the other man's learning.

Now, these men were perfectly normal modern specialists in the making. One reflected soberly on Royce's statement, "In the isolated dungeon of my self-consciousness I rot away unheeded and alone." And lest that dire extremity should become one's ultimate lot, one fled from that dining-table for good and all, and sat upon a stool against the godless counter of The Hot Dog cafeteria, and ate one's meals in the jocund company of illiterate undergraduates, who still had some open means of human communication. Better the friendship of "young barbarians all at play" than the solitary intellectual confinement of the graduate school.

§ 2

The experience remains in memory as a sobering insight into the ultimate problems of modern education. The necessity for achieving a portable wisdom under the present conditions of knowledge is so exacting that one human mind can pack and carry only a pitiful fraction of what is known or ought to be known. And the irony of it is that this wisdom is not interchangeable. So that instead of some gleeful pilgrimage to a Canterbury where the tale of each is heard and enjoyed by all, the modern eclectic, pioneering process is a solitary, unsocial business.

Getting an education at the present time, therefore, would seem to be a ruthless process of elimination. For every person the goal of knowledge must be reached by an advance negation. What a man is to know will depend upon what he decides he cannot afford to know. The wisest man is the man who has best solved the problem of his safe margins of ignorance, and has concentrated upon a modicum of portable wisdom.

It is with us as with the polar explorer. We are committed to a pilgrimage into the vast, cold, and hostile world of things. It all comes down in the end to a matter of rations. We are given a little advance leisure in this

life, say from the time we are seventeen to twenty-five, to fit out for the journey. We may have a palate for meringues, but they are not allowed on the polar menu; they take too much space. We cannot expect a retinue of Eskimos to attend us, carrying meringues, for they, too, must live. We must pack and carry our own rations. There is no help for it; we must pack and carry pemmican, the most compact and concentrated food available. We therefore heroically subdue the lusts and curious appetites of our vagrant minds, and devote ourselves to the stern business of getting the pemmican. With the help of the life-insurance tables, we may estimate our expectation of life, and with the help of the academy, we may compile a store of usable knowledge sufficient to last us to the end. If we calculate correctly, we shall have just consumed our last morsel of knowledge the day we drop into the grave, and the *tabula rasa* of an emptied mind will return to the ultimate mystery of things. It is, all things considered, a rather nice little problem, this of computing the precise amount of wisdom to be packed and carried over the normal threescore years and ten. But it is no longer a fresh problem. It is, as things have stood latterly, the central problem of getting an education.

You may see this process of a "selective draft" on the total store of the world's wisdom operating everywhere. The final editor of Green's "Short History of the English People," for example, reluctantly acknowledges one glaring deficiency in the book, "The scanty part played by literature after 1660. It was necessary that the book should be brought to an end in about eight hundred pages. Something must needs be left out, and he deliberately chose literature, because it seemed to him that after 1660 literature ceased to stand in the fore-front of national characteristics." A portable knowledge of English history, therefore, allows letters from Bede to Milton; but after that, letters become impedimenta. Carlyle, Browning, and their kin are a menace to mobility.

Our fortunes in the cold world have been much bettered of late by the zealous ministries of printers and editors, who have kindly cached for us, along the bleak pathway of our solitary concerns, their freshly compiled offerings of human wisdom in compact form. The India-paper reprints of the classics are commended to us because they may easily be slipped into "the overnight traveling-bag." They are the pabulum and also the proof of a humanity which is on the move. Wisdom no longer dwells in chained Bibles. It must tabernacle in the handy pocket edition or go down into the limbo of forgotten things. Yes, the printers have helped somewhat in solving the problem of portable wisdom.

So, also, they serve our marching years who edit for us outlines of history and outlines of science. We come upon their volumes, as an arctic explorer might happen upon a store of food miraculously found on the ice of the polar sea. In our intellectually light-headed and famished condition, the memory of what we learned in college long since exhausted, we fall upon these books with a shameless avidity and allow ourselves a season of sheer intellectual gluttony. And so, clutching an outline of history under one arm and an outline of science under the other, we step out with a new men-

tal self-confidence. We shall no longer be condemned to shameful, speechless silence. We can converse about the rise of Buddhism or the vortices of electrons with any other stray explorer whom we may meet.

§ 3

There remains, however, the uncomfortable suspicion that our problem is not finally and satisfactorily solved by this "find." Who shall say that the outline of history has set things in a true perspective? Who shall say that the outline of science is more than a snack by the roadside? One of the world's leading physicists was asked by a university librarian to weed out the overcrowded shelves of books on physics. His answer was curt: "Throw away every book that is over ten years old." One cannot afford to carry food that will go stale in the pack.

Moreover, what appears to-day in two volumes for ten dollars, or in four volumes for twenty dollars, may be further condensed and issued in six months in one volume for five dollars, or in two volumes for ten dollars. It is a serious matter to use up our capital of gray matter for wanton luxuries of knowledge. There is, in short, no present available canon of criticism and selection that will determine beyond all doubt what a man can afford to know and what he must be content to leave unknown. Sir J. Arthur Thomson himself being witness, for example, the whole doctrine of evolution comes down in the end to "just two main processes—(1) testing all things, and (2) holding fast that which is good." Who shall say how much more than this single sentence the plain man can afford to know about organic evolution?

The selective critic and authority may exercise a vicarious judgment for the rank and file in preparing a minimum of portable wisdom; but, obviously, such information must be acquired at second hand, and therefore is not to be confused with knowledge. Moreover, until we breed a race of infallible editors this up-to-the-minute, lunch-counter method of getting an education must be a risky business. Ten men love what I hate. Who shall decide where truth abides? The re-editing and refining of information will certainly go on, but

"To such a process I discern no end. . . . I cut and cut again!"

There remains, however, an alternative and radically different idea of education. Our metaphor of the polar explorer still serves us. A certain resourceful gentleman named Stefansson has recently revised the whole method of solving the problem of maintaining life in the frozen North. He has demonstrated "The Friendly Arctic." His story is something like this. He felt that at its best the gospel of pemmican was a false gospel just because it was still a menace to mobility. He believed that there was abundance of food everywhere on the face of this earth, if only one knew where to look for it and how to get it. He ventured the unheard of heresy that there was food on the polar ice, and that it could be got. He therefore set out for a long solitary expedition on the frozen polar sea, having not a day's rations in his pack, but only a rifle over his shoulder and a well filled cartridge-belt about his waist. He was gone for a long time, and was at last given up for a hair-brained fool; but he walked back

into camp one bright day in perfect health, heavier and stronger than when he left. He proved beyond all question of a doubt that his theory would work, that there was food there, and that it could be had. He kept his eye open for seal-holes in the ice, and these seal-holes were always to be found. Sometimes he had to wait a long time for the seal to appear, but when it did appear, he greeted it down the barrel of his rifle. From the day he left to the day he returned he had had fresh meat to eat and blubber for his fire. Often he had been hundreds of pounds of seal on the sunny side of hunger and cold. He had worked the miracle in the arctic region of "living off the land." As a result of his experiment, pemmican quotations have been steadily declining, while the stock in small-arms plants will presumably go up. Portable pemmican has given place to mobile wits. What was once the measured ration for life in the "Unfriendly Arctic" now bids fair to become a reliable method for living in the "Friendly Arctic."

There are, heaven be praised, certain rebel Stefanssons appearing in our educational world. They are convinced that the conception of a college as a place where each oncoming generation is to be equipped with a manageable minimum of selected information is not tenable. They aim not to supply knowledge, but to stimulate thought.

Knowledge, in the sense of remembered information, is a very dubious equivalent for a real education. No memory is without its final limits, and all memories are fallible. There was for many years on one of the desks in the Examination Hall at Oxford an amusing witness to this truth. It took the form of a little tombstone delicately chiseled in the hard oak with what must have been a very keen penknife. And on this somber symbol an epitaph, "human, all-too-human," "Sacred to My Memory—Which Departed from Me—This Fourth Day of June, 1897." Before how many such headstones have all of us shed penitential tears for our lost learning! If an education is simply a matter of remembering those facts which the pedants are agreed ought to be remembered, then the chalice of learning passes into the hands of the authors of these modern mnemonic systems. They are our academic pundits and high priests.

But, obviously, for the purposes of every-day life it is a good deal simpler to know where the information is to be had if it is needed, and to be able to get it and use it at first hand when occasion demands, than to stagger constantly and ponderously about with it in mind.

One enters, for example, that library in question. The *opus* of Isidore is really an interesting relic of an almost prehistoric period of human learning. It has absolutely nothing in common with the genius of our best modern education. It bears about the same relation to the right sort of college course in these days that the skeleton of a dinosaur, with its reconstructed armor-plates, bears to the world of mobile creatures who hit upon the high road of ascending evolution. Isidore, and all for which he stands, represents a blind alley down which the human mind blunders to frustration and confusion. What is important, on entering that library, is to know that Isidore is a snare and a delusion, and that, after all, those two million volumes are there to be used and enjoyed. It is

not necessary that one should remember all that is in any of these volumes, only that one should be at home in the card-catalogue room and know how to get what he wants for the day's need. The first half of an education is learning where to find the mind's daily bread.

§ 4

The second half of an education consists in learning how to think for oneself. The whole gospel of a liberal education might be put in the homely phrase, "Every man his own thinker," and once a man has learned that witching and potent secret, he has in his hand the power which is traditionally associated with knowledge.

There are the classics, for example. What good is a training in the classics? The answer was given by an Oxford don some time ago, who said that during the war a man two or three years out of the university, in the blue togs of the navy, walked into his room. He said to the don:

"You never would guess the use I am making of the classics now."

The puzzled wise man said:

"No, I can't guess."

"Well," said the man, "you remember that I did a course with you on Greek inscriptions. We never had a whole inscription to translate. We had a line here and a word there, and from the fragments we had we reconstructed a probable text and made a shot at its meaning. Our success depended upon our skill at conjecture. For the last six months I have been out in the North Sea on a trawler dredging German mine-fields. We drag about at random until we hook on to a mine, then we pull it up and explode it. I mark the place where we got it on the chart with an 'X.' We go on dredging until we get another mine, and I mark that on the chart. We keep at it till we get a third mine, and I mark that. Then I go off into the chart-room and study the relation of these three crosses to one another. Of course these German mines are not simply thrown overboard at random: they are sown on a plan. After I have studied my chart for a while I begin to see, by conjecture, the general plan on which these particular mines were sown. I fill in the rest of the plan, and mark the probable location of all the other mines in that field, and then I go after them. Nine times out of ten I get every one of them. But I never would have known how to do that if it had n't been for your course in Greek inscriptions."

What that boy had learned in that class was not information about Greek epitaphs. What he had learned all unwittingly was how to think, how to use his own mind at first hand when emergency demanded. He came up against a day when there was no reference library at hand, no professor to be consulted and leaned upon, no lecture notes to be crammed once more, no furtive annotations even on a sly cuff. He had to be his own thinker on a serious day. Happy for him, happy for his country, that was really an educated man.

Education to-day is becoming more and more a matter of how a man thinks and less and less a matter of what he thinks. What he will have to think before he is done with life no one can safely prophesy. All we can say is, that if he lives another fifty years, he certainly will have to think a great many thoughts which the shrewdest prognostication cannot forecast. It

is no use to fit youth for the tasks and adventures which are patently before this time with Isidore reëdited and brought down to date.

The hope of the world rests with men who can do at first hand creative thinking. It is no good to meet an age which says, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion," by putting a worn-out record on a talking-machine. The mechanical reproduction of other men's thoughts and songs and arts with which our world is cluttered serves the gospel of a portable culture; but these devices do not make for education. They do not throw the burden and opportunity of life where they really belong, upon the thinker, the singer, the prophet.

We know enough about human life at the present moment to say how the mind of an educated man works, and what its characteristics are. Such a mind must, before all else, observe accurately; then it must proceed logically. After that it must achieve a power of discrimination. To accurate observation, logical reasoning, discriminating judgment, it must then add imagination. These are the essential characteristics of a first-hand mind, educated to think freely for itself.

It does not matter very much by what disciplines a man masters these methods of thinking. One course in college may be as good as another. Some courses may be better than others for a particular purpose, but all together should be intended to develop an exact and creative habit of mind.

What tends toward education in a zoölogical laboratory is not information as to infusoria, but the ability to observe life correctly. What matters in a course in English literature is not a memorized anthology, but the winning of the ability to understand at once why Francis Thompson is a better poet than Coventry Patmore. What matters in the study of American history is not the dates and battles of the Civil War, but the ability to discriminate between the characters of William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown on the one hand and the characters of Douglas and Webster on the other hand. And what it all means in the end is the ability to tackle a German mine-field or a problem in business or the professions or public life at first hand, when the occasion arises, and to deal with them as a really educated man.

An English novelist once said: "Religion is not something without any connection with a man's life. It is the answer to the problems that life puts to him, not to some one else." So also an education is not something without any connection with the problems that life in this world breeds. It is a man's power to answer, with his own critical and creative thought, the problems which his own experience and his time put to him. Second-hand answers never solve first-hand riddles. It is not, therefore, what other men have thought that helps, but rather the true method and wit of all thinking.

The gospel of pemmican, then, gives place. The gospel of the quick eye, the steady hand, the light rifle, and the lean cartridge supplants it. An unfriendly world which measures and menaces our meager stock of information gives place to a friendly world which challenges and invites our resourceful thinking. What modern education seeks is not portable wisdom, but mobile brains.

Through Germany in a Rowboat

By C. E. Bechhofer

Woodcuts by L. F. Wilford

In 1911, a youth just out of an English school, I had gone to Berlin to study. I almost forget what it was that I went to study. Certainly my year there was spent almost entirely in the pleasant atmosphere of the university rowing-club. We were very proud of ourselves in this club, for, unlike most students' corporations, we combined our boating with the conventional eating, drinking, and fencing that were the staples of German student life. We had an establishment for each side of our life: there was the club-house in Charlottenburg, in a shady street lined with students' clubs, from which at all hours of the day and night there emerged the sounds of songs, sabers, and revelry, and the forms of somewhat uncertainly stepping young gentlemen with colored caps and scarred cheeks; while three or four miles away, in the midst of the beautiful verdure of the Grünewald, the flag of our club fluttered from a mast high over the boat-house in which we housed twenty or thirty boats, from racing eights to effeminate canoes.

I thought of those days as I descended from the train at Berlin at the end of August, 1922, and drove in a taxi along the park toward the club-house. I remembered the eleven years that separated me from the past, eight of them spent in the bitter and unceasing struggle of the war and its aftermath. I wondered whether I should be allowed to enter the club-house again, or whether a haughty servant would drive me out with the rebuke that no Englishmen were any longer permitted to cross its threshhold. If this was to happen, I hoped that none of my former friends would be there at the time, and then I

wondered whether it would be with them as with my contemporaries in England, that three out of four of them would be dead, killed in the war.

My worst expectations were not realized, thank heavens! I reached the club just before dinner, and, when I rang, the door was opened by a young man who reminded me exactly of the youths with whom I had once passed so pleasant a year. I asked for one or two of my former friends; he knew them only by name. When I told him that I had once been a member of the club, he was plainly astonished and asked my name. I told him, adding that I was an Englishman. He did not seem more surprised than before, but asked me to come in.

The three chief officials came down to see me. After a minute or two, one of them went up-stairs, returning with an old calendar of the club in which my name was entered. They all looked relieved to find that I was not an impostor, and from that moment I was asked to treat the club as if I were still a member, rather, even, as if I were an honored familiar.

"Are you sure you don't mind an Englishman visiting you?" I suggested again, fearing that they might have misunderstood, and that there would be a difficulty afterward.

"Of course not; we 're not so petty," was their reply.

They took me up-stairs and showed me the roll of honor of the members of the club who had died on the battlefield. The first name was that of one of my best friends, and all the rest, except one or two, had been my intimates eleven years before. I sent a wreath in their memory the next morning, and this, I think, dispelled the last lingering breath of ill feeling.

They invited me to a *Kneipe* the next evening. There was some fencing first, and I was delighted to find that I had not forgotten all the lessons I had had from the old fencing-master in the house behind the university. And when the *Kneipe* began, and I looked round the long tables, with the eager young faces waiting for the singing and the drinking to begin, I might have been back in the old days, with my own beer-mug, a present from the poor boy whose name headed the roll of honor, on the table before me.

It seems that more than once during the evening I recalled a long journey I had made in my student year in a row-boat through the North and expressed a desire to repeat the experience; for when I called in at the club next afternoon, I found that plans were already well advanced to give me a renewal of this pleasure. I was told that, if I liked to start in about a week, two of the students would be glad to accompany me on a fortnight's journey. I accepted gladly and gratefully, and a week later the three of us were scouring Berlin for maps and equipment.

Then, one rainy morning, we started out from the boat-house with our kit, —we took only the barest necessities, —and with me as the eldest and weakest at the rudder, our double-sculler headed off under the great bridge into the waters of the Havel River. If later I did not always pull my weight, I certainly pulled my time. But how long the three hours were at the sculls, especially the last half-hour, and how quickly, how incredibly swiftly, the hour and a half at the rudder went.

About midday we passed Potsdam, avoiding it by a waterway on the

right, and soon after we stopped at a little riverside village to buy provisions.

Before leaving Berlin I had cashed an English five-pound note, receiving about 17,000 German marks in exchange. Incredible as this amount then seemed to me and to my companions, it is now exceeded tenfold by the current rates; but if my readers will remember that I exchanged my money at a rate of something over 700 marks to a dollar, they will be able to follow my experiences with a certain understanding.

We asked a woman in the street the way to the shops, and she directed us to a butcher's and a baker's. We found the baker's stores nearly exhausted,—he baked, he told us, only twice a week, and then only as much as he knew he could sell,—but for fifteen marks we bought a large loaf of gray-black bread that did not look any more appetizing than it afterward proved to be. He possessed no butter, of course, such luxuries not being found in little villages in these days, but we spent seventy-five marks on a pound of margarin. The butcher, too, could offer us only a stump of inferior sausage, the price of which—twenty marks—made my companion blench. He detailed the prices to the other student, who had remained in charge of the boat, and I noticed that both looked glum.

I asked them a day or two later how much money they had brought with them. It seemed that one of them had set out for a fortnight's cruise with 1500 marks,—about two dollars,—the other with only 1000. As this represented for them a month's supply, they had imagined that they could easily get through the fortnight on the water with it, and then have something left to return to their homes with, for neither lived in Berlin. Poor boys, they had not reckoned with the rising exchange and rapidly increasing prices. They went bankrupt after three days, and I was bound to help finance them for the rest of the trip. I may as well say at once that after a fortnight's journey for the three of us, staying in hotels nearly every night,—it was too cold to sleep out of doors, as we had intended,—and eating enormous quantities of food, I still had a few thousand marks left over from my original 17,000. Twenty dollars for three of us for a fortnight was hardly an extravagant journey!

In the evening we arrived, very tired, at Brandenburg. We sculled up to the boat-house of the well known Brandenburg Rowing-Club, where we were permitted to leave our boat for the night. To our surprise, all the more modest hotels, to which wayfarers like ourselves were wont to go, were full, and we discovered that many Germans from Berlin and other towns in the neighborhood, unable any longer to afford a summer trip to the seaside, were visiting Brandenburg as a substitute. However, we found rooms at last in the grandest hotel in the place. They cost us all of forty marks apiece, which worked out at a little over five cents for me, but represented virtually a day's income for each of the others. We ate a hearty dinner at eighty marks each.

My romantic German companions insisted upon sight-seeing by moonlight, and we strolled up and down the cobbled streets of Brandenburg, looking at churches and statues, until I took them into a café and spent nearly three cents on coffee and cakes.

Then, thank heavens! we went to bed. I could have slept in the middle of the cold main street, I was so weary; but as I had paid more than five cents for the best bed in town, I enjoyed my money's worth instead.

The next day was Sunday, and when we took to the water again, I was surprised to find that apparently the whole population of Germany now spends its Sabbaths on the tow-path, fishing for its dinner.

We soon came into a canal, and spent most of the day sweating along it in a roasting sun. The canals of northern Germany are not so dull as in most countries; they are usually well furnished with trees, and being often very old, there are regular villages and even towns on their banks. Sometimes they are not even straight, but especially in Mecklenburg, whither we were bound, are merely waterways connecting various lakes, and consequently are as winding and wild as the rest of the country.

Passing through one of the locks, I alighted to stretch my legs and help to get the boat through. The old lock-keeper noticed my foreign accent and promptly asked me my nationality. I was afraid that he might be unpleasantly rude if I told him I was English, and, to save trouble, I replied that I was a Russian. Now, the German of to-day, bitterly unhappy though he is, retains his contempt for his Slav neighbors, and the old lock-keeper commiserated with me on the unhappy state of my country.

"The French are badly off," I said.

"Of course they are," he answered. "And, what 's more, the English have nothing to boast about. That 's why they 're holding on to Calais."

"That 's why what?" I said.

"That 's why they won't give Calais back to the French. You see, the English occupied Calais during the war, and now they won't give it up again."

When we were all in the boat again and were sculling off, I related this to my companions as an amusing anecdote proving that the propaganda of the war was still impressed on the minds of simple people. I noticed, however, that both the students failed to see the point of the story, which was, I hastened to explain, that the British

A canal in Mecklenburg

Tangermünde on the Elbe

had left Calais many, many months ago. They looked at me with polite smiles, and returned to the sculls. Remembering this on my return to Berlin, I recounted the episode to a doctor there who had once been a companion of mine in the university. To my astonishment, I found that he too was incredulous that the British had really returned Calais to its own country!

In the evening of this, the second day, we reached the town of Tangermünde, a very old place with a huge new factory section on its outskirts. The old town itself, standing on a hill beside the swift, broad Elbe, is one of the most charming medieval cities I have ever seen. But I had a shock next morning when I was hunting for provisions, for on the walls were notices of a meeting of the local branch of the Communist party at which Comrade So-and-so was to describe the joys of soviet Russia. It seemed preposterous that a medieval city like Tangermünde could take an interest in communism, but I remembered the huge factory-chimneys below the hill, where doubtless thousands of workmen cherished the illusion that soviet Russia was a workers' paradise, flowing with milk and honey.

It was noon when we set out in a fierce shower and swung grandly into the middle of the current. The whole time we were passing strings of barges drawn by fast tugs, all of them labeled as the property of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, whose northern port, I now realized, is Hamburg! It was a cruel sight for my companions, these constant reminders of their fallen prestige and the rise of a new and hated neighbor.

The sun came out after a while, and we bathed the boat and ourselves, undressing on a sand-bank by the shore. Swimming in the Elbe was a curious experience. The current was overpowering, but at the same time the shallowness of the stream made it possible to swim ashore, as it were, in the middle of the river. To avoid the

sand-banks, we had to follow the example of the barges and tack from side to side, according as the sign-posts on the banks directed.

By evening we came to Wittenberge, where we hailed some members of the local rowing-club, who told us to go farther down-stream for half a mile and to turn into the harbor. This brought us back at last to their boat-house, where we took our boat on land and marched off to the town, accompanied by one or two members.

I discovered that this rowing-club was, like many others, of post-war origin. Throughout Germany the effect of the open-air life of the army has been to encourage sport of every kind. Everywhere new clubs are springing up. No doubt there is also a feeling that they may help in a national revival against the victorious enemy, but this, I am convinced, is not the main reason. The Germans now definitely wish to become an open-air people, and it seems a laudable aim. You cannot very well combine sportsmanship with ruthlessness, and there does not seem anything very dangerous to the peace of Europe in rowing-clubs. I had evidence of this all the time I was on this journey. Sooner or later, as we chatted to our hosts, it would be discovered that I was English, and although at first I was a little nervous of the effects of this, I soon discovered that there was nothing to be alarmed at. True, the brunt of German ill feeling has fallen on the French and in a lesser degree on the Czechs; but I am not sure that, had I been French, I should not have been as well treated as I was. I was a *Sports-Kamerad,* and this was sufficient to initiate me into their good graces.

A little below Wittenberge we came to Dömitz, a small country town that during the war was a center of munition-making, and contained in consequence an appreciable number of Communists. If these seemed rather out of place in medieval Tangermünde, how much more so were they in this Mecklenburg village! For the Mecklenburgers stand throughout Germany for good nature, *Gemütlichkeit,* and the other domestic virtues.

We spent a pleasant night in an inn which contained the most comfortable beds I have ever come across. In fact, in all these little places the standards of food and lodging are vastly superior to their like in any other country I have ever been in. It is useless for me to say that the rooms cost thirty marks each, or four cents at the then current rate of exchange, and an excellent meal fifty marks; but it is worth noticing that these prices were barely half what one had at the time to pay for far worse accommodation outside Mecklenburg. The landlord was stated in our invaluable guide-book—idiotically entitled "Hip Hip Hurra! A Guide for Water-Wanderers"—to be an old oarsman; and we found him very anxious to make us comfortable. Like all the other innkeepers along our route, he brought out a special visitors' book for us to sign and to draw the flag of our club in, a duty we diligently performed at every inn and in every boat-house where we left our boat, and I was delighted to find the signatures of friends of mine who had made the same trip eleven years before.

We now came to another canal, in which we had to scull against a strong current. In Mecklenburg also one has to work the locks oneself, so that passing through them no longer meant a breathing-space for us. However,

it would not have become us to find fault with Mecklenburg, and we willingly endured the extra labor for the pleasure of basking in the affability of the lock-keepers, so different from the officious self-importance of the Prussian and Saxon officials.

At Schwerin we took a day's holiday, leaving the boat at a restaurant at the entrance to the beautiful lake, which we could not cross on account of the strong wind. I met some people in a café in the town who had been prisoners of war in the hands of Canadian and English troops, and they told me another side to the picture of the fighting that I had gleaned from my own countrymen. I did not need to believe all they said to realize that, for men in the trenches, it does not much matter which army you are in or whom you are fighting against; when men see red, they behave horribly to their opponents. I noticed, however, that the old German notion that the war was caused by the wickedness of the Allies had passed away from most of them; they held instead that every one was equally to blame, which is as great an improvement in outlook as one can reasonably expect.

We had a rough passage across one of the lakes, in which, we were informed, several fishermen had been drowned a week before—"in just such weather as this," the natives kindly added. But we got across at last. Exhausted, we put in at the only piece of shore that was free from stones. But before we could land and take out our hungrily desired victuals, an excited man rushed up with a gun and ordered us off. We argued with him, but in vain. We had to struggle on another half-mile to a village, where we learned that our unkind acquaintance was a rabid monarchist ex-officer whose nerves had been badly offended recently by the local Communists' successfully objecting to his wearing his uniform in public.

Although few people in northern Germany to-day have much respect for the young republic, they do not like this type of Junker, and my loud complaints against him were sympathetically received by the population. While we were talking, the villain himself walked by, and it was evident that the feeling against him was strong. He appeared to know this, for he held himself with an absurd air of aloofness. I thought there was going to be a scene, when an automobile drew up at an inn, and this extraordinary occurrence attracted the attention of the simple peasants.

Eleven years before I had crossed Lake Müritz, the largest in Germany, on the way back from a rowing expedition from Berlin to the Baltic Sea; but it had been wonderful summer weather, and we had got across without a splash. But this time the weather was likely to be bad; we had had a foretaste of lake conditions the previous day, and the outlook was unpleasant. Seventeen miles seems a short distance, but the history of the Müritz, with its sudden squalls, is sufficiently tragic to make its dangers seem very real to us. Our only hope was to set out as early as possible in the morning, to hug the shore all the way round,—which meant that the seventeen miles became nearer thirty, —and to pray for the best. If we had luck, we might get around without trouble. If we were unlucky and a wind sprang up, we might be able to scull ashore before the boat filled.

We were lucky. A long, exhausting

pull of three and a half hours brought us within sight of the outlet of the lake; we sculled into the shelter of the mole just as the breeze got up and turned the calm expanse of water into a white froth of foam.

For the next few days we sculled pleasantly through the minor lakes of Mecklenburg and the winding, green-banked canals. We stopped at sleepy little towns, innocent of railways and automobiles, and watched the dollar exchange rise daily in the papers and the price of provisions jump up proportionately.

Then one morning we crossed the border back into Prussia. If our tattered copy of "Hip Hip Hurra," which we studied like a parson his Bible, had not warned us, we should have guessed the fact from the behavior of the lock-keepers. They shouted at us and stormed and yelled and shook their fists and bullied us for doing what they had previously told us to do and had not told us to do. We suffered patiently, thinking with regret of the cheerful, fat Mecklenburg officials who let us sleep in their hay-lofts and brought in the local foresters to look at the Englishman who had so unexpectedly descended upon them.

But even the Prussian lock-keepers disclosed a human side sometimes. I was being stormed at by one of them for some innocent transgression of a preposterous by-law, when suddenly he demanded to know my nationality.

"Oh, I 'm an Englishman," I said cheerily, hoping that this would further annoy him.

But, to my surprise, his expression softened into a grin. He ran up and clasped my hand.

"I used to be a police sergeant in German Southwest Africa," he cried, "and the English troopers on the border were my best friends."

We went off and had a drink on the strength of this, my companions in the boat, who had watched us talking without knowing what was passing, being much alarmed for fear I was being haled away under arrest.

"Ah, yes," said the lock-keeper, wiping his mustache, "we ought never to have fought against each other. We ought to have joined forces and smashed the French and the Russians."

I demurred politely, for it is unpleasant to win popularity at the expense of an ally.

In Mecklenburg

"Well, perhaps you 're right," he said at last. "There were faults on all sides. We were all somewhat to blame. But that 's over now. *Prosit!*"

I was content to leave the matter at that, and we drank another glass of foaming, gassy *Weissbier*.

Then at last we came to an industrial region. We had a day or two of this, and then, so wonderfully is Berlin situated, we passed through an enchanting belt of forest and came within sight of home.

Just a fortnight after we had set out, our double-sculler, somewhat impaired by its adventures, drew up at the landing-stage of the boat-house beneath the flag of our club. I went in and weighed myself.

How many pounds have I lost, I wondered as I stepped upon the scales. But, to my astonishment, they showed exactly the same figure as when, fat and badly out of training, I had embarked on the journey. Still, if there was no reduction, it meant only that I had exchanged flesh for muscle. And I had certainly re-acquired an appetite and the ability to sleep anywhere, at any time, in any discomfort, things well worth a fortnight's hard work.

Keen

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Weep him dead and mourn as you may,
  Me, I sing as I must:
Blessed be death, that cuts in marble
  What would have sunk to dust!

Blessed be death, that took my love
  And buried him in the sea,
Where never a lie nor a bitter word
  Will out of his mouth at me!

This I have to hold to my heart,
  This to take by the hand:
Sweet we were for a summer month
  As the sun on the dry, white sand;

Mild we were for a summer month
  As the wind from over the weirs;
And blessed be death, that hushed with salt
  The harsh and slovenly years!

Who builds her a house with love for timber,
  Builds her a house of foam;
And I 'd rather be bride to a lad gone down
  Than widow to one safe home.

Americans in Fiction

By Henry Seidel Canby

The subject indicated by the title above is extensive enough for an encyclopedia, ambitious enough for a book. Let me hasten to explain, therefore, that in this essay I purpose no more than some suggestions of literary assets we have not yet utilized. The writer, as well as the critic, may profitably delve more deeply.

There is already much more in literature of the social and esthetic history of Americans than hasty generalizers realize. Our critics have discussed American literature in terms of greatness. The question has been, Who can be put beside Carlyle or Maupassant, Dickens or Matthew Arnold, as a literary figure of great magnitude? But the historian sees things differently. He looks for the imagination of a race and the facts of their behavior, and sometimes a second-rate book will tell him more than a masterpiece. He will get most from the masterpieces, but lesser works concern him also. American literature has never been thoroughly studied for the history of the American mind and for light on the American character. It will prove to be rich.

It will prove to be rich; and in the meantime the question, What sort of information do American books yield most readily about America and the Americans? inspires new questions, and suggests some interesting reflections upon the lacks and possessions of our national literature.

One conclusion which any shelf of American fiction chronologically arranged will drive home is that if we did not invent local color, we have carried it as far as any modern nation. Here was a country geographically very much the same through vast areas, and a population which despite its diverse sources had to face very much the same difficulties of life and livelihood in the North, South, East, and West. As the old charter for the settlement of the "Western Lands" of Connecticut on the Housatonic had it, a settler must "subdue and fence" six acres before he could get valid title to his tract. Americans at the beginning were all subduers of land, and many have remained so until this day. Nevertheless, in many of our most famous books, and in all the histories of literature, there appears from a very early period a notable sectionalism which has made it fatally easy to classify American authors. The first thing to do, of course, with an author is to classify him for ready reference; many seem to think that it is also the last. We had our New England school, our stories of the Southern cavaliers, our Indiana group, our pioneer narratives, and we are now in the midst of an attack of the Wild West.

This sectional literature is useful to

the historian when it is not too much sentimentalized, and it has given us some great books; but it is no longer promising. The Wild West film of the movies and the novel of "the great open spaces" in brilliant slip cover are examples of literature gone to seed. There is little truth and no health, but only crude excitement and fabricated sentiment, in most of them. The sectional stories were great only when they struck beneath environment into something of the mind which was valuable entirely apart from the influences that helped a little to mold it. Hawthorne did this for New England, Melville and Cooper for the American sea, Mark Twain for the Mississippi Valley. Willa Cather for the plains, Sinclair Lewis for the Western town or city, are doing it to-day.

In the South, so it seems to me, local color went to seed before it was ripe. It was richer and more glamourous there, but it remained just local color. The great poet of the South, Poe, was inspired by sectionalism not at all; his second, Lanier, was scarcely more Southern than he; the novelists and short-story writers who have given us a dozen Souths, all equally picturesque, have stayed upon the level of manners. The great Southern story is yet to be written, and it will have to be more than a Southern story to succeed.

§ 2

The rather thin cream of local color (a better figure than seed-time) has been skimmed, and racial fiction promises no better returns. It is our habit to say, "Look at the immigrants, the wonderful richness of their native minds and spirits, the dramatic contrasts between them and new environment!" A born writer cannot see a booted Russian peasant woman in a subway car without desiring to write a story about her. And yet there has been very little really important written about our immigrants. Their differences from us are picturesque; but in themselves they touch us and become part of us through their resemblances, and after the first generation the resemblances outweigh the differences ten to one. It may be true that the second and third generation Italians will have something new to contribute to American life, but as material for fiction they are most interesting as would-be Americans struggling to become standardized. Their strain too closely resembles our own to hold its difference long. I doubt if any one ever writes a great novel, for example, where the major interest is the Germanness of a German emigrant or the essential Russianism of the Russian Americans. The alien will provide a background, a sub-plot for fiction, which is as yet only glanced at in our literature. But as a subject for American literature our immigrants of the present flow are likely to be just picturesque in the first generation, commonplace in the second, the period of adaptation, and in the third best written of as American.

The exception among racial aliens, of course, is the negro, whose literature is just beginning. Special circumstances make him more at home in America than the rest, and yet keep him further apart. He has appeared in our literature as propaganda, as folk-lore, as comic relief, and as sentiment. His nature is rich, his situation always somewhat tragic, his experience unexampled in the history of barbarians quickly civilized. The appearance of Stribling's "Birthright" and

Shands's "White and Black" was a herald of a new literature of the negro. As material for American literature he is the least worked, but not the easiest. Probably the literature of the American negro can be written only by himself.

The American regarded as a creation of his own history is also getting to be thin pickings for literature. At present the pioneer is receiving his romantic recognition, just as the Virginia cavalier got his in the nineties. It was only a little while ago that we realized suddenly that generation after generation cannot push their pioneering activities on and on to the Pacific without creating a pioneer's psychology for the nation. History elaborated this idea, and fiction and poetry, spelling the pioneer with a P, has cast a glamour upon the hewer of trees and wielder of the plow.

But already we grow a little weary of the heroic in this mold, and are more interested in the individuality of the descendant than in the pioneering qualities he may have inherited.

The solemn truth is that the pioneer as such was a better figure for epic than for familiar fiction. The frontier was a rather distressing place at all times, a border of flotsam and jetsam, whisky-runners and half-breeds, roughnecks seeking freedom to be tough quite as abundantly as vigorous spirits in search of mental elbow-room and a competence. The best pioneers are still Cooper's, who, if he idealized *Deerslayer*, gave us the *Ishmael Bush* family in somber, sordid power. Too many pioneering families over which romance kindles in actuality may have resembled the mountaineer, his thousand hogs, and his giant daughter, whom Clarence King describes so vividly in the California of the sixties. The historical novel has still a great task to perform for our frontier days, and the poet may follow; but no American novelist can now be sure of inspiration just by saying, "I shall write of America as a land of pioneers."

Sectionalism and the frontier gave us country and town. More recently the city, the highly standardized and somewhat cosmopolitan city of our modern experience, has entered American literature. We have used our city life in two senses, for satire, as Sinclair Lewis, directly in "Babbitt," indirectly in "Main Street," has used it, and for the anti-romance of grim and sordid stories of the dullness of brick walls and cramped hearts. Writers have come to the cities to study commonplace people, neither pioneers nor Puritans nor Cavaliers, but people with vices and pimpled faces and uncertain ends. When the literary sum for this decade is totted, it will be seen that despite the exploitation everywhere of the West as the chief popular interest in fiction, the city, the city large enough to be like New York, and yet not too large to keep a unified character, has been the dominant note of really worthy fiction. More is to come of this. I doubt whether the fiction and drama of the city have even yet reached maturity. It has more of a future than the literature of regions, of races, and of the pioneer.

Nevertheless, I miss something even here, and certainly in the rest of this panorama of a national literature thus briefly outlined. I miss what I get in the Wessex tales of Hardy. I miss what I find in "The Brothers Karamazov" of Dostoyevsky. I miss specifically what the best of the Elizabethans and the strongest Victorians gave England. And here I am not speaking of

high art, of style, of mere magnitude of conception, but rather of a quality which is definitive, not comparative, a method of studying humanity rather than an excellence or defect in the rendering thereof.

Put it this way. There seem to be three stages, rough and irregular, to be sure, but still observable stages, in national literatures. First comes among colonies and offshoots of established nations the imitative stage, where men write in terms of an older and stronger literature. This was illustrated once in English-speaking history when the Anglo-Saxons began to sophisticate their own language, with Latin as their model. It was illustrated equally well by our own earliest national literature. Colonial literature in America was simply British literature crudely written, or if it was powerful, like Jonathan Edwards's books, there was no nationalism in it except his own, which was as British as Hume's or Berkeley's. But the American writing of Irving's period began to be consciously American; yet the terms were British, the style, the characterization, the thought only in the least sense American.

Next follows, in many instances and certainly in the United States, a period intensely nationalistic where the writers are supersensitive to race or locality or national characteristics. Their books are, from one point of view, special documents explaining a new variety of the *genus homo*. This, of course, may happen more than once in the history of a nation. With us it is a characteristic of the prose fiction of before the Civil War; of the local-color stories of the last third of the century, and again of the nineties. Hawthorne, to choose a great name, was almost morbidly aware of New England and the New-Englanders; the short stories of Craddock, Cable, Hopkinson Smith, Margaret Deland, and all those genre writers who filled the best magazines in the days before 1900, were little tours about America in search of the native in its more intense and "original" aspects. In the nineties Richard Harding Davis and his followers and contemporaries in the new romantic school, successfully illustrated by Gibson, gave us the American as he liked to see himself after the Spanish War, clean, handsome, and cool. Nationalism had run a full arc from the psychological, through the picturesque, to romance.

But it had not run full circle. There is a further stage of nationalism in literature, where we accept our nationality, are indeed imbued with it, and yet write of a man as a man.

At this stage we grow weary of the American who is put into fiction to illustrate something which the writer thinks is the truth about America; and that, I believe, is where we are at the present moment. There is valuable satiric writing yet to be done in what might be called the second phase of nationalism, as Mr. Lewis's brilliant and searching "Babbitt," already mentioned, proves. But, satire aside, the great literary conquests are to be made not in nationalism, but in a humanity which is only secondarily American. Such future figures of fiction will be American in the nationalistic sense if you please, but that will not be the main point. Their creators will take nationality as a matter of course, or rather as something as definitely established as the rocks or the soil. Self-conscious Americanism will give way to the study of man in America.

I look for more strong writers who will seize upon folks as they are, and not as symbols of a developing civilization. The pioneer, the captain of industry, the grafting politican, the reformer—we know them pretty well as American types because novels about typical Americans have resembled a moving-picture labeled "Americans"; yet these figures, whether created by Dreiser or Howells or Norris, remain a little shadowy as men. There is always a touch of propaganda, often of caricature, to them.

§ 3

I will not say that the fiction and the poetical narrative of the last few years is better than earlier American writing. We have yet to equal Hawthorne and the utterly un-nationalistic Poe. Yet certainly we are beginning to work away from self-consciousness. I like the hero of Miss Cather's last novel, *Claude*, who could find nothing to arouse him in Kansas, and was happy in the war. He is utterly American, inconceivable as a member of any other nation, and yet there is nothing in the novel except its title, "One of Ours," to make that seem to be the reason for the book. He is *Claude* because he is American, but he is in a novel because he is *Claude*. And the greatest novel of the last decade, "Spoon River Anthology," which is no worse fiction for being written in verse, and no less a novel in effect because its plot comes together not in the book, but in the imagination of the reader—that was a remarkable study of the absolutely American, and as innocent of self-conscious nationalism as "The Return of the Native." But I am more interested in pointing the road than in making a bibliography.

And it is high time that the novelists are leaving description of our manners and finding us out. Under the deceptive standardization to which everything in America, except our sufferings and our fate, is being submitted, vibrates the greatest emotional energy of the modern world. I do not say the deepest or the finest or the best-directed emotions. The satirists are probably right in denying it these qualities. A vast amount of our energy, as Mr. Briggs reminds us daily, if we see what he means, is exhausted upon trivial ills and more trivial ambitions. It wreaks itself upon the conventionalized experience of getting business done, of establishing a standard home, and of living and loving as much like our neighbors as possible. Yet that in the mass it is a vibrating energy of intense power, no one who has the opportunity to compare American experience with western European can doubt. Its surplus spills over into riotous forms of excess, in the press, in athletics, in organization for the sake of organizing, in astonishing religious sects, and in ebullient philosophies of incredible optimism. The temptation to describe such a civilization by its normal, which is to say, its most evident and therefore most superficial, products is very great. There has never been a mass civilization like it, and thus mass description, where, as I have said, the hero is first of all a character picture of the current American, seems to be the most promising job for the writer of fiction. Not so. That is why we get folks who typify, rather than folks who are folks. That is why the more intellectual novelists lean to satire, because satire has always been the easiest way to throw light upon tendencies, characteristics, fail-

ings which are nation wide. When the stream of human nature is canalized, and for a moment seems to flow all one way, satire springs from the creative brain. But something more penetrating than a mass portrait, more sympathetic than satire, is needed to get what is happening to personality in this our America.

§ 4

There was a real danger in the nineties that we readers would accept the romantic view of the iron-chinned, clear-eyed American as representing ourselves. Perhaps two thirds of the movie audiences still do so, but the remainder, and those who do not live by the movies, are much too sophisticated for that. It is significant that instead of idealizing the young American, as we did after the Spanish War, in 1922 we are complaining of his aggressiveness.

There is some danger now that the sophisticated will accept the satirist's picture of America, seeing this country, except for their own circle and neighborhood, as all Main Streets, "fronts," East Sides, Y. M. C. A.'s, and the restless rich. Now, "Babbitt," with its merciless satire of standardized ambitions, is, I believe, entirely true, but, accepted as an explanation of America, it explains only half. If *Mr. Babbitt* is America, then Wilson, La Follette, Mrs. Eddy, Hoover, Franklin P. Adams, The Rockefeller Foundation, Edwin Arlington Robinson, the trampers of the High Sierra, the First Expeditionary Force of the war, and Sinclair Lewis himself are well nigh inexplicable. Of course Mr. Lewis did not mean *Babbitt* to represent America, but that will not prevent the assumption.

If we take Miss Cather's "One of Ours" for our guide, we can at least understand a country which, in the pages of "The Saturday Evening Post," in the life of its offices and hotels, in its popular amusements and fashionable religions, apparently lives without soul or deeper emotion; for there one finds, as to be fair, one finds in the last chapters of "Babbitt," longing, suffering, hoping humanity pulsating, shrinking, growing under this show of throngs amidst which it lives. One book, in my estimation, is quite as valuable as the other; but the second, the volume which is not satire, represents what we have not been taking from the America around us—the vital American not as a type, but as a man who happened to be born in the United States.

I am not, may I pause to explain, endeavoring in this essay to reform American literature. If our better books are becoming by natural process more and more satiric in character, if American writers with brains are choosing types which represent and illustrate America for their characters; well, by all means let us encourage the fashion and see it out. Only a few years ago people were saying that satire of any kind was as rare in American literature as irony, its sharpest instrument. It *is* rare—in the new folk literature of the million-mouthed magazine; but in writing that counts the somber satire of naturalistic description is common, and the cutting satire of sarcasm and attack certainly not uncommon, especially since the war. If we are to have an age of satire in prose and in verse, why, welcome; any age in which books are vigorous enough to get an adjective for themselves and their period is welcome.

If necessary, let it be satire, meaty with life and pungent with shrewd reflection, until we have all of us digested what the comic spirit thinks of us and risen wiser, if not happier, men.

That, however, is by no means all, or even the most, that America has in stock for literature to-day, and this is the point of my essay. Hawthorne looked through his powerful, but narrow, glasses into the lurking-place of New England's moral being. Emerson through his telescopic lens looked at us far away, so far that it was easy to philosophize us. Whitman had bifocals; below he saw us animal, above, by sudden contrast, humans vaster than men. Poe never looked at a man at all in his national or even racial aspects. That unhampered him for art, but takes him out of this consideration. It is irrelevant to call Poe American or Keats English. Mr. Dreiser, and the naturalists who have been following, first, the Russians and Arnold Bennett, then, Joyce and Lawrence, have microscope lenses in their spectacles. They poke their faces close to the object and see too much and too coarsely. And the satiric school glimpses everything on one plane only, like objects seen on the desert at the rise or the set of the sun.

Well and good, and let the fellow who sees to the best purpose be called upon to tell us what he sees. But this does not prevent one from urging that there are discoveries and vast ones waiting the writer who, being neither astigmatic, myopic, nor hypermetropic, looks at us Americans through no glasses at all. He might not see our faults so clearly or so deftly extract that single quality which in each person makes him kin to a group, a class, or a type; but what a relief it would be to feel some quiet and unforced gaze upon us, looking not for essential Americanisms or vices of the industrial order or the results of pioneering or the terrible effect of living in the country *or* the small town *or* the big city *or* New York, but just for human character set in a rich environment! Frost, in his poetry, does a little of this. Masters did once. Are the poets to lead, the prose fictionists to follow?

And character is essentially what the American scene has to offer the makers of literature—character, the essence of the novel (to which plot is only a convenience), the chief ingredient of all literature not lyrical or philosophic. The characters that have escaped description so far in the United States! I know a dozen which, properly interpreted, and transmogrified into art, would be worth all the realistic, erratic, erotic naturalism in a thousand bookshops. Men and women are dying daily who would have made novelists' fortunes and been our delight. Can't we have fewer complexes masquerading as humans, less social conscience, not so many dusty, dirty details of suppressed lives, and more people of blood, gristle, and passion? Can't we have more personality, self-sustained and convincing, which embraces all true motives and impulses, instead of being merely compounded of psychologists' terms? Can't we have men, women, and children whose names we remember although we have known them only in a book? Russian literature will not give them to us, not at least our own brand; nor French, nor British. The job waits upon American writers. Perhaps in serene old age our younger generation will find the time to smile and do it.

The Single Man

By Mary Heaton Vorse

Drawings by Clive Weed

Jake Stutvitch came to the town of Lincoln like a strong wind blowing. He swung himself off the Interurban, with his suitcase and miners' tools.

A drowsy old man sat on an upturned box near the station, which was elongated into a lunch-room. The old man had blue marks on his forehead, made there years ago by an explosion of powder in a mine. His posture as well as his face held only vacancy. Crowded close against his leg was a mangy white dog. The old man absently scratched the head of the dog while he looked at nothing. That was Lincoln when Jake got there—an old man scratching a mangy dog, aimless men loafing by the Interurban, a shabby street, a flat country, the only break in the monotony the high tipple of a mine.

Jake Stutvitch towered over the old man.

"Where 's the best boarding-house?" he demanded.

"'Sunta Cavelleri's." The old man let a little silence trail in and then, without looking up, he went on in his monotonous voice: "You cain't get in there. It 's full up."

"W'at you bet I can't get in, eh? W'at you bet?" But the old man did n't answer. Jake's voice had pierced into the chasm of his formless memories. The mists of old age inclosed him; they shut him away from life's disturbing voices. One of the men leaning against the station drawled:

"'Sunta Cavelleri's joint 's full, boy."

"You want to bet me she find a place for me?" Jake threw out at him. "Make good bet; she get a place alri'." His laugh rang out, the laugh of a man to whom life denies nothing. "You bet fi' dollars I get a room in there?" He pulled five dollars from his pocket. The man challenged, a long-lipped Scotchman with flaming hair, drew five dollars from his overalls. The men consulted among themselves.

"I got a thing to tell you, boy," said the red-haired man. "You 're givin' me five dollars. 'Sunta Cavelleri's full. There *ain't* no room. Now, I warned you, an' I won' think nothin' if you drop out."

"No," echoed the others, "we won't think nothin' if you drop out. It 's

a sure thing." They nodded their heads, feeling moral and virtuous because of their warning.

Jake threw back his big head and laughed.

"I tell you same thing! Me, too, I bet on sure thing. Dead sure thing I bet on. Take fi' dollars like beads from baby." There was contagion in his laughter. They laughed with him, the loud Homeric roar of men who are pleased with life.

They pointed him the way, and he strode ahead down the street. Houses were placed at random, featureless houses, left to blacken by wind and rain. The front yards of many held nothing but rubbish. In others the stalks of once live things waved futilely in the bright sunlight. Behind the houses, corn-fields; against the horizon the tipple of the big mine, Number 66, which had given birth to the mining-camp of Lincoln.

The four men who followed Jake waited outside 'Sunta Cavelleri's. It was a big house, for once it had been a company store. They shuffled their feet, talking aimlessly:

"He ain't got a room?"

"No; she 's been full up for months."

"Why, she turned fifty men away."

"No, Mis' Cavelleri ain't no rooms."

At last Jake came out, but he had left his tools and bag inside. He walked comfortably up to the waiting men. He seemed like a giant, with a gilt halo round him made by the setting sun.

"She ain't took you?" they cried.

He nodded.

"Go ask her," he urged, but his manner convinced them. Besides, they feared 'Sunta Cavelleri's sharp tongue. She was sweet to look at, as the grapes and oranges that grew on the Sorrentine Peninsula, which had bred her; so she protected herself with a brier of sharp words.

She told what happened herself, shameless and laughing.

"The door fly open; there stands Jake Stutvitch.

"'*Buon giorno,* madama,' he say. 'I come for a room.'

"'A *room,*' says I. 'I ain't a room. I full up.'

"'Oh, you got a place for me,' says he.

"'Honest to God,' says I, 'I ain't gotta room no more 'n I got an angel wit' a star to giva you.'

"So he beg and beg, and he getta me laughin' an' laughin' he talka so funny. Next, wot you think Jake Stutvitch do, him wit' his nerve? He t'rowa his arms round me and kiss me! How he kiss me! *Me*—alla boys respec'. No one getta gay wit' me, I tella you. He hol' me tight and he kiss me, laughin'. Me—I slap him good. Hoo! I slap him fine, like he kiss me fine! My hair—the curls is all over my face. Gee! w'en I laugh so hard? He, like big boy standin' there, his hair shining like gold, an' he laughs and laugh.

"'You like that, hey?' he say. 'You want some more, eh?'

"But me, I 'm quicker wot he is. 'You lika it, eh?' and I slapa him again. I jumpa behin' the table; I 'm padrona, ah, wit' my girls! They knowa me—serious, attenda to business.

"'Get a broom!' I holler. 'Get a broom for the wil' man!' My girl' come runnin'. Jake he chasa the girl'. They squeala like hen, a million hen'. 'W'at the matter wit' you?' I holler. I hol' my side, I laugh so hard. 'You crazy in the bean?' For he 's kissin' one of my girl', an' she turn and twist like eel-basket, Christmas-time. He

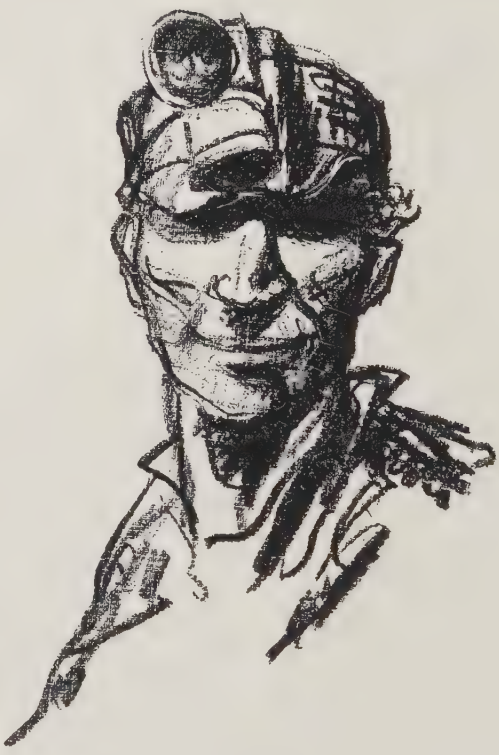
leave her go. He get serious, that Jake.

"'Madame,' he say, 'I mus' know, you got a room for poor Jake Stutvitch? You got li'l' small cot, any place, hen-house, pig-coop? I don' care; just one li'l' place for Jake.'

"I say, 'Girls, dis crazy man, he stay, he go?'

"'I stay, don' I girls? Eh, madama, yes, I stay?'

"'Oh, shut your mout'!' I say. 'Yes, you stay.' W'at you can do w'en a man maka you laugh like that? You mus' do like he want—the crazy man!" So Assunta Cavelleri's story of the arrival.



Jake

One by one the men trickled into supper, eying Stutvitch with curiosity, yet with a friendliness that had respect in it. Assunta was a redoubtable woman, and he had got around her. Most of the boarders were miners or men from the road gang, for the most part young, looking forward to savory food and the relaxation of a joke with the pretty girls who waited on table. All the girls at 'Sunta's were miner's daughters, and 'Sunta looked after them. Mothers let their girls go to work at 'Sunta's with a free heart.

The air of the room was filled with a heady excitement. Men laughed easily. They began the serious business of stoking down food. There were six tables; at the table where Jake Stutvitch sat the men were rocking back and forth, not over Jake's wit, but over the contest of a repartee between young McCarthy and Grisco.

An Italian girl, Linda Severino, carried the steaming stew at the table next to the one where Jake sat. She started at the head of the table, stooping her sleek, proud head over one and then another of the laughing men.

Suddenly the laughter ceased as though it had been something winged and now was poised in mid-air. Jake was staring open-mouthed at Linda. His gaze, insistent, impersonal, questioning, never left her. As Stutvitch stared at her, Grisco stared at Stutvitch. Grisco was lean and swart; his dark, heavy hair hung over his forehead as glossy as a raven's wing. They called him an Austrian, but Gipsy blood had gone into the making of him; he was lithe and swift and carried himself with the lazy, impudent

arrogance of the Gipsies, who own the world, though they possess nothing but a ramshackle caravan. Grisco's eyes were dark eyes, good eyes, beautiful and innocent, like the eyes of a animal, and his mouth was cut in severe lines, its edges firm, its expression sweet. He looked at big Jake Stutvitch appraisingly, but without hostility. Like the others, he had heard of Jake's victory, and he had expected something else of him than to see him sitting there gazing moonstruck at his girl, for Grisco and Linda had been "going together."

Then, as though Grisco's stare had called to Jake, their eyes met, and it was as though the bright blades of swords had clashed. Again, drawn as by a magnet, Jake's eyes went back to Linda. He was so absorbed that before he could help himself to food the girl serving him spoke twice. He ate his meal in silence, a puzzled frown on his face, as though life had put to him some unexpected riddle.

Supper was over. There was a scraping of chairs. Some of the men stayed to loaf and talk. Jake sat on the door-step, his head in his hands, staring across the shabby, wide streets at the haphazard houses, the lees of summer withering in their garden plots. A chill wind had blown out his gaiety. After a time 'Sunta followed him. He had conquered her first by his gaiety; now his remoteness had conquered her again.

"Jake," she called softly. He did not hear her. She went closer. "Jake, w'at 's botherin' you?" He looked up, his wide forehead still furrowed with the effort of his thought.

"Long, long time I don' think 'bout some things. Now I think. In my country is a song 'bout mem'ries:

"'A door opened on a cage of birds;
The birds came flying out.
The birds' wings brush my head.'

But I can' catch the birds; I don' know w'y I think them things."

"W'at things, Jake?"

He rose, and shook himself as though to rid himself of his thoughts. He stretched luxuriously.

"I won' think. Thinkin' bad luck. I wonder what for; I wonder— Eh, 'Sunta, eh, Madama Cavelleri, you gotta phonograph? Come on; you start it goin'. Call the girls; we 'll dance. Dancin', eh, Assunta—missus, better 'n thinkin'? Thinkin' I get the blues, the mel-concholy blues." He shouted out a jazz tune. "Come on, girls, you get dishes done? Come on, boys, pull back tables! We 're goin' to dance!" He stopped Assunta's protest with a big hand across her mouth. "You want I think mel-concholy blues again? No, Madama Itali'na!" He swung Assunta out on the floor.

Gaiety was in the air. It was as though Jake had let loose joy among them, as though he had lit the large bare room with many-colored lights. Jake looked through 'Sunta's records. The music of all nations was there. Magic black disks brought to Assunta Cavelleri the voices of great singers, the rhythms of far off peoples, for she had a passion for music. So in her workman's boarding-house, whose outlook was over mean streets to the tipple of a coal-mine, she could rest herself with the music she loved. Jake picked out a Hungarian czardas.

"Hey, Grisco, you dance this," he cried. "I dance it, too. I dance your dance, Grisco, better 'n you," he bragged. He leaped in the air, click-

ing his heels. Though he was older than Grisco, and heavier, he danced with a gaiety that was in him, challenging and laughing; but back of his challenge there was no insult. His blue eyes looked into Grisco's dark ones with kindness. The magic black disk spun and, the syncopation of the zymbalin, the harmony of a Gipsy orchestra, trickled out, and Jake and Grisco danced, Grisco, slim and swift, Jake as though caught up in a gust of joy.

'Sunta told of it afterward.

"Eh, how he danced, that Jake Stutvitch! Never I see a man dance like him. How can a big man dance like Jake? He jump, he clap his heels. No Hunky man I see ever dance a czardas good as Jake. Grisco, he danca, too. He danca fine, Grisco. What for Jake dance better? Can Grisco getta room from me when I ain't a room? Can Grisco kissa me? You bet he can't. Same way Grisco can' dance like Jake."

By what wireless did the young folks of Lincoln learn that there was a dance at 'Sunta Cavelleri's? Faces were pressed against the wide windows, shy girls' faces and bashful young men, and when the czardas ended, there was a crash of applause from outside. Jake threw open the door.

"Come in!" he called. "Come in everybod'! Come, dance!" Assunta Cavelleri had nothing to say except to call after Jake:

"Come on! Come, dance!"

There never before was such dancing in Lincoln. The joy of living that first made men transform the leaping joy of young animals and give it the form and rhythm we call dancing was loose in Lincoln that night. In Assunta's boarding-house in Kansas men and women told the story of their peoples. The nations of the earth were there, Hungarian, Serb, Russian, Italian. They wove that night a pattern of joy of diverse people in dance and music.

Over it all, dominating it, jazz, child of jungle and sky-scraper, fathered by the swift-flowing life of American cities; jazz, that holds in its mixed ancestry memories of Argentine dives and of soft-muted Hawaiian rhythms; jazz, that has met some obscure want of the young generation, and so has spread itself over the face of the earth.

That night at 'Sunta Cavelleri's, where Hungarian and Russian boys remembered the difficult dances of their villages, where Italian girls recalled the swift beat of the tarantella, jazz was the common language of joy of the Scotch miner, American girl, Serb, Italian, and Finn. These peoples, who had come from hidden villages from the Baltic to the Balkans, who were the sons of strict Presbyterian Scotchmen or the American daughters of West Virginia mothers, could meet and understand one another when a black disk played to them the syncopation of jazz.

Just when the door opened to let out Linda and Jake Stutvitch, neither 'Sunta nor Grisco knew, though both of them had watched the two all the evening, 'Sunta with the eyes of a vigilant mother, Grisco with the mounting jealousy of a lover.

Linda and Jake walked along side by side, a wide space between them, as though fearful of each other. The Indian summer moon had thrown enchantment over the shabby houses; the wide, untidy street was bathed in magic. Linda and Jake turned to each other, timidly. The silence between them grew and deepened. It

"He swung Assunta out on the floor"

closed over them like water over the heads of divers. The intimacy of silence became unbearable. Linda came up from its depths.

"What you thinkin' 'bout, Jake?"

"'Bout you I 'm thinkin'," he answered. His gay effrontery was gone. It was as though she had drawn the words from him against his will. "I could n't think nothin' else, could I, walkin' beside you? W'at you thinkin' 'bout yourself?"

"'Bout you," she answered. "I never seen you till to-day; I feel I know you all my life."

"I feel that way 'bout you, Linda, too." He gave his answer grudgingly, his head bent. Again silence. He turned his eyes away from Linda, unwilling to look at her. She could see him shake his shoulders, as if to rid himself of an exasperating burden. "I 've lived everywhere," he thought. "I know there 's not much difference between women. They 're bad women and good women. Often I 've seen traps good women have set for me. They wanted to make me walk into a cage, so I 'd spend my life like a beast in a stall. When I was a boy I wanted a harness on my neck, but all my life there 's been only one time I wanted this. What 's happened to me that youth should rush back like a flood? But every man 's a fool. I 'll go away to-morrow."

Linda felt him slipping through her fingers like water. Tears welled to her eyes. She came closer to him, trying to call him to her. He plunged his hands into his pockets and bent his head down obstinately.

"This girl 's good," he thought, "good as gold. I 've seen hundreds of good women. I 've sailed in ships and seen strange countries; I 've worked in steel-mills and coal-mines, and everywhere I went was a woman glad to love me. Why should this girl make my heart flow out to her as water flows down a hill? I 'll go away." Linda glanced at him again, then suddenly she turned back toward Assunta's. She would have liked to run; she wanted to escape from the silence.

They slipped into the door almost unnoticed. The couples were swaying to the syncopation of a jazz record. It was a thing scarcely a melody, bizarre, gay, teasing. Jake held out his arms, and Linda slipped into them.

One after another the dancers sat down, until Linda and Jake were alone on the floor. They seemed unaware that they only were dancing, that the eyes of all the men and girls were fixed on them.

Then all at once it was as if the room darkened and the many-colored lights of gaiety had been blown out. The girls moved restlessly, their eyes seeking one another's. The boys standing along the walls nudged one another. The center of attention had changed. Every one looked at Grisco staring at Linda and Jake. People moved nervously. A sinister spirit had darkened the room. Murder was what was in the air.

Murder was in Grisco's eyes as he stared at his girl and Jake Stutvitch, while they danced unaware of everything about them. Grisco sat on a bench, and the boys to each side of him drew away from him. He sat there isolated, his head in his hands.

The record ended. The spell was broken. Jake loosened his hold of Linda, and the two stood staring at each other, while Grisco neither stirred nor moved. There was a second when you could hear a pin drop.

Assunta Cavelleri slapped on another record. It was "Turkey in the Straw."

"Eh, boys, eh girl'! One more dance we close up! Everybody dance! Grisco dance with Linda. Eh, Jake, you dance first wit' me, now you dance wit' me last." She held them all in her powerful hand for the few minutes that the record scraped out the familiar tune. When they left there was a sense of flight in the air, as though they were running from what they had seen in Grisco's eyes.

Next day Jake got a job in No. 66, and for a few days he tramped back and forth to work soberly enough. He never let his eyes meet Linda's while he said "Hello" to her as he did to the rest of the girls. Every night after supper Linda walked off with Grisco. She 'd pass by big Jake Stutvitch, sitting on the stoop, as if he were no more than a big St. Bernard dog sitting there, and he gave no sign of seeing her. Every day the sense of tension grew in the boarding-house. Jake was minding his own affairs. Grisco was going on with his courtship of Linda. It was as if the night of the dance had been wiped out. One more coal-digger was eating at Assunta Cavelleri's, that 's all. Yet the place was changed. Every one was waiting as though for something to happen.

"What 's the matter wit' you?" 'Sunta asked Jake Stutvitch one night. "W'en you come here, you mek ev'bod' laugh. W'en you come here, you setta us dancin'. Now no one laugha no more, an' you sit sulkin'. Wish to God I ain't listen w'en you come begga for a room I ain't got!"

"If you want to know w'at 's the matter wit' any man, 'Sunta Madama, w'at you ask is he tell you everything. S'pose me I don' feel good to-day. If I tell you w'at for, I got to start clear back. I got to start back when I 'm young feller."

"Well, w'at heppen w'en you a young fellow?" Assunta urged.

"Eh, Missus 'Sunta, you kin' woman! You know w'at you say? 'Pick your heart out, Jake; I wan' see how it squirm like a fish on hook.'"

"W'y should n't I aska you? You turn my house upside down. Nothin' ain't same since you came, Jake Stutvitch. You know it."

"I ain't same neither since I come. Ever' day I think I move out; ever' day keep stayin'. Me, w'en I 'm young man, Signora 'Sunta, I 'm like other young fellers. I fall in love bad; golly, how I fall in love! My heart beat, I stand by the church door to wait for my girl. I can't bear wait for her; seems I can't bear w'en she come. It 's too great joy to look at that girl. Afternoons, in my country, Gipsy bands play in front church; young folks dance kola. W'en I hol' my sweetheart an' dance kola wit' her, I 'm so glad I can't bear it. That 's how I 'm in love. Big fool me, eh, Missus Cavelleri?

"Well, I get married to my girl. We gotta kid; pretty soon we get other kid. We 're married 'mos' four years. Someway my country ain't good 'nough for me no more. Young feller come back braggin' from America. I think, 'W'y not me? W'y don' I go an' get rich, like them boys?' I save money; I go. W'en I come here, it 's hard times. I don' make no money. I work in coal-mine; there 's one long strike. Not much I can send home; I don' write good.

"You know how I feel over here? I feel free, like I 'm bird. Three

years, 'mos' four years, I 'm married man; now I ain't married man. Eh, it 's good live wit' fellers; good to fight in strike. All time I 'm married something tie my heart up, like I 'm tangled in net. What for I feel like that? I don' know. You ain't married, world 's a big place. You married, small place—one room, two rooms, wife, children. Ain't nothin' else. That's funny, ain't it, Missus 'Sunta? I tremble till I get my girl; w'en I 'm gone from her, I 'm glad.

"Bimeby strike over, I earn money, write home. Don' get no answer. You got a girl, she 's good to you, she 's always there, you leave her. You got a girl w'at leave you, you go after her. W'at for? That ain't right.

Linda

"I save money, much money. I think I get my li'l' girl. I go home." He looked up at 'Sunta, staring at her, as if it had been only yesterday that he had gone back. "She ain't there," he said almost in a whisper. "She run off, my girl, my white dove. My girl I trust, gone! gone!" He stared at 'Sunta, open-mouthed, as though she should explain to him the riddle of all existence.

After a time 'Sunta threw back at him with bitterness:

"W'at you can't stand, womens sama lika you. We don' wan' to sitta always one place. We got children; so we sit. You think we like it, eh? Fool talk, you think we like it! We feel sama like you do, Jake Stutvitch. Glad sometimes leava husbands, babies; glad, too, w'en we get back. We can' go. It 's us gotta stay, must sit home, don' see nothin', don' live, get old. Look at you! W'en you come, I think you 're boy; now I see you 're 'mos' forty. W'at woman forty years is young like you, Jake?" She had changed the current of his thoughts skilfully, and had put him on the defensive for all men. This comforted him, for he had looked at his old wound, and it still bled.

Jake got up and stretched his long length.

"You ask w'at 's the matter with me, Missus Cavelleri. I ain't tol' you. It 's easy. After my girl 's gone, I run round worl'; five years I run an' don' care w'at happen. I go all places—China, India; I work every place—Greece, Rumania, tramp up Russia, go round world. I 'm bum for long time. You know w'at happen to me then? I come back America, I work in coal-mine; pretty soon strike came again. While I run round world, I 'm empty. I gotta hol' right here; right in my heart there ain' nothin'. You know w'y, Missus 'Sunta? If I

sit still, that place inside me w'ere nothin' is it hurt.

"W'en I come back, I beg'n work in coal-mine, an' I got something fill up my heart, fill up all of me. You know what I do? I start organizin'. I start talk sol'darity. Then I begin understan' lot o' things w'at I don' understand before. You see w'at I get? I feel like United Mine Workers my father, my mother, my wife, my kids. I go round, organize, talk. When I get on black-list, go some other place. Eight years I do that now. No time any more I want wife, kids. Other men, yes. Me, no. I got work I gotta do. My life, everything, all me. Organize! You keep fellers' boarding-house, you see lot o' boys like me, Missus 'Sunta. Fellers work, work, work, organize all time." He stopped.

'Sunta took up his story.

"Now I tella what come nex'. You looka at pretty girl, you think wife, you think kids. One half say 'No,' one half saya 'Yes,' then you mad. Sulk round my house. Plenty other mines, Jake. Sixty-six only one mine. Run, Jake! Run! run fas'! Men wit' two wives in one house, he bad off; wit' two loves in one heart, Santa Maria! better he shoot hisself!"

But Jake Stutvitch did n't go. He went from mine to 'Sunta's, from 'Sunta's to mine, avoiding Linda, avoiding Grisco; but the shadow of his conflict was a lone one and a dark one, and big enough to cover the space of all 'Sunta's house.

When Jake had been there three weeks, 'Sunta found Linda crying in her room with the abandonment of childhood, with the terrible pain that does n't know to-morrow. Assunta put her arm around her.

"What ails you, Linda?" she asked in Italian. "What 's ailing you, *cara?* What 's happened?"

"I promised Grisco I 'd marry him."

"Why not? You 're going with Grisco long enough. It 's a good thing you get married, Linda. You always love Grisco."

"I thought I loved him. When he used to ask me, half kidding, to marry him, I 'd put him off; I 'm too young. I don't want to get married quite so soon. Now these two, three weeks Grisco he won't let me alone. He takes my heart in his two hands. He make me say 'Yes' to him."

"It 's that Jake bothers you, Linda. It 's Jake Stutvitch."

"*No!*" screamed Linda. "*No! no!* What for should he bother me? I have n't spoken with him, I have n't looked at him. He is n't bothering me, Jake Stutvitch," and she threw herself down on the bed and gave herself up to the wrecking agony of her grief, closing her heart against Assunta's endearments.

"I tell you, Linda. Get up, wash your face, go on and go out for walk. Walk good and fast; walk till your legs feel glad they are carrying you along the road. Never in this autumn a day lovely as to-day."

It was late afternoon. Linda walked out into the flat Kansas country. It was almost as warm as summer, and as Linda walked, joy came back to her. Life flowed warm and gay through Linda's body.

"What a fool I am!" she thought. "What a fool thinking about some one who does n't look at me! An old man, too." Pride rose up in her; pride drove the thought of Jake from her mind; pride in Grisco walked with her. Then, almost as if it were in a dream, she heard a voice call to her. There

was a big tree beside the road. Jake was lying there.

"Linda," he called gently. "My li'l' Linda, come here to me!" She paused, and then came slowly toward him, a leaf borne on a strong river. He put out his hand and pulled her down to him. He put his arms around her and held her to him gently. She made no resistance, blotting herself into him. An immense feeling of rest swept over her. It seemed as though she had never rested before. She gave herself up to this deep peace that she found in his arms. He kissed her with little kisses that had only tenderness. He kissed her again and again, as he might have kissed a child.

"Linda," he said, "I love you. You love me, Linda?" She had no answer in words; she buried her sleek head on his shoulder. Everything in all the world was wiped out except peace. A peace, golden, harmonious, had wiped away all of the conflict of the last weeks.

"Linda," Jake asked, "will you marry me?" At this she drew away from him, staring terrified.

"I—can't; I promise Grisco. What for you wait, Jake? What make you let me go with Grisco till I promise him?"

"I don' know. I don' wan' to ask you marry me Linda; not then. I don' wan' to ask no girl. I think it ain' good I get wife. Now I see you comin' far off, joy in your feet, I feel like we two tell each other, 'We meet out here.' I come to wait for you, Linda. I don' know that 's w'y I come. You come so you fin' me."

"But, Grisco—"

"You ain't married. You come with me, Linda. You run off with me right now." With a gesture of wide tenderness he opened his arms, and she slipped into them to taste the immeasurable peace that she could only find within them. So they sat, deaf to the sounds of the world.

Some other sense pulled them to the surface to look into Grisco's eyes—Grisco standing there, his arms folded, staring dumbly at them. At the sight of him Linda jumped up and fled down the road to the shelter of Assunta Cavelleri's. And as Linda ran, Grisco did n't turn to watch her. He stood silent, his eyes on Jake. So for a space of moments the two men faced each other. Then, as though at a signal, they grappled.

Youth and jealousy were Grisco's allies; strength and weight, Jake's. So they wrestled together, swaying back and forth in the fury of their battle. In Grisco there was no thought, but in Jake there was a wordless knowledge that in this boy's heart was murder; that somehow he must save the boy from murder. Something higher than the wish to save himself was in Jake Stutvitch's heart. He wanted to save Grisco, but the joy of conflict of the generations back of him gripped him and he wrestled strongly and well, matching his cunning and strength against Grisco's youth and fury. Then suddenly Grisco tripped him, and he crashed down. His last memory was the glitter of a knife-blade raised.

Jake's blue eyes were clear and innocent, like a child's; they looked straight into Grisco's. No fear was in them, no hate; the fury of combat had been purged from him. His blue eyes held only the bewilderment of a child, stunned by a sudden fall.

Grisco's raised arm sank slowly down inch by inch, as though a strong

hand, kind and powerful, held him in its invisible grip. Thoughts scudded through his brain, like birds driven by a high wind. Jake's innocent, empty eyes held his. He did n't think of himself or what might happen to him, the murderer. As though some hidden spring he had lost had been tapped, love welled for the sweetheart. He saw from far off Linda with her proud head bowed in grief.

"Jake!" he called. "Jake, get up!" Jake did n't get up; he did n't open his eyes. He lay there, a slow trickle of blood oozing from his head. A farmer's truck passed, and Grisco hailed it. They loaded Jake's unconscious body into it, and the truck passed Linda speeding along toward Lincoln.

"Youth and jealousy were Grisco's allies; strength and weight, Jake's"

When she got there, Jake had not regained consciousness, nor did he for many hours. A fever had set in by the time he opened his eyes.

Through the days that followed he called for Linda and again for Linda. Strange babblings Linda listened to. Through the days of his fever he rehearsed the conflict that had held him in its grip. "You see, 'Sunta Madama," he would argue, looking at Linda sitting beside him, "I gotta wife. United Mine Workers my wife! Where miners ain't organized, I gotta go, ain't I? I can't marry no one else. I 'm goin' away, I 'm going away tomorrow." As she sat beside him, she saw that his heart had been a battlefield over which tramped armies of men, women, and children. She saw his life informed by a single purpose, and she would sit listening, tears sliding down her face.

Presently the fever broke; but with the passing of the fever, Jake's conflict had gone. He wanted only Linda. He lay there, his mighty body weak, his dazed blue eyes watching the door for Linda to come in. He felt he could n't wait to be well to marry her. The hands of time had turned back for Jake Stutvitch to twenty years before, when he had waited hot and cold for the unbearable delight of seeing his sweetheart pass. He took joy timidly in his big hands. Each time Linda left the room, he was seized with a sick man's unreasoning fear that she might not come back. When Linda promised to marry him as soon as he could stand on his feet, health flowed back to him in a flood.

What a wedding party Assunta Cavelleri gave them! There was

cooking for three days beforehand to get ready for it, and then what dancing and what feasting! It filled every one's sense of romance that Jake should be married in this way; it chimed with his arrival. The miners looked at him admiringly, and the girls treated him with respect. They were to get a sleeper late at night, and 'Sunta went up to help Linda dress.

Presently Jake clamored at the door.

"What you want, wil' man?" 'Sunta's voice called out. "You want in? Mis' Stutvitch she dressed now. You ain' much patience, eh, Jake?" She went out laughing.

Linda was ready in her new suit. She was making her last preparation with the swift precision of a good worker.

"Plenty time," she said. "In one minute I 'm done; then I talk wit' you, Jake." She smiled at him, looking sidewise from the corners of her eyes, a little girl again, shy and confident at once.

He threw himself like a boy on the bed, watching her.

"W'at you packin', Linda?"

"Oh, few li'l' things o' my mother's. I take 'long always her pictures; li'l' chain she wear; this." She held up a thin knife with a long blade. "My mother's. This knife—is me," she said, laughing. She sang:

"'I am the knife,
And it is me.
You, my love, seek my kiss.
My kiss is the kiss of a sword,
My kiss is a crimson kiss.
My kiss is death.'"

She handed him the knife. He ran his fingers lovingly down the blade.

"Good steel," he said. "Fine steel. Ol', this knife. You can' buy steel like this." His blue eyes searched the distance. He sank in the abstraction that maddened Linda. "What it make me think 'bout? I can' tell. Always I can' get it. You know, Linda, like somethin', I see almos', then —whish! it 's gone! When I look at you firs' time, I 'm sure I see you before. W'y this knife make me feel same way?"

"Give me the knife," said Linda. "That knife makes me think 'bout sad things. That knife belong to a woman, my cousin. She orphan an' live in my grandfather's house. She 's only cousin, but she 's sister to my mother—more sister than real sister. Her husband he come to America. He leave her. My grandmother and grandfather die. This cousin she sell all she got. She wait for that 'usband. She wait, she wait always. She sure he come back. By an' by her love is hate. I see her sit with this knife, her father's knife. She wait long, so if that 'usband come, she kill him. W'en I 'm li'l', I see her sitting, waiting, waiting always—that knife in her hand. She die. That knife it belong always in my family. They fight Turk with it. My mother keep it."

Jake's blue eyes were still seeking some invisible horizon.

"You make me mad," cried Linda. "I talk, an' you don' listen."

Jake lifted his head.

"How come, Linda," he asked slowly, "you sing Cernogora song?"

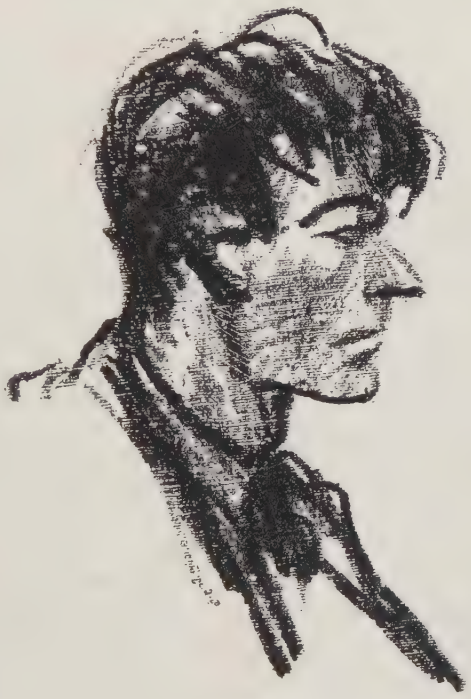
"That 's easy," said Linda. "My mother she Cernogora woman. She lived in Austria, near Fiume. Lot o' Italians come over. She meets Severino. That cousin an' her kids she come 'long w'en we go to It'ly."

Jake put his head in both his hands and stared at Linda.

"Santa Maria! what ail you Jake? You mighty queer man for bridegroom," cried Linda, hot with anger.

"That 's right," said Jake. "That 's awful true, Linda. I 'm mighty queer man for bridegroom all right." He stared at her helplessly, and the despair in his eyes softened her.

"Come out of it, Jake. Don' le' 's talk 'bout sad things. It 's my fault, talkin' 'bout this knife, singin' you Cernogora song. Sit down beside me here." She patted the bed. "Le' 's talk 'bout happy things. 'Sunta she tell me to-day 'bout nice li'l' house for sale. Not much to pay down. Me I got money saved. Instead we pay rent, we buy this li'l' house w'en we get back. That 'll be nice, eh, Jake? Our own li'l' house."



Grisco

A long silence drifted in between them, a cold silence. It was as if an open door of a wintry cellar had chilled a warm room. Linda waited.

For a long time the effort of speech was beyond Jake's strength. He loved Linda more at this moment than he had ever loved her. In her hands she held peace, home, security. He saw these things as he had seen the mirage of islands in the Southern seas. He wanted the things she held in her hands. He longed for them as a man dying of thirst longs for water. He could not have them, neither them nor the woman who needed them.

"Why don' you talk?" Linda demanded. "What got hold of you, Jake? I tell you 'bout our house, an' you stare like you was dyin'."

"I can'—*never have no house, Linda.*"

"*You can' never have a house?*" she echoed.

"I can' live in no place long, Linda. Always I gotta go where miners ain't organized. I go West Virginia."

A cold fury sprang up in Linda, the fury of a woman who wishes to be life's center for a man; the intolerable anger of a woman who sees her love a second thing, her home an incident. To a bride insult incomparable. He had taken their cup of joy and had thrown it on the ground, and the wine of their happiness had oozed from the shards of the broken cup. She hated the invincible place in his heart that she could not conquer. Furiously, she turned from him.

"You don' love me. You don' love me. You never love no one—not me, not your wife— Better you go!"

He stood staring at Linda, able to speak only her name, as though warn-

ing her against the unfairness of her anger.

He knew well enough what she needed. She needed the reassurance of love, and now he deliberately gave her the stone of reason.

"Linda," he asked, "you don' think, w'en I marry, I give up my work—w'at I do so long?"

She threw herself face downward on the bed. She wanted the conquest of him complete.

"You don' love me, Jake," she sobbed. "No, on your wedding night you don' love me."

He sat down beside her on the bed, using his power over her.

"I want you, Linda," he said. "Come wit' me. I think never any more I find girl I can love. Always w'en I look at other women, always I see my sweetheart's li'l' face, tears sliding down. I go back. I look. I look. How long? See here, her picture."

He took from his wallet a little picture carefully wrapped.

Linda looked at it, and as she looked her tears dried.

"Linda!" he cried at her. "Linda what is it?"

"My cousin!" she said quietly. "My cousin, who die waiting wit' her knife." In her voice was the merciless, unforgiving hate of youth. She rose towering above him. "Go!" she cried. "Go! go quick!"

He looked at her with horror, searching her face for a glimmer of mercy, for a hint of understanding. With the unyielding finality of youth, she pointed to the door.

He opened it slowly, framed in its dark oblong waiting for her anger to soften, a flame of hope still alive which cried mutely:

"Come with me, Linda, my girl!" But she turned from him, shoving out her hand with a furious gesture of scorn.

"Good-by, li'l' Linda," he said gently.

As he went, he heard her voice again. It was as though Linda's heart was crying aloud.

"Grisco!" she called. "I want Grisco!"

This cry of hers, involuntary, the heart of her youth crying out for the youth of Grisco, was like a wave overwhelming Jake with the bitter waters of age. He stumbled down the stairs as though borne on a flood of grief and loss.

Down-stairs jazz had caught up the wedding guests. They were dancing as they had danced the first night when Jake had come. Joy again was unloosed among them. For a moment the joys of the dancing people filled the empty place in Jake's heart.

"Eh, 'Sunta!" he cried. "Eh, Madama! one dance, then I go!"

He caught 'Sunta in his arms and danced, and as he danced, one couple and another sat down to watch. The music ended.

"Jake! Jake Stutvitch! 'Sunta! 'Sunta Cavelleri!" they cried, clapping their hands, stamping their feet.

He bowed to them with a wide sweeping gesture of good-by. He flung his arms around 'Sunta and kissed her as he had when he came. From the piled-up baggage he picked out his suitcase and his miners' tools. The door closed behind Jake Stutvitch, the single man.

Southern Prisons

By Frank Tannenbaum

The entire nation has been shocked by the recent revelations of barbarity involved in the convict-lease system in Florida. "The Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, in an editorial on "The Whipping Boss," after referring to the fact that it had been printing from day to day a story that might have come out of southern Russia a thousand years ago or from the helot pens of antiquity, said: "But the story has no flavor of antiquity and nothing of classic beauty to cover its drabness. It came out of a neighboring southern state, the state of flowers, sunshine, and laughing waters. The participants are our own people. They are not strange barbarians from another race."

In view of the investigations of prison camps inspired by the Tabert tragedy, we are here presenting an important paper on the general prison problem in the South. Mr. Tannenbaum's earlier prison studies give this paper a peculiar authority.

We print alongside this paper of exposure Mr. Lewisohn's paper suggesting a scientific and soundly humane prison régime.—The Editor.

Please, reader, do not read this essay unless you can steel your heart against pain. It is not a kindly tale. If you are sensitive, it will give you sleepless nights and harrowing dreams. I write it because I must. It is simply an attempt to tell the things that good men do to one another, and to women, too, all in the name of virtue and at great expense to the State. These things happen to men like yourself and are done by men like yourself, the sufferer and the perpetrator both being unfortunate souls caught in a vortex of passion and hate that drives them to madness and brutality. Unfortunate, ignorant men, strained beyond capacity, incapable of fortitude, and needing some outlet and escape from a fruitless, barren existence impose their wills upon other men more unfortunate and more hopeless.

The prisoner is at the bottom of the social pyramid. There is no one below him. The tramp, the vagabond, the faker, the beggar, the thief, the unskilled and unemployed worker—they are all above him in the scale of things. They have freedom to move, the right to call their hours their own, they have friends, buddies, chums, partners, wife, children, dignity, rights, personality, honor of a kind; they are human, and possess the privileges of expressing such personality as they lay claim to by distinctive elements in dress—the right to a patch, a ribbon, a colored shirt, an eccentric hat. They are human; they are people; they have names and are called "Mister." The prisoner has none of these. He is stripped of all distinctive marks, of all personality, of all self-assertion. He is a figure in gray, with a black number painted on him; that is all. And the

prisoner is at the mercy of other men so helpless themselves that his weakness is the means of their strength.

"When I arrived here I knew nothing about prisons," a warden in a Southern prison told me. "The first day a guard came to me and said, 'Warden, I want a man whipped to-night.' Not knowing what to do, I replied, 'All right; I will whip him.'"

"That night when I started for the place where the man was to be whipped I heard an army tramping behind me. When I got there I turned around, and there were all of my guards—sixty of them."

" 'Where you all going? I asked.

"There was a minute of silence, and then one spoke up and said, 'Ain't you go'n' to whip a man to-night?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, we is all come to see you do it.'

" 'What 's this, a show! You expect me to strip the hide of a man and make the blood ooze out of his skin and you come to enjoy it?'

"Some of them guards were so angry at being refused the sight they had come for that they quit their jobs right then and there, and some of them did not quit quick enough. For, said I to myself, 'If some of my prisoners are no better than some of these guards, then I don't want to stay here.' "

The prison guard is an unfortunate being. He breathes in a strained atmosphere and has to lean on his gun all day long. He is on duty from sun-up to sundown. "The guards were on duty from 4:30 A.M. to 7 P.M." They have to work every second Sunday, frequently on special duty at night, and all for from forty to sixty dollars a month. "The most frequent wage is around fifty dollars a month. Such a wage, coupled with the class of work that a guard on a chain-gang must do, does not attract the type of man who is fit to have charge of other men. The guard is usually without an elementary education, often illiterate. He is ignorant, of course, of any method of controlling men except force."

Think of what it means to stand leaning on a gun all day, from twelve to fourteen hours out under the hot sun—just stand and look and watch other men with chains dangling from their feet working and straining under the burden of fear. One guard said to me: "I is mighty glad when we turns in at night. It must be easier for them convicts. They got something to do." I talked to the captain of a convict chain-gang, a young man of apparently considerable experience in handling men. The party I was with had shared a meal with his guards and watched the prisoners being fed at a long wooden table, with the rain pouring in through the holes in the tent. I wondered what the men did for amusement, for change, for variation. I mean the guards, not the prisoners. The captain told me when I asked what they did when they got off at night, which, by the way, was only once a week, "Oh, we runs after the girls," said he. This, the spiritual and physical protector of some forty men over whose bodies he had absolute charge and could do with as he saw fit! This is true of the convict chain-gangs scattered throughout the South, but the prison farms are no better. "We find that the guards in charge of prisoners' work in fields and on the farms frequently beat them with ropes, quirts, bridle-reins, and pistols, with-

out necessity or authority, and that in some instances the guards have ridden over the prisoners with their horses and have set the dogs on them, inflicting serious and painful injuries."

The guard's efforts to amuse himself run to the grotesque and the barbarous. One guard takes a picture of himself with his foot planted on a convict sprawling in the dust. In another place officers surround a poor prisoner who is being whipped. The prisoner has to count the number of licks he is receiving. The rules subscribe ten licks at one time, and the guards stand about and amuse themselves by disturbing and upsetting the poor fellow. He makes a mistake, and then has to begin the count over again. All of this is done in a hilarious, good-natured fashion. The guard must be sure of his authority,—at least he must feel that the prisoner is sure of it,—and so in many, all too many, convict road camps a new prisoner is initiated in order to impress him with due reverence for his superiors. He is whipped as soon as he arrives at the camp and before he has had a chance to prove his pliancy. An official comment upon this is: "This form of humiliation often causes resentment among the men and is an unwarranted addition to the sentence of the court. The prisoners are punished by beating them, sometimes on the naked flesh with a piece of belting attached to a handle."

Not only does this habitual behavior harden and coarsen those in authority, but it deforms those whom they supervise. Think of the fine temper and self-restraint back of the following: "My spirit is broken, but I still have my honor. I have been treated like some brute, half naked and half fed; have been made to get down on my knees and let some man beat me as though I were not a human being; have been made the fool's jest by guards. Rather than serve again at the state farm I would prefer the quickest possible death."

§ 2

It is difficult to write about Southern prisons in one article. When one deals with the penal institutions of the rest of the country, one thinks primarily of the prison, the huge central structure that houses fifteen or eighteen hundred men. In the South there is more diversity, the thing is more complicated, and the attempt to organize it into a single article is a more difficult undertaking. Instead of one penal system, there are at least three. There is the prison building that resembles that of the North. Then there is the county chain-gang in a number of Southern States; forty or fifty counties in each State working prisoners on the public roads, each county more or less having its own system and providing its own management. In addition, there is the state-prison farm, a huge tract of land employing hundreds of men and raising cotton, rice, or tobacco. In some of the States there are five, six, and in one as many as nine, different farms, distinct in management, in personnel, in types of discipline, and in physical conditions. To all of this one must add the coal-mines in one of the States, a system of penal administration all by itself, with the men leased out to a private concern, working for the profit of a large corporation that judges the efficiency of its management by the money made at the end of the year.

This diversity is still further com-

plicated by the fact that the color line exists in the prison. The colored population of the Southern prison is predominant. The management is white. It has certain notions of discipline and control of the colored prisoner that come from experiences outside the prison walls. But the white prisoners do not escape the mood and the temper that the treatment of the colored generates, and so they suffer with their darker fellows.

There are two main types of chain-gangs, those where the men live in cages set on wheels, and those where they live in tents set on the ground. The chain-gang is a peculiar institution. It is made up of chained men; that is, men upon whose ankles chains ranging in length from twelve to twenty-four inches are riveted. As soon as a man comes to a chain-camp he is shackled. That shackle generally stays as long as the man is there, and that may be for a lifetime. Each camp has a few trusties; not very many. Out of forty or fifty men there may be six, sometimes ten. Ten would be unusual. The chain riveted to both ankles tends to drag on the ground, and interferes with the working energy of the prisoner. There is therefore another and longer chain, a kind of cross chain linked at the middle of the one that is riveted to the ankles. That chain serves two purposes. It is used to lift the chain off the ground, when the man is working, by sticking the loose end through the belt and raising the riveted chain. Its other use is to chain the men together at night. A dozen men and more will be chained to one another when they are asleep in their beds. There will be a long chain running from one end of the cage to the other. To this chain all the men will be locked by slipping one end of the long chain through the loose end of the cross chain which each prisoner has in addition to the one riveted about his ankles. This limits the movement of the men to the length of their cross chain. Thus they sleep; thus they lie in their beds on Sundays. Frequently they are compelled to lie in that way when it rains, and that may be for two weeks together.

The typical cages are small, and stand on wheels. They range from 7x7x16 to 9x9x20. The typical cage has eighteen beds. There are nine beds on each side of the cage, three tiers of beds, three in a row. That makes the space between the beds very narrow. If the men were free to move about, they would have little room; but they are shackled. Even in the daytime they are often locked to one another. They lie on their beds, their faces almost touching the bed above them. The cage frequently has a tin roofing. On hot Sundays, Saturday afternoons, and holidays the sun streams down on the cages and makes an oven of the place, and the human beings in it roast.

I shall ask to be excused throughout this essay for quoting heavily from official documents. I cannot ask the reader to believe the unbelievable. "The prisoners slept in a steel road cage similar to those used for circus animals, excepting that they did not have the privacy which would be given to respectable lion, tiger or bear." "At night the prisoners are fastened to a beam with a short chain and a heavy shackle. . . . Men should not be compelled to wear three shackles in daylight (Sunday) and be unable to gather near the stove in winter or to

avoid the direct rays of the sun in the summer." "The men are often confined in the cages on rainy days and Sundays, without exercise and with scarcely enough room to do anything except lie in their bunks." "The walls of these cages are practically solid [that is not generally the case] and allow little fresh air to enter in. In one of them twelve men were sleeping in a space about 8x8x15. It must have caused suffocating heat in warm weather." "At the time of this visit 22 men were sleeping in a cage only 8x8x20. This cage contains but 18 bunks, so that eight of the men were sleeping double in a bunk of about two feet." The reader ought to be reminded here that they were also shackled to one another. "The night before this visit was made, 19 men slept in a cage only 7x7x16 ft. The bedding is badly torn and has not been washed in months. Flies are breeding in the sewage pit where the soil buckets are emptied." This official language is very dull. I could say that I have seen bedding of creeping straw and torn shreds; but, really, I have no words to describe the conditions.

The tent camps are probably a little better, but that depends on the camp. It is frequently bad enough. Here is a camp that may be used to describe a goodly number of tent camps in the South. "None of the tents have flies or second covers and must leak like sieves in rainy weather. . . . The provisions are kept on the ground in a leaky tent, and consequently are often damaged by rain and surface water; the bedding is very soiled and is in disrepair; and a number of prisoners have neither beds nor cots, but sleep on boards laid on the ground. The method of disposing of the sewage is most unsanitary. The night buckets are emptied just behind the tent in which the prisoners sleep. This practice exposes men to the unpleasant odors and the danger of contracting disease."

§ 3

The knowledge of sanitary practice is exceedingly circumscribed among officials in the Southern chain-gang camps. One cannot expect too much from the type of person who receives the job, and the many demands made on him are heavy and would tax the ingenuity of better-equipped men. But when I first came across the practice of bathing more than one man in the same tub of water, without regard as to whether they were diseased or not, I could not believe my eyes. It seemed impossible. I found later that it was not an uncommon practice. I also found that it was not confined to any one State. In all of the States where the chain-gang is found there will be found a number of gangs where this is the method of obeying the law for bathing the men once a week. Here are two official notices of the fact; "The practice of having two men wash in the same tub of water should be stopped." "The habit which is too common of allowing several men to use the same water is dangerous, filthy, and disgusting to any right thinking man. The man had better be allowed to go unwashed than to mix his dirt in a common tub, thus spreading any skin, eye, or venereal disease any one of them may have to the whole crowd using the common water." This negligence does not only extend to the washing and bathing of the men. It is a symptom of the state of knowledge and interest in the welfare of the men.

Vermin-ridden prisoners who have just come from some dark and filthy jail are permitted to mingle with the rest of the men without any cleaning process, and they are compelled to take any empty bunk that is available regardless either of its state of repair or the condition of the prisoner who has just vacated it.

These unsanitary conditions are not confined to the chain-gangs. They are true of many Southern prison farms and prison buildings. Here is an example: "We find that the sanitary conditions at the main penitentiary were extremely bad, unhealthy, and obnoxious, . . . that the mattresses and bedding were old, dirty, and full of vermin." "The bedding of the prisoners is old, worn, torn, and unsanitary, often covered with all manner of loathsome vermin and insects." In this particular last quotation there is an addition that must be included. "Prisoners were found in one instance chained in their bunks by a heavy trace chain, one end of which was padlocked around the prisoner's neck and the other end securely fastened to his bunk." Let me finish the description of the sanitary condition by a short quotation from the official report of a legislative committee in one of the States in the South. "The beds were infested with chinches that ran in droves, and not merely a few."

The feeding of prisoners ought properly to be a highly specialized technic, but it is not. Any one can cook for the prisoner, and anything is good enough, provided there is plenty of it. But of course even that is not always the case. The men are underfed in many Southern prisons and prison camps. Not only does the food lack variation, not only is it unsanitary, not only is it often of deteriorated materials, but frequently there is not enough of it. A woman prisoner who has smuggled out a letter, writes, "I suffer from actual hunger all of the time." In a recent open letter to the prison commission in his State, a discharged prisoner charges that "Men go to sleep so hungry that they wake up trying to feed themselves in their sleep." An official investigation in one state prison remarks that "We must say that the variety of food fed in most instances is very poor, and the variety and the grade of meat fed the prisoners in most instances is insufficient." Another investigation notes that "The prisoners were fed peas and beans infested with weevils and worms, and also were supplied with strong and unwholesome meat, and that there was a lack of variety in the food furnished." And one ex-prisoner who is fighting for an improved state farm writes: "The great improvement now in feeding at the farm is the change from peas to collard greens, but there are long worms in the collards, whereas there were only small weevils in the peas. The jest of the guards is that, 'You should not complain; you are getting more meat [worms] with the collards.'"

§ 4

I was climbing the stairs in an old prison building. A prison officer, without uniform, unshaven, with club in hand, and a bunch of heavy keys on a large iron ring, preceded me up the stairs. "You will be interested in these fellows; and they are happy, too," he added confidentially. As we were going across the yard he told me that if I gave them a quarter they would sing for me. "And they sure

can warble if you only get them right." Up the stairs, darkened by barred and shadowed windows, I climbed. At each landing, and there were three of these, the guard opened a heavy iron door with one of his heavy keys. Just before reaching the top, before our heads could be seen, the guard hurriedly touched me on the arm, and, placing a finger over his lips, said, "'Sh! Listen!" Slowly, mournfully, with gathering force and fervor, the strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" reached me. There were pathos and sadness in those tones, a melodious and passionate self-surrender that melted and softened the greatest of all fears, the fear of death. For these men who sang were all condemned to die, and there were about fifteen of them. On tiptoes, slowly, silently, we climbed a step at a time till our heads reached just above the floor, so that we could see them without intruding our presence. Inside a large iron cage occupying the greater part of a bare loft fifteen kneeling figures were lost in the strains of their own singing. Their hands were crossed, their eyes were lifted to heaven, their bodies swayed in harmony with the tones, their voices were mellow, passionate, tearful, gathering strength from one another, verse after verse, till the end. We broke their mood by appearing on the scene.

"Here is a stranger who would like to talk to you," said the guard. Like children, a little bashful, suspicious, they slowly came forward and looked out of the cage, their white teeth shining against their dark faces. They were ready to tell their story and to ask for information. I had no information to give, no advice to offer. I gave them what I could for little things, and they sang for me. I protested, but they paid back in the only way they could by singing some songs of the South. A white prisoner, a hunchback and cripple, was sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall. He was their guard. He was locked in with other prisoners on the same floor, but he was outside the cage, and satisfied such little needs as he could in his helpless way, and guarded them, too. It is hard to describe the scene and the emotions it roused. Were one to abandon oneself to the feelings that the very memory of it awakens, one would draw the heart-strings in agony and fill the breast with fury. On the floor in the cage, on an old mattress and covered with a dirty blanket, lay a sick prisoner. He coughed and spit intermittently. He had been sick a long time. No one paid any attention to him. The guard said that he would come to in time. Perhaps.

This illustrates the negligence. I am not accusing any one of brutality. All that I am saying is that these men know not what they do, and do that the best they know how. They are callous and lack understanding. This is the only explanation I can accept. Men are not so brutal as the facts in this essay make them appear to be. They just do not know better. How do you, how can you, explain the following story of the treatment of the sick in Southern prisons?

"Three of these were sick men. Two of the sick were confined in one cage. The sick men in the regulation cages have tuberculosis. They have each been in bed a month; one has still ten months to serve, the other eleven. Both of these men have temperatures. No sleeping-garments are provided for them. They have

on the regular convict stripes. The third man has running syphilitic sores on his legs. The tubercular patients have no receptacles to expectorate in, consequently they use the ground, the floor of their cage, and anything that is convenient. There are no screens on the cages or in the kitchen to protect the food. Flies are swarming everywhere. . . . The filth of the bedding and the sleeping quarters of this camp is indescribable." Here is another from a different State. "The sheets of the beds in the T. B. camp were fearfully marked with the sputum of the patients, they were covered with flies, the exposed parts of the bodies of the sick were covered with flies, everything was badly soiled. . . . There was no water for the men to bathe in." And in another State: "We found men suffering from advanced stages of syphilis and tuberculosis working side by side in the fields with other men, and sleeping side by side with them at night, eating out of the same utensils and using the same sanitary necessities." And this: "What your committee saw on this farm is almost beyond belief. Tubercular convicts, poorly clad, and poorly shod, working in the cold rain. It was shown by testimony taken at this farm that the prisoners, when without temperature, worked nine hours a day and sometimes longer, and showed that they were hung in chains for slight violations of the rules, . . . that they were compelled to live in buildings that leaked when it rained and were not furnished with a sufficient amount of nutritious food." Just one more illustration: "On the morning of August 31st, Keelan is reported to have complained of being ill, but was required to go on with his work. His work, however, was unsatisfactory. The foreman and a guard whipped him on his naked flesh, using the leather lash. At dinner that day Keelan did not eat and continued to complain of being nauseated. That afternoon, according to testimony of prisoners, he was compelled to attempt to work until he fell in the road for the fourth time. After that he was said to have been abused and kicked by the foreman; after his death physicians found abrasions upon his arm and upon the upper part of his back. Finally he became unconscious, but was reported to have been left lying in the hot sun for about fifteen minutes before he was moved to the shade of some pines, "where he died."

§ 5

I have so far described the guards, the sanitation, the food, and the treatment of the sick, a description that covers many of the Southern prisons. I now am to describe the disciplinary methods. Frankly, I hesitate to subject the reader to the tale of horror that is involved. I shall only cite a few instances, and those of a milder type.

A prison investigator writes that "Within the last year I have personally visited a good many convict camps in the state and found straps weighing from five to nine pounds." When such straps are applied to the naked flesh of a man who may be drawn across a wheelbarrow, with one man sitting on his head, one man sitting on his feet, and one stuffing a dirty rag in his mouth, while the fourth man does the whipping, you get this: "In several places the skin had been beaten from his body, leaving abraded surfaces that were raw and discharging." Here is

another instance of the same type: "There is evidence of brutal treatment on his wrists and legs that will remain for all time in the form of scars. On each wrist at the outer base of the thumb deep holes were worn in the flesh by the handcuffs, as a result of the hanging." One state farm is described as showing that "they had been lacerated by dog bites, and testimony was developed that said lacerations had been inflicted under the direction of the sergeant after the escaped convict had been caught." "We have seen white men who have suffered all these acts of cruelty and men who have suffered even more than this." A guard had told me that when they killed an escaping prisoner he was allowed to lie in his tracks till midnight and then was drawn into the prison camp, that the sleeping inmates were awakened and made to shake hands with the dead body. It ought to be added that these things frequently happen where there is specific legal provision against them, where there is constitutional provision against corporal punishment. And one might add that the investigations which have repeatedly taken place in various Southern States have almost invariably brought with their recommendation one to the effect "that we recommend that the prison commission abide by the law of the state."

In one of the prisons the guards are composed of prisoners armed with high-power rifles. These prisoners are usually men who have long sentences, frequently men who have committed murder. They are instructed to kill any man attempting to escape. If they succeed in killing such a one, they are pardoned. It puts a premium on murder. It means that a man who has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the killing of two men may regain his freedom again by killing a third. In one State where the lease system is still in vogue the legislative committee reported that "it is next to impossible for the average citizen unfamiliar with the conditions to grasp or comprehend the horrors attending such a system. It is hard to describe the cruelty, woe, and misery. His physical, moral, and religious welfare are as completely abandoned as if he were a brute." This relates to the lease system in the mines. The leases are so worded that, when maimed or injured, he has no remedy, however great may be the negligence, or however willful may be the act causing his injury. One of the best known prison investigators in the country, and a man whose integrity is beyond question, who made an investigation at the special request of the governor reported that "Out of 388 deaths of convicts in four years' time 72 were killed by accidents, being 29 per cent of the deaths. . . . He also reported that the lease system in the coal-mines gives an extraordinary opportunity for the development of the grossest kind of immorality. . . . I have reason to believe that it probably involves not less than 25 per cent of the convicts." Despite all this, the lease system had been extended for the third time. It had been legislated out of existence in 1921, but the legislature changed its mind and extended it to 1924, and very recently it has again changed its mind and made 1927 the year at which the lease system is to end.

The condition of the women prisoners is most deplorable. They are usually placed in the oldest part of the prison structure. They are almost

always in the direct charge of men guards; they are treated and disciplined as men are. In some of the prisons children are born in prison, either from the male prisoners or just "others." In one institution the women are living in a fire-trap, with the doors locked on the outside and the key in the hands of a young man. One county warden who had state prisoners, among them women both white and colored, told me in confidence, "I neah kill that woman yesterday." She had lost her temper and cursed one of the guards. One of the most reliable women officials in the South told me that in her State, at the state farm for women, the dining-room contains a sweat-box for the women who are punished by being locked up in a narrow place with insufficient room to sit down, and near enough to the table to be able to smell the food. Over the table there is an iron bar to which women are handcuffed when they are strapped, and on the wall there is the sign, "Christ died to save sinners." The woman prisoner who smuggled out a letter writes: "It [the prison] is built in the order of a zoo, having cells on each side of a passage ending up with a bull ring. We are in the sole charge of a man and subjected to every humiliation it is possible to conceive. The only exception being that he does not force himself upon us; but he has forced women in nude state to bathe before him, comes into the bath-room at all times, and compels us to keep our cell doors open all day. We have absolutely no exercise. The mode of punishment is flogging with a split hose containing holes, so that each lash raises and at the same time breaks the blister. . . . Last week the woman over my cell was flogged 35 lashes. I counted." An official report in one of the States indicates that "We also found in the female ward sweat-boxes just large enough for a person of normal size to be confined, said sweat-boxes contained chains for the purpose of preventing the prisoners incarcerated therein from assuming a squatting position. These sweat-boxes had no ventilators."

§ 6

The quality of the intelligence that supervises the penal system may be judged from the following lists of offenses. The first also contains the appended punishments.

	Lashes with a strap
Laziness	8–10
Impudence	10–12
Insolence	8–10
Disobedience	10–12
Fighting	10–15
Inferior work	8–10
Stabbing	15–20
Destroying property	10–12
Attempting to escape	20–30
Escaping	20–40
Feigning sick	8–10
Disturbance in cell room	10–15
Using bad language	10–12
Sodomy	10–20
Other minor offenses	8–10

(I beg the reader to observe that the exact difference between impudence and insolence is four lashes. This method might well be copied by dictionaries, and we should be spared the uncertainty of words.)

An efficiency explanation for whippings is the following from a letter by a warden in one of the Southern prisons: "Bread and water do very well in prisons where the prisoners do not work, but where they are employed, the strap can be used, and in a few

minutes the party be put back to work again without losing any time to speak of."

Here is another list of offenses. In this prison they use the strap, solitary confinement, and bread and water. Men may be punished for:

Altering clothing
Singing
Whistling
Talking
Creating a disturbance
Failure to make satisfactory progress in school
Gazing at visitors
Having papers when not in cell
Inattention
Laughing and fooling
Losing an article of clothing
Quarreling
Neglect to obey laundry rules
Soiling books
Replying when corrected
Using improper language
Using objectionable language
Profanity
Vulgarity
General crookedness
Breach of trust
Immoral acts or conversations of any nature
Laziness
Misrepresentation
Other offensive acts
Smoking cigarettes
Bed not properly made
Clothing not in order
Communication by signs
Dilatory
Hands in pockets
Hair not combed

These are only a few. There are a good many others. But enough has already been cited to show the character of the disciplinary intelligence back of these rules.

It is good to turn from this to tell of the important changes that have been made in the physical structure of the Alabama penal system under the excellent and enlightened administration of W. F. Feagin, who, unfortunately, has been relieved of his position by the new governor. It is also good to be able to record that Governor Thomas E. Kilby of Alabama ordered the abolition of whipping July 11, 1922. One must also record with pleasure and commendation the very excellent work of Warden Blitch at the state farm at Raiford, Florida. In a few short years he has raised the Florida state farm from one of the worst to one of the best in the South. Unfortunately, this praise for the state farm cannot be extended to the Florida county chain-gangs, which are still among the worst in the South.

It would be unfair to the many men and women in the South to leave this picture of Southern prisons without specifying at least a few of those who have striven to improve penal conditions in their respective States. I can only mention the few with whose work I am best acquainted. Mr. Frank Bane in Virginia, Dr. G. Croft Williams and Mr. H. C. Brearly in South Carolina, The Committee of One Hundred and the Greensboro "Daily News" in North Carolina, Mr. Joseph P. Beyers in Kentucky, Mr. Burr Blackburn and the Macon "Daily Telegraph" in Georgia are among the most conspicuous in the attempt to improve the conditions described in this essay. The obstacles in the way of improvement are illustrated by a recent incident in Georgia. Governor Hardwick issued an order abolishing whipping. This order roused a storm of criticism. The county commissioners called a special meeting. They condemned the governor for his action. They passed

a resolution, requesting the next legislature to "deprive the governor of the right to set aside rules governing the inmates of the state penitentiary of the prison commission" and they also passed the following substitute for the rule of whipping which the governor had abolished:

"They [the county wardens] shall safely keep all prisoners submitted to their charge, rigidly enforce discipline by the use of such humane modes of punishment as will best enforce submission to the authorities, and compel and induce the performance of good and faithful labor during work hours, using shackles and chains and handcuffing their hands and feet, in an elevated position above their heads, while they are compelled to stand in an upright position, and such other mode of punishment as will suggest itself to the warden in charge and is suitable to the situation."

This essay is not to be taken to mean that every prison, every chain-gang, every farm, every guard and warden are as they have been described in the above. That would be unfair to many good men who are doing the best they can. But the standards are very low. The most progressive institutions are the girls' reformatories, and one of the best of these is the institution at Gainsville, Texas, in charge of Dr. Carrie Weaver Smith.

Lest the readers of this should be under the delusion that the rest of the country is much better, let me remind them that the cruellest form of punishment, the strait-jacket, is still used in one prison in the North; that flogging is still practised in the Middle West; that dark dungeons, with leg irons and chains riveted about the ankles, are still used in the Far West; that some of the States have iron cages made to fit the body, and at least one of them has steam pipes on the side of this iron cage; that solitary confinement and dark cells are almost universal.

In the face of the facts presented in this essay the movement for prison reform seems inadequate and insufficient. There is much sentiment for a comprehensive change in the penal system, but for some reason the official prison reformers have found it difficult to organize, direct, and give form to this background of sentiment. It is true, of course, that the task of organization, propaganda, and formulation of programs is difficult. But that is not the only reason, perhaps not the main reason, for the failure of the American prison reform movement. The greatest progress made to date is in the reform schools for girls. That difference is due to the type of person who has gone into the work—scientifically trained women interested in the social problem, a fortunate development for which the prison reformers can claim little credit.

The main difficulty seems to be in the apparent inability to secure unity of purpose and method, achieve a common organization, and subordinate personality to the greater end of ridding the United States of this racking of human bodies to no useful purpose. To me the work of T. M. Osborne seems most enlightened and consequential. But the problem of leadership is a lesser problem. Why is there no systematic organization in all of the States under a comprehensive national program? Why and for how long must the prison reform movement be subordinated to minor differences of opinion hinging upon personality rather than upon aim?

Prisons and Prison Labor

By Adolph Lewisohn

"In this building science, charity, and thrift join hands to help the prisoner and the people." Such is the inscription on the tablet placed on the new Classification Prison Clinic located on the site of old Sing Sing Prison at Ossining, New York. Dr. Walter B. James, president of the New York City Academy of Medicine, who worded this inscription, selected the key-words of the new movement to better prison conditions—science, charity, thrift.

Movements for prison reform in the past have succeeded in so far as they combined these three. They have failed through lack of science, lack of charity, lack of thrift. The three are essential and must go hand in hand if we are to help the prisoner and the people. The only justification for any prison or prison system is that it does help the prisoner and the people; or, in other words, that it protects society, and at the same time trains the prisoner to be competent to earn an honest living when released from prison.

Two factors must be taken into consideration in working out a prison system that will meet these requirements, the prisoner and the thing he produces through his work.

The prisoner must work if he is to make any progress toward better manhood. Idleness is still the curse of the county jails and of many prisons and reformatories throughout the country, but we are fast coming to see that it is a curse which can and must be wiped out. Moreover, as a business man I can see no reason why law-abiding citizens should be taxed to support able-bodied, mentally capable men in prison; yet in New York State last year two thousand such prisoners were maintained at a cost of two million dollars to the taxpayers.

The prisoner must work. The sequence is that only men and women physically and mentally capable of work should be in prison. The insane, the feeble-minded, those with incurable diseases, do not belong in prison. They should go immediately after conviction to asylums, hospitals, or other custodial institutions. Tubercular prisoners and others with curable diseases require hospital treatment and, if possible, cure before they are rightly a part of the prison population.

This is the reason for the New York State prison clinic, the first of its kind in the world. All adult male prisoners, immediately after sentence, are to be sent to this clinic, where they will undergo a thorough examination, medical, mental, and according to work record and other previous experience in life. From the clinic they will be sent to the institution within the prison system most fitted to give them the treatment and training they require.

The necessity for scientific examination of prisoners has been accepted in New York State to the extent that

the legislature has committed itself to a two-million-dollar program for the development of the Classification Prison Clinic.

New York is not the only State which is working out the classification system. California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, and Virginia either through administrative orders or by special act of the legislature have taken measures to classify prisoners according to their physical and mental condition. In Alabama, Arkansas, and Texas prisoners are sent immediately after sentence to a central clearing-house. In these States, however, the clearing-house is often only a distributing-point for the various farms and camps, and the examinations are perfunctory. The system in all States is hampered in its development by the inadequacy of the institutions necessary for the various types of prisoners, and by lack of appropriations for the scientific staff to classify the prisoners.

Another weakness in the system in every State, including New York, is that prisoners are sentenced before they are sent to the classification clinic or clearing-house. The old criminal law attempted to make the penalty fit the crime, not the person who commits the crime. Many difficult situations arise from this fact, and also from the interpretations placed upon the law by different judges or the same judge at different times.

Two prisoners may go to a classification institution who may have committed virtually the same crime, but whose sentences vary by many years according to the attitude of the judge who imposes sentence. Again, such prisoners may have committed virtually the same crime, and yet need very different treatment and training. One may be an ignorant young man driven by press of circumstances to a crime he deeply regrets; the other, a hardened criminal, caught after many successful ventures in the field of crime.

Our present system of making the punishment fit the crime and fixing the length of sentence accordingly has been aptly compared to the fixing of the length of a hospital stay according to the disease, six weeks for measles, six months for smallpox, and so forth. We need less condoning of crime by lack of conviction. The crime should be condemned; then the criminal should be cured, so that he will not commit the crime again.

This is what the new penal science, in contrast to the old criminal law, attempts to do—to correct or cure the conditions in the person that have caused the commission of crime by placing around him a prescribed environment under medical, industrial, educational, and other scientific care and discipline, and to reform the prisoner so that he is likely to take care of himself and his family after his discharge.

§ 2

The objects of putting the criminal in prison are twofold: the deterrent influence on others to abstain from crime, the reform of the prisoner. To this end it is important that sure and swift justice should be meted out. Revenge, torture, brutality, and inhuman measures must be abandoned. They are barbarities which civilized nations must give up, and, besides, it is proved by centuries of practice that they do not help to reduce crime.

The industrial training of the prisoner is the next problem to be faced. This involves two distinct, but inter-

related, problems: the assignment of the prisoner to work for which he is fitted, and the disposal of the commodities which he produces.

A bright young man, capable of skilled industrial work, should not be assigned to dish-washing because there is a vacancy in the kitchen staff; the "soft" jobs should not go to the man with money to spend in the prison. Illustration after illustration could be furnished of the inefficient or worse methods of assigning prisoners to work and of the deterioration in the prisoners which resulted therefrom.

To-day there is available a mass of material gathered during the war through the assignment of the draft army to different types of work. Two million dollars were spent in determining the qualifications of the men for the different types of jobs. This experience, gained at such great cost, should be utilized to the greatest possible extent, and to no segment of society is its application more necessary than to the prison population. Psychiatrists and industrial experts need to be drawn upon to determine the type of work at which a prisoner is likely to make good—work which will call for the exertion of his best ability, for the value of which he will be paid.

Wage is the only incentive that will urge the prisoner to real work; moreover, it is the one legitimate way to provide for the prisoner's family.

Imprisonment for non-support or family desertion is ridiculous to-day. We shut a man up in prison for not supporting his dependents, and then make it impossible for him to support them. Moreover, family responsibility is one of the great factors in life for steadying a man, and the ex-prisoner who has a home and family to return to has much greater chance of making good than the one who has only his companions of the under-world.

Wage for prisoners is necessary also if prison industries are to be conducted on an efficient basis. Wage is as legitimate a charge on industry as the cost of raw materials, supervision, or overhead charges. An illustration of the handicap placed on prison industries by not charging them with wage payments to the prisoners is found in the brick industry at the Ohio penitentiary. Excellent brick for road-making is produced in this prison plant, but the Ohio law provides that prison products must be sold at cost, and as cost does not include the wage charges which free industry bears, the prison brick has to be sold at a lower cost than that produced outside the prison. Brick manufacturers suffer from the unfair competition resulting, and are in constant conflict to prevent the development of the prison-brick plant to its full possibilities.

The States are slowly recognizing the necessity for some wage payment to prisoners. In the past the arguments for wage have been of a sentimental nature and have taken the form of pay for over-time, a gratuity for good conduct, or a direct payment to the prisoners' families. The scientific aspects of the question are receiving attention now, however, and the movement to make the prisoner's wage conform to the value of his work is making headway. This movement first took form in the legislation enacted in Iowa in 1914 and in New Jersey in 1917, while great impetus was given by the executive order issued by President Woodrow Wilson in 1918, which made it possible for war supplies to be manufactured in the prisons provided

all contracts were made directly with the prison authorities and that "compensation and hours of labor for inmates of any institution above specified, working upon such supplies, shall be based upon the standard hours and wages prevailing in the vicinity in which the institution is located. The pro rata cost of maintaining the inmates so employed shall be deducted from their compensation."

Under the provisions of this executive order the State of New Jersey secured a contract with the Reclamation Division of the Army, and until that division was closed out, two hundred prisoners in the New Jersey state prison repaired army shoes. At the close of the contract the prisoners received checks on the United States Treasurer for their work, paying back to the State of New Jersey the cost of their keep and having a worth-while balance for themselves or their families. The war emergency proved the practicability of paying wages to prisoners, and the public mind is rapidly becoming convinced that the payment is not only right, but necessary.

§ 3

The next problem to be worked out is, how can this wage be paid? To pay wages to prisoners requires that they produce commodities that have value. These commodities must be sold: herein lies the crux of the prison-labor problem. The commodities produced by prison labor must be marketed, and they must not compete unfairly with the products of free labor. This is invariably the case when prison industries are operated under the so-called contract system.

Twelve years ago, when the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor began its work, this contract system was in operation in over thirty of the States. The labor of the prisoners was sold to some private manufacturer, who paid a mere song for it, and in addition received free, or for a nominal charge, factory room, heat, light, storage, and, in fact, all overhead charges. This contractor put his own agents in to supervise the prisoner workmen. The outcome was what might have been expected—never-ending conflict in authority between the contractor's agents and the prison authorities and never-ending opportunity for "graft." Brutality, exploitation of the prisoners, and corruption of the prison officers resulted inside the prison, while outside the prison the cheap prison-made goods flooded the market with a deterrent effect on industries producing the same line of commodities and on the wages of the workers employed in these industries. Slowly, through the combined efforts of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor and the American Federation of Labor, this contract system has been driven out of all but twelve States, and in these States there is a consistent public movement against it.

Another system of marketing the products of prison labor is what is known as the "public," or "state account," system, under which system the State turns manufacturer and establishes a factory selling its product in the open market.

The difficulties inherent in this situation are two: the pressure brought on the prison management both in regard to buying raw material and in disposing of the products by political forces with control over the prison "jobs," and the inability of small-sala-

ried state officials to compete in the industrial field with the high-salaried representatives of industries producing the same line of goods. Moreover, the system results in unfair competition between the States, as is shown by the fact that binder-twine produced in the great prison factory in Minnesota can be sold to the farmers of other States cheaper than binder-twine produced in their own prisons, where only small plants have been established.

When, in 1894, a plank was inserted into the New York State Constitution prohibiting the sale of prison products in the open market, labor representatives proposed that a market for such products could be found in the commodity needs of the state institutions and departments. The year following, legislation was adopted which provided that state institutions and departments should purchase their supplies from the prisons unless the State Commission of Prisons certified that the prisons could not produce the required line of goods. This latter provision proved the "joker" in the situation, and those who desired to continue the old contract system, with its splendid opportunities for making money, saw to it that the new system did not work and that the prisons could not produce what the institutions required.

This manipulation continued until 1911, and the failure of the New York system was widely advertised. Then a commission, headed by William Church Osborne, was appointed to examine the Department of State Prisons, and reported "a riot of waste and mismanagement in the conduct of the prison industries." A little later, in 1919, during the administration of Governor Smith, a commission, of which I had the honor to be chairman, was appointed to work out the practical development of the system.

The market in the commodity needs of the New York state institutions and departments has been worked out, and is so great that the superintendent of prison industries has publicly announced that not only has he a market fully adequate to consume all possible output from the prison industries, but that he is willing to recommend to the director of the bureau of purchase that he supplement his purchases from the New York State Prison Department by purchasing commodities produced in the prisons of other States.

Last year the full development of the New York prison industries was made possible by the enactment of legislation establishing a central bureau for the purchase of commodities for all state institutions and departments and creating a bureau of standards to bring about the adoption of standard specifications for all such commodities.

In the future the warden of Sing Sing will not receive in one year orders for fifty-three kinds of shoes, but for only such number of standardized shoes as are necessary to cover the feet of the inmates of the state institutions. These can be made in an efficiently operated prison factory, while the attempt to manufacture fifty-three kinds would drive any factory of the size of the Sing Sing factory to the wall financially.

Legislation was also adopted for the payment of wages to prisoners and creating the position of superintendent of prison industries. The field is therefore ready for steady progress, and in the next two years we look for the working out of an efficient system of prison industries in New York State.

The problem in New York State is

easier to solve than in other States, however, for the market is greater. In New Jersey, for instance, the prison plant for the manufacture of automobile tags can turn out in one year enough tags to supply New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. This fact has led the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor to propose the interchange of products among the States. A nation-wide survey has been made by the committee that proves that there is a market fully adequate to consume all the commodities produced by prisoners provided the country is zoned, and States in the different zones coöperate by interchanging their prison products.

At a conference called by the committee in Washington last March the survey and full plans for the working out of this so-called "states' use" system was presented to prison authorities throughout the country.

§ 4

One other point I cannot emphasize too strongly. No matter how scientific, how well rounded out, a prison system may be, it will fail unless administered by men and women capable of training the prisoners and directing the industries. The old type of political appointee must be replaced by the men or women thoroughly equipped for the work they undertake to do—the men or women who will win respect from the prisoners and help to create in them the desire to do that which is right. Such men and women are valuable servants of the community and should be adequately rewarded. In the past far too much of the public moneys have been sunk in brick and mortar. Massive prison buildings costing twenty-five hundred dollars a bed should yield place to simple, inexpensive buildings, and the savings go into the salaries of those responsible for the administration of the prisons. The right type of prison official will get results despite old buildings and inadequate equipment; the wrong will fail, no matter how elaborately the prison door is carved or how gorgeous the fittings of the prison chapel.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Not all wardens and keepers now in charge are incapable or bad. We have at the present time some very good men in charge of prisons, but they are handicapped by the conditions under which they work. A system should be introduced by which they would get instruction how to handle this difficult problem. The best men obtainable should be chosen for the places, entirely outside of political considerations, and the best people among the public should take interest in the matter, so that the wardens and keepers, if they do their work well, get credit for it, while if they are incompetent and unfit and do not do the work right, that fact should be known.

The fundamental principles of a sane prison system are brief: classification of prisoners; work, wage, the proper marketing of prison products; and the administration of prisons by high-minded, well trained men and women. Science, charity, and thrift are indeed the key-words of this system—science in the classification of prisoners and in their industrial training; charity in the placing of emphasis on the training and development, the real needs of the individual prisoners; thrift in the elimination of graft and the application of efficient business methods to the management of prisons and their industries.

FIVE LITHOGRAPHS BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

Just One More

The Dye Man

Sawing Wood

Migratory Workers

The Martyr

By Katherine Anne Porter

Rubén, the most illustrious painter in Mexico, was deeply in love with his model Isabel, who was in turn romantically attached to a rival artist whose name is of no importance.

Isabel used to call Rubén her little "Churro," which is a sort of sweet cake, and is, besides, a popular pet name among the Mexicans for small dogs. Rubén thought it a very delightful name, and would say before visitors to the studio, "And now she calls me 'Churro!' Ha! ha!" When he laughed, he shook in the waistcoat, for he was getting fat.

Then Isabel, who was tall and thin, with long, keen fingers, would rip her hands through a bouquet of flowers Rubén had brought her and scatter the petals, or she would cry, "Yah! yah!" derisively, and flick the tip of his nose with paint. She had been observed also to pull his hair and ears without mercy.

When earnest-minded people made pilgrimages down the narrow, cobbled street, picked their way carefully over puddles in the patio, and clattered up the uncertain stairs for a glimpse of the great and yet so simple personage, she would cry, "Here come the pretty sheep!" She enjoyed their gaze of wonder at her daring.

Often she was bored, for sometimes she would stand all day long, braiding and unbraiding her hair while Rubén made sketches of her, and they would forget to eat until late; but there was no place for her to go until her lover, Rubén's rival, should sell a painting, for every one declared Rubén would kill on sight the man who even attempted to rob him of Isabel. So Isabel stayed, and Rubén made eighteen different drawings of her for his mural, and she cooked for him occasionally, quarreled with him, and put out her long, red tongue at visitors she did not like. Rubén adored her.

He was just beginning the nineteenth drawing of Isabel when his rival sold a very large painting to a rich man whose decorator told him he must have a panel of green and orange on a certain wall of his new house. By a felicitous chance, this painting was prodigiously green and orange. The rich man paid him a huge price, but was happy to do it, he explained, because it would cost six times as much to cover the space with tapestry. The rival was happy, too, though he neglected to explain why. The next day he and Isabel went to Costa Rica, and that is the end of them so far as we are concerned.

Rubén read her farewell note:

"Poor old Churro: It is a pity your life is so very dull, and I cannot live it any longer. I am going away with some one who will never allow me to cook for him, but will make a mural with fifty figures of me in it, instead of only twenty. I am also to have red

slippers, and a gay life to my heart's content.

"Your old friend,

"ISABEL."

When Rubén read this, he felt like a man drowning. His breath would not come, and he thrashed his arms about a great deal. Then he drank a large bottle of *tequila*, without lemon or salt to take the edge off, and lay down on the floor with his head in a palette of freshly mixed paint and wept vehemently.

After this, he was altogether a changed man. He could not talk unless he was telling about Isabel, her angelic ways, her pretty little tricks and ways: "She used to kick my shins black and blue," he would say, fondly, and the tears would flow into his eyes. He was always eating crisp sweet cakes from a bag near his easel. "See," he would say, holding one up before taking a mouthful, "she used to call me 'Churro,' like this!"

His friends were all pleased to see Isabel go, and said among themselves he was lucky to lose the lean she-devil. They set themselves to help him forget. But Rubén could not be distracted. "There is no other woman like that woman," he would say, shaking his head stubbornly. "When she went, she took my life with her. I have no spirit even for revenge." Then he would add, "I tell you, my poor little angel Isabel is a murderess, for she has broken my heart."

At times he would roam anxiously about the studio, kicking his felt slippers into the shuffles of drawings piled about, gathering dust; or he would grind colors for a few minutes, saying in a dolorous voice: "She once did all this for me. Imagine her goodness!" But always he came back to the window, and ate sweets and fruits and almond cakes from the bag. When his friends took him out for dinner, he would sit quietly and eat huge platefuls of every sort of food, and wash it down with sweet wine. Then he would begin to weep, and talk about Isabel.

His friends agreed it was getting rather stupid. Isabel had been gone for nearly six months, and Rubén refused even to touch the nineteenth figure of her, much less to begin the twentieth, and the mural was getting nowhere.

"Look, my dear friend," said Ramón, who did caricatures, and heads of pretty girls for the magazines, "even I, who am not a great artist, know how women can spoil a man's work for him. Let me tell you, when Trinidad left me, I was good for nothing for a week. Nothing tasted properly, I could not tell one color from another, I positively was tone deaf. That *nina sin verguenza* almost ruined me. But you, *amigo*, rouse yourself, and finish your great mural for the world, for the future, and remember Isabel only when you give thanks to God that she is gone."

Rubén would shake his head as he sat collapsed upon his couch munching sugared almonds, and would cry:

"I have a pain in my heart that will kill me. There is no woman like that one."

His collars suddenly refused to meet under his chin. He loosened his belt three notches, and explained: "I sit still; I cannot move any more. My energy has gone to grief." The layers of fat piled insidiously upon him, he bulged until he became strange even to himself. Ramón, showing his new caricature of Rubén to his friends,

declared: "I could as well have drawn it with a compass, I swear. The buttons are bursting from his waistcoat. It is positively unsafe."

But still Rubén sat, eating moodily in solitude, and weeping over Isabel after his third bottle of sweet wine at night.

His friends talked it over, concluded that the affair was growing desperate; it was high time some one should tell him the true cause of his pain. But every one wished the other would be the one chosen. And it came out there was not a person in the group, possibly not one in all Mexico, indelicate enough to do such a thing. They decided to shift the responsibility upon a physician from the faculty of the university. In the mind of such a one would be combined a sufficiently refined sentiment with the highest degree of technical knowledge. This was the diplomatic, the discreet, the fastidious thing to do. It was done.

The doctor found Rubén seated before his easel, facing the half-finished nineteenth figure of Isabel. He was weeping, and between sobs he ate spoonfuls of soft Toluca cheese, with spiced mangos. He hung in all directions over his painting-stool, like a mound of kneaded dough. He told the doctor first about Isabel. "I do assure you faithfully, my friend, not even I could capture in paint the line of beauty in her thigh and instep. And, besides, she was an angel for kindness." Later he said the pain in his heart would be the death of him. The doctor was profoundly touched. For a great while he sat offering consolation without courage to prescribe material cures for a man of such delicately adjusted susceptibilities.

"I have only crass and vulgar remedies,"—with a graceful gesture he seemed to offer them between thumb and forefinger,—"but they are all the world of flesh may contribute toward the healing of the wounded spirit." He named them one at a time. They made a neat, but not impressive, row: a diet, fresh air, long walks, frequent violent exercise, preferably on the cross-bar, ice showers, almost no wine.

Rubén seemed not to hear him. His sustained, oblivious murmur flowed warmly through the doctor's solemnly rounded periods:

"The pains are most unendurable at night, when I lie in my lonely bed and gaze at the empty heavens through my narrow window, and I think to myself, 'Soon my grave shall be narrower than that window, and darker than that firmament,' and my heart gives a writhe. Ah, Isabelita, my executioner!"

The doctor tiptoed out respectfully, and left him sitting there eating cheese and gazing with wet eyes at the nineteenth figure of Isabel.

The friends grew hopelessly bored and left him more and more alone. No one saw him for some weeks except the proprietor of a small café called "The Little Monkeys" where Rubén was accustomed to dine with Isabel and where he now went alone for food.

Here one night quite suddenly Rubén clasped his heart with violence, rose from his chair, and upset the dish of tamales and pepper gravy he had been eating. The proprietor ran to him. Rubén said something in a hurried whisper, made rather an impressive gesture over his head with one arm, and, to say it as gently as possible, died.

His friends hastened the next day to see the proprietor, who gave them

a solidly dramatic version of the lamentable episode. Ramón was even then gathering material for an intimate biography of his country's most eminent painter, to be illustrated with large numbers of his own character portraits. Already the dedication was composed to his "Friend and Master, Inspired and Incomparable Genius of Art on the American Continent."

"But what did he say to you," insisted Ramón, "at the final stupendous moment? It is most important. The last words of a great artist, they should be very eloquent. Repeat them precisely, my dear fellow! It will add splendor to the biography, nay, to the very history of art itself, if they are eloquent."

The proprietor nodded his head with the air of a man who understands everything.

"I know, I know. Well, maybe you will not believe me when I tell you that his very last words were a truly sublime message to you, his good and faithful friends, and to the world. He said, gentlemen: 'Tell them I am a martyr to love. I perish in a cause worthy the sacrifice. I die of a broken heart!' and then he said, 'Isabelita, my executioner!' That was all, gentlemen," ended the proprietor, simply and reverently. He bowed his head. They all bowed their heads.

"That was truly magnificent," said Ramón, after the correct interval of silent mourning. "I thank you. It is a superb epitaph. I am most gratified."

"He was also supremely fond of my tamales and pepper gravy," added the proprietor in a modest tone. "They were his final indulgence."

"That shall be mentioned in its place, never fear, my good friend," cried Ramón, his voice crumbling with generous emotion, "with the name of your café, even. It shall be a shrine for artists when this story is known. Trust me faithfully to preserve for the future every smallest detail in the life and character of this great genius. Each episode has its own sacred, its precious and peculiar interest. Yes, truly, I shall mention the tamales."

In the Animals' Paradise

By Prince Vilhelm of Sweden

UNDER a scorching sun Ohlsson, Arrhenius, and I drew toward the plains of the Ruindi River. It is said that these plains south of Lake Edward are the richest in game in the world. It was thus with great hopes that we looked forward to the future—new specimens for our collections, meat for the pot, and animals always before the camera. In the mountains there had been difficulties both with regard to food and the camera. There the ground had been inhumanly difficult, and more suitable for monkeys and beasts with sucker-feet than for men. Now everything was going to be different—scorched, open spaces, with short, burned-up grass, small well filled ravines, and pleasantly dense acacia groves. In a word, a dry park-like landscape. Our expectations were to be amply fulfilled.

After crossing the Rutshuru River, we struck our tents the first night at Kayumba, where the nightly lion music, which was to echo unceasingly in our sleep for a month to come, started in full force.

But it was only the next afternoon, when we had passed the hot springs of Maj-na-motos, in which you can almost boil eggs in a crevice in the mountain, and had reached the plains on each side of the Ruindi River, that the game began to appear in greater numbers. At Kanyamaranga, another day's march toward the west, and just at the foot of the mountains, the wealth culminated.

Scorched brown and silent, the plains lay in the intense sunlight. Not a man or a hut was seen. The acacias stretched their thirsty arms toward a glowing sky. The green branched candles of the euphorbia shone juicy and poisonous, completely untouched by the drought. The plant seems full of life, but the grass all about was often sooty black from some prairie fire, which stopped at the roots of the euphorbia and had never dared to lick its resisting trunks. Now and then we caught a glimpse of smaller woods or sparse copses of bushes and thorny plants, forming, as it were, islands in a big dry sea. In long, even curves the ground rose and fell, just as if enormous Atlantic ground-swells had suddenly stiffened in their motion. Deep ravines cut through the landscape in all directions, forming stair-like ledges amidst all the flatness. But otherwise it was flat, flat, flat.

Here in this old lake bottom, where the waves of Lake Edward and Lake Kiwu once met in sisterly union, lay the animals' paradise. Water they found in the Ruindi and in the occasional pools, pastures in the dry coarse grass that seems unsuitable for fodder, but is, all the same, the favorite food of all the hungry mouths.

Antelopes are in the majority, alone, in pairs, in flocks, in herds of hundreds

of heads. You can positively not take a step without seeing new heads popping up. But the number of species is not great.

Here in one place you see stately water-bucks of massive muscular build and with long horn-like antlers. Black-gray and shaggy, they prefer the proximity of protective woods. In another a herd of a few hundred curious topi stare at the intruder. In order to see better, they approach slowly, with shining brown bodies and sloping backs and silly-looking heads. But suddenly the strange smell of the two-legged man-animal reaches their nostrils, and the whole flock turns round as quick as lightning. Slender kobs, with horns gracefully shaped like a lyre, look drowsy in the midday heat. Now and then a couple of bucks stand up to fight, so that their horns crack. Quick-footed reed-bucks leap high in the air and produce a strange whistling noise when they are frightened. In single file the terrifying and ugly wart-hogs run, with their curly tails raised stiffly in the air, if they are not nosing for food under some bush, and in the evening the shy bush-buck peeps out of his hiding-place. His horns twist spirally from the forehead, and the light streaks in his coat of hair give the impression that the animal is in harness. Baboons and monkeys chat away the hours in the thickets along the river. Storks, vultures, eagles, and other birds of prey make dizzy curves in the air, which vibrates with the heat.

In the forests the buffaloes lead their shy life. Originally an animal of the open plains, they have slowly withdrawn in splendid isolation, since they have observed that man has begun mercilessly to pursue them; but in the evenings and mornings they come out to graze. Then you can see their dark bodies like gigantic silhouettes against the surrounding plains. Even the elephants pay a call now and then, but keep mostly up on the slopes of the Rand mountains.

Finally the lions and leopards live in the ravines in close proximity to those marauders of the night, hyenas and jackals. They are responsible for the movement in the plains after sunset, and they force the kobs and the topi always to keep a sharp lookout, so that they dare not sleep with more than one eye closed. Otherwise, woe to them!

In the midst of the open plains the antelopes graze, if they have not sought protection from the midday heat below some tree. The grass is scarcely a foot high, but, all the same, one can come quite close up to them if the wind is favorable. A distance of from thirty to forty yards is not unusual at the first meeting, because the animals live in happy ignorance of man's cruelty and desire to kill. After the first shot they often stand still and stare uncomprehendingly at their fallen comrade. Only after a time does it dawn on them that the noise from the gun spells danger, and then their shyness is boundless. They gallop away at the first suspicious breath of wind, and are afterward very difficult to approach. Two hundred yards or a little more is on such occasions a good range.

§ 2

As soon as our collectors—that is, the National Museum—had acquired their desired specimens, it was only unwillingly that we raised a gun to the shoulder. Why disturb the idyl?

Why spread death and destruction in this animals' paradise? It was vastly more amusing to follow their lithe movements and observe their daily habits, or to lie hidden by a water-hole and witness unseen how they quenched their thirst and how the bucks fought for the best place. It was only the necessity of obtaining food for ourselves and a handful of blacks in the camp that made us even hesitatingly raise the finger to the trigger; or else the need for fresh carrion in order to keep the lions in order. Otherwise, why not leave the grazing herds in peace? It seemed almost criminal to disturb the calm of the paradise.

§ 3

For five weeks the expedition lay on the plains south of Lake Edward, sometimes down by the lake, sometimes in the middle of the savanna or just under the shadow of the mountains. West of Ruindi, east of Rutshuru, and of course between the two rivers, it was not difficult to obtain the necessary specimens for our collections. That was done in a few days, and then we occupied ourselves chiefly with filming the game and also with lion-shooting, because this district was overrun by those beasts of prey.

To film this fearless animal world may seem to the uninitiated very simple, but that is in no wise the case. For if you go up to the animals on the open plain, they certainly stand still for a moment, but always start off long before the camera has been put up. It is therefore important to find a suitable place, preferably near a water-hole, and to build there a small, well concealed grass hut from the wall of which only the lens protrudes. Then you must wait for hours, days, even weeks, perhaps. Sometimes the light is unsuitable, sometimes the roll of film runs out just at the critical moment when a careless noise in the camera is enough to frighten away every living thing within a radius of a mile. Some days the game is shyer than on others. And if you have got a series of good pictures of a kob, for example, but lie in wait for a reed-buck, it often happens that just as these shyer animals come to drink, an old kob will stand a few yards from the lens and hide what you want to catch. And if you then get tired of it and gently ask him to get away, he certainly willingly does so, but takes with him at the same time all the suspicious reed-bucks. He who wants to film must first of all practise the difficult art of being patient.

It would take too long and also be too monotonous to let the reader accompany us on all our excursions over the plains. One day was, on the whole, very much like another. Only the game varied. And so did the situations. The camp became an unimportant detail in which one only occasionally set foot. During the light hours of the day we shot food, built a boma, or made blood tracks. And when evening came we crept into our primitive little hut, made of twigs, listened to the sounds of the night, waited for lions, and stared in the intervals up at the twinkling stars in the sky. What, then, shall I talk about?

How the first lion fell one morning at sunrise after having bravely defended his life? How fifteen of them came after carrion at nine o'clock one evening, and how, in order to get peace at last, we shot eight before the last one in pure fright jumped at the barrel of my rifle? How an old wounded

male lion played hide and seek in a ravine, where we fell among millions of inch-long migrating ants, and had to give up the pursuit and tear the clothes off our bodies instead, and pick one another clean from the stinging and biting insects, whose strong jaws took away a piece of skin every time one was removed? Or how a wounded buffalo, which attacked us in a mad onrush, was overthrown just when the tip of his horns was only a few yards distant from his slayer, and his heavy body almost over him?

This sort of thing you have both heard of and read so much that it has lost its interest, but out there in the wilderness the problem of life or death is simplified extremely. You are confronted with it almost every day, and in the end you do not react to it any longer. Let those who so choose boast of their achievements. If a man consciously and in cold blood exposes himself to a risk, he need not on that account shout the fact into other people's ears. Anyhow, I prefer to talk of something else.

§ 4

So there will be only one real hunting-story here. It is neither more exciting nor more remarkable than others of the same kind, but springs from an experience that left a very deep impression—a full moon and the night when I shot my first lion from the boma.

Far away from anywhere there is a place called Kanyamaranga. How it ever got a name I don't know, for there is nothing there but the plain, with its acacias, euphorbia, and ravines. Perhaps there were some huts there long ago, whose inhabitants were obliged to move when the lions became too bold and enterprising; for that often happens in these parts. First you try to protect yourself with high palisades. But as soon as the first lion has jumped over and tasted the first human blood, the whole village removes to safer grounds; for such a beast shuns no means to reach his victim. He goes through fire and water, and very soon feels quite at home in the village.

The district was full of beasts of prey. In the daytime they slept in some cleft where the thickets and deep shadow prevented any sight of them, but at night they were all the more active. Then their dull, bass-coughing roar was heard on all sides. It rose and fell, now farther away, now closer to us, plaintively drawn out or more staccato. The king of the beasts had started to hunt in his own kingdom, and woe to the antelope that was not on his guard to avoid as quick as lightning the death spring! The next moment he would assuredly lie torn to death, with sharp fangs in his still trembling body. Not even man was safe.

The whole day we had struggled. In the place where that very morning a water-buck had been killed by a lion we had cut a way into a dense bush, strengthened the openings with branches of acacia, marked two loopholes with grass, and thrown in a few rugs and a piece of food. This is called "building a boma." Then we shot a kob, trailed the carcass up to the sad remains of the water-buck, and prepared blood tracks radially from the boma. For twelve hours Ohlsson and I had been on our legs. The camp was far away and seemed almost a myth. We had not been in it for two days.

Then the sun set. The colors

paled. The plain was bathed in an uncertain half-light in which outlines became blurred and everything floated more and more together. The bushes melted together with their own shadows. The grass waved in the evening breeze like a great sheet of water. For a moment the sky glowed in pure crimson, then slowly changed into violet and green. But the next moment it was night. Without warning, terrifyingly quickly the darkness had fallen. The twilight does not last long in a country where the sun's path cuts the horizon almost at right angles, and soon the constellation of the Southern Cross burns over the distant mountains.

On a few rugs I made myself comfortable with a sleeping-sack. The ground begins to grow damp toward morning, and therefore it is best to have something beneath you. With my hands I groped for my cartridge-belt, and felt for the last time if the heavy express rested within easy reach in its place by the loopholes. Then I lay down on my back and stared up at the white stars.

From the carrion, well fastened to its pole, rank odors were wafted to us now and then, but gradually the wind died down altogether. The soughing in the leaves ceased. The stringed orchestra of the crickets swelled to a nightly music. From a little pool of water in the neighborhood came the croak of the frogs, sounding like a chime from many bells. Otherwise all was still. All chirping had ceased long before.

Then the well known, dull roar came rolling across the plains, first from one side, then from another. It died down and started again. The lions had started their night rambles. Would they find their way here?

I turned round and looked out through the little square loophole. Resting on my elbows, it was just possible to distinguish the shot kob and a little bit of the ground behind it. Everything was calm. For a moment I peered as hard as I could at a shadow farther away. Did it not move? Imagination! It was only a white ant-heap. But when you lie like this in tense expectation, even the shadows come to life. I rolled over again and resumed my reflections.

The moon had risen, and it was lighter now. The acacia branches over my head were all clearly silhouetted, like a Japanese pattern, against the sky, black, bizarre, and gnarled. A mosquito buzzed in my ear, and a beetle crawled lazily over the rug.

My thoughts ran away. The strange charm of the wilderness had got into my blood. The loneliness oppressed me, but its pain was delicious.

A dull growl close to the boma startled me out of my thoughts. In a second I was wide awake and lay peeping out through the loophole. Everything outside lay steeped in moonlight, white, cold, full of expectation. At a distance of scarcely two yards lay the carrion. It was so light that you could count the hairs on its shin. And the ant-heap farther away was sharply defined against the background.

Suddenly there was a sharp rustle to the right, pattering feet to the left. The next moment two large male lions appeared each from his own side, almost ghostly and unreal in the white light.

One came crawling up as if ready to leap. He seemed to have taken fright. The other one, more aware of his superiority, walked erect, and there-

fore seemed bigger. As he stood motionless, sniffing with his nose slightly raised, he was indeed a picture of strength, agility, and cruelty. There really was something regal about his appearance. He impressed you with his calm greatness, his untamed savagery, and his firm confidence that nothing could beat him to the ground. I began to understand why the species is called the king of animals.

The lions stood as if carved in marble. They appeared almost heraldic, staring at each other. Neither would allow the other to come first to the feast. Then the one that stood upright shook his mighty head. His mane was tossed in brownish black masses. It stood out like a glory in the moonlight. Then he walked carelessly up to the kob and began to eat.

The other one was still suspicious. He walked carefully. His movements were as quick as lightning, but controlled and well balanced. He stared at the loophole, and our eyes met, but only for a second. The next moment he also lay by the buck and began to seek for the best pieces.

I have looked into many lions' eyes at night, but I have never seen them luminous, as many hunters assert. But it sounds better in a description to speak of eyes of fire that follow the lonely wanderer in the dark. The animals were now so close that I could almost put my hand on them.

The carcass cracked. The shreds of meat were flung about; the claws slashed and tore. The jaws ground and chewed; the red tongue licked the corners of the mouth now and then. It was the haunch that they wanted to get at first of all, that delicacy above all others. Each of the lions tore one away. If the carrion were not so well fastened, they would long ago have pulled away the whole lot. Now they had jolly well got to stay. They growled, tore, and growled again. We would leave them to it a little longer.

The rifle lay at the shoulder with free trigger. The front sight, which was capped with cotton wool to make it more visible in the dark, did not leave the shoulder-blade of the nearest visitor for a single moment. He began to grow restless, half rose, with his jaw dripping with blood. Now!

A flash. A report. Two simultaneous shots that sounded like one, for the film man beside me had also shot.

The lions leaped yards high, crossed each other, and disappeared each his own way.

The place was empty, if possible even more desolate than before; but from the thicket not far away we could hear the death-rattle of an animal. To judge by the direction it was Ohlsson's.

Then a furious roar started to the right. Time after time it vibrated with its deep bass tones. Incessantly it rose and fell, roaring, mumbling, growling. It sounded as if all the furies of wrath had been let loose and were giving a concert.

I stood up and caught sight of the lion a short distance away from us. It was half sitting, with straight fore legs, and its head tossed wildly. The mouth was wide open, but the back part of the body was quite motionless, evidently paralyzed by the shot.

It was too far to shoot from where I stood; the moonlight makes aim uncertain. He would have lain there safely till dawn, but I could not bear to see an animal suffer like that. And, besides, his roaring warned others of

his family not to come. In that case the rest of the night would be spoilt. Therefore, I carefully crept out of the boma. If only Ohlsson's lion were really dead!

When my wounded beast caught sight of me, his fury increased, but it was impotent rage. His body had no longer the power to collect itself for a spring. How he could ever jump after the first shot was inexplicable. But here he lay, anyhow, about twenty yards from the boma.

A shot rang out, but with no result. In the moonlight I had evidently shot above his back. He continued his roaring. I must go closer till only a few yards separated us. Then a bullet lodged in his heart, and his roaring ceased with a sigh. His body twitched a few times; then all was quiet.

As quickly as possible I crept back and pulled the twigs of the boma after me; for the other lion might still be heard among the bushes. If it was risky even by daylight to pursue such game, it would be sheer madness to expose oneself to an attack in the dark. For a moment I listened to the sound. It grew weaker and weaker; at last it ceased altogether. Then I rolled myself up in the blanket again and tried to go to sleep. But my slumber was restless. In a few hours other lions were already after the carrion. This time two female lions, each with her young one, came creeping out of the shade, and once more I lay looking at them from my hiding-place.

The old ones were careful and shy; they tried to keep back the young ones. But these had good appetites; they whined and growled. Soon one of them was sitting on top of the buck, while the other was on the point of eating his way into the stomach. It went fast. In a moment only the hind legs stuck out in the moonlight. As nothing unexpected happened, the old ones also ventured to come out, and soon the feast was in full swing.

I really hesitated to disturb the family idyl. The young ones looked as if they enjoyed themselves so thoroughly and the mother purred with satisfaction that it was so easy that night to get food. She did not seem to attach any importance to the shot male a short distance away.

However, soon there was another crack. She fell on the spot. In her desire at the moment of death to feel something between her teeth she had bitten her own front paw to the very bone.

Time after time the young ones came back. You could hear them and the remaining female fighting in the neighborhood when she wanted to prevent them from approaching the suspicious spot. But they were obstinate, understood nothing. At last she lost patience. With a gigantic leap she was on the spot, roared out something as she passed which sounded most like "Damned kiddies!" or something similar, and had disappeared with them the next moment in the darkness, as ghost-like and unreal as when she came.

By and by the night grew lighter. The sun rose shining red, like a freshly polished copper pan. The female lion lay in the same position and bit her paw. Only with the help of an ax could we break open her jaws. Farther away the morning breeze tossed about the shaggy mane of the big male lion. He almost gave the impression of having gone to sleep with his head against a stone. A short blood track easy to follow through the high grass

on which the drops hung like crimson berries finally led to the film man's bag. It lay stone dead, shot with mathematical precision through the heart, under the shoulder-blade.

§ 5

From the camp we sent for bearers, and in the early morning hour a circle of black bodies soon danced round the bag, the arch-enemy. Arms and legs waved about in wild delight. Triumphantly the monotonous song sounded from gurgling throats: "Simba anakufa, simba anakwisha." ("The lion is dead, the lion is finished.")

To shoot lions from a boma is nothing to brag about. The sport is, as a rule, not dangerous, because it very rarely happens that an animal jumps in. And in that case it is always by mistake. No, it is fairer to seek for them in the daytime. The only difficulty is to find them. But if you meet a wounded animal in the high grass, you had better be on the lookout; because in that little game only cold blood and a quick eye can possibly save the hunter. If he shoots too soon, it may be fatal; if he waits too long, it may perhaps be too late. You must watch the right moment, so that the bullet has the greatest probability of reaching a vital spot and stopping the attack. But that is really exciting and puts the nerves to a severe test.

What is really the most dangerous African game is a question one often hears, lion, elephant, buffalo, or rhinoceros? Some say one, others insist with just as much emphasis on another.

It is probably because different animals behave in very different ways in different situations. You never know beforehand, when you have them, what they will do on a particular occasion. At one time they show fight, at another time they are cowardly. If the bullet sits badly, you have every reason to expect the former. But even with a shot that has touched a vital part they may still attack. A lion, for instance, might after a full hit in the heart still use the strength of the last beat of his pulse to leap about ten yards, and after that lie stone dead over the victim he sprang upon. And it has happened to me that a buffalo that I shot from the front, when the bullet went in between the eyes and out at the back of his head behind his horns, nevertheless turned round, made a treacherous circle, and attacked from another side exactly as if he had not been hit in the forehead the moment before.

If, however, you try to take the average of the experiences of different hunters, I believe it leans most to the side of the lion. That is to say, I believe that of one hundred big game shot, the highest percentage of those that have attacked in order to kill their assailant has been found among lions. After that come the elephant and the buffalo; last of all the rhinoceros. My own experience, however, points decidedly to the buffalo. But that is because I have nearly always had trouble with him, whatever the reason may be. This, however, does not signify much and will not affect the average figure, for opinions on this subject are, as has already been pointed out, highly individual.

A chapter on the paradise of the animals south of Lake Edward would not be complete unless I touched in a few words on the life of the rivers. For if the plains are the promised land of the antelopes and lions, Rutshuru

can as justly be called the promised land of the hippopotamus.

I have seen these huge monsters all over Africa. In Kenya, in the Lakes of the Great Depression, and on the Nile, but nowhere have they been so fearless as here; no stretch of water has in such a very small area concealed so many. I have never come so near to them and never been able to enjoy their clumsy games so undisturbed as in Rutshuru.

When Eric von Rosen visited the place in 1912, there were still, he wrote, herds of more than a hundred animals. What must not the river have been like in still remoter times? It must have been like a great ant-heap of pachydermata.

But now the stocks in the rivers have decreased. Despite repeated visits to the best places, we could never find more than fifty animals in any one herd. Generally there are only twenty or thirty; but that is a fair number when one considers that the water is in many places no broader than twenty yards. For that reason one can also creep close up to them under the protection of the grass and papyrus that skirt the shores. About five yards was the closest I ever came.

There is a puffing and panting, a grunting and snorting, beyond description. Everywhere the unshapely heads pop up above the water, with their pointed ears, narrow little pigs' eyes that peer comically up at the sun, and pink nostrils through which the water always seems to be running. Or otherwise the animals climb up on the sand-banks, where they lazily bask in the sun and let the quick little birds pick the insects off their backs. In a compact group they stand body to body, rubbing their sides against one another, and resting their heavy heads on the shoulder of a comrade. Now and then an old bull will open his gigantic mouth in a record yawn. He gapes and gapes till the jaws form an obtuse angle, and you think the jaws must have been out of joint long ago. In the wide cavity thus formed you catch a glimpse of a thick, red tongue between the tusks, which look like white stalactites growing out from the walls. He takes his time and prolongs the pleasure of the yawn as long as possible. Then he gives a few grunts at the joy of his free and careless life, snaps his jaws together, and resumes his interrupted slumber on the bank, unless his desire for a bath suddenly gets the upper hand, when he will, instead, leisurely roll into the lukewarm water, from which soon only ears and eyes peep out. Then he blows a fine spout of water high up into the air for the fun of the thing, and disappears completely. Only a few water rings mark the spot where the gigantic head disappeared a few moments before.

You can sit and watch the animals for hours. It never becomes dull. The young ones play about, looking like big fat pigs as they wallow in the mud, rubbing their broad snouts. Their parents give them a rough push whenever they become too impudent and threaten to disturb the sacred peace of the midday snooze. The film man became very busy, and the camera was hard at work for days, taking with never failing keenness and never lying eye pictures of this idyl, which, I suppose, has in the main remained unchanged ever since the days of the Tertiary Period. Excepting, of course, for the number of beasts.

Why have these herds been so enormously diminished, especially when the hippopotamus never does any harm to man?

The explanation must be sought in the reckless behavior of certain ivory-hunters, in the need for food for the negroes in Rutshuru during the war, and in the desires of the natives round about the river mouth for the flesh, which they consider better than the finest roast beef in the world. Nor is there any difficulty in hunting them. If the animal goes on land, it is like practising at a target on a small dining-room table. And a baby cannot miss when the distance is only a few score of yards. It is true, however, that the bullet or the spear must hit the right spot in order to kill; but the hippopotamus is so little shy that you have only to walk on till you have a point-blank shot. But things are different from a canoe. Then the chase may be both difficult and dangerous. The water protects its body, except the top of the head, and more than once it has happened that the light boats of the natives have been tipped over by one of these playful or vindictive pachydermata.

At night the monsters walk ashore to grass. They have their definite paths leading to or from the watercourses, and these form real mazes in the reeds and grass. You can often hear them far out on the plains, and one evening such a colossus stood just outside my tent and grunted in the moonlight. It was only when the negroes began to shout at the top of their voices and the askaris came running up with rifles that he thought better of it, and began to lumber slowly and with dignity toward more peaceful pastures. As they have such nocturnal habits, you cannot wonder at them almost yawning their jaws out of joint in the daytime.

§ 6

On a prearranged day the Ruindi and Karissimbi safaris met again at Kabare. Only then did Ohlsson and I discover that Easter had passed and that we had spent most of it in the boma with lions and other wild animals. The only calendar which the expedition possessed was in Gyldenstolpe's hands. And he wisely took good care not to lend such a treasure to unauthorized persons.

Time had flown. We were already well into April. We had a hope, though it proved to be a deceptive one, that there would be a little motor-boat on Lake Edward which might take the *safari* with its numerous belongings over to the northern end of the lake. However, there were two biggish iron barges at our disposal, besides about twenty canoes. They saved the situation. Of the barges the biggest looked like a photographer's developing-dish; the other had the shape of a sauceboat. Nevertheless, they took a fair amount of baggage, which was the main thing; but they were very difficult to row and not very seaworthy, thanks to the low freeboard, which was only about one inch high. The small canoes, on the other hand, had scarcely room for anything. Consequently, it was not without considerable difficulty that the whole expedition was conveyed across to Kassindi. Nor was this achieved in a single journey; we had to paddle our way across in two sections. The crossing to and fro took ten days, so that three weeks were altogether wasted in these transport operations.

The Great Mr. Manchester

By Evelyn G. Kessel

Drawings by Peggy Bacon

Six sharp raps brought no response. As Miss Edith finally pushed open the door, the air was thick with the stale odor of onions, apples, and coal-gas. A portly, florid gentleman in a trim tailored coat strolled out with stately step at the same moment.

"Ah, I did n't know it was you," he suavely observed. "Mrs. Gilkes, our landlady, has a way of intruding." Bowing, he ushered her in, and passed on.

Miss Meacham had just moved into this new "apartment," as she always called it. The room, with its dispiriting view through one small window of gaunt rear walls, was not spacious. Behind three cater-cornered screens she was wont to carry on the occupations of cooking, washing, sewing, and sleeping.

Wedged between the Boston rocker and the Swiss bear, clasping an umbrella-stand to his carved and dusty bosom, was the desk. This was the room's altar. It bore upon its littered top everything to which Miss Meacham had pinned her faith in the past and to which she dedicated her hope for the future.

She had drawn up a sacrificial stool, and, as Miss Edith entered, sat, with poised pen, gazing for a rapt and dreamy moment at the books grouped inspiringly before her: "Heroines of Fiction"; "Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Times"; "Ideals Made Real."

Miss Edith had come upon her before during these oblivious moments when she was brooding over a scene for one of her drama-novels—her own name for them. In some devious manner a ray of early afternoon sun filtered down along the dingy brick walls, illumining the pinched features of the small bent figure staring through thick glasses at a close-scribbled sheet. It gleamed among the eight sets of waving-combs which held her gray hair rigid, and burnished the altar's idol—a brass bust of Napoleon.

Seen thus, her mouth quivering in a smile of happy concentration, Theresa Meacham hardly seemed a fashioner of "robes," as the blurred black letters on her door informed the passer-by.

But her shining visions faded in an instant. She rose with the usual little cry of surprise at the visitor's unobserved entrance.

"I was lost in such a lovely scene!" she chirped, bustling about—"their first avowal, in a moon-lit garden."

The floor was tessellated with pins, threads, spools, and multi-colored shreds. Over this bright pattern Miss Meacham rolled out from behind one of the concealing screens a dress-form to whose curves clung diaphanous

draperies of green. She slipped them rapidly over Miss Edith's blond head.

Miss Edith was weak, her friends deprecated, to the fantastic extent of wearing an occasional frock of obsolete cut rather than desert the little woman for whom no one else would make a similar sacrifice.

"You 're writing a new novel?" she asked.

"Eighth chapter," responded the seamstress in her lilting voice. "Please, Miss Edith, stand straight!"

She was crouched on the floor in an effort to straighten the dips of the too voluminous skirt, chattering blithely of her customers. Miss Edith looked down at her with a compassionate smile.

Yes, customers and many orders were keeping Miss Meacham too busy, deplored that lady, to give close thought to "Alida Alsop, Adventuress," though it was just the sort of serial, vibrant with human experience, that the alert Rural Press Syndicate was continually in quest of. Alida was to be a strange, hard, beautiful creature, yet with a paradoxical piety of spirit which would impel her, on the eve of her greatest "coup," to take the veil. A character to be deeply pondered. But authors must have peace of mind as well as leisure, and this one was worried again about Mr. Manchester. Same old nagging pain in his back. He could n't just put his finger on it.

She pointed to a small cupboard, from which came a sour whiff of spirits, and sighed.

"But he insisted on carrying that heavy thing all the way from our other apartment! Never spares himself. He thinks an X-ray will locate his trouble, but X-rays are n't cheap, and you know how the dear man is—"

Miss Edith said that she knew.

"And I just had to *force* him to take the money. You can't imagine how he hates to take it from me! All the Manchesters are so proud!

"Of course," she pursued, reaching for her scissors, "it means that I can't have my farm just yet. I could get it cheap now, too; Brother Eliakim wants to sell it right off. The beautiful things I could write on that porch with honeysuckle and sunshine all around me! Every dahlia in my garden would have a love-story for me! But Mr. Manchester," in a tone of cheerful decision, "comes first."

Miss Edith listened vaguely to the murmured chirpings from the pin-filled lips. She looked once again from the frail whiteness of the dressmaker's bent neck to a photograph on the desk of a sun-bonneted girl, with smiling mouth and smiling, near-sighted gaze, perched happily atop a hayrick; and she understood how it was that Miss Meacham had attracted Mr. Manchester, the elegant floorwalker, handsome enough to set the heart of every girl at McWherry's beating.

"He 's going to have an outing next Saturday. He needs it, his resistance is so low again. He 's gone into some new work—commission business. It 's a fine job, brings him into contact with so many important men; but of course it keeps him going all the time."

"You 'll join him Saturday on the outing?" Miss Edith questioned.

"I can't! What about all the spring orders I 've taken?" She sprang up quickly from the floor. "Of course he *asked* me,—never forgets me,—but this time I 'm afraid he 'll have to go without his wife."

Yes, Miss Theresa Meacham, keep-

ing her maiden title for business purposes, was yet a wife, the wife of the portly Jocelyn Manchester of whom many a caustic tale was told in the dozen rooming-houses to which Miss Edith, over a period of three years, had followed the wandering couple and their Lares and Penates, these last being each time a little more crowdedly disposed.

The door opened slowly, and Manchester sauntered in; with a deferential nod to the ladies, he retired gravely behind the screens. Reappearing upon the client's departure, he observed in his quiet manner:

"Sometimes, my dear, I think she makes a good thing of you. Pays you Eighth Avenue prices, and you make her look like Fifth." He let himself down languidly into the chair she had pushed up for him. "The masseur did me more harm than good to-day. Back aches like a sore tooth. Get me the porous plaster, Tess." Through the smoke of his cigar he looked furtively at his wife. "What do you think of my trying one of those imported radium-belts?"

"That might be a good idea. How much do they cost, dear?"

"Five dollars more than I have to spare," he rejoined.

"We ought to try it though, Joc; I think a lot of those foreign remedies."

"Thank you, my dear." He coughed, and drew himself up erect in his chair. "I 'll accept this as a loan until the end of next week."

It was a happy coincidence that Manchester's greatly needed outing was planned for Saturday: Saturday was the opening day of the races. He pointed out to his wife that mingling with the holiday crowd would prove refreshing to his jaded nerves, for throughout the years, always dapper and distinguished, Jocelyn Manchester had lucklessly, but indefatigably, played the races.

"I never want him to feel," the seamstress told Miss Edith, earnestly, "that because his wife sold hair-nets and dress-shields, he must give up the hobbies of his own class. It would be too much to ask of any gentleman."

Mr. Manchester was of an old family, which, however, had long ceased to summon him to its tribal muster; even before he had drifted to McWherry's Eighth Avenue Emporium, where he found what twelve landladies had called his "meal-ticket"—Miss Meacham, whom his handsome manner, his fastidious tastes, his calm, patronizing affection, charmed and held always.

And, in truth, Mr. Manchester's

"An occasional frock of obsolete cut"

was a graciousness which seldom forgot itself. On the day before the races, as Miss Meacham struggled with the final fitting of the dress, her husband walked in, waveringly, with vacant eyes. A crumpled "Turf Topics" was in his shaking hand; and his puffy cheeks and Roman nose were so incarnadined that Miss Meacham exulted over the tonic qualities of massage.

When she ran to him and he almost stumbled over her, he mumbled in his courtly manner, stroking her eight sets of combs with a benign, if unsteady, hand:

"Pardon me; beg pardon, my dear! Hubby always finds you when he comes home—always there. Some day I 'll make you a rich woman. Some day I 'll—"

She disappeared with him behind that screen which hid the brass bed. Sounds of rapid unstrappings and unbuttonings; after which she tripped out, a little flushed, but arch and smiling, her arms piled with garments.

"It 's the nerves in his back that bring on these awful spells of vertigo. They come more often when he 's overworking." And she added emphatically: "All the treatments, and his back no better! They 're only makeshifts; the only thing 'll cure him is a long rest."

She hung his shapely ulster on the clothes-horse, beside her own formless turban, in whose rusty plush recesses nested a draggle-tailed bird. Then she removed her customer's dress with trembling hands.

"Mr. Manchester needs me during these spells. Would you mind coming back at six? I 'll have it all packed and ready."

When Miss Edith returned, the landlady was standing, arms akimbo, in the seamstress's room, observing her as she meticulously polished her Jocelyn's shoes.

"Afore I 'd be doin' that!" she cried. "You 've spoiled him till he 's putrid. Sure, was n't you washin' his one silk shirt and them English hose of his'n most of yistiddy while he was away—workin'?" she added with a sniff, and a wink at Miss Edith. After the landlady had lolloped away, Miss Meacham nodded her be-combed head mischievously.

"The poor soul thinks I can't see through her," she chortled as she tied Miss Edith's parcel. "It 's only envy. How could a woman like her understand him!"

"When do you want me again?" asked Miss Edith, drawing on her gloves.

The seamstress took up her appointment-book and glanced over its empty pages.

"I 'm afraid I can't squeeze you in until Tuesday. The delay won't bother you?" Miss Edith was willing to wait. "I 'm so glad, because," she announced complacently, "when Mr. Manchester returns to-morrow evening, he 's taking me to an oyster-house. He always treats me so beautifully!"

The landlady's observation to Miss Edith after the week-end, that though Manchester may not have been lucky with horses, he surely was with women, was well borne out. He was waiting with his usual courteous patience for Miss Meacham to settle down blithely to her work again. Crouched lower over it than ever, crooning to herself, she stitched hastily away at another bit of crude handwork on a graceless linen blouse.

She was more than ever barren of ideas; she did not even know that skirts were getting longer. How could she, when Jocelyn's health and all the daily whir of her activities behind her cater-cornered screens kept her from pressing her face against the Fifth Avenue window-panes? So Miss Edith brought her the news of this latest change of fashion.

"Oh, yes, I was making them longer for the South," she said brightly. "I 'm so relieved that some of my clients are leaving town now! It 'll give me a bit of breathing-space to work up that scene where Alida Alsop dazzles the millionaire's son."

Seven rooms back—Miss Edith had come to chronologize the dressmaker's history thus—she had a workroom and three busy helpers. But gradually the workroom dwindled to a chair behind the screen for one anemic girl, and now the chair alone was there. Still Miss Meacham prattled on about her workroom, dwelling upon the expediency of having it at a distance from her own "apartment."

"You—you 're right, of course," murmured the customer. "Has—has Emma married her policeman?"

Miss Meacham took great delight in such queries about the mythical workroom and its phantom occupants. They married, left her, returned to her after being deserted by brutal husbands, were the heroines of many other dramas. She came gradually to build all her stories about these shadow-creatures.

Long ago, about eleven rooms back, thanks to an energetic manager of the syndicate, she had published one of her serials, which ran simultaneously in the "Elk Point Weekly," "Cedar Grove Gleanings," "The Chickasauga Sentinel," and the "Kadoka Center Gazette." Those had been glowing days. With orders flowing in for dresses, and the proceeds from "Moira Morton's Unhappy Marriage," race-track habitués had seen Manchester gravely jubilant. He had quietly exhorted his wife to the creation of more Moiras. But the literary moments snatched here and there during the days of moving, sewing, washing, ironing, and cooking were not sufficiently productive to please the exacting Kadoka Centerites, who demanded something more than the arid output of pure inspiration.

Early that summer Manchester got from her the secret of a little hoard until then hidden in a Vermont bank. It was better, she decided, to give up this last hope of Eliakim's farm than to watch Jocelyn "run down."

"You see," she told Miss Edith, "that new commission business has kept him slaving, and won't let his back get well. But he says we 're going to strike oil one of these days," she joyously declared. "We 're going to get large returns on the money we put into it. Some of the big men he 's working with are getting more friendly with him all the time."

But with his unique wizardy Manchester had no sooner looked at Miss Meacham's little nest-egg than it vanished. And now began a series of removals for the Manchesters difficult to follow. Somehow, with each removal, Miss Meacham's chirpings became more incessant, the arch little bobbings of her be-combed head more constant. The corners of her pale lips had always now an upward perk; the eyes peering from her wizen face were forever dimly pleased.

Manchester's manner, on the other

"'Afore I 'd be doin' that!'"

hand, expressed a profound dissatisfaction with existing conditions. His rubicund look was gone. He was taciturn and remote. The demands of his new enterprise upon his time were not too pressing, and for long hours he would dawdle behind the screens, his wife buzzing tenderly about him.

On her return home one close June evening, Miss Edith found the little seamstress waiting for her. She was limply huddled in a high-backed chair as if weighted down by the rusty serge, which served her regardless of season. Her lips were for the first time drooping as she rose listlessly to meet the young lady.

But a cup of tea brought her smiles again. She chattered of her busy afternoon down-town. A bride wanted a "going-away" gown; so she had actually left her other sewing to do the bride's shopping herself.

"At the same time I thought I 'd get samples for the organdie frock you said you 'd order next month." She hesitated for an instant, staring at her benefactress with fluttering anxiety. Then in her usual blithe manner: "You see, if you paid me now, I 'd feel justified in refusing other orders and could start yours right away."

She stopped at the door to press Miss Edith's check down more securely beside the scraps of silk in her purse, and giggled.

"Mr. Manchester's really teaching me to be businesslike, is n't he? He has such a wonderful head for business!"

For a short time nothing was heard of the seamstress or of the organdie by her sole remaining customer. The seamstress's latest landlady, however, sent word to Miss Edith during the torrid spell in early July to say that "the Meachams," for thus they were usually called, seemed to be in a bad way. "Never a smell of cooking from their room have I caught in days." Then the next evening Miss Edith was called to the telephone by the strangely shaken voice of the self-contained Manchester.

"She wants to see you — Miss Meacham does. Could you come now?" His voice trembled. "We 're in a new place, two blocks up; Number 382."

Miss Edith was shown into the smallest and most squalid lair they had ever occupied. A whiff of iodoform instead of the usual aroma of onions came to her as the door was opened by Manchester. In her first hasty glance she noticed that the screens were gone, and the properties of all Miss Meacham's various rôles were exposed to view.

In the middle of the brass bed lay Miss Meacham, or what could be seen of her. She was swathed in bandages, her mouth and a bit of weedy neck alone visible. Over her eyes were little pads, but she peered out from under them. Their new landlady, who was doing the honors, began in her own manner to explain.

"It was a great big car,—painted gray it was,—and that scut of a chauffeur in gray to match! Some swell outfit! I was just comin' home with the milk, and there was Miss Meacham crossin' the street just ahead of me, when, without blowin' his horn, that boob of a chauffeur swings round the corner and—"

Miss Edith broke in to ask about the silent, staring little figure on the bed.

"Oh, well, we dunno yet. She ain't much hurt. Gashes on her scalp and nose, and her face scratched, her

glasses smashed on her—I guess that 's the worst. And she 's bruised all over her body, and her right arm broke'; and maybe somethin' wrong inside; but the doctor he says 't ain't serious."

Here there came a faint cheeping from the bed. Miss Edith moved over to it. Miss Meacham's eyes were feverishly bright. Her lips were moving.

"He 's so unused to—trouble—he 's sure to get sick," her visitor, as she bent down, heard her murmur feebly. "Miss Edith, could n't you—" But the rest was inaudible.

"Yes, yes, I 'll talk it all over with him. But you must think of yourself now." She shook her bandaged head. "Especially," Miss Edith said after a moment, "if you want to spare him."

Miss Meacham seemed to realize the force of this argument, and, with a dim, fond look at Manchester, lay quiet and resigned.

He was flushed, and his collar was wilted. He paced importantly up and down the room, relating with growing animation the details of the accident.

"When she came to, she never made a sound of complaint! She 's a wonder all right!" He patted her hand, bringing a misty smile to her lips. "When the doctor came, she never said a word either, and made me get out of the room. I guess she 's one that don't feel pain much. She 's lucky. Now, *I* feel everything more than most people."

Miss Meacham grew restless.

"Fever goin' up," pronounced the landlady. Manchester examined the frail bandaged thing for a moment.

"By Jove! she 's a heroine!" he exclaimed, thumping one closed fist into his other hand, "and if she don't get at least ten thousand damages—" His color rose; he took several quick turns about the bed. "Why, she 's entirely incapacitated! Arm broken, eyes bruised; she can't work any more, maybe never. I 'll engage a lawyer—fellow who 's on the job, too, and I 'll send her to her brother's in the country and close up here; and—and—they 'll see what they did to her! Means of livelihood gone, and all that sort of thing."

Here there was a sudden thrashing in the bed.

"Lie down, honey, I tell you!" scolded the landlady. But the bandaged little object rose suddenly, stiffly, like a mummy come to life. The pads fell from her eyes.

"Yes," quavered the voice, "and—when we have all the money, Joc, Eliakim's farm—we 'll live up there; get your health back—out of doors—apples—and haying—and honeysuckle—Alida Alsop out on the porch—" There was something more about a fur-lined coat for him, like the one they had seen at the oyster-house.

Manchester was looking out of the window.

"What 's she been saying?" he asked in a choked voice.

"Now, Mr. Manchester," remonstrated Miss Edith.

"Aw, she 's so sick!" he said thickly. "This is getting my nerve all right," he muttered. "I 've got to have a bracer!"

"You 're not well, Joc dear," came an anxious whisper.

"I 'll be back soon," he said, picking up his hat.

At Miss Edith's next visit, the patient was still worrying about Mr. Manchester. Her fever had subsided. As she lay there in her swathings, dark

glasses hiding her eyes, she became feebly loquacious. She was relating how her husband had been so "broken up" that yesterday she had made him drink the whisky prescribed for her when he shambled in. His flabby countenance was stubbled with beard; his shoes were muddied; there was dust on the correct ulster.

His wife called him to her, with an arch crooking of her finger.

"Nobody to heat his shaving-water!" She stroked his hand, clucking and purring over him weakly. "Nobody to get his breakfast, and nobody to pet him. He 'll be, oh, so trim and brushed and fed and happy when we 're off on the farm!"

"Yah, farm!" he muttered dourly.

"Go out, dear," she coaxed. She turned to Miss Edith. "Times are a bit slack just now. He 's home all day, waiting on me, filling the hot-water bag, three trips to the drug-store Tuesday; he needs diversion. Do go out, dear!"

He was biting his cigar, lost in grim thought.

"I 'll go out and look for a job," he said at last. This gave the measure of what he suffered.

"It 's queer," — Miss Meacham's voice came thin and tired,—"Mr. Manchester 's so sensitive! He 's not been the same since my accident. It affected him so!" She paused for an instant. "The lawyers in charge of my case are worrying him, I guess. Too slow, he says. But everything 'll be all right when we get to those Vermont hills. I can hardly wait!" She lay for a moment in silent reverie. "Most of my life I 've yearned for that farm and all that it means to me. I 've been keeping the most romantic stories—for years—to write up there."

"She was swathed in bandages"

The landlady was right: Miss Meacham recovered. A fortnight later, with her arm in a sling and her black glasses still darkening the world to even her cheerful gaze, she was sent to her brother's farm in Vermont.

Miss Edith heard nothing of them until, late in September, she recognized the dressmaker's voice over the telephone.

"We 've moved three doors up, same street, Number 388, to the nicest apartment," Miss Meacham rejoiced, "and I 'm well again and ready for work at any time."

Her patron found her after several days in a little fourth-floor hall-room, completely denuded of all her belongings save the ink-smeared Napoleon glowering on the desk-top, and the faithful Swiss bear. Even the "Maxims, Proverbs, and Phrases" was gone.

Miss Meacham, spare and pale, but beyond this showing no sign of her recent mishap, rose quickly from the disordered desk-top over which she had been stooping, and chirped her usual welcome.

"I 've had a terrible disappointment!" she then exclaimed, sweeping the loose sheets into a pile. "I was just planning a wonderful mystery story, something new for me, with a lighter element of gay European life. I love to write about the Riviera! But the other day I went to see my oculist. He absolutely forbade me to use my eyes for anything for at least another three months! And after being idle all summer! Of course I can't do a thing even for you now."

"You 'll go up to your farm and rest!"

"It 's sold."

"Not to you?"

"My brother let it go for 'most nothing last week."

"Did n't you—did n't you—get the damages?"

"Oh, yes!" She perked up now. "Mr. Manchester was wonderful! Just hustled the lawyers along. They settled it out of court. We invested the money," she said complacently. "We invested it in Mr. Manchester's health."

"All of it?" the other gasped.

To this Miss Meacham gave no heed, but rippled on:

"My broken arm was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me! Jocelyn's been able to get away at last. The commission business was developing so slowly that he tried to get something in the meanwhile. But his dizzy spells came on whenever he started to work. My accident made him dreadfully nervous, and what with his awful backaches, he did n't pick up at all. So on the first of August I just made him go to Saratoga for the cure. It 's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

"Will he be gone much longer?"

"Just as long as I can make him stay."

"Won't you be lonely?"

"Well, when it gets dark," she admitted, "sitting here alone. My arm 's taken out of the cast for a while every day; I could have sewed during that time. Sewing 's company. But now not being able to use my eyes—"

Miss Edith went slowly down the narrow stairs, her face thoughtful, and at a dark turn suddenly collided with the last landlady Miss Meacham was ever to have. The landlady jerked a soiled thumb in the direction of the Meacham apartment with an expres-

sion about her mouth which suggested that she was about to discuss Miss Meacham's husband.

"He 's dead!"

Miss Edith stared.

"Yus, Mr. Meacham! Ain't she the lucky one! Sure, it 's a stroke of Providence. Of course *she* won't think she 's lucky, poor goat!"

"But how—"

"Ain't you seen it in yesterday's paper? Good thing she ain't readin' yet! *I* ain't had the nerve to tell her." The landlady handed Miss Edith a long envelop. "Jest came for her. You 'd better read it to her. If you wait a moment," she said, scuttling away, "I 'll get the paper."

Miss Edith read it deliberately under the dim hall light. It was the story of a raid by prohibition agents on a luxurious house in Saratoga, where a gang of boot-leggers, recruited from the racing-crowd, had hidden four thousand bottles in the floors and walls. The enterprising band had kept five motor-trucks carrying liquor across the border.

In a running pistol-battle from cellar to roof one Jocelyn Manchester, it seemed, had been seriously injured by a bullet wound in the back, and carried in a precarious condition to a hospital.

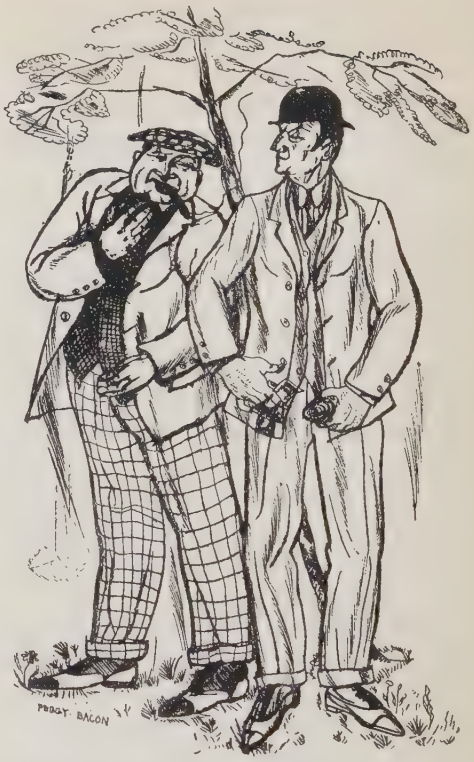
Miss Edith, with the paper and the letter in her hand, ran swiftly up the stairs.

In the dusk Miss Meacham was huddled in her one chair, her hands folded in her lap. It was her bad hour.

She sat up suddenly, staring at the intruder. Her face blanched.

Then she uttered, but in a different tone, the same words that had come from the landlady:

"He 's dead!"



"'We invested it in Mr. Manchester's health'"

What was there to say? It was the prescience of her heart.

"Read this," Miss Edith managed to articulate, handing her the letter.

"My eyes—you—read it—"

The bulky registered envelop was from a Saratoga hospital. Miss Edith tore it open. It contained a letter and several small books bound together.

The seamstress sat erect, eyes closed behind the black glasses, gaunt hands gripped together in a vise.

Miss Edith read falteringly:

"We regret to state that Mr. Jocelyn Manchester was brought here this afternoon, and passed away this evening. His—"

"Ah, I *knew* his back would kill him! I 've been having dreams about it

again and again," broke in Miss Meacham just above a whisper, her eyes now wide and staring. "If we 'd only taken care of it in time! Go on," she said tonelessly.

Miss Edith did not struggle long with her conscience. Glossing over here, omitting there, she slowly continued.

What she improvised about his back seemed to satisfy Manchester's wife, for she uttered no sound until Miss Edith read, now word for word: "Mr. Manchester's last request was that you see his lawyers—Graham and Cootes—at once, in regard to deposits made in—"

Miss Meacham stopped her with a sudden gasping sob. Her rigidity was gone. She had dropped forward, her head bowed in her lap. The combs were slipping from her white hair one by one, making little clicking sounds on the bare floor.

Miss Edith threw her arm about the seamstress's narrow shoulders, and placed in her trembling hands the little package. "Your husband's bank-books." They showed large deposits made in his name during the last few months.

The seamstress was once more silent for a time, but she was done with tears. Her lips relaxed into their habitual curve of acquiescence with things as they are.

Finally she broke into a fluent soliloquy. She had never appreciated him. An ungrateful wife! His back! his back! She had not taken his illness seriously enough.

But even this bitterness against herself could not last in the glow of his apotheosis.

"His last thought was for me—my beloved! And what he must have gone through before his death! And he never let me know; he spared me always." She moved unsteadily to her bureau and took up a photograph. It was Manchester at his jauntiest.

"Can't you see the strength and suffering in that face!" She kissed it.

"I 've copied the name and address of the lawyers for you," Miss Edith told her after a pause.

"Ah, yes, all that money in the bank! It 's come from the new business. Did n't he *say* it would be something big! I always knew he 'd make good." She gazed tenderly again at the photograph.

She did not lift her eyes from it for several moments, and then she said:

"I 'll buy the farm back if I can, but no love-stories now! I have something bigger to do." She stared straight ahead with a look of dreamy revelation, and at length said: "I 'll —I 'll write about *him!* The story of his whole life. It 'll take me years. I 'll have him with me that way all the time!" This last she cried in almost her old jocund manner. "I owe it to him; I 'm the only one who really understood him. And I owe it to the world. What an inspiring story of work, perseverance, and victory!"

Four Months in a Model Factory

By Annie Marion MacLean

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" over the long-distance telephone was the beginning of my acquaintance with the X—— Company, and the greeting was indicative of the much boasted "zip" with which it did business. The company was about to give what it described as the biggest banquet the world had ever known, and I was invited to participate in its wonders. The invitation came to me by way of a man I had previously known and who was at that time engaged in some minor managerial work for the company. I afterward heard that this shrewd youth won a prize for the suggestion that I ally myself with the company.

Having accepted the invitation with alacrity, I was on hand at the factory in due time for the party, which was given to the operatives, their families, and friends to the number of fifteen thousand. It was a continuous performance from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight, on spacious grounds that were marvelously decorated and lighted. The accounts of the quantity of food provided were staggering. For days after I could think of nothing but turkey and ham and potato salad and ice-cream by the hogshead, with men and women gorging and wasting. In the evening a lecture, with pictures moving and other, was staged for our entertainment. Seats for everybody, arranged on a valley and hillside that formed a natural ampitheater of great beauty, together with the latest devices in sounding-boards and megaphones moving with the speaker, added to the interest as well as to the comfort of the occasion. When night came, searchlights were turned on the town and the surrounding country, projecting even to the heavens messages about the products of the factory.

This was interesting, but I yearned to see the wheels inside go round. I wanted to know about the people who made the machines, and particularly about the two thousand or more women employed. The morning brought my opportunity. I secured a position that gave me my heart's desire. My sponsor at the party found the opening and accompanied me to the office to make the necessary arrangements. The "boss" greeted me with:

"Mr. J—— tells me you know more than most of us around here, but one would never think it to look at you. So since you seem to fill the bill, we won't hold that against you." Then he continued: "This job is what you make it. The girls in the factory have a club, but they don't take enough interest in it; so we thought up this plan to put some one in with 'em to stir 'em up a bit. You can do any kind of work you like, only don't talk trade-unions."

"But I might want to talk about trade-unions," I interrupted.

"Well, talk to me about 'em, then," he said, smiling benevolently. "You see," he went on, "the girls will hire you and pay you."

"Perhaps they won't want me," I objected.

"They will when I tell 'em to," he replied. "We think a lot of this club, and it 's got to succeed; but the girls have an idea they 're not running it, and you make 'em think they are."

A little more conversation and explanation convinced me that I should like to undertake the work.

"What pay do you want?" inquired the boss. I asked for a sum equivalent to the average received by the girls who were on a weekly wage. He looked at me as if pitying my feeble bargaining power and said, "Oh, I guess we 'll add a five-spot to that." I may say just here that my first pay envelop and all succeeding ones came to me direct from the company, and I doubt if more than one or two of the girls who were supposed to be paying me knew what it contained.

In a few days I was back in that industrial community, ready to enter upon my somewhat anomalous labors. On former occasions, when I had voluntarily become a wage-earner, I had slipped in and taken a job as if that were my vocation; and it was, so far as any one connected with the industry knew. This situation was harder, but I approached it with zeal, because it offered an unusual opportunity to become acquainted with many women engaged in a number of different industrial processes.

The X—— factory itself had no architectural beauty, but the buildings were well adapted to their uses, and in summer had flowers growing in profusion about them. The effect was pleasing. Everything had the appearance of being well cared for. Welfare work on an elaborate scale accounted for the charm and loveliness of the grounds and neighborhood.

On my first day as a member of the organization, an official guide, according to instructions, took me on an educational tour over the dozen great buildings and tried to explain everything to me. I was bored to death with electricity rooms and furnaces. At last, in desperation, I inquired how many more miles of machinery I must look at before I could see the girls at work.

"Well," he said meditatively, "it takes three hours to make the trip, and the girls come last; so you can figure it out. We 've been gone an hour." I then persuaded him to skip the belting and the boilers, and conduct me to a forewoman who could put me to work. This he did somewhat ungraciously, doubtless thinking that the new woman was starting out by shirking her duty.

Soon I was standing in an office with a forewoman who had been in the employ of the company for many years. She agreed to give me work in her department. I could see scores and scores of girls sitting at tables in front of very noisy machines. They were pointing screws, which had been partly made elsewhere, and, receiving a seat, I was told to watch the girl next to me to see how it was done. The girl was very kind and painstaking in her effort to teach me the art. Since this was piece-work, the employee, not the company, paid for the education of greenhorns. I did not know this at the time, and fear

I was not duly appreciative of the sacrifice involved, although I was appreciative of the personal kindness.

Our business was to point screws on the automatic files in front of us, and to do this as rapidly as possible in order not to waste the power. The light was good and the chairs were comfortable, but it was very tiresome to pick up those tiny bits of steel and shape the ends correctly against the rapidly revolving machine. After finishing one, I put that down and took up another, and every little while a man came around to gather up the lot, properly tagged.

This sounds like an easy task, but it was not, because it required speed and exactness, both of which had to be acquired. However, I worked away until a gong sounded for the lunch-hour, when my companion and teacher took me to the elaborate rest-room to wash my hands, and then to another building where the company served a lunch below cost to the employees. The restaurant was enormous, the brightest and pleasantest end being reserved for the girls. I sat with the officers of our club and some others and was warmly welcomed. As I was to learn later, these were the outstanding girls in the factory.

After lunch a meeting of the club was called for the purpose of electing officers and, incidentally, of electing me to edit their little club paper, since that was to be my official task. Tammany Hall tactics must have been used, because my election was declared unanimous despite the fact that I was a stranger to them all. It had been rumored about that I had worked in a newspaper office, a fiction that seemed satisfactory. I may say in passing that this was the only club meeting called during my connection with the factory. After that the club business seemed to be transacted invisibly and inaudibly.

I got the impression on my first day in the factory that everybody was on parade, and it never left me. The women seemed unusually pretty and their attractiveness was enhanced by a white uniform provided by the company, and laundered at its own expense in a laundry maintained for this purpose. All the visitors, of whom there was a constant stream, exclaimed when they saw the girls.

§ 2

My first afternoon was spent in getting acquainted with the very fine office provided for our use. Sitting in a glass house was a new experience for me, and, contrary to proverbial mandate, I was obsessed with a desire to throw stones. Whichever way I looked, I saw some one bending over a desk or dictating to a stenographer. The equipment everywhere was the best, and the floor where our office was located looked like a big reception-room, with its fine furnishings and visitors always about. I learned later that large groups of visitors were much sought after, and their lavish entertainment a definite part of the advertising scheme. But I could not be supposed to know this all at once, so it is not surprising that, at the end of my first day, I felt as if I had been at an accidental series of parties.

The club-house where I lived was very attractively planned. Rooms were tiny, but private, with an ingenious disappearing-wardrobe. The place accommodated several hundred, and was managed by a committee,

which seldom met. The weekly rate charged did not cover expenses; the company made up the deficit. The club-house was popular with visitors. Kind-hearted, well-to-do people are always pleased with a homelike place where young wage-earners can live at small cost. They seldom inquire if such a home is self-supporting or dream that its effect may be pauperizing. Neither do they concern themselves with the relation between living expenses and the pay-roll.

We had a wonderful costume party that night, with some distinguished visitors looking on. We danced till the middle of the night, but were on hand to punch the factory time-clock in the morning at eight. The dull routine of that act made no such impression on my newly acquired friends as it did on me. I had done this during former industrial experiments, it is true, but I was not habituated to the mechanical act, and it irritated me. Only once during my four months' sojourn was I late, and that time I sinned grievously, arriving over half an hour after opening-time to face all those glass offices and to see my name, with those of two other delinquents, written large on a bulletin-board!

To have my name erased became a consuming passion that I knew not at first how to achieve. Finally, I discovered that it could be done by paying a fine. The memory of that day's humiliation remains, even though my tardiness was self-imposed in order that I might enter more fully into the experiences of others. One time, years before, when I was employed in a dingy department-store in a great city, I deliberately went late to see if I would be "docked." On that occasion I felt only resentment toward the management when I was punished. Here, amid beautiful surroundings, the effect was very different. I felt as if my name were on an electric sign-board! My emotions seemed to warrant the company's contention that good surroundings have a beneficent moral effect on the workers.

After learning how to point screws, I worked in the steam laundry, which was equipped with the latest improvements in machinery. Nothing seemed hard. We had high chairs with backs at hand to be used freely. I was fascinated with feeding pieces of cloth into the mangles. But one must remember that work of this kind, while it may prove interesting to the novice, becomes very monotonous even under the best conditions when continued hour after hour and day after day while the weeks roll into months. No one is his own master for a moment when working with modern machinery. Brief forgetfulness may mean a crippled or lost hand or foot. The wandering eyes of youth stray over the landscape only at their peril while the power is on. Fixed attention, with an element of danger ever present, is very wearying.

In the laundry belonging to our factory, as in other departments where women were employed, two brief rest periods were given during the day when we might relax and forget. And these were the times when tongues ran fast. "How do you like it here?" they would ask me, and I would reply: "Fine. Don't you hope we can make a success of the paper?" "What paper?" they would answer, and I would say, "Our club paper." The complete blankness of their faces showed that they had not the slightest

idea what I was talking about. At last one girl did say, "Oh, you mean Rose Harrigan's club she runs for the front office." Day by day I was learning more things about industry than how to run a washing-machine.

Another mechanical process where many girls were employed involved the use of paint. There was some danger from lead poisoning, although an ingenious invention rendered it more remote than formerly. One of the girls won a prize for the suggestion that led to the invention, which was patented by the company. With a few exceptions, the girls in this department seemed mentally inferior to the others, with the possible exception of the laundry-workers. Since this was hand work, the explanation seemed to be that the work itself was less attractive and the possible earnings less.

Our factory was a place of many wonders. We maintained our own bakery, and any of the official guides could tell glibly how many hundred or thousand loaves of bread, not to mention pies, cakes, and other things, were baked in a day. But the bakers were men; hence that department did not interest me particularly. Something that did interest me, however, was the great printing establishment whose bindery employed many girls. "But why should a great publishing house be attached to a factory?" some one may inquire. "For advertising purposes," is the answer. And it was here, as I soon learned, that our little club paper came in; it cost the club nothing.

I worked hard and happily in the bindery and got on very good terms with the girls. This was when the first issue of our paper was in press, and I worked on that with loving hands. Half a dozen girls helped me from the beginning, making plans and discussing material. We offered prizes for contributions, and secured many papers, some of which were very good as far as ideas were concerned. We also offered a prize for a cover design, and found a satisfactory one. We worked early and late in my glass house, and I never had more congenial helpers in any task. One day we came to grips over our cover design with the advertising manager, self-appointed supervisor of our copy. Without consulting us, he substituted a big product of the factory for our idealized working-girl. Then it was that we made a raid on the "front office" and asked, "Whose paper is this, anyway?" We invited them to "call off" the publicity man. I said to the "boss," "I 'd like to talk to you now privately about trade-unions"; whereupon he threw up his hands and ordered a new cover for us. He always seemed afraid of "starting something" among the women. But despite our triumph, the idea that our club and our paper were mere toys to the company was slowly, but surely, taking possession of me. I felt that they were to be used only where they could be turned to publicity purposes, and that the coöperation of the two thousand women meant very little except on paper.

§ 3

After many delays we got out our first number. It was side-tracked many times to make room for more important printing, but when it appeared, it was generally liked. Even the great moving spirit of the company

was pleased, though his praise proved later to be my undoing.

Just here I may sum up my labors during the six weeks that had passed since my advent into the company. I had learned half a dozen industrial processes and had become acquainted with a great many operatives. Naturally, I knew more women than men, but I often heard male mutterings of discontent as I went about my work. I knew very little about the men's wages and departments except that the physical conditions surrounding them were good, but I did learn that the labor turnover was unparalleled. I suppose I knew everything there was to know about the girls' work. It all seemed easy enough, since every one in authority was considerate of their comfort. But despite this, I must insist that the speed requirements of the modern factory are nerve-destroying even under the best conditions. Then, besides, there are petty irritations which chafe the spirit. An illustration in point is that of the typists, of whom there were several hundred. Streams of visitors poured through the department where they worked, and many girls looked up as they went by. Some one observed this, computed the amount of time wasted by this very human act, and advised that the girls be ordered to keep their eyes on their work, regardless of the passing throng. The idea brought fifty dollars to the bright youth with whom it originated, but only drab days to the several hundred girls concerned. Of course it goes without saying that reasonable attention should be exacted, but a fine for a glance seems hard. In addition to such restrictions, there was the constant fear of being discharged. There was seemingly no security of tenure, a mere whim on the part of some one being sufficient ground for "letting out" an employee. Before very long I, too, began to feel uneasy, although it made not the slightest difference to me whether I was "fired" or not.

In a short time after taking up my work I moved away from our residential club, because I had to attend so many evening affairs that I feared my late home-coming might be a nuisance. The company seemed to be entertaining some group at dinner very often, and I was usually invited or, rather, commandeered. Several of our club officers were always with me on these festive occasions, but they lived at home. The feasts were for advertising purposes, and the menus were tempered to the publicity power of the guests. On these gala occasions we club representatives had to make speeches, telling how kind the company was to us. This was supposed to stimulate interest in our machines. Just why I do not know. I would not buy an article because the owners gave soup to the workers, but the ways of big business are mysterious and past finding out.

During these first weeks I attended more clubs, meetings, and "doings" of one kind or another than at any other period of equal length in my life, and the suddenness of the summons to these affairs was sometimes bewildering. An office boy with an imperative message was the usual method of notification. If I ever hesitated a second, the small morsel of humanity would prod me with, "Get a move on!" I made speeches on reading, writing, and arithmetic, not to mention infant feeding and embroidery, and all in behalf of our club. The usual method

was for the chairman to call upon our president, who in turn would delegate the task to me, an arrangement doubtless inspired from headquarters. The president was a girl of no education, but had rare wisdom and lovable qualities.

Despite the multiplicity of duties assigned to me, we got the second number of our paper ready and half through the press when the official ax fell. The voice of authority said of the editor: "She 's too long-headed a woman to be wasted on that kind of thing; put her over in charge of women's employment. Hang up that fool paper for a while."

Thus were decisions made. When I returned from the printing-machine to my glass house one day, everything had been moved, and another name was being painted on my door! A few inquiries revealed my new position, and I speedily followed my furniture. It was a thrilling experience. Such swift changes in plans were hitherto unknown to me. The fiction that I was employed by the girls' club was dropped in the twinkling of an eye, but I decided to see the thing through, and told the girls where to find me. My orders were to interview all girls applying for work. Since there was considerable unemployment at the time, applicants were many. The sole rule that was given to me was to consider only those who were fair to look upon and well dressed. I felt as if I were running a beauty and fashion show. I kept elaborate records, and agreed to notify applicants if their references were satisfactory and their services were needed.

At noon of the first day the new office was crowded with my friends, who took my transfer philosophically. They were used to swift and sudden changes. Policies were overturned rapidly there; people were discharged without warning, and on this account much discontent existed among the working force. I myself heard the chief say in regard to a man in one of the offices, "Let that fellow out; he looks grouchy." Thus casually was a young man with a family thrown out of a job he had filled satisfactorily for three years.

Life as an employment manager was more hectic, if possible, than being general factotum in our club; but it was not so interesting, although I still kept the group of editors together. The great god Publicity was ever rampant, and I was called upon for much futile work in meeting strangers whose third or fourth cousins might possibly be interested in our machines or whose names might get ours into some paper. Finally I reached the end of my tether. At a large meeting of visitors I was called upon to represent our women by saying a few words. Then it was that my glib tongue was my undoing, for the next day the chief sent an emissary to tell me that I was wasting my life; my forte was salesmanship, and I was thereupon invited to join the selling force! My spectacular rise in the business world nearly broke my heart. My interviewer said:

"Inside of five years you 'll be making twenty thousand dollars a year selling our products."

"But I don't want to make twenty thousand dollars a year in that way," I replied.

"What 's the reason you don't?" he asked indulgently.

"Because I don't care whether people buy the machines or not. I am

only interested in the men and women who make them," I said with some heat.

"Oh, you just think that," he answered. "Look at this beauty, now. It costs us forty dollars to make it and it sells for six hundred. Don't you want to get in on that profit?"

I did not, and then and there we came to a parting of the ways. I resigned; as the girls said later, I was "one of the few who beat the company to it."

Sadly and secretively we pied our type, for we knew then that our little paper was only a house organ after all, and we did not propose to have all our precious work sent out to a "mailing list."

§ 4

My sojourn in a model factory was over. My intention had been to stay until I was "let out," in order that I might, like others, experience that catastrophe; but being turned into a saleswoman overnight was too much for even my investigative spirit to endure.

It was a unique experience to work four months in a conspicuous industrial institution, and I hope I gained from it a more sympathetic insight into the lives of women who earn their livelihood by performing monotonous tasks. Perhaps monotony in life is a question of degree, but for the deadliest monotony known to man, commend me to a side partnership with an automatic machine, and instructions not to look up. To be sure, if one does look up, a hand or a finger may inadvertently be contributed to the diabolical monster. In our factory, wages were, I believe, about the average paid in that locality, although I frequently heard rumors to the contrary. The workers complained that money which should have been distributed as wages went to beautify our surroundings. Yet, despite such talk, positions in our factory were in great demand. Special street cars were backed up to our grounds at night, and the women were dismissed a few minutes earlier than the men in order to lessen the inevitable crowding. Piece-workers objected to this, as well as to the occasional holidays and intermissions.

We had a full hour at noon, but we were frequently summoned at this time to have our pictures taken on the lawn, to disport ourselves gaily before visitors, or to attend a meeting. Such things caused irritation.

The management was aware of the feeling of resentment among the employees and called it ingratitude. Once I asked a kindly officer why we should be grateful to our employers. He said:

"Great guns! you 're an anarchist or socialist or something. Look at all the things we do for our women!"

"Why don't you let them do a few things for themselves?" I inquired.

"They could n't do the things we do for 'em," he went on. "Look at those shower-baths! A thousand people can use 'em at the same time, and we almost have to force 'em in. Ingratitude, I call it."

Those baths were a source of annoyance. The men and women preferred bathing at home in a wash-tub to taking baths at the factory, notwithstanding all the splendor. I sometimes wondered if too much was not given to us. We missed the pleasure of striving, and became like spoiled

children. Then, too, we were often angry when we felt that we were being exploited for advertising purposes.

One time half a dozen of us traveled far to a women's gathering of some importance. Our expenses were paid lavishly, but the girls were not particularly happy, because at every turn some one introduced us as belonging to the X—— factory, "where the women operatives are treated so well." Yet we should not have been pleased to be ignored. Always the idea that we belonged to a circus was uppermost; it was a feeling of revolt against the cap and bells.

I understood the mental attitude of the women, although I personally could not be embittered by it; it was not, after all, my life. As one of the forewomen said, "You do not have to stay here; you can do what gives you joy." She was a remarkable woman who had managed to stay in the factory for many years despite momentary changes in policy. She advised me early in our acquaintance not to be seen with her much publicly, though she would help me privately, lest the girls should associate me with the odium attached to her on account of her supposed "stand in" with the management.

Although this experience of mine antedates the catastrophic changes in industry induced by the World War, the observations made are as true now as they were then, because the psychology of the wage-earner is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The longing of his very human heart is for self-expression in his work, and for a measure of self-determination of the conditions of his laboring life.

After spending four months in an industrial utopia, it is only natural that I should have some reflections to make upon my sojourn there. I went because I wished to learn more of the conditions under which women work. I had not previously worked where physical conditions were above reproach, but I had worked where they were very bad. If I expected to find contentment, I was disappointed. A few days after my arrival I discovered that every one I met seemed afraid of something. This was a new experience for me. I had never before been with cowed working people. I had heard harsh reprimands and impudent retorts. Naturally, I have wondered much over the cause of this, and I have come to the conclusion that normal relations in industry can be found only where there is plain honesty between man and man; where conditions are good without being ornate; where wages are fair, and the laborer is free to live where he pleases, vote as he pleases, take a bath when he feels like it, and where the quality of his work, and not his facial expression, guarantees him a job.

Freedom is a large question, and I suppose few of us are really free: but that man is least free, it seems to me, who earns his bread as a cog in a machine over which he as a man has not the slightest controlling voice; where he can be dropped without notice at some one's whim or because orders are short; and where he can have, consequently, no sense of security. I do not believe the world was made to be dominated by machines. It was made for human beings, and if the method of making machines takes one cubit from the spiritual stature of a man, then, I say, scrap the machines and save the man.

Seventeenth Century

Being ſome Exercitations on the Circulation of the Bloud

Newly Digeſted into Sonnets Anatomizing Phancies & Fevers

A true and full coppy By Humphry Dillerville

Many expreſſions therein meerly Tropicall.
—Sir Thos. Browne, Rel. Med.

I

IN OTHER ages men spoke other ways,
And yet I think their meaning was the same:
I bless old poets for many a curious phrase;
In their dead words my living thoughts I claim.
What of their anguish, then? The identic flame
That charred their hearts is now my private blaze:
Like them I hide the ember in my wame
And cool it by bequest to future days.
Though I 'm not proud, great masters I have had
(I mention Herrick, Herbert, Marvell, Donne)
Who taught me arrows are bright when targets rot:
What otherwise would make me sad or mad
I 'll share with dear posterity or none;
Man's own unsavories disgust him not.

II

HAT have I had of you? One pitiful book
Wherein, though fading fast, I disengage
A faint exhale of you. My reason shook
To find that wraith of sweetness on each page.
Yes, my poor darling, with a kind of rage
Upon these happy curlicues I look
Which caught in one long night such heritage,
And had from you so much more than I took.
And yet the book I loved, you loved it, too:
And so herein I take some soft console;
Your pencil marked it, and your mind was moved.
These leaves impart some quiddity of you;
Knowing your mind, perhaps I 'll know the whole;
Women are virgins till their minds are loved.

III

YE, since I have you not, you are perfection,
Unblemished wonder and most dear surprise;
I also, spared too intimate complexion,
May seem unduly tender, puissant, wise.
But why these shadows underneath your eyes?
Poor soul, have I been clumsy in dissection
Of such frail hearts and nerves? Your wisdom cries
That passion suffers not such keen inspection.
Could I erase the carnal from my veins,
I would not; flesh is, deeply understood,
Irrelevant, but imperative, undefiled.
Yes, if occasion chanced, after such pains,
You 'd come into my arms (I know you would)
Bright and unshamed, unquestioning as a child.

IV

WHATEVER we may do, we shall repent,
Is the prudential judgment. Ah, sweet fool,
Our casualty was so excellent,
Could we not rupture the accustomed rule?
We 'll send our too hot hearts to daily school,
Drill them to parse the intolerable event
Softly, softly! If rapture slackens, you 'll
Be unaware just when and how it went.
For this, which was so pure and natural,
Imposes tenderness and high regard:
Since no man has known beauty more than I,
So must I serve her stricter than the thrall
Of sense; and pay her, when it seems too hard,
The honorable tribute of a sigh.

V

THE SONNET, by its artful dignity,
Lifts one to moods too grave to be quite true;
These sentiments, perhaps, have flown too high
To tell the actual mirth of me and you.
For such astounding merriments we knew,
Such reckless gust and kinship, you and I,
Our happy hazard let no man construe
As something written on a darkened sky.
Sonnets are heavy fuel for quick flame:
To tell how quaint you are, or blithe or sad,
Clear, honest, rash, as quick as April wind,
Needs a more free, more volatile exclaim.
But, smiling at these laughters we have had,
I am less pricked by sins we never sinned.

VI

BUT LUCKY, lucky you! Since I can't take you,
You are beyond the speck of all decay;
Gross disillusion now can never break you,
Nor weariness, fruition, nor dismay.
For in my hungry wonder I shall say
Such words of you, not even Time can shake you;
And you, however wistful, must be gay—
Made by these lines, oblivion can't unmake you!
Because *I* cannot have you, all men shall;
In general currency gold-coined and set,
A wakefulness for those who think about you.
But ere you don this incorruptible
Just wait a minute; for I have n't yet
Quite made up my mind to do without you.

VII

WRITING these precedent, from a fiery whirl
Of thought my lines came forth exact and sure;
Postscriptively reviewing them, poor churl,
Part arrogant they seem, and part obscure.
But shall I file and smoothen? I abjure!
Such honest edges let none pare and knurl,
And mayhap find them (thought beyond endure!)
Shamed by the beauty of some chance-met girl.
In poetry there is one test of art—
With whispering stealth, and keeping delicate time,
It creeps into your mind: you find it there.
You are my poem, then; for in my heart,
Lovelier than a sonnet, you made rhyme,
And I had memorized you, unaware.

Where I Think Glenn Frank is Wrong

By Edward W. Bok

As every one knows, Mr. Bok retired from the editorship of "The Ladies' Home Journal" and from executive responsibility in the Curtis Publishing Company while still in the full flush of physical and intellectual vigor not in order to loaf, but in order to devote the rest of his life to public service. In explaining his resignation he has formulated a gospel of retirement that he commends to his fellows. He has said that he thinks every man's life, after adequate preparation, should be divided into two distinct periods—a period of personal acquisition and a period of social service in behalf of the public good. I took exception to Mr. Bok's gospel in my editorial for April, contending that it is based on a false notion of business and a false notion of social service, that both business and social service have suffered by such splitting of men's lives into two parts, that the most effective social service can be rendered in and through the regular businesses and professions. Mr. Bok and I have since indulged in a correspondence that has been, to me, delightful and stimulating. Despite the fact that I remain unconvinced, I am happy that Mr. Bok consented to present his side in this altogether good-humored debate. —The Editor.

A man said to a friend, "Can you imagine anything worse than to bite into a beautiful red apple and to find a big green worm in it?"

"Yes," answered the friend, "to bite into a beautiful red apple and to find half a worm."

So I felt when I read Mr. Glenn Frank's article in the April Century on "Why Edward Bok should not have Retired." It might so easily have been worse; it might so easily have produced half a worm and left a bad taste in the mouth. But it did n't. However, the worm of faulty logic was there, but it had been very skilfully incased.

I confess I have long expected this article; in fact, my surprise has been great that it did not come sooner. It was inconceivable that so many articles could have been written on one side of the question without the inevitable article on the other side. But, apparently, this other side did not come easily, since this first adverse article has been over three years in arriving.

§ 2

The Century's editor has some points in favor of his argument which I readily concede. For instance, he says that business should not be made a "private adventure in acquisition," but that it should really be a matter "of service first and of profits last."

Fine!

I agree heartily with Mr. Frank. If he will read my new book, "A Man From Maine," he will see that I stand shoulder to shoulder with him. But

how many business men are there who have the standards and ideals of the man whom I make the central figure in my book, and who are ready to stand for those principles year in and year out, in the face of adversity and probable loss? Here and there, yes, you will find men of that caliber. But if the CENTURY'S editor sees these men in any number sufficient to make an impression, he has a clearer vision than I have, although not a clearer vision than I should like to have.

I believe in my heart, as I try to point out in this last book, that the standards of business are higher to-day than they have ever been; that there are more honest American business men than at any time in the history of American industry. But I must remind Mr. Frank that it was not a business man who lifted those standards of American business a notch higher. It was Theodore Roosevelt, who always put ethics above economics.

§ 3

The point really is, Can a man with aspirations remain in business all his life and satisfy a desire to give full service (I am using the word now in its fullest and truest sense)?

It all depends upon how a man interprets business, and how far he can satisfy himself that the natural limitations of the mart do not cramp him. My feeling is that a man should serve a full term of real service to industry, using that word in its largest sense. He should, while he is in business, do his utmost to set and maintain the highest standards in whatever line of business or professional relation he finds himself. To be an upright trader, even in the most homely commodity in life, is for a man to render a distinct service to himself and to those with whom his business relations bring him into contact. While he is doing this, he has a right to consider the materialistic side to the extent of comfortably providing for his family and himself and in putting aside a sufficient reserve in order to provide for emergency or for the goal in which I believe—retirement. No man can be a good citizen until he first proves himself a good husband and father, and that means such adequate provision as will insure comfort to those who are dependent upon him; in other words, until he acquires a competency not only for the present, but sufficient to guarantee him and his for the future. The accomplishment of this will require a goodly part of his life; he will have laid a foundation of ethical standards for his business, which have gone down the line and become the keystone of the structure which he has built.

All this time his mind has ever been on his ledgers. So long as a man is immersed in business, his mind must rest there. That is business. Moreover, he feels a conscientious responsibility for the organization behind him, which may mean scores or hundreds or thousands who are dependent upon his management for their livelihoods. The answer to this is, of course, that the man has built up what he has by legitimate means and honest practices, and what limitation does he feel which he would not feel if he retired and devoted himself to civics or public welfare? The limitation that any material proposition places upon any man. He can, as Mr. Frank says, manufacture for use rather than for sale, but he cannot wash his mind entirely of the sale element. He must

produce to sell. The selling is ever present. Raise an economical selling proposition to whatever degree you wish, the selling part, the material element, the dollar is there and must be ever present. It is this natural and ever present element that I think stands in the way of a man's full expression in business. He is and remains an economic trader; honest, yes, but always a trader.

§ 4

My contention is that trade is not the Alpha and Omega of life. Man cannot live by bread alone. All sides of his nature cannot be fed or satisfied if he lives his life solely in the mart and its atmosphere. That is always, mind you, if he has inner aspirations. It may be argued that a budget must always be present and that the dollar is not any more absent in a civic or a public welfare proposition than in a purely commercial transaction. True. But the aim of the one *is* different; the end to achieve is entirely different. The problem is no longer how to make more money; it is the problem of what can money best accomplish. It is no longer taking something out of life; it is what you can put into it. It is taking that which came from the public and giving it back to that public for the advancement of its higher, and not for its material, life. It is appealing to the spirit rather than to the body. Call it subtle, if you will, idealistic if you choose, but there it is, and humanity cannot be reckoned without the idealistic or spiritual side. Can Mr. Frank imagine a world where all the people would be engaged in working out the material or economic questions? Yet this is what he would have if his idea of counseling business men to remain in business were to prevail. The proper adjustment of idealism to our present-day life needs just as keen mental capacity as does the management of the economic factors, not a whit less. One reason why Mr. Frank can find fault with the social service of the world is because there are not enough capable executives at the helm.

§ 5

Another point which I think THE CENTURY editor misses by advocating business men to stay at their posts: if we gray-heads are going to insist upon remaining in our jobs, what possible chance is there for the brown-haired chaps who are back of us? Are they not to have their opportunity by having the full, not a partial, sense of responsibility put upon them, thus developing a succeeding generation of business men? They cannot fully develop so long as we remain and share the responsibility which they should feel to be fully theirs. We can remain for counsel. But every young man who shows ability should, to my mind, be given an unobstructed chance to the top, not next to the top. If we have set certain standards in our business which are a bit higher than others have in our line of activity, the influence is bound to be felt all down the line, since it is the note struck at the top which determines the work below. But are these men below not to be given an opportunity to accept those standards and carry them out and perhaps carry them further? No man becomes truly great of himself until he works from within himself. He may become better by adopting the standards of another and following those standards, but he becomes great him-

self only when he stands for those standards and attempts to carry them further and to have them go deeper. This can come about only by the man at the top standing aside while he is still mentally alert to watch and counsel, if need be, and letting another and younger man feel the full responsibility of the standards as his own. That act alone is service in the best sense.

§ 6

As the editor of THE CENTURY warms up to his subject he becomes militant. He would have me not lauded for retiring from business, but actually court-martialed for "deserting" my post "in the midst of the battle."

I wonder if Mr. Frank will be quite so insistent upon his court-martial idea when he has been editor of THE CENTURY for thirty years, as I was editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal." Thirty years is a long time, a very long time, for one set of readers to listen, month in and month out, to one man; it means his monthly visitation upon them over a period of three hundred and sixty months! They may survive the ordeal. In my case they seem to have done so; but is it ever wise to strain the quality of mercy?

Then, too, I wonder if Mr. Frank has ever noticed how in the life of a home a new voice will sometimes be listened to by the child more intently and sometimes carry more weight than will the accustomed voice of the father or even that of the mother. And does not the time come, in the case of a magazine as well, when the reader is entitled to a new voice, particularly after a pitiless dose of three hundred and sixty repetitions of the old voice?

A further point, and I say it to Mr. Frank in confidence: is it not better for the man to say good-by to a public before the public has a chance to say that good-by to him, or before it indicates that it wants to say it? The going is always so much better while the going is good!

I cannot quite see why a man should have a court martial meted out to him for doing his public a service, particularly when that public did not seem to resent the action so deeply, if we may judge from the fact that the same magazine has a present circulation of a quarter of a million more copies every month than under my editorship! I should hardly call that an indication of a public's opinion of the desertion of a post! In fact, I can imagine some folks who might view it more as a definite and rather wide expression of relief.

§ 7

Still militant, although more picturesque, Mr. Frank continues, "I cannot but feel that in the struggle for a better America Mr. Bok threw away a repeating-rifle and armed himself with a tin sword."

Of course the editor here becomes so personal that he shackles the pen. I can hardly present here a comparative list of what I tried to do as an editor and what I have tried to do since. I stopped editing, and thus try to prove whether the one resembled a rifle and the other a tin sword. That must be for others to determine. One point baffles me somewhat, however, when farther in the article I become "a pillar of fire." Just what becomes of the tin sword in that case is what puzzles me!

Perhaps I shall be pardoned if I rest

for a moment on one of my accomplishments since my retirement, the success of which is so unquestioned that I cannot certainly be accused of any self-advertisement in this reference to it. I mean my book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok." I have received since the publication of that book, now nearly three years ago, conservatively speaking, some four thousand letters. I should say that of these fully twenty-five hundred were from young people under twenty-one. Now, of course, it is possible that all these letters were written simply as an appeal to personal vanity, yet young people are hardly as sophisticated, even in these days. These young men and girls have liked to feel and say that they have found something in this book that has helped them. Fully fifteen hundred of these writers were foreign-born children who felt that their foreign birth was a handicap to success in America, but who, after reading the story of this Dutch boy, had taken new heart and felt that if he could do it, they could do it. In other words, a piece of concrete Americanization in each case. Now, I cannot feel somehow that this is working with a "tin sword." And yet to my own mind the writing of this book has been the least important of my interests since my retirement.

§ 8

But Mr. Frank may answer to this, as he has already said, that he is not quarreling with my retirement so much as he is with my "gospel of retirement." But I think he *is* quarreling squarely and directly with my retirement, for what else does his title mean—"Why Edward Bok should not have Retired"? Nor do I think that he can divide me from my "gospel of retirement." If I am right, then my gospel is right. There is nothing that I have done which warrants me in being placed apart from other men. If that "gospel of retirement" has been proved wise in my case, it can be proved of equal wisdom in the case of other men. In fact, it has been so proved. During these three years, I have heard directly from eight men of large affairs who have voluntarily written to me that they were influenced to retire from business because of my action. In each one of these eight instances the results have been exactly as happy as in my own case. You cannot apply a doctrine so fundamentally true to one man, and say it is dangerous for another, not if he has the same aspirations that the material side of him should lie a bit dormant and the spiritual side become awakened. The danger in such a doctrine lies not in its acceptance, but in its avoidance or rejection.

§ 9

But suppose we grant Mr. Frank's elimination of myself, for the sake of argument, and look at one or two cases where really great work has been accomplished by men who have retired from business, and it seems to me that THE CENTURY editor's fences stand even less erect.

Let us take just two or three instances, that of Cyrus W. Field for one. He left business and conceived and created the Atlantic cable. Did he change a repeating-rifle for a tin sword?

Did Charles Lamb, when he left his dusty desk in the Indian House and wrote some of his loveliest essays, drop a repeating-rifle for a tin sword?

When George W. Perkins, of more modern days, left the banking-house of the Morgans and devoted himself to his marvelous piece of work along the Palisades on the Hudson and later to his effective piece of intensive war work with the Y. M. C. A., which really cost him his life, did he lay down a repeating-rifle and do what he did with a tin sword?

When Herbert Hoover stopped business and took up the work of feeding Belgium, and later the starving Russians and central European peoples, doing a work which ranks him close to being the first American of his time, and still doing what we shall soon come to see as a great outstanding piece of good executive work in Washington, did he become the great leader of men, respected throughout the world by men, women, and children, with a tin sword?

When Mr. Couzens stopped making automobiles, and became mayor of Detroit, and now United States senator, did he exchange a repeating-rifle for a tin sword?

I cannot believe that former Justice Clarke picked up a tin sword when he resigned from the United States Supreme Court to give his time to the advocacy of the League of Nations.

It seems to make a formidable weapon, this Glenn Frank tin sword!

§ 10

No, I do not think that my doctrine is wrong. The way of public service does not lead, as Mr. Frank says, to "only a loving cup." That may come. But that is merely the tinsel of the world. To a deeper and more satisfying reward leads the way of the man who, with aspirations which cannot be satisfied by business, gives true service, fully and freely, without regard for self, without thought of award, without the hope that he will reap what he has sown—the reward of an inner satisfaction that comes from the spirit of selfless service, undivided and untrammeled. But no man can feel what this is or means until he has experienced its full expression.

And I wonder if therein does not lie the difference between Mr. Frank and myself in this discussion: he speaks from theory; I speak from experience. "I have drunken of the waters, and they are good."

Portraits in Pencil and Pen

Chesterton — Caine — Jacobs — Drinkwater

By Walter Tittle

Drawings by the Author

Ascending the gradual hill from the station at Beaconsfield, I came at the top to a fork in the road. To the right lay the new town, the twentieth-century development, reeking of fresh mortar and bearing the unmistakable stamp of the modern lumber-mill. To the left, under ancient trees, wound a more alluring thoroughfare, its unhurried objective being the Old Town. This I gladly chose, casting my eye about, as I proceeded, for some one of whom to make inquiry.

Seated on a rustic bench beneath a large tree by the roadside I espied a picturesque figure. His hands were clasped before him on the top of a stout stick, and he seemed to be looking miles farther than any visible thing, so profound was his reverie. He wore a broad, soft hat, from under which his long, blond hair, shot with gray, ran riot over the collar of his Inverness cape. I hesitated before disturbing the thoughts that gripped this man; but perhaps he was waiting for me, as this was the hour agreed upon for our meeting. I approached, and called him by name: "Mr. Chesterton?"

He started as violently as if an explosion had occurred in his immediate neighborhood, and rose suddenly to his great height. He came forward to greet me with a smile like that of a chubby boy of twelve. His voice was soft and boyish. On his face was at least two day's growth of blond beard. A red nose and the frequent plying of his handkerchief proclaimed that he was a victim of the current epidemic of colds.

"I fear it is a bad time for you to make a portrait of me," he said. "I have been so miserable I have not even bothered to shave. Will my beard show in the sketch?"

As he talked he drew a design in the soil with his stick, looking up occasionally with his flashing small-boy smile. I was greatly surprised at the altitude of the man and at his coloring. I expected to find him short, dark, and very fat. He is far from thin, but his huge frame carries the unusual weight quite easily. In harmony with his hair, his skin is blond and full of rosy color.

Mr. Chesterton's house, Overroads, is a quaint conglomeration of structures ranging along in an irregular line parallel to the road, from which it is divided by flower gardens. The interior is attractive, and has many little structural surprises in the unexpected shapes of rooms and varying levels of floors. The tiniest room of all is his study.

A cup of tea was, as usual, the prelude to our endeavor, and as we settled to our task, my host motioned to a pair of electioneering posters that he had attached to the mantelpiece. Each bore the portrait of a candidate for some office, and legends exhorting all electors to vote for the man depicted.

"The present general election has not filled me with so much enthusiasm that I surround myself with pictures of my favorite candidates. These men, as it happens, are contestants for the same office. As 'leaders of the people' they are so funny! Look at them! I put them up there because they make me laugh. Imagine having to choose between those two!"

It was not difficult to catch with my pencil the smile of this "laughing philosopher." The smile was nearly always there. He talked so constantly and so entertainingly that I thought him even more diverting than his writings. His laugh was most infectious, and I found my face constantly reflecting the happy expressions of the one I was striving to delineate. His great mane of long hair fell into interesting lines that I was eager to catch, and his odd pince-nez, with a straight bar across the top, insisted upon an oblique angle instead of paralleling the brows.

"I can never keep them straight," he said. "It has always been a great cross for my oculist to bear."

Mr. Chesterton spoke admiringly of Shaw, and laughed at the consternation he must feel that his products, so daring and revolutionary in their time, are so no more. "Man and Superman," "Getting Married," "The Philanderer," even "Mrs. Warren's Profession," are pale in the audacity of their subject matter compared with what has been written since. The wit and brilliancy are there, but in other ways they are tame in contrast with the startling stuff that is constantly stealing their thunder.

There followed some amusing anecdotes of another colorful contemporary, Mr. George Moore. Mr. Chesterton has more admiration for Mr. Moore's skill as a writer than for what he has had to say. The affectation of his early "Confessions" is almost insupportable to normal, straightforward minds, and strikes a discordant note that has never quite disappeared from his work.

"In the time of Oscar Wilde and Alfred Douglas, when decadence was glorified and adored, Moore swanked as a moral desperado. He seemed always to be eagerly assuring the world at large that he was a terrible person, and fearing nothing so much as being thought respectable. If he were by any chance convicted of the latter offense, his house of cards would have been reduced upon him. Perhaps he would have been more implicitly believed if he had not protested so much. Over-anxiety in the making of a point is likely to engender doubt.

"In his younger days Moore had a penchant for attaching himself to prominent men and deluging them with his adoration. These friendships were usually of short duration, and almost invariably ended in quarrels. It is said that Whistler challenged him to a duel to free himself from this unpalatable hero-worship. Yeats had his turn next, and a long line of others succeeded until Moore had quarreled with nearly every prominent figure in the artistic and literary life of the time. He undoubtedly cherished the qualities in his writings that are annoying to most of us. I was amused at a rep-

Nov. 9. 1922
Fritz Bermanfield
©

resentation of him in a burlesque on the personalities of some of the present school of Irish writers given recently for the amusement of the members of a journalistic club. Moore was represented as pounding loudly at Yeats's door, and as he heard the latter approaching, said: 'Don't come. I don't want to see you. I 'm merely doing this to annoy the neighbors.' "

If this is really the attitude of this very clever writer, I for one can almost forgive him; but I have my doubts that all of the irritating things were written just to tease. Mr. Chesterton told one more incident illustrative of the impulsive fluctuations of this remarkable man.

"After his early ostentatious glorying in paganism, he suddenly decided to turn to Christianity; so he rushed to find the parson in the village where he happened to be, told him of his intention, and insisted upon having prayers on the spot.

"I enjoyed my recent visit to America, greatly," he continued. "Everywhere I was shown the most delightful hospitality, and the people were most kind and indulgent of my poor lectures. And they paid me well for them, too. The trip was exceedingly pleasant in every way, and the people charming."

"I am glad to hear you say that America was kind to you," I replied; "but you, too, were kind to America. Your new American book was most gratifying in its friendly tone. You went evidently prepared to find some pleasing things there, and found them. I have been pleased to note in the 'impressions' of recent British visitors a tendency away from the time-honored one of pointing out to the people of the United States all of their real and many fancied imperfections. Since the time when Dickens made such a thorough job of it, it was almost a rule for those who followed him to our shores to come as critics who fancied that only adverse criticism was their function."

Mr. Chesterton laughed and said:

"The period of British smugness and self-sufficiency covered a certain definite time, and ceased almost as promptly as it began. It had also a very definite reason. At the end of the Napoleonic wars England occupied a position similar to the one America enjoys to-day. She was the creditor nation. The countries of Europe were rendered almost prostrate by the wars, while England was the one nation that profited by them, being plunged into an era of commercial prosperity unparalleled in her history.

"It was a new and pleasing sensation to find herself suddenly so rich and influential. When the European countries planned some new project that required financing, England had always to be consulted. She gradually and naturally came to think that this must be because of some particular virtue of her own, and, preening herself, said, 'What a clever and superior race we are!'

"So she took a patronizing attitude toward the world for a while. Anything that was not English was not quite right. But subsequent developments caused her to realize her error, and the conviction of superiority vanished.

"As for Dickens, I feel sure that his attitude toward America was due largely to peevishness over the pirating of his novels there. Mind you, I don't think that he consciously planned revenge with the grievance in mind,

but it was undoubtedly a strong subconscious factor tending to exaggerate any dissatisfaction that came to him in his American sojourn."

When my work was completed, he showed me some efforts of his own as a graphic artist. They were humorous illustrations in line for a book by his friend Hilaire Belloc, and were very amusing indeed. Mrs. Chesterton joined us upon the completion of our task, and gave her approval to my representation of her jovial husband.

We were summoned then to the dining-room, a large alcove that was evidently at one time a separate inclosure, with a slightly higher floor-level, and now part of the big, irregularly shaped living-room. Over the considerable repast which most English people make of "high tea" we talked mostly of art and artists. My host surprised me agreeably by his knowledge of the modern movements in painting and sculpture, a thing that I found to be quite rare in England even among the followers of those arts. The influence of modern French art, which has been great and valuable in the growth of American painting and sculpture, has made comparatively slight inroads in England. I was amazed in talking with several Englishmen who had devoted their lives to painting and etching to discover that they did not know the name of Renoir. Many of them are vague in the understanding of the term "Impressionism," and its value in art is still a debatable point with them! Not so with Mr. Chesterton.

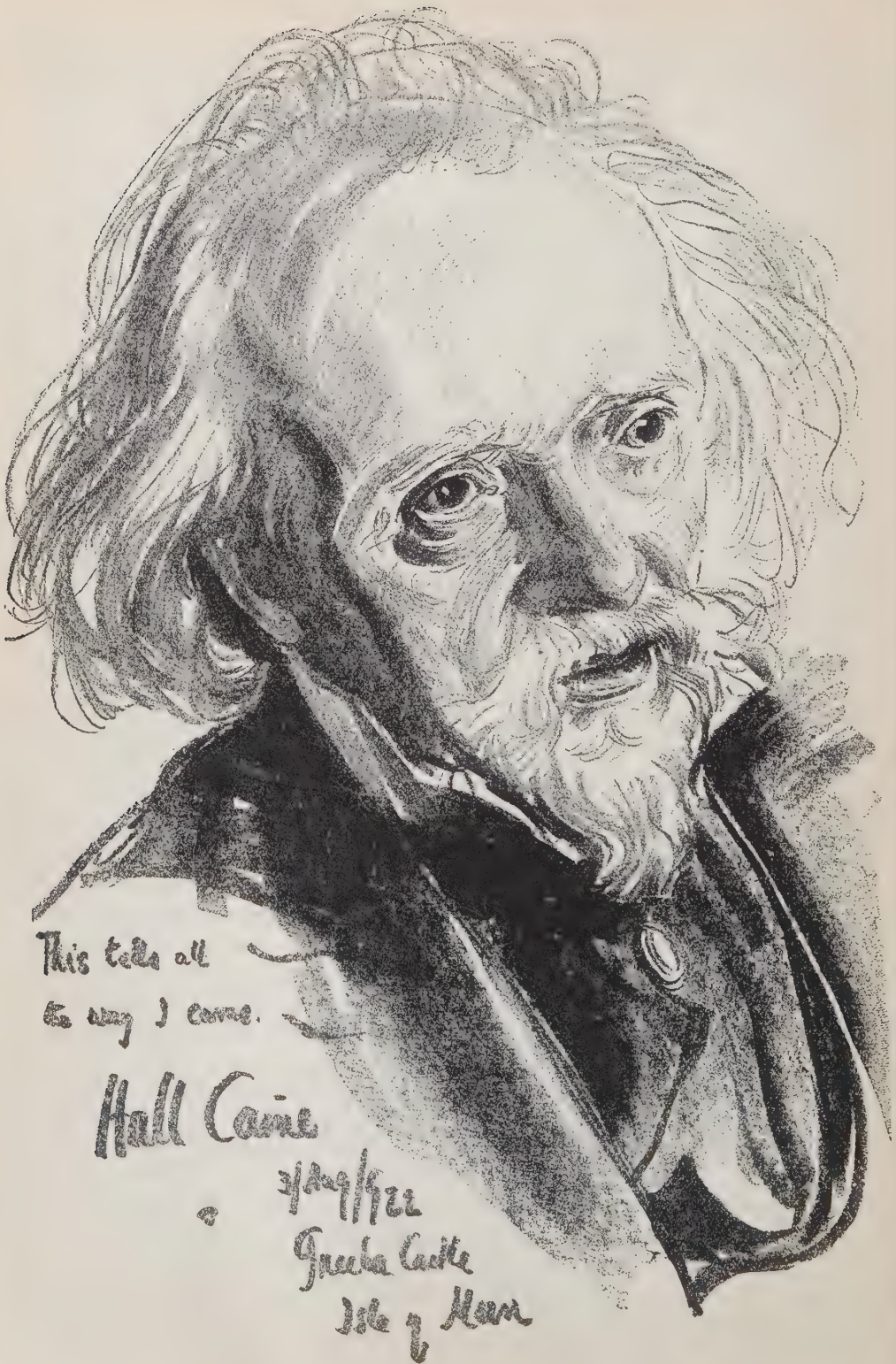
Regretfully, I tore myself away from this fascinating company, and ran most of the way to the railway station, as taxicabs do not haunt the street corners nor are trains frequent in Beaconsfield.

As a side light on his systematic methods of work, I will return to a remark of my editor friend of the Savage Club.

"It is pleasant to work with Chesterton. His early experience in journalism was good training to make him responsible and dependable. He is never late with his contributions. When he is in London he often drops into the office, and if an extra column is needed, he will sit down and write it on the spot. He works with great speed. It is delightful to find these qualities in a man of his position, when so many writers of little or no importance make such an affected display of so called temperament and madden one with useless delays."

§ 2

In a beautiful suite at his hotel, affording a wonderful view of the Thames and a vast area of London, I found "the Manxman." Time, which transforms us all, has not neglected Sir Hall Caine. His famous shock of red hair has now the yellowish white that is frequently reminiscent of former redness. The well known contour of his distinctive and luxuriant coiffure is completely preserved, though the upper part of it is very transparent, revealing the shape of his entire cranium. His features seemed to have settled like a sediment into the comparatively small area of his triangular face, the forehead, emphasized in its size by the long hair, dwarfing them. The color of his skin is uniformly pink, and he is not so thin as portraits of him had led me to expect. His picturesque aspect was heightened by a distinctive manner of dress. His double-breasted waistcoat was cut low, revealing a huge Ascot cravat of black satin.


This tells all
the story I came.
Hall Caine
3/Aug/922
Greba Castle
Isle of Man

He wore a high collar with unusually broad wings, and for the street a broad-brimmed hat and flowing black cape.

He was most courteous and kindly in his manner. His voice is low, and rises and falls in extremely smooth cadences. Before I began my portrait sketch, he was at pains to find for me a comfortable chair, and a table for my art materials, adding cigarettes and an ash-tray to the equipment.

He showed me a color drawing of himself that had been made some years before. He considered it the most successful portrait that had been done of him, and had had it reproduced on the wrappers of some of his books. "This is my favorite pose," he said, "with the head tilted forward and inclined to one side. It expresses me best."

As I worked, he told me something of life on the Isle of Man and described his ancient dwelling, Greeba Castle. His life there is pleasant, but not so quiet as one might think, as vast numbers of tourists come, and resort to all sorts of extreme subterfuges to get a glimpse of him. His grounds are overrun with them; posting the place against trespassers has failed to achieve the desired seclusion. For a time the charging of an entrance fee to the grounds checked the invasions to some degree. The money collected in this way was given to charity.

As a young man Sir Hall was associated with Dante Gabriel Rossetti as his secretary and lived in the house of the famous painter-poet. This gave him most valuable and interesting contact with the leading literary and artistic people of that time. His word pictures of some of these noted Victorian figures were very entertaining.

Sir Hall was greatly interested in the progress of my sketch of him, and made several suggestions with a view toward its ultimate success.

"Some of my friends tell me that my eyes have the expression of one who looks within rather than at outward things. Perhaps you could put this impression into your portrait."

"I must be sure, too, not to miss your well known resemblance to Shakspere," I replied. "The public will expect that."

He smiled.

"All my life people have been finding in me a likeness to one great man or another. In my youth they said I resembled Byron, and in succession various others, the favorite and most frequent being Shakspere. For a time some people were even endeavoring to find a resemblance to the Christ in me! This was partly due, I think, to a journalist who asked me whether or not I thought that such a similarity existed. Of course I did not, but in the published interview she made it appear that I believed it. Ridiculous! The newspapers made a great to-do about it."

My portfolio contained portraits of several men whose personalities interested Sir Hall. Mr. Lloyd George was one of them. He praised the late prime minister as a great and brilliant statesman, and expressed unbounded admiration for his many accomplishments.

"He is a great orator, but oratory is the gift of most Welshmen, and the Manxmen have it, too. There are any number of local preachers and even clerks and tradesmen who can address an assemblage in an astonishingly brilliant way. I can do a bit of it myself. They go at it something like this"—

and he gave me an example of the oratorical method common in those localities.

It being the eve of my departure for a trip on the Continent, Sir Hall volunteered some useful hints about European travel. I was to avoid fish and fresh vegetables, the native water of the smaller cities and towns, and the heat of midday in Italy and Spain. Macaroni I would find excellent as a substitute for fish or an excess of meat in the hot countries, and as further evidence of his kindly interest in my welfare he offered me letters to some of his friends in Rome.

"I have lived there for considerable periods at different times. When I wrote 'The Eternal City' I spent about a year in Rome. My villa was on the hillside just above the Piazza Espagna. One must spend at least a month in this wonderful place to appreciate its full fascination. The first view of it is likely to be a disappointment, but once its charm has gripped you, it will hold you as no other city can."

There followed some accounts of amusing adventures that befell this popular novelist while lecturing in America. He was asked to address the faculty and student body at the University of Pennsylvania, and the form of the request revealed that a learned discourse on literature was expected rather than a popular lecture. Sir Hall had no such speech prepared at the time, and faced his audience without it.

"I began with no idea of what I would say to them, so I told the most amusing stories I could think of, hoping for an inspiration. None came, and story followed story until the time allotted for my address was consumed. I could see the professors and the representatives of the press, with pencils poised, and with puzzled expressions of face, exchanging glances that seemed to say, 'When will the real lecture begin?' I brought it to a close somehow, and as soon as I was off the stage I sent for the reporters. I told them of my predicament and asked them not to report my lecture as it was, saying that I would have something much better for them if they would wait for a couple of hours. They were an obliging lot, and agreed to this, so I set to work immediately and prepared a treatise on 'The Novel of the Future.' This was printed widely next day as the address that I had given, and the situation was saved."

"Stage fright? Yes, I have had my bit of experience in that line. Once while testifying before a committee of the Canadian Parliament my tongue suddenly clove to the roof of my mouth, and I had an unpleasant moment or two before I could control this unreasoning terror. Curiously enough, a man had dropped dead of heart disease while addressing a similar committee in Canada a short time previously."

"Another experience of this kind, though not so violent, came to me when I was traveling under the management of Major Pond. I was to talk to guests assembled in the house of a wealthy man, and Pond had taken my notes to have them copied for the press. I preceded him to the house to meet the guests at dinner before my lecture, the major assuring me that he would arrive with my notes long before they would be needed. I grew a bit nervous as the meal drew toward its close with no sign of my manager's

return, and the nervousness increased as we repaired to the drawing-room. Finally our host announced my talk, and I was forced to get to my feet and pursue a course similar to the one resorted to at the University of Pennsylvania. I kept this up until I thought I could do it no longer, furtively watching the doors for the help that the missing notes alone could give. Finally I was deluged by a wave of the most delicious relief as I felt the papers thrust into my hand. Major Pond had arrived without my seeing him enter the room."

One more of his reminiscences I will recount. Sir Hall was walking on the Quirinal in Rome when Queen Margherita drove by.

"She recognized me from published photographs that she had seen, I suppose. She called the attention of her lady-in-waiting to me, and turned again to give me a slight smile and bow. The same afternoon the lady-in-waiting appeared at my house to say that her Majesty would like me to have tea with her at the palace on the following afternoon. I asked that she convey my thanks to her Majesty, and that I should be charmed to come.

"This visit was quickly followed by another from the same lady. She was greatly perturbed and full of apologies, but it developed that there was a bit of difficulty arising from the elaborate court etiquette, and the queen was always very careful that etiquette be strictly observed. In the usual routine of such things they had 'looked me up' in some way and discovered that I had never been presented at the English court. This of course was merely a happenstance. I have never bothered about the social routine that means so much to some people, and had never taken the trouble to be presented at court. I had entertained our king informally when he visited the Isle of Man, and the task of showing him about the island had been allotted to me. The queen's messenger hastened to say that this difficulty could easily be overcome. It was only necessary that my ambassador accompany me in order to present me to the queen, and everything would be quite all right.

"This, I told her, would be quite impossible. I knew the ambassador, and was aware that he made it a rule never to present his friends to the Italian court. I could not ask him to make an exception in my case. Of course it could easily have been achieved in view of the fact that her Majesty had sent for me; but I knew that his rule was to the contrary, and I would not have him change it. The lady-in-waiting was greatly dismayed and begged me to change my mind. But I was obdurate. She left in great distress, and returned again the next morning, but I could not alter my stand. The honorable course was the one I had chosen, and I knew that the queen, herself most strict in matters of etiquette, would appreciate the delicacy of my position. I was sure she would understand, and she did. The next time I saw her Majesty on the street she honored me with a very distinguished bow indeed."

Sir Hall was most generous in his praise of my sketch, and affixed the flattering autograph that is reproduced herewith. Lady Caine joined us, and I had a very enjoyable luncheon with them. The next morning there came to my hotel two of Sir Hall's books. In one of them was written: "To Walter Tittle. The best I can do for the

best he has done. Hall Caine, Greeba Castle, Isle of Man."

§ 3

Another most interesting recent contact, and one from which I had much pleasure, was with Mr. W. W. Jacobs. As his home is at some distance from London, he obliged me by coming to my hotel when he happened to be in town. Our visit began at luncheon and ended after a most delightful dinner at a restaurant in Regent Street. Like many writers who have rare humor at their command, Mr. Jacobs's habitual expression of face is rather wistful, almost sad. His hair is nearly white, and in artificial light looks blond, giving a most youthful effect to his appearance. As in the case of Lord Balfour, it is easy to imagine, as you look into Mr. Jacobs's serious, wide eyes, what he was like as a small boy. His voice is low, and his manner quiet and gentle. Of his work he speaks in the most modest terms. His casual valuation of it reminded me of Mr. Hutchinson's similar attitude toward his own products. When I assured him that I could not accept his splendid performance at his own modest estimate, and that in America he has a large and enthusiastic audience among people whose opinions are most to be valued, he seemed surprised and pleased.

As I worked upon my sketch, Mr. Jacobs's conversation was most delightful. He is possessed of an interesting philosophy of life that is quite his own, with many whimsical and humorous aspects. It was a pleasure to see his face light up with his rare sunny smile as he brought forth some very fresh and original observation from a quaint and unexpected point of view. His humor is rendered precious by the priceless quality of restraint.

Mr. Jacobs started life in the civil service, but soon found his proper field, and his excellent sea-stories began to appear. At the present time he is engaged for the most part with the writing of short stories of a humorous nature. He is the father of five children, two sons and three daughters, and it is quite apparent that they are even more important to him than literature. He says that in our children we continue to live, and for his own part hopes that this is the only immortality. The struggle here is enough, he thinks, without a future repetition. I pointed out that a successful writer had little to complain of, particularly in the struggle for the necessary material things, in view of the many channels for the sale and resale of his works. The various rights afforded in the several fields of book and serial publication, followed by the stage and the cinema, to be repeated in different countries, make of them absolute plutocrats compared with the average successful painter. The writer's work, like that of the musician, is sold to vast audiences, each consumer contributing a small sum that they can easily afford toward their total incomes. The artist paints many pictures, as a rule, that he never sells, and when he finds a client, he must receive a considerable sum for a picture. But then it is finished. There are no more "rights" to sell. He must go on painting until another affluent purchaser appears, with the result of a much lower average of earning capacity. Mr. Jacobs smiled and admitted the writer's financial advantage over the artist.

"But," he said, "there is a considerable comfort for you that you must not overlook. When you sell a portrait, the sum you receive for it is good assurance that it will be cared for indefinitely, and it will be treasured, too, for its personal associations, while our stories are read, perhaps, and tossed into the waste-paper basket."

He gave me a delightfully humorous word-picture of life in a small English town, with its social activities carefully confined in distinct strata, the salient characters of each easily recognizable in hundreds of similar communities; and when it became necessary for him to rush away in a cab to the railway station to catch the train that was to take him home, I wished that our visit had just begun.

§ 4

In an attractive apartment in Ashburn Gardens I found the author of that excellent play, "Abraham Lincoln." When I saw it produced in New York two years ago, my heart warmed to the man, not an American, who could portray this great figure so fully and understandingly within the limited compass of a play. Economy and elimination were necessary, the cutting away of all but the great essentials, and this the author achieved.

I was surprised to find Mr. John Drinkwater so young a man. He has much to show for his forty years, and twelve of them were spent with insurance companies. Few men who are successful in writing, it seems, start life in the field of letters. Most of them drift into it from other activities more or less remotely removed, of which the law, apparently, is the most prolific.

Mr. Drinkwater is fortunate in that his head is handsome without regularity of features. He has abundance of black hair, which grows low on his broad forehead. There is a considerable sprinkling of gray that is quite marked at the temples. His eyes are black and far apart, with strongly marked, slanting eyebrows. His nose is low in the bridge and retroussé. His mouth is of generous size, curving and interestingly irregular. The chin, though strong, is short and recedes somewhat. All of which gives a portraitist so many interesting surprises to seize upon that the pleasure of recording such a face is vastly greater than if it were handsome through regularity. Mr. Drinkwater has the sort of head that Holbein delighted in, dwelling with loving care upon each irregularity.

On the walls of the room in which we sat were a number of beautiful drawings, including examples of Cotman and Augustus John. The collecting of them has long been one of Mr. Drinkwater's pleasures, and his conversation on the subject of art showed thorough understanding. He told me, too, about his latest work, a book of poems and a play.

Later we met again by chance at a week-end house-party in Kent. Here I saw him enjoying the out-of-doors, a most attractive figure in his flannels and knitted blouse, with an authority over the tennis racket that I envied. In the conversational intercourse that came between the more active forms of amusement he was more frequently the interested listener than the contributor, and sat sometimes with a look of dreaming introspection upon his face that suggested the creative mood of this able visualizer of great figures of the past.

Sarah Bernhardt

By Lytton Strachey

THERE are many paradoxes in the art of acting. One of them, the discrepancy between the real feelings of the actor and those which he represents, was discussed by Diderot in a famous dialogue. Another, the singular divergence between the art of the stage and the art of the drama, was illustrated very completely by the career of Sarah Bernhardt.

It is clear that the primary business of the actor is to interpret the conception of the dramatist; but it is none the less true that, after a certain degree of excellence has been reached, the merits of an actor have no necessary dependence upon his grasp of the dramatist's meaning. To be a moderately good actor one must understand, more or less, what one's author is up to; but the achievements of Sarah Bernhardt proved conclusively that it was possible to be a very great actor indeed without having the faintest notion not only of the intentions of particular dramatists, but of the very rudiments of the dramatic art.

No one who saw her in *Hamlet* or in *Lorenzaccio* could doubt that this was so. Her *Hamlet* was a fantastic absurdity which far, far surpassed the permitted limits even of a Gallic miscomprehension of "le grand Will." But perhaps even more remarkable was her treatment of *Lorenzaccio*. *Hamlet*, after all, from every point of view, is an extremely difficult play; but the main drift of Musset's admirable tragedy is as plain as a pikestaff. It is a study in disillusionment—the disillusionment of a tyrannicide, who finds that the assassination, which he has contrived and executed with vast hazard, skill, and difficulty, has merely resulted in a state of affairs even worse than before. Sarah Bernhardt, incredible as it may seem, brought down the final curtain on the murder of the tyrant, and thus made the play, as a play, absolutely pointless. What remained was a series of exciting scenes, strung together by the vivid and penetrating art of a marvelous actress. For art it was, and not mere posturing. Nothing could be further from the truth than to suppose that the great Frenchwoman belonged to that futile tribe of empty-headed impersonators who, since Irving, have been the particular affliction of the English stage. Dazzling divinity though she was, she was also a serious, a laborious worker, incessantly occupied not with expensive stage properties, elaborate make-up, and historically accurate scenery, but simply with acting. Sir Herbert Tree was ineffective because he neither knew nor cared how to act; he was content to be a clever entertainer. But Sarah Bernhardt's weakness, if weakness it can be called, arose from a precisely contrary reason —from the very plenitude of her power over all the resources of her craft, a

mastery over her medium of so overwhelming a kind as to become an obsession.

The result was that this extraordinary genius was really to be seen at her most characteristic in plays of inferior quality. She did not want, she did not understand, great drama; what she did want were opportunities for acting, and this was the combination which the "Toscas," the "Camélias," and the rest of them so happily provided. In them the whole of her enormous virtuosity in the representation of passion had free play: she could contrive thrill after thrill, she could seize and tear the nerves of her audience, she could touch, she could terrify. In them, above all, she could ply her personality to the utmost. All acting must be to some extent an exploitation of the personality; but in the acting of Sarah Bernhardt that was the dominating quality, the fundamental element of her art. It was there that her strength, and her weakness, lay. During her best years her personality remained an artistic instrument; but eventually it became too much for her. It absorbed both herself and her audience; the artist became submerged in the divinity, and what was genuine, courageous, and original in her character was lost sight of in oceans of applause.

This, no doubt, was partly due to the age she lived in. It is odd, but certainly true, that the eighteenth century would have been profoundly shocked by the actress who reigned supreme over the nineteenth. The gay and cynical creatures of the *ancien régime*, who tittered over "La Pucelle," and whose adventures were reflected without exaggeration in the pages of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," would have recoiled in horror before what they would have called the *indécence* of one of Sarah Bernhardt's ordinary scenes. Every age has its own way of dealing with these matters, and the nineteenth century made up for the high tone of its literature and the decorum of its behavior by the luscious intensity of its theatrical displays. Strict husbands in icy shirt-fronts and lovely epitomes of all the domestic virtues in bustles would sit for hours thrilling with frenzied raptures over intimate and elaborate presentments of passion in its most feverish forms. The supply and the demand, interacting upon each other, grew together. But by the end of the century the fashion had begun to change. The star of Eleanora Duse rose upon the horizon; Ibsen became almost popular; the Théâtre Antoine, the Moscow Art Theater, introduced a new style of tragic acting—a prose style—surprisingly effective and surprisingly quiet, and subtle with the sinuosities of actual life. Already by the beginning of the twentieth century the bravura of Sarah Bernhardt seemed a magnificent relic of the past. And the generation which was to plunge with reckless fanaticism into the gigantic delirium of the war found its pleasures at the theater in a meticulous imitation of the significant trivialities of middle-class interiors.

Fortunately, however, Sarah Bernhardt's genius did not spend itself entirely in amazing personal triumphs and the satisfaction of the emotional needs of a particular age. Fortunately the mightier genius of Jean Racine was of such a nature that it was able to lift hers on to its own level of the immortal and the universal. In this case there was no need on her part for an intellectual realization of

the dramatist's purpose. Racine had enough intellect for both: all that she had to do was to play the parts he had provided for her to the height of her ability; his supreme art did the rest. Her *Hermione* was a masterpiece; but certainly the greatest of all her achievements was in "Phédre." Tragedy possesses an extraordinary quality, which, perhaps, has given it its traditional place of primacy among all the forms of literature. It is not only immortal; it is also forever new. There are many implications in it which reveal themselves by a mysterious law to each succeeding generation. The "Œdipus" acted yesterday at Cambridge was the identical play that won the prize two thousand years ago; and yet it was a different "Œdipus," with meanings for the modern audience that were unperceived by the Athenians. The records show conclusively that the *Phédre* of Bernhardt differed as much from that of Rachel as Rachel's differed from Clarion's, and as Clarion's differed from that of the great actress who created the part under the eyes of Racine. But each was *Phédre.* Probably the latest of these interpretations was less perfect in all its parts than some of its predecessors; but the great moments, when they came, could never have been surpassed. All through there were details of such wonderful beauty that they return again and again upon the memory—unforgetable delights. The hurried horror of

> "Mes yeux le retrouvaient dans les traits de son père";

the slow, expanding, mysterious grandeur of

> "Le ciel, tout l'univers, est plein de mes aïeux";

the marvelous gesture with which the words of *Œnone,* announcing the approach of *Thésée,* seemed to be pressed back into silence down her "ill-uttering throat"—such things, and a hundred others, could have been conceived and executed only by a consummate artist in her happiest vein. But undoubtedly the topmost reach came in the fourth act, when the *Queen,* her reason tottering with passion and jealousy, suddenly turns upon herself in an agony of self-reproach. Sarah Bernhardt's treatment of this passage was extremely original, and it is difficult to believe that it was justified by the text. Racine's words seem to import a violent directness of statement:

> "Chaque mot sur mon front fait dresser mes cheveux";

but it was with hysteric irony, with dreadful, mocking laughter, that the actress delivered them. The effect was absolutely overwhelming, and Racine himself could only have bowed to the ground before such audacity. Then there followed the invocation to Minos, culminating in the stupendous

> "Je crois voir de ta main tomber l'urne terrible."

The secret of that astounding utterance baffles the imagination. The words boomed and crashed with a superhuman resonance which shook the spirit of the hearer like a leaf in the wind. The *voix d'or* has often been raved over; but in Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold: there was thunder and lightning; there was heaven and hell. But the pitcher is broken at the fountain; that voice is silent now forever, and the terror and the pity that lived in it and purged the souls of mortals have faded into incommunicable dreams.

Beyond Grammar

Ring W. Lardner: Philologist among the Low-brows

By Carl Van Doren

If the freedom of the press is ever destroyed in the United States, the last barricade to yield will be the sporting page. The sporting writer has been allowed to have his fling as long as he could interest his readers. His fling, however, has been almost entirely in the direction of novel language. What he has had to report is news of a very technical sort, with accurate statistics. To give variety to his material he has minted strange coins and carved curious images; he has done to the common idiom what some gardener does who makes flowers of amazing color and scent out of ordinary blossoms. It is true that the gaudiest flowers of speech, which belong to the language of base-ball, have of late left the sporting page of the more civilized newspapers, which talk less than formerly about "clouting the sphere" and "kissing the leather" and "carving the air," because they prefer what is at once plainer and more vivid than these endless twists and turns. But enough of venturesome originality remains in base-ball English (or base-ball American) to make the uninitiated stare and to satisfy the demand among the initiated for a special dialect worthy of the sport. Here is a wide-spread, yet well-knit, guild of players and spectators which has a tradition, a technic, a vogue, a language; no wonder it has also its jongleurs and minstrels in the sporting writers who are read with a delight in their verbal felicities that perhaps no other group of writers in America can be said to waken. Has the guild contributed its share to the sum of literature in the country?

§ 2

Without question it still awaits that genius who in time may lift this particular department of the vernacular to the point to which Mark Twain lifted the department of newspaper humor. Nor does it seem clear how those minstrels and jongleurs, the sporting writers, are to make enduring lays or ballads, sagas or epics, out of news which is dead in a day. The most noteworthy master of the art, Ring W. Lardner, struck off from the highway of the main tradition in "You Know Me Al" and has since gone farther. In that extraordinary document he invented for his protagonist a certain Jack Keefe who is a pitcher expert enough to play with the White Sox and a fool complete enough to tickle even the stupid among the fans by his incomparable stupidity. Jack, babbling with his pen to a friend in his native village, has bragged his way through various base-ball seasons and, in "Treat 'Em Rough" and "The Real Dope," through his conduct in the war. Both the writer who conceived him and the low-brow public

which has received him with noisy joy, have followed his career, apparently, in a mood of relaxation from the hero-worship which too frequently exalts his kind. He imagines he is absolutely indispensable to his team, though his manager often treats him lightly. He imagines every woman he sees is in love with him, though he is a simpleton with women. He imagines he is pugnacious, yet he backs down whenever any one turns upon him; he imagines he is crushing at repartee, yet he makes actually the flattest rejoinders; he imagines he is free-handed, yet he is farcically careful with his money. All the brains he has are in his right arm.

Much as Fenimore Cooper did with Leather-Stocking, Mr. Lardner has gone beyond his first intentions with Jack Keefe and has exhibited him in numerous situations which call for no change of character, but for the continually fresh display of his gifts. Those gifts include a talent for folly and a genius for bad grammar and worse syntax. It is difficult to say whether Jack is better at stumbling into tight places or at explaining himself out of them in a manner which leaves his vanity intact. When he has lost a game, it is always because his team failed to support him as it should have. When a girl turns out not to have been enamoured of him after all, he either argues that there is a broken heart somewhere, not his, or else instantly forgets what he has thought and said about her. He is the dupe of his fellow-soldiers in the war, but he comes home with a foolhardy wound and settles down to be a hero for the rest of his life.

His grammar and syntax, however, are to his folly as genius is to talent. He cuts the knots of language as if there had never been such a thing as a grammarian. Since he is writing, not talking, he permits himself some formalities and he is forced to spell out what in speech he would mumble without much sense of individual words; but he takes the shortest cut he knows how to make between his meaning and his expression. Thus, for instance, he argues the advantages to a soldier of learning French: "But besides that Al after we get to France the French officers will want to tip us off on this and that about the Germans and of course they won't talk to the privates but they will only talk to the officers and if I am a officer by that time which it looks like a cinch I will be one by that time at the outside why suppose I was standing by 1 of our genls. and a French genl. wanted to tell him what was what and etc. but couldn't talk nothing but French and our genl. couldn't make head or tales of it then I could act like an interpreter between the both of them and the first thing you know all the high monkey monks when they want to talk back and forth will be pageing Capt. Keefe or Major Keefe or whatever officer I am by that time." Thus he reports an instance of his wit: "Bodie and Schalk was on [bases] when I come up [to bat] in the 5th and Hill [the opposing pitcher] hollers to me and says I guess this is where I shoot one of them bean balls. I says Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find it out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. You see what I was getting at Al. I was insinuating that if he beaned me with his fast one I would not never know nothing about it if somebody did not tell me because his

fast one is not fast enough to hurt nobody even if it should hit them in the head. So I says to him Go ahead and shoot and if you hit me in the head and I ever find it out I will write and tell your wife what happened to you. See, Al? Of course you could not hire me to write to Violet but I did not mean that part of it in earnest." Thus he deftly arranges for a truce between his wife and Al: "Now old pal I know that Florrie hasn't never warmed up toward you and Bertha and wouldn't never go down to Bedford with me and pay you a visit and every time I ever give her a hint that I would like to have you and Bertha come up and see us she always had some excuse that she was going to be busy or this and that and of course I knew she was trying to alibi herself and the truth was she always felt like Bertha and her wouldn't have nothing in common you might say because Florrie has always been a swell dresser and cared a whole lot about how she looked and some way she felt like Bertha wouldn't feel comfortable around where she was at and maybe she was right but we can forget all that now Al and I cay say one thing Al she never said nothing reflecting on you yourself in any way because I wouldn't of stood for it but instead of that when I showed her that picture of you and Bertha in your wedding suit she made the remark that you looked like one of the honest homely kind of people that their friends could always depend on them." Jack is the comic mirror of American illiteracy.

He is more than a mirror of illiteracy; he is a treasure-trove. In Jack's maundering confidences Mr. Lardner has assembled countless examples of murdered English caught by one of the most accurate ears now occupied with the vernacular. Malapropisms, misspellings and mispronunciations, paradigms simplified and distorted by ignorance, incredible triumphs over syntax—these appear in such numbers that a treatise could be based upon them. But they are woven into a pattern and fitted to a character with a skill which few mere philologists have ever had. Though Mr. Lardner has preferred to drop to a plane of speech which is lower than most native humorists have studied, and has had consequently to do the hard work of bringing the idiom into a kind of uniformity so that it could be written down, he has not lost himself altogether in linguistic tricks. He knows the customary behavior of his illiterates as well as he knows their tongue. He has comic force which could have made him a humorist in any dialect.

§ 3

So far he has kept close to his original formula no less with his later characters than with Jack. Both "Gullible's Travels" and "The Big Town" continue the American tradition of humorous autobiography, delivered in each of these two cases by an amusing illiterate who strays into unfamiliar paths and tells about them in his vernacular. The narrator of one goes to the opera, tries a season at Palm Beach, learns to play bridge; the narrator of the other visits New York to have a taste of life in hotels, in furnished apartments, in suburban resorts, at the races, at the theaters. The fun is largely verbal, but back of such frivolities lie facts of character not to be overlooked. The men whom Mr. Lardner uses as his spokesmen represent a type which is strikingly

American. Although, as traders or as sportsmen, they have seen the world, they have seen it altogether with their bodily eyes. They read nothing but the newspapers or some accidental book, and that solely for entertainment. They are as innocent of reflection as of culture. When they have dreams, they are of the simplest, most sentimental kind: of inheriting an easy fortune, of telling a captious boss to go to hell, of seeing a son become President. They are wholly at the mercy of their wives, who, thanks to labor-saving devices and small families, have leisure to dabble in superficial accomplishments or to think of climbing into a society more conspicuous than their own. In "Gullible's Travels" and "The Big Town" most of the adventures occur while the characters are having a mild, unsuccessful fling in snobdom.

The creator and chronicler of *Babbitt*, with whom all of Mr. Lardner's principal characters would feel immediately at home, approached his theme in a passion for the beauty and the intelligence which he saw that the *Babbitts*, by their very nature, miss. Mr. Lardner, in his books at least, gives no sign of any esthetic or intellectual concern. He laughs at affectation; he is jovial toward foolishness; he portrays dullness without anger. His instinct for the facts of life and for the comedy of facts is too strong for him to feel obliged to bring his more serious reading of existence into his accounts. As his hard-boiled heroes take their look at the world, uninfected by its novelty or by its complexity, he forgets how thick-skinned they are, because they tickle him so much by their self-reliance. The narrator in "The Big Town" is a provincial Mid-Westerner who nevertheless feels as much at home in New York as Benjamin Franklin felt in Paris or Mark Twain in Jerusalem. Much of what would embarrass or appall a more reflective man does not touch this knowing Hoosier at all. He is that perennially popular figure in American fiction, the Yankee unabashed. The things which do impinge upon his consciousness he takes in very quickly and turns to his own idiom. And how glib he is! He speaks the special jargons of business and of sport and of poker, beside his own loose, but competent, lingo. His invention never flags, as his nerve never weakens. Wherever he is, there is no opportunity for languor, for hesitation. He and his wife and her sister are as vulgar as suspenders, but they are set forth with such verve that their story has a force quite separate from its power to satirize or edify. Here, as in all Mr. Lardner's books, there is effected a masterly translation of American life into the vernacular of the low-brows. Are there in that life such things as wonder, splendor, distinction, criticism, enlightenment? Yes, but how do they look when seen through low-brow eyes, when reduced to the common denominator of the mass of men?

§ 4

That Mr. Lardner, despite his gifts, is still essentially a comic philologist, appears from his lack of variety in all but language. He has only two characters: one is Jack, bragging about his prowess in love and war (including base-ball); and the other is a case-hardened low-brow, under whatever name, seeing the world with his slightly snobbish wife. With this

second character Mr. Lardner has even used one plot repeatedly, ringing minor changes upon a scheme to get the wife's sister married to some reluctant suitor. In "Gullible's Travels" this is the theme of two out of the five stories; in "The Big Town" it is the theme or sub-theme of all of them. Always the husband is bored by the sister or positively dislikes her; always the wife gives herself without a touch of humor to the earnest pursuit; always the sister, coy, but undeterred, accepts the rôle of matrimonial bait, no matter what the discomforts of the hook or the disinclination of the victim. Only the victim varies. And he is essentially the same always, being or pretending to be the kind of fairy prince the eager sisters would like to catch—prosperous, generous, cheap. Whatever is made of such matters must be made within the narrow limits of a formula.

These stories, read as rapidly as they follow one another in a book, not with weeks or months between them as in a magazine, suggest a form of popular art which in the newspapers ordinarily stands close to the sporting page. That is the comic strip, wherein a set of personages of established and unchanging characteristics daily meet with mishaps for the amusement of the populace. There friends are forever falling out, husbands are forever bullied by their wives, parents are forever fooled or corrected by their children, snobs are forever being snubbed, dreamers are forever waking up. It is one of the most skeptical, most cynical, most heartless universes ever invented. No person in it modifies his actions or his language to spare another's feelings. One strip is entirely devoted to the outbursts of a violent hero who does to bores and nuisances what all men would like to do, but cannot do in a reasonably civil community. In something of this fashion, though with words, not fists, the husband of Mr. Lardner's formula expresses himself to his family and friends. In real life such remarks as his would rankle for years, but in these stories they leave no scars. So with the predatory maiden of the formula, who, if she were real, would perish of mortification during her long defeat, but who instead comes up smiling after each unhappy skirmish and returns to the chase. All of Mr. Lardner's characters have the short memories of the persons of the comic strip, as they have their lack of personal dignity, undisturbed by the figure they cut when buffeted or tumbled about. And this is because, like the characters of farce, they give the impression of living in space, but not in time. In the world of reality and of realistic art the people who live there are forever growing, becoming. They cannot stand still, like puppets ready to be dressed up for any plot or like weathervanes revolving with whatever wind may blow. It is Mr. Lardner's failure to perceive this, or to act upon the perception if he has it, that excludes him from the rank to which his capacities should admit him. He has created convincing characters; he has put convincing words into their mouths; he has set them going in a convincing dance of life. But there he has stopped, too often content to play old tricks until the action seems mechanical and his audience wonders whether his characters are convincing, after all. He has still to rid himself of the ephemeral qualities both of the sporting page and of the comic strip.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank

The Seven Deadly Sins of American Journalism

Penitence is a healthy mood, confession a cleansing act. The retreat, as a period of retirement for self-examination and meditation, is as valid for Protestants and pagans as for Catholics. At any rate, I am sure that there should be at least a semiannual retreat for all editors, a withdrawal from the world of clattering typewriters, jangling telephone bells, and the deafening roar of press-rooms, a going apart for a while to take intellectual, spiritual, and professional stock. And at least once a year the journalist should make public confession of his sins.

I have just enjoyed such a retreat in the monastic seclusion of a long train journey on which I knew no one. And now, at the end of the journey, I want to repent and make confession of what seem to me the seven deadly sins of American journalism, particularly the journalism of our weekly and monthly magazines. This penitence should be felt and this confession made by some scarred veteran of the world's Fleet Streets. I am only a cub editor among the lions. I have hardly had time to commit many of the sins or to practise many of the virtues of journalism. I suspect that I know very little about journalism. And this is just the reason why I am writing this essay now. I want to get it written before I *know* that I know nothing about journalism. I think that the things I want to say need saying, I think they are true; but I know that if I delay writing this essay much longer, I shall have such a sense of the difficulties and temptations of editing that I shall never write it.

Here, then, as I see it are the seven sins that stand most in the way of the maximum social usefulness of our magazines:

First, American journalism has a policy and convictions. The assumption that every magazine must have a policy has been, I am sure, responsible for more harm than good. Inflexibility may prove as great a fault as venality in journalism. I do not mean by this that good editing demands a spineless editor. I do not intend a plea for that arid and soulless thing called the open mind. The professionally open mind is notoriously drafty. I am suggesting only that it is impossible for a magazine to render a service of intelligent interpretation in a changing time like this if it brings to its consideration of affairs a fixed point of view and a set of crystallized convictions.

This is, of course, the case with nine out of ten American magazines. The result is that most American magazines are clearly catalogued as conservative magazines, liberal maga-

zines, or radical magazines. And the moment a magazine becomes known as the inveterate exponent of an inflexible point of view, its audience is pretty thoroughly restricted to the men and women who share its point of view. No generalization is thoroughly accurate, but it is nearly accurate to say that, taken by and large, conservatives read conservative magazines, liberals read liberal magazines, and radicals read radical magazines. Fixed points of view and firm convictions are the barricaded frontiers that separate these three intellectual classes. There is not enough interstate commerce of the mind between these groups; there is not enough visiting across these frontiers.

It should not be necessary for the members of each of these classes to read three sets of magazines in order to share in that cross-fertilization of minds, that wholesomely tolerant competition between divergent points of view without which a coherent national life remains an impossible achievement. This interplay of points of view should not take place *between* magazines, but *in* magazines. The ideal magazine should have no policy except a profound reverence for facts. The sin of a fixed policy grows out of the fact that most of us approach the job of editing in the spirit of the moralist rather than in the spirit of the engineer. The engineer mind approaches every situation with two questions: first, what are the facts in the case; second, what is the ordinary horse-sense conclusion indicated by the facts? The engineer is not interested in seeing to it that his conclusions prove conservative or liberal or radical. Just so the ideal editor will follow the facts wherever they lead, with the result that he is likely to be conservative in his January issue, liberal in his February issue, and radical in his March issue.

The tendency of the public to pigeon-hole magazines and the intellectual habits of editors that make labeling possible unnecessarily slows down progress and keeps a nation in a continuous state of emotional and intellectual civil war.

Second, American journalism avoids the things that people are most interested in. The general notion is that an editor spends his days and nights in a feverish search for the things in which people are most interested. The truth is that the average editor searches for the things in which people are not too deeply interested. The most profoundly interesting things about religion, about business, about industry, about education, and about politics, the things in all these fields that are so vital that a real discussion of them will throw clubs and communities into a realistic conflict, are taboo in most editorial offices. The great adventure of American journalism is a search for the greatest common divisor, a search for the things that will interest the largest possible number of readers enough to make them buy the magazine, but not so disturbingly interesting as to lead any considerable number of readers to cancel their subscriptions. Just interesting enough, but not too interesting! This is the unacknowledged editorial motto.

I suspect that I am unconsciously playing with words here. Perhaps what I am trying to say is that the editor is frequently more concerned with capturing the reader's "interest" than with discovering and discussing the reader's "interests." The first

makes editing a psychological problem; the second makes editing a social problem. The editor who is concerned only with capturing the reader's interest is likely to be merely a merchant of sensations; the editor who is concerned primarily with his reader's interests may be, in the best sense of an abused word, a statesman.

I have no desire to suggest a counsel of perfection. Magazines cannot be run on a policy of alienating readers. I am suggesting only that in many cases where caution now rules, greater courage might be even commercially sound, and certainly the social value of journalism would be enhanced.

Third, American journalism underestimates the intelligence of its readers. I fear that too many of us in editorial offices fall into the fatal error of creating a mythical "average reader" who does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist. Many of us spend more time speculating about writing over the heads of our readers or writing down to our readers than we spend on finding out what is going on inside the minds of our readers. Many of us spend too much of our time in our offices in New York, which is, after all, only a large suburb of America proper.

This habit of underestimating the intelligence of readers is the outstanding sin of low-brow journalism. I use the term low-brow not in any sniffish sense, for a great deal of the material in our widely popular journals is just as sound and serviceable by every intelligent standard as much that is carried in journals that pretend to a greater quality. I use the term simply because it lies conveniently at hand and is a common designation for our most popular journalism. There is no evading the fact that much of our popular journalism is based on the assumption that the American mind may be tickled, but must not be challenged.

It would, I think, be a good thing if every editor in America could be sentenced to a term of enforced labor for three months out of every year on a lecture tour that would compel him to face audiences ranging from eager farmers, ardent trade-unionists, and ambitious business men to audiences of satisfied respectability in metropolitan clubs. I am sure that no editor could submit to such an experience, watching the eager faces as he speaks and listening to the eager questions after he has finished, without returning to his desk convinced that there is throughout America a very genuine mental hunger extending all the way from Main Street to Wall Street—a hunger for a real consideration of real things.

Fourth, American journalism overestimates the information of its readers. This is the outstanding sin of high-brow journalism. I think it was William Hazlitt who suggested that it is always safe to assume anew each morning the world's ignorance. The fact is that very few of us know very much accurately about anything. There is a great deal of vital stuff locked up in the columns of high-brow journalism which multiplied thousands of Americans would eagerly read if they could read it without having to surround themselves in the process with a dictionary, an encyclopedia, an index to periodical literature, and a corps of experts in history, literature, art, science, and philosophy.

The ideal magazine will overestimate the intelligence and underestimate the information of its readers.

The ideal magazine article should, I think, be written as if the men and women who were to read it had just dropped from the planet Mars, able to read the English language, but with minds in virgin ignorance of the field and the facts with which it deals. That is to say, every article should carry its own background with it. This is, of course, an extreme putting of the case, but until serious journalism perfects a technic looking in this direction, our more serious magazines must remain more in the nature of confidential communications than real journals.

Fifth, American journalism is not written in the vernacular. This sin is committed by both high-brow and low-brow journalism. Sloppy slang is not vernacular, any more than the fog and fustian of academic jargon is vernacular. Low-brow journalism is, of course, more intelligible to more people than high-brow journalism. But as I read the innumerable popular magazines I am impressed by the fact that the rank and file of Americans no more talk in the language of many popular articles than they talk in the language of the self-conscious and over-sophisticated high-brow writers. Low-brow journalism, if it prints an article on the political responsibility of the average citizen, usually goes on the assumption that in order to make the article popular, the citizen must be referred to as "Old Man John Citizen." One of the greatest needs of our time is a genuine vulgarization of American letters in the sense of talking in the vulgate, but the writing habit illustrated by "Old Man John Citizen" is not helping in such vulgarization. Popular journalism could, I think, be just as popular if it dispensed with the artificial chumminess that now characterizes it, and certainly the high-brow journalism of America would be more popular if it were translated into English, into the simple and vigorous speech that nine out of ten Americans use. "What would have happened to Christianity," asked Edward Fitzgerald, "if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the parables?" Well, many of the most vital ideas upon which the regeneration of American life depends are to-day being kept out of circulation, as far as the majority are concerned, because they are being discussed in the jargon of high-brow journalism. It is difficult to overestimate how much the whole tone of American life could be lifted if high-brow journalism would drop its jargon and begin talking in the vernacular, thus stopping the private consumption of good ideas by the favored few, and if low-brow journalism would drop its slang and begin talking in the vernacular, thus stopping the wholesale debauchery of American speech.

Sixth, American journalism is too timely. There is, I am sure, something essentially unsound in the editorial race for timeliness. I think this charge can be made with equal justice against daily, weekly, and monthly journalism. I am not thinking merely of the fact that a seasoned judgment is better than a snap judgment. That is obvious. I am thinking rather of the fact that an editorial written the day a thing happens or a magazine article published the month a thing happens is not published at the moment of the greatest real timeliness. Maybe I should have said that American journalism is not really timely rather than that it is too timely, for the most timely moment, in the sense

of the most socially useful moment, in which to discuss any incident or any issue is after it has been long enough in the news columns to have become a real part of the nation's conversation. Editorial timeliness is not primarily a matter of the calendar; it is determined by how quickly interest in an issue or an incident spreads far enough to insure that the maximum possible number of persons will turn to a discussion of the issue with genuine interest. This is one of the reasons why there is a wholly new future for the monthly magazines if they really meet the challenge of this challenging time.

Seventh, American journalism defends Americanism. I am thinking here, of course, primarily of the conservative wing of American journalism. The patriotism of conservative journalism is too frequently expressed solely in terms of defending an Americanism which is assumed to be a static something inherited from the fathers. Now, Americanism is not a static something to be defended; Americanism is a growing something to be developed. If we spent half the energy we now spend upon defending Americanism in the more creative adventure of developing Americanism, we should probably discover that its development is its own best defense. There is just a chemical trace of comedy in the fact that many editors who are most ardent in defending Americanism could not possibly give a valid definition of Americanism. It is interesting to note that many editors and many business men who have been loudest in the assertion that Americanism must be defended against the dictatorship of the proletariat are now singing pæans of praise at the shrine of Mussolini, dictator extraordinary of Italy. I note this in order to illustrate the confusion about the meaning of Americanism that exists in minds that are more concerned with its defense than with its development. It seems that in the minds of certain defenders of Americanism our national creed is not based on a belief in government by political action rather than the dictatorship of force, but is simply opposition to dictatorship by the wrong group. Thus it happens that a philosophy of defense is just as likely to breed red reactionaries as it is to breed red radicals. It is one of the tasks of American journalism to transform the agitation for one hundred per cent. Americanism into a vast spiritual adventure in the development of a cultural Americanism whose inherent value and virility will be its best defense.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

AUGUST

1923

Drawing by Rockwell Kent, illustrating "A Voyager's Log"

In the teeth of the hard glad weather.—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *August*, 1923 No. 4

The Master

By Konrad Bercovici

Drawings by Andrew Avinoff

YEAR after year the Tatars of Silistria had crossed the little forest that stood between their village and the Dobrudjan pasture-fields of the Rumanian shepherds and stolen their sheep. Like wolves, they fattened themselves on meat they killed that did not belong to them.

The Tatars and the wolves were the most dangerous enemies of the flocks. Against the wolves the shepherds had trained their *ogars*, dogs bred out of mother wolves; but against the black Tatars they had had little, if any, defense, until Corbu, Jancu Corbu, son of one-eyed Bujor Corbu, had gone out and given them battle.

Jancu, who had been on his way home with his flock, was attacked by the thieves. On recovering from the bullet-wound in his arm, he organized the youth of the village, and placing himself at their head, although only eighteen years old, he invaded, gave battle, and crushed the "thieves' village" across the border.

After Bujor's son had vanquished the cattle-thieves, the people of his own village were so impressed by his strength and ability that they began to look toward him for help in every trouble that befell them. If there was a disease among the cattle, they were sure that Jancu would know how to rid them of it. When they thought themselves overtaxed, they would send him to the seat of the Rumanian Government to obtain an amelioration of their conditions. At the wolf-hunts, early in the winter, through the dense forests, they wanted Jancu at the head, and as they were no more molested by the Tatars, and after Jancu had succeeded in almost everything he had undertaken to do for them, the people of Cerna grew wealthier, their flocks increased, and in a few years the plains and hills and marshes of the neighborhood upon which grazed their cattle, their sheep, had become too limited to feed them. The shepherds had to look for other grazing-grounds away from their old settlement. Indeed, two years after Jancu had conquered the Tatar village, a pact with the former enemies was arrived at, so that the sheep of Cerna could pass the border and graze on the other side, the Tatars being only too ready to get the small pay-

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

ment in sheep from the Rumanian shepherds, to rebuild their homes and restock their flocks.

Then one day, late in the winter, the old *starost*, the mayor of Cerna, died, and the people unanimously elected Jancu in his place.

Throughout all the ceremony Jancu sat quietly near his sweetheart, smiling abstractedly, stroking the long and heavy fur of his dog Cubak, who lay at his feet. Cubak looked up at his master. He understood that something very important was happening. Every time his master's name was mentioned, he emitted a little bark, raising his muzzle and turning round and round with joy or defiance; for in the measure his master was happy, Cubak was.

The following spring Cubak was sent over the border to guard the largest flock of sheep he had yet had in charge. He trotted proudly behind them, filled with the pride of well fed strength. His master was not with him. Jancu had to remain in the village to attend to more important business than sheep-raising; and in his stead another man was sent as shepherd, Tudor, son of Jancu's father's best friend.

On the road to the grazing-grounds, edging the Tatar settlement, Cubak, the dog who had been taught and who had learned to guard his flock as much against Tatars as against wolves, was greatly surprised to see Tudor lead his sheep in the direction of the enemy. He bore down with all his weight upon the shepherd in an attempt to throw him, and by himself tried to turn the scattering flock homeward. The young shepherd, not understanding the dog's actions, raised his stick and hit Cubak a solid blow on the head. Confused by what was happening, and which he did not understand, Cubak marched alongside the herd, keeping the young shepherd constantly in sight, surveying him. If Tudor had ever entertained the thought that Cubak might look upon him as his master, that day taught him differently. When they entered the muddy road lined by the first huts of the Tatar settlements, Cubak became so upset he began to turn widely around the whole flock, nibbling at the legs of the sheep the better to keep them in a compact mass.

For generations and generations his kind had been taught by their masters that the Tatars were their enemies, that the Tatar scent was as dangerous as that of the wolf. And now, suddenly, the Tatars were allowed to come near and talk to the shepherd as they stroked the wool of the lambs with their dark hands. And he, Cubak, was kept away by the shepherd with the long stick. The very same men who had wounded him and his master, and whom his master had fought with to take the sheep back from them, he now was told to let go before sinking his fangs into them. It dawned upon the dog that Tudor was betraying his beloved master, and committing a crime against the flock, the holy flock.

A little later that day, having passed through several friendly Tatar settlements, greeted by the men and hailed by the gaily trousered women, the flock of pure white sheep, now muddy to the belly, arrived at the new grazing-grounds. There were other flocks, some of them shepherded by Tatars, and others by people of Cubak's own village, who had arrived there before; for Jancu had been late that year

because of his numerous other duties. Some of them were there when Jancu's flock arrived, and others came a few hours later. Cubak could not sleep the whole night. The other dogs were also demoralized. Yet each one had his accustomed master, not like Cubak. He was apprehensive of what was going to happen, something the nature of which he could not understand or foresee. He could not condone or understand the friendliness between the Tatar and the Rumanian shepherd.

But the days passed on. Nothing untoward happened. The Tatars came and went and did not destroy any of the sheep, and the Tatar's dogs guarded their flocks as zealously as Cubak guarded his. There were several bitter fights between the Rumanian dogs, headed by Cubak, and the Tatar dogs. Tudor and his friends always came to the defense of the others. Peace was established between them only when the scent of a wolf was felt. Cubak was the first to signal it. The Tatar dogs united with him to rout the common enemy.

Cubak's uneasiness ceased only when Jancu, accompanied by his bride, on horseback, arrived on the fifth morning after his stay on the grazing-field.

"That dog of yours," said Tudor to Jancu, "acts as if he were mad," and he told the story of how Cubak had borne down upon him and how he had refused to go in the direction pointed

Cubak, his loves and his hates

out to him. Jancu looked at the huge, whining animal cringing at his feet. And as he looked into his perplexed eyes, he understood quite plainly the reason back of his dog's behavior.

"He will be much better from now on," Jancu said as he shook both Tudor's hands and hugged them. Instantly, the dog, who until then had been morose, began to romp around and emit short little barks of joy, trying to show friendliness toward Tudor. A little later Jancu shook hands with one of the Tatars, and even whistled in a friendly way to one of the Tatar dogs guarding a flock near by. He wanted his dog to understand that even the worst enemy may not be an enemy forever. Cubak, however, also deducted that the best friend may not remain so forever.

That night, when the scent of the wolf brought by the wind bit Cubak's nostrils, he was not so anxious to tear the common enemy to pieces; for in his mind there dawned slowly the possibility of his master making friends even with the wolf, who was, after all, only one of the common enemy. Still, he barked loudly, and the other dogs answered, keeping up the whole night the warning to the wolf that they were aware of his presence in the neighborhood.

As the shepherds were too far away from home, they brought their food from the adjoining Tatar village. Only once every few weeks a boy on horseback would bring them some fresh cheese and freshly milled cornmeal. The rest of the food the shepherds bought from the Tatars.

Tudor, who was the youngest of the shepherds, was the one most frequently sent by them to the Tatar village to buy strips of dry meat for the dogs and whatever else was needed in the camp. With that ease and ingenuity of youth, after he had made several trips to the village, he became acquainted with a young Tatar girl. Risa was her name. She was so very different from the girls of his own village! She was short and plump, and the gay pantaloons and the red burnoose she wore were so fetching! From almost a bullet-shaped head shone two black eyes deeply set in their sockets. His hand met hers as he tried to help her carry the water-pail. Their lips parted and smiled at what one said to the other, though neither understood, and they walked near each other when Tudor left the village for his camp. The Tatar girl was proud of that friendship, for she had heard that among the settlements in the neighborhood there had arisen a new *voevod* in the Dobrudja. That man was Tudor's master, who, after having vanquished the Tatars of the neighborhood, was now making friendship with them. And that though this new master was a giaour, an unbeliever, it was known he was kind to the people he had vanquished; he paid them for the grazing-ground, and did not slay them. And Tudor was that *voevod's* friend.

And so after a little while Risa took to visiting Tudor on the grazing-grounds. At night they would sit close to each other on the little mound under which Tudor had scooped his sleeping-quarters. Alternately, he would play the Rumanian shepherd songs on his reed flute, and she would sing her Tatar songs and beat the accompaniment on the little dull drum she carried with her wherever she went. And the other shepherds came around, and they all laughed with

them, though some thought it was wrong that Tudor should associate with an infidel woman.

Although Cubak's mind had become easy about the strange doings about him, he was not so happy as when his master had been with him. He resented Tudor now not because he grazed his sheep among the Tatars, not because he associated with a woman so unlike the women in his own village, but because he had taken the place of his master. The two men were so different! Tudor looked upon him as a dog, while Jancu had looked upon him as a friend and companion. Whatever time Tudor had to spare, he devoted to his Risa, while whenever Jancu, his real master, had been with him, he had played and chased around with him, in the adjoining forests and fields, providing frolics and fresh meat.

As they moved on to a new grazing-place one day, for the sheep had eaten up all the grass in the old one, the flock had spread out a little too far. Cubak began to crowd the sheep together. The younger ones had spread out into wide circles, bleating loudly as they stumbled over themselves. Nibbling at one of the young lambs, the dog sank his teeth a little too far into the tender bone, and the lamb collapsed, bleeding.

Frightened, Cubak looked at Tudor, who was playfully running away from the pursuing young Tatar girl. The dog knew what would happen to him at the hands of this man whom he disliked, whose love he doubted, and who had hurt him several times. Savagely, without much knowing what he did, he sank his teeth into the throat of the ycung lamb to stop it from bleating. And as the master was some distance from him now, running playfully after Risa, who had taken his gun away, Cubak carried the quivering body of the still pulsating lamb behind the trees of the forest that adjoined the grazing-ground. From between the trunks he could watch the shepherd, whose back was to the flock, as he talked and played with the girl.

The warm blood of the lamb was coagulating on the lips and feet of the dog. He sank his teeth again into the dying animal as it moved its feeble legs, and tore its windpipe open. Then forgetting himself completely, forgetting the dog blood in him, which had been bred for many generations, the wolf blood in him obliterating all the training and breeding, Cubak buried his head into the still palpitating flesh of the lamb, eating ravenously and forgetting completely all that surrounded him, even to his master. And while he ate ravenously the forbidden flesh, the flock was no longer to him something he was there to guard, but something that was to have fear of him. The flock and the master and the other dogs were against him. And although the scent of the wolf came fresh upon the wind, Cubak felt much nearer to him whose scent he felt than to the people and the flock on the other side of the trees. The savage barking of the other dogs did not arouse him, did not draw him nearer to the flock. It made him want to get away beyond the forest, to the other side.

Tudor, having suddenly noted the dog's disappearance, began to call him. The other dogs barked loudly and circled around their flocks. It was getting dark. Tudor, with Risa near him, searching for Cubak, entered the forest, fearing the dog had tried to outdo himself and the others and had gone

to meet the enemy all by himself. But they had not gone far when they discovered Cubak, with his head buried in the quivering flesh he was devouring. His muzzle was red with blood up to his eyes.

At sight of Tudor, Cubak withdrew a few paces and showed his terrible fangs. A second later, however, upon hearing the other dogs bark, all courage left him, and he rolled meekly to the ground, crawling at the feet of his shepherd, moaning as though he wanted to explain himself. Not knowing what to do, Tudor backed out of the forest. The dog followed, crawling low to the ground. The other dogs were still circling widely around the flocks, for the scent of the wolf was becoming stronger and stronger. A moment later a gun was fired in the direction from which appeared a huge brown beast. The tramp of a horse was heard, and Jancu appeared from the opposite direction. Cubak left the pack of dogs now running toward the dead wolf and rushed at full speed toward his beloved master. Jancu bent over his dog to pat him, as was his wont, on the muzzle, and saw the blood on Cubak's head. It had matted the fur around the eyes and neck.

"Cubak carried the quivering body"

Certain that the wolf was dead, Tudor now approached his master and the dog.

"Come," he said, "and I will show you what this dog of yours has just done."

"Why are his muzzle and his hair red with blood? Has he been in a fight?" Jancu asked wonderingly.

"Come and I will show you," Tudor answered, walking ahead. "If he were my dog, I would shoot him."

Cubak made as if to run away in the other direction when he noticed where Tudor was leading them, but Jancu had already seized him by his collar and half dragged him to the place of his crime. The young master's eyes welled with tears when he saw the half-devoured lamb on the ground. He looked at it and at Cubak, who stood guiltily near him.

There was only one law for dogs who happened to forget themselves, but Jancu loved Cubak too much. He was sure that if Cubak could speak, he would be able to explain why it had happened.

"Are you sure he did it?" Jancu asked.

Tudor explained how he had come upon Cubak.

"His head was burrowed into the bleeding flesh. He had not responded to my call and to the call of the other dogs when the scent of the wolf came upon the air."

Jancu pondered a little while. Then he took out the riding-whip he carried in his boot and gave the cringing Cubak, who had backed against the trees, a merciless whipping, while he kept on talking to him and showing him what he had done that deserved such punishment. Thick welts swelled underneath the dog's fur and over his muzzle. The dog howled and cried. Jancu continued plying the whip over his body. When Jancu ceased beating him, the pain burned so that Cubak could hardly move. He understood that he had committed a terrible crime that deserved that beating. He understood that because he knew his master loved him, because of the great confidence he had in his master's wisdom, even though the consequence of that wisdom was the cause of all that pain in his body. Had Tudor beaten him half as severely, the dog would have turned and torn him with his fangs.

Having punished his dog, Jancu dragged him by the collar back into the woods. He sent Tudor to bury the remains of the lamb deep in the ground so as not to attract beasts of prey around the grazing-grounds. And although Jancu had intended to stay only a little while, he remained there until far into the night, tending to his sick, whining dog, bathing his sores in the little creek near by and talking to him. After recommending several things to Tudor, he jumped on his horse, not without a last friendly glance at his whining dog.

"If the wolf blood rises again in that dog of yours, I shall shoot him on the spot," Tudor said.

"You will do nothing of the kind. I am sure he will never do it again; but if he does it again, tie him up and send for me."

Cubak wanted to run after Jancu, but the pain in his hind legs was too great.

For several days he limped around. The other shepherds, who had been told of his misdeed, refused to let him come too near them. Even the Tatar dogs, whom he had ignored ever since he had come there, kept away from him, refusing to befriend one who had so miserably betrayed his flock, one who had behaved as a wolf.

As the summer advanced, and the flock had to move farther and farther, Tudor began to leave the grounds at night and steal away to the village in which Risa lived. It was too far for her to come to see him frequently, as he wished. At first it was only in the spirit of fun that Tudor had associated with the little Tatar girl, but as time went on, her hold upon him grew so strong that when she absented herself, he was much more a neglected lover than a vigilant shepherd. The other shepherds, who had noticed Tudor's lovesickness when she was not about, jested about it, saying that miracles had come to pass. First, Jancu had overwhelmed the Tatar village, burned their houses, and subdued the men; then he had made peace with them, arranging that the sheep of the Rumanian side of the Dobrudja graze upon that which was undisputed Tatar land. Following that the Tatar dogs and their own had become friendly, and flocked together against the common enemy, the wolf. And now a Rumanian shepherd was waiting for the moon to rise high enough that he might lean against a fence the other side of which lived a Tatar girl. To all of which Tudor answered that

Tatar girls were quite as worthy of love as Tatar ground was worthy of grazing.

At the end of the grazing season, after the sheep had been brought back to the Rumanian village, Tudor returned to the Tatar village to claim Risa as his wife. But Risa's mother, who was a widow, would give her daughter in marriage only on condition that Tudor remained with them; for the Tatars, having lost many men in battle, were eager to have the man that loved one of their daughters stay with them and thus augment the number of males of their tribe. It was rather difficult for Tudor to do so, for even after his village had made peace with the enemy, they were still enemy, nevertheless. Tudor asked for time to consider. Already the shepherds had told at the inns the tale of his friendship with the little Tatar girl. At the dances on Sunday the Rumanian girls walked away when he invited them for a turn. And Lenca, a girl who before that winter had looked upon him with inviting eyes, now refused even to hold his arm, and broke away from him as the whole village danced the hora, circling, locked arm in arm, around the table upon which sat the lone drunken Gipsy fiddler. So half out of spite, half because he longed for Risa, Tudor departed again for the Tatar's village, leaving his mother and sisters in tears. It was as if they had buried him. And Tudor's old mother, in her anger, said aloud in front of the church for everybody to hear:

"Are we to lose one of our sons every year for the handful of grass our sheep may eat?"

For it was clear to her, as to many others, that a man who went over to the Tatars was that much strength lost to their own village.

Cubak turned around idly in the corrals in which the sheep were kept for the winter. The story of his crime, which was known to everybody, had undermined the confidence in him. He was no longer looked upon as the master's dog. People looked askance at him when he entered their yards, as if he were a dubious friend. Only his master showed him the same unbounded confidence that he had shown before. But his master was now so occupied with other duties, and so frequently away from home, attending to the different business of the whole community, answering complaints, making peace between the peasants when they quarreled, he was seldom free to play with him and show him the attention he craved.

Then as the winter months dragged on, and the cold became more and more severe, the longing for quivering warm flesh of his own kill, the like of which he had tasted the previous summer alone in the forest, came upon Cubak. The memory of the whipping he had received, however, kept him back. He passed over many opportunities to break into the corral of his own master, but he began to roam stealthily at night around the corrals of the other people, watched by their respective dogs. The dogs themselves began to suspect him; they barked at his approach. Late one night, as he was crawling toward the corral of old Marcu, the dogs began to bark as if they had scented a wolf coming upon them; for Cubak, who for weeks and weeks had prowled with bared fangs and raised hind quarters, was now more like a wolf than a dog. Even his scent was as that of the wolf prowling for a kill. His own brothers did not recognize him, and even Roshka, his

Jancu gave the cringing Cubak a merciless whipping

mother, rose furiously from her couch at his approach. The whole winter passed without giving Cubak an opportunity to satisfy his desire to kill his own food. The memory of the whipping was no longer so vivid.

Early in the spring Tudor returned to his own village, again to take charge of Jancu's flock. He was dressed in half-Tatar and half-Rumanian costume. Tudor's *mésalliance* had already been forgiven, for the young men and young women of the Rumanian village had listened to what Jancu had had to say on the subject. "When a man loved a woman, she became beautiful. And it would have been much worse if Tudor had married another woman when he loved the Tatar girl."

And to show how he felt about it, Jancu intrusted his flocks to Tudor again that spring, although he had originally intended to do otherwise, because he knew Tudor did not like his dog.

The flock had hardly come to the new grazing-grounds, after sundown, when Cubak, while his master was boring a hole in the ground for his sleeping-quarters, seized one of the young sheep at the throat and dragged it to the adjoining wood, where he tore at it until it lay still. But this time he did not immediately begin to eat it. He waited until his master had crawled into the ground and had fallen asleep. Then he returned to his quarry.

The whole night long Cubak ate the fresh young meat. He did not hear the bark of the other dogs. His own scent was dulled by the smell of the blood underneath his own muzzle. A few nights later, having gone unpunished for his misdeed, Cubak killed another lamb. He ate so much of the fresh kill that his sides bulged and his feet were so heavy he could hardly stand on them. Cubak showed his fangs when the other dogs snarled at his approach, but he ceased snarling when the dog of an adjoining flock had, after creating a terrific rumpus, led his master to the place where Cubak had consumed his second kill in one week. Instantly, the shepherds divined the guilty one. It was easy to see it was he. He slunk away, and kept at a distance from the flock.

"Shoot him," the other shepherds advised Tudor; but Risa, who had just arrived, called Tudor aside, and spoke to him softly for a few moments. Tudor then said to the other shepherds:

"It is what I should like to do. Only his master has asked that I send for him in the event of a similar occurrence."

A young Tatar boy was despatched to call Jancu, but before the master arrived, the Tatar woman had carried away to her village two young sheep that Tudor had slaughtered for her while the other shepherds were busy.

"You will tell them the dog has eaten them," Risa advised.

"What is it you call me for?" Jancu asked upon his arrival.

"That dog of yours is worse than a wolf," said Tudor. "Marcu and the others will bear me witness. He has again killed sheep from our flock. It is as if we had a wolf guarding our sheep."

The greatest misfortune could not have caused Jancu to suffer so much as he did when hearing those words.

"If I have not shot him," Tudor continued, "it was because I remembered what you said last year when I urged you to do so."

Jancu seized the handle of the pistol he carried in his belt. Cubak lay at

his feet, looking up. The young master looked into his eyes, and recalled the dog as he had taken him away from under his mother, a puppy only a few weeks old; how he had played with him, reared him; how the two had been friends for so long; how they had battled against the Tatars; how each of them had been wounded watching the flock. He remembered the fight, after invading the Tatar village, which Jancu engaged in just to regain the confidence of his dog, having lost it when the Tatars had defeated him before that. The dog had been all to him, brother, friend, inspiration. If only the dog could speak, perhaps he could explain. He did not have the heart to kill him. He could not ask anybody else to do that. He was going to speak to the dog in the only language he could understand. He tied a rope to Cubak's collar and the other end to a tree. Then, showing him the remains of the killed lambs, the bones and fleece, he began to whip him. At first Cubak took the beating whining and crying; then, as the master did not cease, and the pain increased, he began to show his fangs. It made Jancu furious. Turning round and round, jumping and trying to protect one side and then the other, and chewing at the rope which held him tight, Cubak snarled and tried either to free himself or destroy his tormentor, who stood before him with the terrible whip that he plied so mercilessly over his body. Then as the pain increased and his legs gave way under him, he began to whine and beg and cry. Jancu still kept on whipping him. He ceased only when Cubak was half dead. His parched tongue was lolling out of his mouth. His swollen body was heaving like a bellows.

When the dog opened his eyes after several pails of water had been dashed over his burning body, he saw his master still near him. A sickening sensation passed through Jancu when he saw his dog in such pain. He dragged him to the little river near by and immersed his body in the water, standing up to his armpits in it to keep the dog's head above the water. Before nightfall he placed the sick Cubak on a cart covered with straw and brought him home, sending another dog meanwhile to take his place with the sheep.

The whole summer Cubak lay in terrible agony, but he was attended by his master. His body was so full of sores that the fur fell out in large patches. He grew thinner day by day. Indeed, so weak had he become that he lacked strength even to whine. And when the master salved the sores, the raw body quivered and stretched and trembled like jelly.

Nobody approached the dog all through that summer except the master. He would drag him out of the kennel and place him where the sun was warmest, sit near him for a while, feed him bread and milk, attend to his wounds, cover him to protect him from flies and other insects, and then leave him there until nightfall, when he would put him back into his kennel.

As the dog came to himself, recovering slowly from the worst beating dog had ever received at the hands of a master, he also realized the cause of his plight. The mere memory of the killing and what followed after sickened him. And though he feared his master, remembering the beating, he also realized that the master had whipped him for something he had done the like of which one expected of

Tudor returned to claim Risa as his wife

a wolf or used to expect of a Tatar. For he had committed a sin against the flock, against the holy flock. And he wondered why. The very sight of a lamb drove fear into Cubak's bones now.

When the summer had come to an end, and before the first snowfall, the sheep were brought home again. Cubak was strong enough to walk about the yard. He met Tudor, who returned with the flock to Jancu, with bared fangs. At the sight of the shepherd, he suddenly remembered how the man himself had killed two sheep and given them to the Tatar woman. Why was he not whipped? Why did the master shake that man's hand and embrace him?

"Did you ever hit the dog?" Jancu asked, as he saw Cubak trying to get at Tudor. Cubak, who had been very meek until then, now was suddenly displaying terrific animosity with the little strength he had just regained.

"No, I never did," Tudor replied.

As they spoke, Risa, who had accompanied her husband, joined them. Cubak flew at her, not to hurt her, but because of something he wanted to tell his master about the two. And the master understood. He understood his dog wanted him to know that the two of them had sinned against the flock.

They counted the sheep as they let them in one by one through the gate of the corral. They were short a good many. As was the custom, every time a lamb died or was destroyed by a beast of prey, the other shepherds of the neighborhood, when the owner

was not the one who grazed them, would testify about it. Tudor had such testimony about four sheep that had died that season. The other five that were missing were attributed to Cubak. Jancu could not help looking at his dog when Tudor made mention of that.

"How long are you going to keep a wolf to guard your sheep?" Tudor asked sarcastically.

Half in defense of his own dog and half because he believed it to be so, Jancu said:

"You cannot tell me that this dog could have eaten those five lambs in one week."

Tudor, resenting the insult, threw himself upon his former friend and present master. The other shepherds intervened before the men had a chance to draw their knives. The dog was too weak to fight on his master's side. He was still limping on his right fore leg and left hind leg. He whined and barked as he danced about them.

Jancu shook himself together. In his capacity as magistrate of the village he called himself and the other men to court immediately. The whole village followed, wondering what the procedure would be. Jancu had them all sit down upon the benches in the assembly-room; then he called Tudor and asked him to tell his side of the story. He listened to the other shepherds' explanations of what had happened. After sitting through it all, Jancu pronounced judgment upon himself for having insulted a man, calling him thief when he had no proof other than his own feeling and his knowledge that no dog could eat five lambs in one week. And so in punishment for his haste, Jancu condemned himself to five of the best sheep Tudor might choose to take from his flock.

In vain did Tudor, who, after a year of living with the lawless Tatars, now felt his inborn honesty come to the fore, protest and say that he had forgiven the insult. Jancu maintained that he wanted to punish whoever grievously insulted an honest man. When it came actually to taking the sheep, Tudor broke down in the presence of most of the people of his village, in the presence of the popa and the school-teacher, and declared himself guilty of having killed three of the five sheep at the instigation of his wife. The men went over to the weeping Tudor, hugged and kissed him, and asked him to remain with them at the *sfat*, council hour, of the village. After many *sfat* hours it was decreed that Tatars are Tatars; that because of a remote ancestor in Tudor's own lineage, it was not safe for him to live among Tatars; that his wife could either stay among them or she was free to go wherever she desired. His wife chose to remain.

The whole winter long Jancu and his wife, for he had married Veta in Christmas week, attended to the sick dog. As his fur had almost all fallen out, they did not allow him out of doors in the bitter cold. Cubak's own sons had grown big enough to watch the flock in the corrals. Meanwhile his fur was allowed to grow over the healed wounds. Playing with his master, the dog regained his strength little by little and also his gaiety and cheerfulness. With the arrival of spring, though his fur was still thin and patches of bare brown skin showed themselves here and there where the fur had not yet grown, Jancu thought him well enough to send him out again with Tudor and his flock.

It was not thought desirable to graze over the Tatar border. A new quarrel had arisen between the Rumanians and the Tatars because of Risa's leaving her tribe contrary to the original arrangement between Tudor and the woman's mother. Old Bujor, Jancu's father, came to see his son before the flock left.

"It is better to leave Cubak home this time," the old man argued.

"No," Jancu answered, "it is better that he be shown all confidence. I have pondered over the matter and I am convinced he was demoralized because we had sent our flock among the Tatars. I may be as guilty of what he did as if I myself had committed his crimes. First, we teach him to hate Tatars and then to be friends with them. He did not understand. It demoralized him."

"It is your flock. It is your dog. You know best," the old man replied.

Out in the open, with his strength regained, Cubak, on his own grazing-grounds, recovered his former self very soon. But it was not long before the old desire to kill his own meat crept upon him. He fought against the wolfish blood in him for some time. The memory of the last beating haunted every time he prowled about the young sheep at night. Tudor, who had not been convinced of Cubak's recovered honesty, was continually on the alert; for he was afraid that he would need more than one witness before he could convince the people of his own honesty.

Tudor's lack of confidence and continued watchfulness aroused in Cubak another feeling just as dangerous as that aroused by the wolfish blood in him—the desire to outwit the shepherd. Spurred on by the other's watchfulness, Cubak, as the memory of the beating receded, allowed himself to be gripped by all the savage instinct dormant in him, all the generations of hunters of fresh flesh from whom he descended. No other food agreed with him; bread and strips of dry meat thrown to him remained untouched. He became leaner every day. His ribs showed like those of a starved wolf. Slinking about, his fore legs lowered so that his hind quarters were continually arched ready for the killing, he prowled about, waiting for a chance. His mouth was continually open, the red tongue was hanging loosely on one side, the fangs were bare, and his eyes became more and more lustrous and furtive.

Tudor became so worried he was tempted to send for Jancu, but the pride of the shepherd stayed him. He spoke to the other shepherds of the change in the dog, but they shook their heads. It was not just to suspect one, be it even a dog, because of a previous sin.

"He may only be sick, as dogs sometimes are. He may have eaten certain grasses which do not agree with him," the oldest of the shepherds advised.

But Tudor knew better and watched. And, lo! one day Cubak, unable to withstand the torture any longer, seized in broad daylight one of the sheep and dragged it away with him into the forest. At the cry of Tudor, the other shepherds came running after the malefactor. They were not going to wait for Jancu's judgment now. The dog who could do that was a wolf, and they would have to protect their own sheep. Three guns spoke almost simultaneously.

Having had one tear at the throat of the lamb, Cubak disappeared into

the forest, the shepherds running after him and emptying their guns. After Cubak had disappeared, the shepherds returned to their flocks. A boy was sent to Jancu with a message of what had happened, requesting him also that he send another dog to replace the renegade.

A quarter of a moon Cubak ran about the fields and the forest. He was happy to have saved himself from another beating he was sure to receive. He roamed over other people's chicken yards, fed himself upon freshly killed rabbits and forest fowl.

But after he had his fill of food, he was chased with stones by the peasant women. Sticks were thrown at him by children guarding the geese he attacked. He was even shot at several times. Everybody treated him as if he were one of the curs of the Tatar village. He began to long for his master; not the one who was now guarding the sheep, but the real master who had beaten him twice and then taken care of him, keeping him covered and warm, feeding him in his own house, and keeping him indoors while the other dogs were outside in the cold snow. He knew that his master would beat him again as mercilessly as he had done before, but he longed for his master again, longed for the touch of his master's hand after the beating.

He longed for his master

And so one morning Jancu was taken completely by surprise to find Çubak lying on his back, with his feet pawing the air, whining and crying at his door. The report that had been given to Jancu about his dog's behavior was so explicit that there remained nothing but to shoot the dog. Yet he could not do that. As for whipping him, the young shepherd, with his knowledge of dogs, thought that also unnecessary—unnecessary because it was futile. He could not beat a dog more than he had already done the previous year. And if that had not been sufficient, there was no use repeating it. He also knew he would not care to nurse the dog after the beating as he had done twice before. So while Cubak was rolling at his feet, expecting punishment, Jancu kicked him with disgust, spat at him, and walked off. Cubak had closed his eyes, waiting for the strokes of the rawhide whip. When they did not come, he opened his eyes and looked around. His master had gone. He turned on his feet and ran after him. But when he approached his master he was kicked out of the way.

Cubak could not understand. He had expected a beating as severe as the one he had received before, but now his master was treating him as strangers had. Had he lost his master? He made another attempt to stay near him, throwing himself playfully upon him. Jancu kicked him aside again, bent to the ground to pick up a stone, and chased him away from the house, from the home, from the kennel.

The whole day Cubak remained at the gate of the village's council-house, waiting for his master's return. He waited to be beaten, he wanted to be punished for his crime, certain he would be forgiven afterward and enjoy again his master's love. But his master would not even look at him. He threatened him with a stick. Yet when Cubak came near, expecting blows to rain upon him, happy to receive punishment, the master merely shoved him away and spat at him.

And then it dawned on the dog that his crime was so great there was no punishment great enough to equal it and that that was the reason his master scorned him. And above all things that dawned upon his groping mind Cubak realized he had lost his master forever, that he was like a cur. He waited until it was dark; then he crawled into his kennel to lie down on the little mound of straw. His body ached and pained. For days and days he lay there without uttering a sound, without giving a sign of his presence. Then with the last strength in him he crawled out, dragging himself to his master's door, whining, crying. It was not forgiveness that he wanted. He wanted punishment and the forgiveness that came after, the master's hand, the master's touch. But the master would not even look at him. Broken, as if all strength had suddenly left his limbs, Cubak crawled back to his hiding-place.

And so every morning, growing thinner and thinner from lack of food and warmth, growing weaker, with just his hide covering his bones, less able to move or drag himself about on his haunches than after he had been mercilessly beaten the previous year, he pulled himself together to crawl to the door, whining, crying, begging for the punishment he deserved.

At last Bujor, Jancu's father, who had been watching the dog from his window, spoke to his son.

"Forgive him before he dies."

The dog was lying down, breathing slowly. The sorrow in his eyes was so great that Jancu's own eyes filled with tears. He knelt down near him, and as of old he passed his palm over Cubak's spine.

"Give me some milk," Jancu asked of his wife. Then opening Cubak's mouth, he poured into it the nourishment and sat down to watch the death of his dog. But it was not death that came, but life that returned.

And before long Jancu himself brought Cubak back to the flock. To the cry of Tudor and the other shepherds he replied:

"And if ever he touches a lamb again, shoot me. That much faith have I in Cubak now."

"But," argued Tudor, "who has done it once—"

"Will not do it again," continued Jancu, putting his arm around Tudor's neck, and looking straight into Tudor's eyes, "after he has understood what it will cost him."

And Tudor and Jancu cried, leaning against each other, while Cubak looked on.

The Miracle School

By Frank Tannenbaum

THE whole educational situation in Mexico is exceedingly interesting, probably the most interesting thing in Mexico. At the head of the Department of Education is Señor José Vasconcelos, whose great ambition it is to give Mexico a public-school system. The difficulties are so numerous and the lack of material equipment and educational personnel so great that he is prepared to accept any assistance from any source. He is reported to have said that if the devil were to come and offer to establish a school to teach the children to read and write, he would be cordially welcomed. The problem of standardization, of method, of curriculum—all that will come afterward; the first need is schools where the children can learn to read and write.

One day a man walked into Mr. Vasconcelos's office and said:

"Señor, I should like to establish a school."

"Go ahead; we are delighted," said Mr. Vasconcelos.

"I should like to establish a school in the Colonia de la Bolsa," said the man. Mr. Vasconcelos looked at him inquiringly.

"In the Colonia de la Bolsa?" repeated Mr. Vasconcelos in a surprised tone. "You know what the Colonia de la Bolsa is?"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the visitor, Mr. Orpeza, quietly. Mr. Vasconcelos smiled and said:

"We give you our blessing. Go and establish a school."

Everybody knows that the Colonia de la Bolsa is a thief's paradise. It is not suggested that paradise is like the Colonia de la Bolsa. It is the haven for the outcasts of Mexico City. The bums, tramps, thieves, pickpockets, burglars, and disreputable women congregate in the Colonia de la Bolsa. No policeman is kept there; first, because it would not be safe, and, secondly, because the people are too poor to steal from one another, anyway. The place has no streets. No garbage is ever collected in the district. It has no water system, and the Department of Health does not know of its existence. I know people who own property in the Colonia de la Bolsa, but who never go to collect rent. It would not be safe, and the people have no money. The district has never had a school. It was just left alone to its destiny, and forgotten except for the delinquent children. One half of all those of Mexico City came from that district.

One day Mr. Orpeza appeared in the district. An ordinary man of a little over medium height, dark complexion, small, round black eyes, and a quiet voice that was hardly more than a whisper; rather retiring, bashful,

unobtrusive, slim, and slightly stooping, no one paid any attention to him. He found a place to live in one of the houses of the district, and for two months just took in his environment and his new acquaintances.

One Sunday morning he startled his neighbors by appearing on the streets with a wheelbarrow of books. He knocked at the first door. The master of the house came out, and Mr. Orpeza said:

"Good morning. What would you like to read this morning?" Everybody in Mexico is polite, even the thieves are polite. The man took off his hat, bowed, and said:

"Good morning, señor." Then, not knowing what to do, he called his wife, and the wife called the children. To be offered something and not to accept is outside the ethical code, and so, after much discussion and examination, they picked a book, and Mr. Orpeza told them that he would be back the next Sunday morning, and if they had finished the book, he would bring them another one. He went to the next door, and to the next, until all his books were gone. He returned next Sunday with more books, and found that some of the men had covered the books with newspapers to keep them from being soiled. Others had built little shelves for them, and still others, not being able to read themselves, had formed a little group and hired a ragged beggar to read to them, paying him by contributing a few centavos each.

Mr. Orpeza kept this up for nine months. He built up a library of seven hundred volumes. In all that time he never lost a book. The people waited for him at their doorsteps in the early dawn. The children came and helped him push the wheelbarrow. He became the friend and confidant of the neighborhood. The children took their hats off as he went by. One fine morning some of the elders of the neighborhood came and said:

"Señor, it would be nice if we could have a school for our children."

"Yes," said Mr. Orpeza.

"Well, can't we have one?"

"Let us find out," said Mr. Orpeza.

"Yes, let us find out," they said.

§ 2

So one morning a delegation of the Colonia de la Bolsa appeared at the office of the commissioner of education and startled the department by asking for a school. Mr. Vasconcelos said:

"I have nothing to give you just now except an old beer-garden in the Colonia de la Bolsa. Take that and make a school."

The old beer-garden was the last house in the district. During the revolution it had been wrecked; the walls and the ceilings were on the floor. The teacher called the children together and said, "Let us make a school." They did. The first thing to do was to clean the place up and reconstruct it. The teacher showed them how to do it. He picked up a stone and began to carry it out. The children did the same. There was no organization. There was no telling this child to do this and this child to do that. The children knew the place had to be reconstructed, and every child did what he could or would. Some did one thing and others did another, and some did half a dozen things during the day. They sat down when they were tired and worked when they felt like it. The children gradually divided into groups. Some chil-

dren pulled grass with their hands, some carried stones, and some pushed wheelbarrows, and all had a joyous time. Each little group found its own leader, and the children naturally called him a commissioner; and being called a commissioner made him feel like one, and gave him a sense of responsibility and new ideas. There was a commissioner of a wheelbarrow and a commissioner of a stone pile. There were as many commissioners as there were jobs, and as many groups as concentrated about a particular thing. One day one child would be a commissioner of one thing, and another day a commissioner of something else; thus the work progressed gradually. Out of one room alone the children carted four hundred wheelbarrows of stone and dirt, and all to the tune of much joy. All the children in the neighborhood heard of the great enterprise, and many came to share in it, because it was a happy one.

In a little while they had the place cleaned, and the ceilings and walls began to be reconstructed, and the children came to the teacher and said:

"Teacher, shall we do this?" and the teacher said:

"Yes." The teacher added: "I do not know anything about teaching. All I know is that I love the children and that they teach me."

And so the children reconstructed the walls and fixed up the ceilings. When all the dirt had been taken out of the inside of the school, they began to clean up the outside of the school, and gradually followed the dirt into the streets of the neighborhood.

Those streets had never seen a broom from the days of creation, and the first appearance of little children sweeping them startled the neighborhood. Occasionally, one might now see an older man sweeping the streets with the children, attempting to discover the secret that made the children so playful and happy at their task.

The pigs in the neighborhood enjoyed the privilege of scattering the dirt the children collected. But one day the children came and said:

"Teacher, why don't the big wagons come and collect the piles of dirt we sweep together with our brooms?" And the teacher said, "I do not know." So one of the children said, "Let us find out," and the teacher said, "Yes; let us find out."

One of the children who had seen a parade of workers in the streets of Mexico City said, "Let us have a parade." The teacher said, "Yes, let us have a parade." And Mexico City was soon startled by the appearance of nine hundred ragamuffins, but with clean bare feet, with many little signs demanding that the big wagons come and collect the dirt in the Colonia de la Bolsa. And so now at nine o'clock every morning the big wagons come and collect the dirt that the children sweep together in the early dawn. The children come at five o'clock in the morning, and stay until it gets dark. They don't have to come until half-past eight. The teachers don't come until half-past eight. The children come as soon as they get out of bed. And as soon as they arrive they get busy. Some sweep, some push wheelbarrows, and some go out in groups to sweep the streets, and some set the table for breakfast. Everybody is busy.

After they had cleaned out the yard and pulled out the weeds, one of the children who had come from the country and had seen his mother plant

vegetables said to the teacher, "Can I have a piece of land to plant vegetables?" And the teacher said, "Yes." Soon another child wanted a piece of land, and another and another. In fact, they all wanted a piece of land. That raised many new problems. The land had to be divided. It had to be distributed in some form of order to the children who asked for it. And so there gradually grew up a commissioner of agriculture, and he now has nine assistants. The commissioner is twelve years old, barefooted and black-eyed.

To get the land the children had to ask for it. To do so formally they had to make a written request. They suddenly developed a craving for writing. They went to Señor Orpeza, and Señor Orpeza went to the department of education and secured a teacher to teach the children how to write. As soon as a child could, he wrote to the "Most Honorable Commissioner of Agriculture," asking that he might have a piece of land to work in the mornings and grow vegetables.

There was no standard form, and each child wrote on such a piece of paper and in such poetic language as he discovered. Each applicant received from the commissioner of agriculture a piece of official-looking paper. The paper had a big red stamp and a number. The stamp made it official. It was the deed for the child's piece of land. The children became landowners. The children planted vegetables. They dug, scratched, hoed, pulled weeds, asked innumerable questions, had long disputes and deliberations about the things to plant. Some of the children planted one thing, some another, a few experimented with different things at the same time, and all the while there was much joy. The commissioner of agriculture became an important personage. He not only distributed the land, but he and his assistants supervised operations. The agricultural commission was taxed for tools, for seeds, for advice. There were many applications for land. Those who neglected to work their little holdings were asked to surrender them to children who had no land. Disputes arose. This brought a judicial commission into being: it just grew up.

The commission of agriculture needed money. It had to purchase tools and seed. Some one suggested that the children ought to pay a regular tax. Now each child pays five centavos a month for each piece of land, and they can have as many pieces as they work well.

The ripening vegetables brought new problems. They had to be disposed of. Some of the children knew more about market than others. They became the marketing commission. This commission has three members. They go to market every Friday morning and acquaint themselves with the prices of beets, carrots, onions, radishes, cabbages, and other things grown at the school. Each child brings to the commission of markets all the things he can sell at that time. A common price is set for each kind of vegetable, a little lower than the regular market price. After the products have been disposed of, the money is divided into three parts. One third goes to the agricultural commission to buy more seeds and tools, one third goes to the bank, for by this time a bank had been developed, and one third goes to the child that raised the

vegetables. Ten per cent. of the total sum is given over to the school for the lunch which is provided free to some two hundred homeless children.

All of this imposed elaborate mathematical problems upon the children. Arithmetic became a pressing matter. They wanted to know just where they stood financially. What was a child worth when he had twenty beets, fifty radishes, three hundred onions, and a dozen cabbages, when the price of each was different from the other, and when they had to give one third to the commission of agriculture, one third to the bank, and ten per cent. of the whole sum to the school luncheon fund? They went to the teacher of arithmetic. The teacher of arithmetic has a big room with a large blackboard. The children come and present their problems. The arithmetic teacher puts it all on the blackboard and simplifies things. Occasionally the children become interested in one another's problems and stay in the room while the other children's problems are being worked out. If not, they say, "With your permission, may I leave the room?" Everybody in Mexico says "with your permission," and permission is always granted. So the children go and busy themselves with other more pressing things, because they are more interesting.

As soon as the children began to get money, the problem of saving arose. To keep from losing it, they elected a commissioner of banks. The banker keeps the money of all the children in a big paper bag. He was the only child that had shoes. Each little child has a record of the amount due him. If a child wants to buy a pair of trousers, for instance, as one of the youngsters told me he wanted to do, he goes to the bank and borrows some money, giving the bank a note, with a promise to pay interest and return it at a certain time. If he does not keep his word, the case goes before the judicial commission. A judicial commission has gradually developed. This commission becomes the center of an elaborate legal battle. The judgment it renders is very serious because if the child loses his land, he really loses something. One child had four pieces of land. Each piece of land was worth five pesos—five Mexican dollars. The boy had twenty Mexican dollars, and that for a grown peon, not a child, is almost a million. And so, if the court decides against him, it is not mere play. The poor child has really lost a fortune.

The Department of Education serves nine thousand children with breakfast every morning. Nine hundred of those are in this school. The children know that the breakfast-table has to be set, and so they set it. Nobody tells them to set it. When they come, if they do not go out to sweep, push a wheelbarrow, or pull weeds, they are doing something else, and that something else may happen to be setting the table. When it is set, they are ready for breakfast.

While they have been setting the table, some of the other children have been filling a great big tub of water. I remember one morning seeing two little tots not more than five years old dragging a pail and, in a little while, coming back with it, literally dragging it along the ground, spilling the water, as it was too heavy for them to lift. They got the water into the tub and then they brought another pail and emptied that into the tub, and sat down, panting for breath. Then a

large boy went for water. He saw the tub and the pail. He knew that the tub would have to have water, and the pail was there to bring water to the tub, and so he took it and went for the water.

When everybody is ready for breakfast and everybody is standing in line, just ready to step up to the table, where there are hot milk and rolls, they have to pass this tub of water. Before it stands a little commissioner of hands and faces, with a big towel. He scrutinizes each one. After they pass him, there is another little commissioner standing near him, the commissioner of noses, who is armed with a big pile of small handkerchiefs. If a child is really too young to perform the public operation himself, or does n't know enough, the commissioner does it for him.

Then they are ready for breakfast.

After breakfast the three hundred children wash and clean the dishes and set the table for the other children.

There is also a small commission of woolly heads that occupies itself with shearing about twenty crops a day. They capture a little midget whose hair seems to be dangerously long. If he begrudges them the privilege of making an operation on his hair, he can appeal to the judicial commission, and then the judicial commission, after a careful survey, decides the fate of the child's hair.

The children who are most quarrelsome have, by a curious instinct and common consent, been elected as judges, the philosophy, I suppose, being that those who quarrel most should themselves best understand the quarrels of others. And the fighting boys are made commissioners of law and order.

The older children in the neighborhood who have to work for a living could not resist the temptation of going to the school, so they came and said, "Teacher, we should like to come to school," and the teacher said, "Come." But they could n't. They had to earn some money. So one of the older boys suggested that he would work his way through school by teaching the younger children his craft, and then they would work for him while he was going to school. Now all the older children of the neighborhood who want to go to school come and find some of the younger children who want to learn their particular trade. The little ones spend part of their time working for the older ones while they are going to school. The teacher smiles and says, "Yes," and teaches them goodness. He does n't teach them honesty. I asked him why not, and he said:

"They learn to be honest by having honest relations with one another."

But he does teach them goodness.

I don't quite know what "goodness" is, but it is something like this: he points out that if you do not plant the soil, it grows weeds. If you do plant it, there are also weeds growing up beside the plants, and those are bad habits that you have to pull out. Then he has a little silkworm establishment, and the children come and watch the little worm spinning its threads. Of course there is a commissioner of silkworms, and that is a child most interested in the silkworm. Then the teacher points out that the silkworm never breaks its thread. If it did, it would die. And he says, "We Mexicans always begin things and never finish them. We break our threads, and that is why we die." That he calls "goodness."

The children's problems are increasing as the activities of the school continue. For instance, for a time the remains from the breakfast were wasted, until one day a child suggested that they ought to have some chickens to eat the crumbs that were left over. Now there are a few chickens about the school, and there is a chicken commission, and the children take much joy in feeding the chickens and looking after them. They want to know all about them, so now the teacher is worrying about somebody to teach the children about chickens.

Another child has been asking for permission to bring a little pig to school, because, he says, "Pigs can eat the bread the same as the chickens can," and he would like to be commissioner of pigs.

The children in the school have spread out into the community so that the community is becoming the school and the school is becoming the community. Soon it will be hard to tell which is which. The children have assumed the responsibility of older people, they clean the streets, they have planted trees, and they refuse to go for liquor for their parents, and the parents don't get drunk so frequently.

The children insist on being kept clean; so they are teaching their parents the habits of cleanliness. The children bring their parents to a moving-picture show or a lecture on a Saturday night, and keep them from going to the drinking-shop, and so save their weekly income.

As soon as the children began to clean the streets they became interested in the habits of their parents, who, because of lack of proper toilets, used to perform the excreting functions of the body in the highways and byways. Now the children are leading their parents off the streets. The children came to their teacher and said, "Why don't we have public places, as they have in Mexico?" and the teacher said, "I don't know." They said, "Let 's find out." The reason was very simple: that district had never paid any taxes, and therefore did not get any benefits. Thus it was the children who began to collect centavos and half-pesos, and it was they who were responsible for the demand that public toilets be built in the district. Ten are now being constructed.

§ 3

The school has now grown so that it has nine hundred children. That is, all the little ones in the neighborhood, as soon as they can crawl, come into the school. They cannot stay away. They have something like a dozen teachers. The teachers teach the children what they want to know, and if the children love them, the children want to know everything, especially things that are related to their own problems. As the children's problems become more complex, the information they want is more specialized. Thus it is interesting to recall that when the big patio was broken up into little patches of garden there was a walk around it. Next to the walk, against the wall, was about one and a half feet of land that lay idle for a year. It never occurred to any one to do anything with it until one day a child who had seen flowers against a wall came to the teacher and said, "Teacher, can I plant some flowers?" The teacher said, "Yes." So the child began to plant flowers, and pretty soon other children wanted to do the same thing,

and there gradually grew up a commissioner of flowers, and now every inch of land against the wall is planted with flowers. When they finished planting flowers inside, they wanted to know why they could n't plant flowers against the wall outside of the school. Thus the outside has flowers planted there, too.

Now the children want to know about flowers, their kind, seasons, names, etc., and thus they have to have somebody at the school who knows something about flowers, not to teach the children, but to tell them what they want to know about flowers when they want to know it.

This impetus on the part of the children for going to school has affected the parents and the elders in the neighborhood, and now there are three hundred of them going to night school. They, too, are broken up into groups according to their interests. They do not go to school to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic. They go to school to find out something about what they want to know. Some go to school to find out whether they are being cheated when they get so much per meter for a piece of cloth of a certain length and width, and how can they tell how much they ought to get. Those who want to become conductors come to learn something about arithmetic and the map of Mexico City—about how to read the streets. And the mothers come and want to find out how to take care of their children. Some mothers bring their children to school and stay and watch them study, and they themselves learn. Thus the school and the community are becoming one.

When a child comes to the school, nobody pays any attention to him. He is not told to do this or to do that or to do some other thing. He is just left alone, and pretty soon he makes friends. As soon as he makes friends, he wants to do what the friends are doing, and he does it, and nobody tells him not to. Gradually he finds himself, and pretty soon he wants to get a piece of land on which to grow vegetables. Then he has to learn how to write to make the request. In a little while he wants to get some seeds, and he has to borrow some money, and then he has to keep a record of his debts and a record of his income, and he has to learn something about arithmetic. Then pretty soon he has to go to court over a dispute, and then in a little while he may become a commissioner. All the time he is having a wonderful, joyous, busy time. So what has happened is that delinquent children have disappeared, and the chief of police has written Mr. Orpeza, telling him that virtually all the delinquent children of that neighborhood have disappeared in the last two years. The children are so busy they have no time to be bad, and it is much more fun, anyway. Even the little unadjusted children, in the variety and complexity of the life in the school, soon find something to do, and as nobody pays any attention to them, they do something for one while and something else for another while, and learn what they can, and the school is growing.

Mr. Orpeza says, "I love the children, and they teach me." One time he added, "If only more people would come and let the children teach them, Mexico would soon stop breaking its threads and live." And so the miracle of miracles—a child shall lead them—is working.

Women in the Washington Scene

By Ernestine Evans

Drawings by Walter Tittle

I sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives last winter, and looked down on the harmless head of Representative Alice Robertson of Oklahoma—"Aunt Alice," with a sharp tongue for more than one woman's organization in Washington and a kind way with "the boys" in Congress. Gone was Jeannette Rankin, with her bills investigating the long hours in the government printing establishment, and her white satin skirts, symbol that woman was woman still even in politics. Jeannette Rankin had vanished, and I suppose I am the only person in the world who cares to have it on record that she did not cry that day she voted against war. There was a catch in her voice as she voted "No" after hours of weary wrestling with her brother, who begged her to vote "Yes," but no tears. The newspapers invented those as an adornment to their story of the first congresswoman who really did believe in "outlawing war."

Last winter Alice Robertson was already a lame duck, swept out, as she had been swept in, by a party tide; Winifred Huck had come to the seat where her father, Billy Mason, used to sit; and telegrams from California announced that the widow of Nolan had been chosen to fill his empty place. Mrs. Felton had been shipped North for a few days' outing and a name in history as the first woman senator, all that Governor Hardwick might make political capital out of gallantry.

I felt very much becalmed there in the gallery in the same seat I used to sit in beside Doris Stevens when she railed against the congressmen who rose to put handsome remarks into the record about shipwrecks and "women and children first." "Pish tush!" she would say, "a woman blobs up and down in the water hardly once in a lifetime." How impatient we were when Brandegee and Heflin and John Sharp Williams and many others contended that roofs would no longer shelter homes or children be begotten or any good come to those already born if woman walked alone by herself to the polls. Queer how old evil prophecies sound ridiculous the morning after.

There was a time just after the suffrage amendment was passed when there was a new fear of God in a good many politicians—a fear of something new, of women, that amounted to a fear of God. Much of it was the after-war fear of the people rather than of women. It lasted for several months. There was uneasiness in local camps. That uneasiness has died. There is only one important political issue where suffrage has made any difference: the politicians realize that prohibition is fastened on for keeps,

though at that, the latest comer to Congress, Mrs. Nolan, is hailed by the Baltimore "Sun" as a "wet."

I talked to newspaper men and editors, to politicians, and to women, dozens and dozens of them in New York and Washington. Now that women had suffrage, I asked, had they anything tangible in the way of power, were they as effective as a group or bloc for getting past some mile-post to some objective, as they had been in the days when they got their suffrage amendment through? The answers were many and varied, but the tune was pretty much the same. One magazine writer, a woman thick in political life since she was a young girl, who addresses more meetings in more parts of the country than any one I know,—meetings of bankers, bakers, women's clubs, Rotary clubs,—and who writes regularly for one of the women's magazines, summed up all the answers.

"Oh dear, no," she said. "Women have n't any political power that amounts to anything. Men don't share anything with them. The politicians just hand them all-day suckers. They give them busy work."

I was the more amused because that woman makes her living throwing bouquets at her own sex. Day by day she preaches to them that women are becoming more important, but she is a half-hearted Coué. In private she admits that the let-down in the letter of political participation has n't made much difference in the spirit. The best that can be said is that certain women have advanced themselves.

W. E. B. DuBois, whom I questioned on the lack of negro women leaders, replied in his usual philosophic vein. He gave me an analogy. In reconstruction days it was assumed that negroes would not tolerate Southern conditions and would migrate North. "Social changes come slowly, like molasses from jugs. The negroes did begin to migrate, but only after forty years." In forty years we shall know something about women in politics.

Alice Paul touched the heart of the matter. The real fight for equality, she says, can never be won in legislatures. Women have an economic fight to win before they are an effective force in politics. Political forms crystallize long after economic power has established its pattern. Most women are still dependent on men economically, and of the growing number who earn their own livings, most earn inadequate livings. Propertied women, even, are apt not to have any real power despite their money. Their affairs are administered by men, and they themselves, as Mrs. Medill McCormick once complained, when making political plans, spend their money in pennies rather than in thousands of dollars. Women are only slowly learning that money is power, that the roots of power are in economic status.

One is so often made to feel apologetic for pessimism, real or apparent, by Americans and especially by American women that one hastens to be explicit as to the rosiness of the future. Time is on the side of the freedom of women. The development of industrial organization tends to make women self-supporting and freer from men, just as it tends to make it impossible for men to support unemployed women and their families. But an observer with a feminist slant may certainly be excused for suggesting that the day for crowing has not yet come, when a thousand male postal

employees in Washington hold a protest meeting, as they did last winter, when a woman employee is promoted above them at a higher wage. Despite the feature stories in the newspapers about the first woman diplomat and the first woman scissors-grinder, the innumerable "firsts," the undertow in the economic world is against women.

From these fears one may turn to the spectacle of the individual women who are well forward in the Washington scene. They are many vivid, energetic, efficient "personalities." Women secretaries — not stenographers, but secretaries — are becoming fashionable in the senate and house office buildings. Senator Borah and Senator Moses both have them. No busts in the Capitol corridors are so conspicuous as those of Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, three heads emerging from a single block of marble, like three heads from a cabinet bath. Among the most active lobbyists who pluck at the legislative attention are Genevieve Parkhurst, who makes the round on behalf of a Federal amendment on the subject of marriage and divorce; Lucy Branham, who ceaselessly calls attention to Russian recognition; Abby Scott Baker, who argues wittily and incessantly for amnesty for political prisoners.

I made myself a list of "outstanding" women. This, despite the fact that I do not think the American public should be indulged in its passion for lists of the twelve greatest women, or the prettiest. Jane Addams and Carrie Chapman Catt are in a way presidents emeriti of the American women's movement. Miss Addams is now in the Orient studying Gandhi's non-coöperators, and Mrs. Catt is in Europe. Both now count in Washington more as vague influences than as active manipulators of affairs. Miss Addams's national leadership was a slow growth through years of wise humanitarian understanding of municipal and international affairs. She is a great conciliator.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot is credited with having drawn Miss Addams and her fellow-settlement worker, Miss Lillian Wald of the House on Henry Street, on to the Washington scene. In Mr. Pinchot's early fight for the conserva-

tion of our national forests he found unexpected backing among club women and social workers who had a fundamental bias in favor of farming our national resources, natural and human, rather than ruthlessly mining them. It was he who counseled Roosevelt to draw in the social workers who furnished the luster in the Progressive party.

Those now active on the stage at Washington are: Emily Newell Blair of the Democratic National Committee; Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton of the National Republican Committee; Mrs. Maud Wood Park, president of the National League of Women Voters, director of a busy hive of workers in an imposing house across the street from the State, War, and Navy Building; Alice Paul, vice-chairman of the National Woman's Party, in the rambling old mansion upon Capitol Hill that Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has bought for a feminist fort, with guns turned on Congress; Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Borden Harriman, around whose tables all the mysteries of national politics are boiled down to talk and gossip; Cornelia Bryce Pinchot and Ruth Hanna McCormick, both capable of independent political careers and each her husband's real political manager; Florence Kelley, "Pig-iron" Kelley's daughter, who as general secretary of the National Consumers' League for many years has led the fight for maternalistic legislation on the limitation of hours and the minimum wage; Mabel Willebrandt, assistant attorney-general in charge of the division handling cases under the prohibition and tax laws; and Grace Abbott, director of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor. Each of the national committees of the two great parties has one woman member on salary working at headquarters.

Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, I met for the first time this spring when she was holding a "Democratic school" at the Hotel Commodore in New York—a school managed on the old suffrage school plans, and in its machinery not very different from the communist propaganda schools I saw at work a year ago in Moscow. Here women from the Democratic state party organizations all over the country were brought together and trained to make speeches, to deal with newspapers, to study the party traditions, and taught how to get out the vote. Men are supposed to know these things instinctively, but women take reasonable academic courses in how to lead the donkey to victory. On the surface at least Mrs. Blair is quite the opposite of the woman who preceded her on the Democratic National Committee, Mrs.

George Bass. Mrs. Bass, a former president of the General Federation of Women's Club, was not at all a disarming figure or a placating personality. Mrs. Blair is diminutive; she has a turned-up nose and a widow's peak and bright brown eyes, and a way with her that makes you understand why many of her co-workers call her "Jenny Wren." They call her something else, too; they call her "Southern Comfort," which is a drink they used to drink before 1918 in her home town, Joplin, Missouri. It slid down the throat like velvet, and about two seconds after there was a kick. Missouri politicians, the Republican ones, and Jim Reed and the rest of the Democratic state machine, have quite another view of her; they don't like her. They remember how she fought Reed at the 1920 convention and got his seat away from him. She came into the Democratic party by way of the suffrage movement. She was living a domestic life with her husband and two children when she began to write for the magazines. Mrs. Medill McCormick "discovered" her and set her to doing publicity for suffrage in Missouri. She contributed to the publicity pageants of the suffrage movement the famous golden lane at the 1916 Democratic convention, a mile of silent women holding yellow parasols (Southern men like women's demonstrations to be silent ones) and suffrage banners. After the vote was won, Mrs. McCormick tried to get Mrs. Blair to throw in her lot with the Republican party, but Mrs. Blair said she never could work with the party of Mark Hanna. Mrs. Blair firmly believes that the two big parties are much more different than tweedledum and tweedledee, and is a very sincere Democrat with a big D. She conceives of her job on the Democratic committee, I believe, not so much as a Democratic job, in which she puts over the Democratic party on women as a woman's job, where she bores from within the party, amicably educating Democratic men on what women want. She has stiffened her hand by insisting that the vice-chairmanship of the committee, which she holds, be an office elective by the whole committee, and has thus avoided the trials of being an appointee by some powerful boss in the party. She is fast coming to have nationally the name she has in Missouri—that of being not only an engaging woman, but a good hand at understanding the tedious mechanical details of organizing voters, not just to cheer or feel, but to put on their hats, though it be a rainy day, and put an X beside the "proper" candidate.

Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, national chairman of women's Republican organizations and for thirty years a war horse of the suffrage movement, is one of the jolliest women alive. For fifteen years she was treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and because she was the treasurer, she had the job of taking up collections; and because you can't get money from a grouchy crowd, she learned to tell stories. "Tell the story of the little pink fairy," audiences shout at the sight of her. "Tell the story of the umbrella and of hair wash and tooth wash." These stories are as famous as "Casey at the Bat," and in a way Mrs. Upton is the De Wolfe Hopper of politics.

It is impossible not to be good-natured with her, she herself has such a simple, good-natured view of every-

body in the world. She is, except for suffrage, a "standpatter"; that is, she is fond of saying that the nation can't be saved by howling. She works hard. She always has worked hard. Besides thirty years in suffrage, she has been nearly that long on the town school board of Warren, Ohio, not as a woman member either, but as the member responsible for buildings and ground. After the suffrage amendment passed, she had it in mind to do a little front porching in a comfortable rocker. But Ohio "folks" said she was needed to help Warren Harding and Harry Daugherty out, and so she began hard work again. That is why the folksy, wide-faced, large-hipped woman with the jolly laugh came to Washington. She has this record: she is never late for appointments even by five minutes, and she is exceedingly patient. Politics is a personal matter with her. She likes her friends so! She would n't dream of going back on Daugherty even after the injunction, and she thinks President Harding has more intuition than any man she has ever known. When I doubted her on that and surmised that his intuition about a ship-subsidy bill would come to nothing, I felt apologetic. I was interested in her hearty loyalties as personal matters. She is kind. She loved the movies, and she did n't often go to them because her husband used to worry about her when she was out at night; and she would n't take her motor-car and leave the chauffeur in the cold, because that took the joy out of her own pleasure. I asked her why a certain woman who used to trip about in little gray French-heeled slippers and had vamped her way into a strategic place in one of the great party organizations had vanished from the scene. She became almost acid. "Women get on to women's tricks. You can't fool women on women," which seems to be true. Tricky women, women who make a dead set at the men, will have to enjoy their rewards and their power somewhere else than in politics. And I do not think it is because women are jealous of one another, but because they demand a certain openness in the women who are to lead them somewhere or even round them up for the polls. Colonel House it was who inquired of me whether women in politics were more jealous of one another than men, and when I passed the question on to certain women in Washington, they responded unanimously, "Just ask Colonel House whether any two senators from the same State are really

fond of each other." The fact is that virtually all the women prominent in politics work together. Everybody backs Miss Abbott at the Children's Bureau; Mrs. Park thinks Mrs. McCormick and Mrs. Harriman are thrilling; Mrs. Upton would rather enjoy an hour of Alice Roosevelt's amusing talk than any hour she can conceive of; and with whom but Mrs. Upton can Mrs. Blair swap yarns on the life of a committee woman? Alice Paul takes satisfaction in Alice Robertson's election to Congress, since it is a woman's victory. This sense of mutual admiration among the women leaders is the beingning of something that will be better business than isolation, non-coöperation, and competition.

Neither Mrs. Blair nor Mrs. Upton, however, although in times past they have been leaders of women, are now quite free. To hold their jobs, they must be fifty-one per cent. in favor of what their parties want, and their parties are still male organizations. Mrs. Park, Alice Paul, and Mrs. Florence Kelley are all persons of consequence because they have bodies of organized women solidly behind them.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park, now the president of the National League of Women Voters, is not a dynamic figure, yet one to be reckoned with. Her organization has inherited much of the membership of the National American Women's Suffrage Association. Its purpose is to secure and support improved protective legislation for women and children and to foster education for citizenship. Mrs. Park believes that if her organization has any objective, the best way for women to get it is to see that it is taken out of politics, that it does not become a political issue, and that both parties are quietly pledged to it.

"I 'll tell you what Mrs. Park is like," a newspaper woman in Washington said to me. "Mrs. Park is *Mrs. Babbitt.*" I told Mrs. Park this, and Mrs. Park turned her aristocratic face toward me, with its smiling gray eyes and pale blond hair, and said:

"Yes, I really do believe that is what I am. I believe that one accomplishes things through the great middle mass of upstanding citizens." Sinclair Lewis has satirized *Mr. Babbitt,* but Mrs. Park sets about to make *Mr. Babbitt* work for the women voters' program. She is the perfect reformer, an imperfect revolutionist. That is why she is so respected on Capitol Hill, and why nobody is afraid of her. Mrs. Park's organization is not a woman's party or a separate political party.

It urges women to join the national parties, but it carries on extensive campaigns through its state leagues, educating its members on how to advocate through the parties a certain program of reform especially interesting to women adopted by the league nationally. I think as an organization that it is a sort of water-wings for women to use before they swim out a real distance from shore. Long-distance swimmers are only bothered by water-wings.

Alice Paul, or "A. P.," as she is called by her followers in the National Woman's Party, is apart from the others in Washington because she is a revolutionist in tactics, and has the revolutionist's single-mindedness and destructive insistence and disregard of persons. She is a pale, fragile woman in her early thirties, an intellectual with a Ph.D. in economics behind her. Last year she added a degree in law. Mrs. Park says she has a genius for setting people to work. She will always have followers, whatever she does. Every other woman in Washington I can imagine without a cause. I have tried to imagine Alice Paul married, and when I found her learning to dance last spring, almost I succeeded. Not quite. Even over teacups I think of her as a political force, a will bound to express itself politically. I remember her first work in Washington ten years ago, when she was a babe to whom publicity had to be explained; and I remember a long talk we had in 1921, when she was searching her mind for the next plan to advance the freedom of women. She was overwhelmed by the setting up of the League of Nations, which she regarded at that time as a man's close corporation for deciding the fate of women and of the peoples. She had a scheme for carrying on international agitation, making compulsory equal suffrage a requirement for league entrants. She burned with disgust for the inconsequential part women played in international politics.

Last year I found her busy using a fortune from Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, getting permanent headquarters on Capitol Hill order, and formulating a campaign to wipe every sex distinction, even those in favor of women, from the state and national statutes. A legion of busy research-workers were hunting down the gallantries and meannesses of the Demon Man. She had discovered that the suffrage fight was a tedious political process compared with her new project to make women aware of their abject economic state. She had come to believe that protective legislation for women was a bad thing for women. The tendency of the age was away from paternalism. The sooner men and women were tied up together, the better for women. She has with her only a small group compared with the numbers who were with her in the suffrage fight, but she has a proud ideal, and in time she believes that more and more women will rally to her. Logically, it is my belief that her desire for economic power for working women will lead her into a revolutionary camp, though how she can arrive there as long as Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is her chief supporter I do not see, for Mrs. Belmont is by all accounts one of the most class-conscious advocates of private property in the country.

Miss Paul's new program and tactics have excited the same violent animosity among other groups of women

that her militant suffrage tactics did. Mrs. Florence Kelley, who has been responsible for most of the minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws in the country, laws which she believes it was possible to get on behalf of women and impossible on behalf of men, looks on Miss Paul as a fiend come to destroy her twenty years' labor to curb exploitation; she devotes most of her time to campaigning against the Woman's party. To me the two women, the one young, intellectual, with Quaker manners and exasperating wilfulness, and the other, older, passionate, anxious not to lose an inch of the industrial freedom she has gained for working-women, seem like the two knives of a pair of scissors cutting up the social fabric, both trying to make a new dress for the same person, woman in modern industry. For the next few years, however, I expect their differences with each other will loom more than their joint quarrel with an uncomfortable society.

Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor belies the legend that a government job takes the breeze out of the best of souls. She is the same upstanding, cornstalk sort of person that she was when she first hailed from Nebraska, her ideas practical, her comments as forthright as fresh air. Her job is the most distinct woman's job in the Government. It is said that last year, when the Harding administration was having an economy wave and the Department of Labor budget was cut, the Children's Bureau figures were cut with the rest. "It is safe to do that," said a wise politician. "We would n't dare cut the Bureau of Statistics and hope to get it raised again on the floor of the house; but cutting the Children's Bureau will make the women mad. They will walk up to Congress and get it back." Anyway, that is what happened.

I remember Grace Abbott ten years ago in her office full of red geraniums out in Chicago, opposite the Polk Street Station. A band of pirate cabmen used to meet the incoming immigrants and fleece them, and after Miss Abbott had managed a campaign of arrests and fines and rescued all their prey, she became the cabmens' heroine. Whenever they saw her coming,

they whipped up their nags and begged to give her a free ride. There is something so fair and good-natured about her "social worker style."

Miss Abbott's appointment by President Harding as unofficial observer at the League of Nations section on traffic and women and children was significant not alone as a feeble wigwag by the Republican administration at the League of Nations, but as an appointment of a woman to an international mission. The great complaint against unofficial observers and ambassadors is that they talk too much. It may be that great, strong, silent women will have their turn.

Mrs. Borden Harriman, who was in her way the social Egeria of the two Wilson administrations, is more like one of the English Liberal hostesses than any one else in Washington. She comes from a long line of English forebears, and when other children in the seventies were learning Mother Goose, her father was explaining to her the jokes in "Punch," and initiating her into the rites of Gladstone worship. "I like politics, I like politicians, I like bringing people together," she says of herself. "She has a tremendous way of always falling on the liberal, generous sides of questions—of falling or going straight for that side, I don't know which," said some one else. She first loomed up on the national political stage when she was president of the Colony Club, a club organized largely out of her own persistent enthusiasm. Through her friendship for Woodrow Wilson, whom she had known first as a Princeton professor who came to her old home in Bermuda to write his books on American history, she went on to the game of national politics. She was appointed on the Federal Industrial Commission in the days when Frank P. Walsh, fresh from Kansas City, was putting the tenant farmers of Texas, the Ludlow coal-miners, and the Calumet copper-miners on the front page of the newspapers. After her husband's death she settled in Washington, and has maintained an open house that has been invaluable to the Democratic party.

Time was when a young girl made her début in New York society with a ball at Delmonico's. A promising Democratic congressman or senator coming fresh to Washington, after he has been duly sworn in at the Capitol, has his coming-out party at Mrs. Harriman's. The Republican newcomer to Congress, if he is worth while and promising, is likely to get his first glimpse of political Washington at play in the home of Mrs. Medill McCormick. No list of women in politics is complete without Mark Hanna's daughter, the wife of the senior senator from Illinois. She is the wilful daughter of a wilful father, and she would make a good feminist. If she ever falters in her concentration on her husband's career, she could lead a fight for "more power to women" inside the Republican party.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth comes very near being the only daughter of a dynasty, the only princess in the country. I remember a dusty station platform somewhere in the Dakotas when I was covering the women's campaign train for Hughes in the 1916 campaign. Two bonneted farmers' wives, seeing that I was one of the strangers, sidled up to me and asked: "Tell us, tell us which is the Princess Alice. We 've driven forty miles to see her." I hated to tell them that she was n't there, that she had been

advertised to get the crowd "come-on stuff" and nothing more. She goes to congressional hearings with the avid interest that matinée girls reserve for the matinée. At every big debate, and even the little ones, she is there.

She has n't any "power" in politics, but her judgment is sought. She is a thoroughly sophisticated observer of the game, cross between tug of war and chess, and many a senator and newspaper man would rather have her tips as to outcomes than a block of votes behind him. And many a man in Washington, the rumor goes, owes his step up to the fact that Alice Roosevelt has taken pains to remark when the right ears were present that young So-and-so was good material for the party.

I was showing Mr. Walter Tittle's lithographs of these women to a friend.

"Well, maybe," he said musingly.

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe the good old days will come back when women in America really did have power."

We fell to talking of that state of society that prevailed among the Iroquois Indians before civilization, as the phrase goes, came to America. The squaws did all the voting. When one of the fifty chiefs died, the matron of his family nominated his successor. If her choice misbehaved himself, she availed herself of the recall. The chief who failed to please her she warned twice, and he was n't allowed to talk back or excuse himself. The third time she put him out.

"Well, maybe," I said, "but not for a long time. Social changes come slowly, like molasses from jugs."

Traveling Storm

By Mark Van Doren

The sky, above us here, is open again.
The sun comes hotter, and the shingles steam.
The trees are done with dripping, and the hens
Bustle among bright pools to pick and drink.
But east and south are black with the speeding storm.
That thunder, low and far, remembering nothing,
Gathers a new world under it and growls,
Worries, strikes, and is gone. Children at windows
Cry at the rain, it pours so heavily down,
Drifting across the yard till the sheds are gray.
A county farther on, the wind is all—
A swift dark wind that turns the maples pale,
Ruffles the hay, and spreads the swallows' wings.
Horses, suddenly restless, are unhitched,
And men, with glances upward, hurry in,
Their overalls blow full and cool; they shout;
Soon they will lie in barns and laugh at the lightning.
Another county yet, and the sky is still;
The air is fainting; women sit with fans
And wonder when a rain will come that way.

He-Who-Sees-the-Gods

By Louis Hemon

"There will be no one to-night, Timmy," said Father Flanagan, with a sigh; and he went back to his place at the shop-window, peering out into the street through the dingy panes.

Two hundred yards away the electric trams were passing incessantly, stopping a few seconds and then, with loud clangings of their gongs, starting off again toward Aldgate and Poplar. At the corner of West India Dock Road, the wide, straight avenue along which the tracks stretched into the far distance opened out into a crossing. Here were several international "Sailors' Homes," a hotel, and a public house, above which, like a shining and mysterious halo, shone the great letters of an electric sign, "The Star of the East." But the street cars, and in truth all these other symbols of a frenzied Occidental civilization, regained their true perspective when viewed from the corner of Limehouse Causeway—from the spot, to be more exact, occupied by the freshly painted front of a tiny shop. A shop? It was hardly more than a stall, but the newly gilded lettering in the sign above it glowed like a declaration of faith; and it seemed to turn with indifference from the bright, glittering avenue where progress, with all the clatter of its competitive vulgarity, was passing, to open its doors by preference on the narrow alleyway down which wiser races had sought refuge.

The sign consisted of a single word, "Dispensary," but in the show-window hung a more ambitious placard, which read, "Several languages spoken here, and all understood."

This advertisement, displayed as it was on the outskirts of London's Asiatic quarter, might have seemed little less than boastful; and yet it but feebly expressed the boundless goodwill of its two authors. Every evening they waited there behind the spattered panes for some one to come and ask them for what they had to give, and every evening they lamented having been asked for so little, the one disconsolate at seeing his supply of bandages and remedies, carefully assembled and with such outreaching love, diminish so slowly as it lay on the shelves in the too perfect order that testified to its uselessness; the other inconsolable because the too infrequent patients were all infidels, hardened in the error of their ways, suspicious and hostile, coming to have the wounds of their bodies cared for, but jealously hardening their hearts against the voice of the one true God, even while their souls hovered on the edge of the everlasting abyss.

On the sidewalk opposite, a group of Chinese sailors were smoking indolently, their slant eyes gazing about at this corner of a barbarous city that could no longer astonish them. Long ago they had learned what was good

for their own uses in this strange civilization, and contemptuously, mockingly, they watched the white barbarians around them avidly grasping at things which they, the yellow men, thought good to leave alone.

Father Flanagan was contemplating them through the window-pane with a sort of melancholy covetousness. Some of these, or others like them, would probably step into his dispensary sooner or later. With many marks of respect and gratitude they would come to have a cut bandaged or to ask for medicine. They would listen willingly enough to his advice, and accept some of his tracts, deferentially putting them away in an inner pocket of their jackets; but then, with reiterated thanks and an inscrutable smile, they would go away, and he knew they would never come again.

The care his nephew gave them, the magic philters he put up in little bottles without charge, were among the things they considered good for their uses; but the care he, Father Flanagan, wanted to give their souls, the health-giving formulas he longed to teach them, were, it seemed, among those things they considered good to leave alone. With indulgent patience they would let him exhort them,—and all in vain!—politely dissimulating the scornful wisdom of a race grown weary of believing before other races had even invented their creeds.

"There will be no one to-night, Timmy," Father Flanagan repeated, and he sighed again. It was his nephew's turn now to get up and assure himself with a glance round the room that everything was in readiness in case any one should come, for the tenth time opening the cabinet to inspect its contents, and then also coming to the window to gaze out upon the street with a discouraged air. When the generous philanthropists whose money supported this crusade of hygiene and faith asked for an accounting, how would it be possible to make them understand that such expensive efforts could reasonably have such meager results? There had been one or two Norwegian sailors, Protestants, of course, who, when Father Flanagan insinuated with great regard for their feelings that the Catholic religion might, after all, be the best, fled abruptly, trailing after them the bandages of their unfinished dressings. And one or two Irishmen from Wapping, Catholics these, who came, with repeated professions of faith, to be treated for vague maladies, and ended by begging the wherewithal to go and drink to "the ould counthry." And Asiatics who, proudly proclaiming an earlier Evangelical conversion, stood aghast at learning that they had abandoned the faith of their fathers for another quite as false.

A wretched balance-sheet indeed, which might well have discouraged a faith less robust!

For the third time Father Flanagan sadly repeated, "There will be no one to-night, Timmy," and glued his forehead to the pane so as to see as far as possible down Limehouse Causeway, where numberless infidels were preparing to sleep in peace, confident—lamentable confidence, alas!—in the efficacy of their idols. In every one of the Chinese lodging-houses—seventeen of them—and behind the walls of Wang-Ho's restaurant and Chong-Chu's shop and even in Pennyfields, on the other side of West India Dock Road, there was scarcely a house that

did not serve as a refuge for the sons of the Middle Empire. During the day, when they wearied of seeking hire on the ships along the neighboring docks, they loafed about the street, played with the children in the gutters, or paid court to some white beauty. But now that night had come, one after another they drifted away to place a wall between themselves and the barbarians, each hoping to regain behind that shelter the atmosphere of his sacred land, and its boundless peace.

Father Flanagan's eyes followed intently the vague forms moving about in the gathering darkness of the streets. From time to time a door would open, throwing a pale glow on the walls opposite, and then close again. Every time one of these bright spaces made a rent in the darkness, momentarily sketching on roadway and walls a silhouette that was instantly effaced, he knew that one more unbeliever was escaping him for that night at least, and heaved a disconsolate sigh.

§ 2

The sound of the door opening made him turn around. A woman had just come in. With his warmest smile of welcome, he moved forward, while his nephew settled himself at his table.

They gave the visitor a chair, and while the priest strove to set her at ease with words of kindly greeting, the doctor gently unwound the soiled bandages covering her injured hand. When he had examined the sore, he said softly, as to a child:

"It 's nothing but an infected finger, a wee bit of an abscess. I 'll have to hurt you a little, but it won't last long."

While he was lancing the swelling, Father Flanagan stood beside him, handing him bandages and vials, and smiling encouragingly at the patient, striving the while to guess who she was and where she came from. Not a Malay, no, or a Hindu, but too dark for a child of the Levant. Her black hair, fine, glossy with oil, with no trace of negro kinkiness, was hidden under a shawl that covered her shoulders and back, falling low on her fringed skirt; the beaded slippers she wore seemed to have lost in the mud of London all the sparkle and glitter of their early days. Yet she had not at all the beast-of-burden look common to many women of the Orient. Under her grimy clothing she retained a certain easy grace of bearing and movement, and the crushing oppression of the grim city, so harsh to the poor, had not yet been able to blot out the expression of her clear eyes or take away her ingenuous smile or humble the naïve vanity of a woman aware of her body's price.

When the sore finger had been treated and dressed, Father Flanagan poured out a glass of cordial, invited the patient to draw near the fire, and began to talk to her as a friend. She understood English very well, but spoke it haltingly, and once or twice used words that he asked her to repeat. Timmy was busy putting away his instruments, but he noted something curiously familiar in the strange syllables.

"Why, it 's French!" he suddenly exclaimed, and the woman gave a lively nod.

Proudly she explained that she had been taught by French missionaries, had, indeed, been their best pupil. Her name? Taoufa. Catholic? Why, of

course. Roman Catholic. And she had learned how to sew and read, and sing in the choir—everything that a woman should know to become the equal of her white sisters, to be desired by young men, and finally to gain paradise (the paradise of the saints and angels, of course), she had learned with great diligence in the island of her birth, an island somewhere between Samoa and the Marquesas.

His hands on his knees, Father Flanagan, overjoyed, leaned toward her. In a lower tone he asked:

"You have n't neglected to practise your religion, I hope, since you left your country?"

She confessed quite simply that she had, a little; because, despite herself, she could n't somehow believe that the God of "out there" was really the God one needed here, where everything was so different. And she did not know where to go; she knew no one who could teach her.

Father Flanagan took one of her hands in his, and explained, very gently, half as a father confessor and half as a friend, that she had done wrong, that she had gravely compromised her salvation, and that, quite clearly, it was the hand of God which had that night led her to him. The very next day she must come back, and everything would be promptly set right.

She had listened with respect and even a trace of fear. To comfort her, he questioned her about the island where she was born. Was it a pleasant and fertile land, where life was good?

By way of answer, she drew a deep ecstatic sigh, and her hands made a strange gesture of tenderness. Trying to describe that happy island, she was forced to stop at every word, hesitating, and to repeat again and again that one gesture that meant so much.

In truth, the island was fair and lovely, the pearl of the Pacific, a marvel that God kept jealously in a corner of the world, hiding it, one might say, from other peoples in order to keep it for his chosen children. Forests there were, heavy with perfume, the paths sunk deep in a luxuriant growth, and leading to crystalline springs. From a high hill, in every direction one could see the blue ocean lashing itself into foam. A girdle of coral surrounded the island, making for it a wide lagoon, as smooth as a leaf, where the fishing pirogas passed; its wide beaches, peopled with rosy-tinted crabs, were swept with soft breezes, the sands stretching in gentle slope from the very shade of the mango-trees down toward the transparent water, and here darted fish of every hue. And the women—how they sang in the woods! How radiant the bridal processions of young girls, singing as they passed, waving palms and flowers! And the sea! How warm the frothing waves from which one ran with great bursts of laughter to dry one's dripping limbs in the sun or to weave crowns of purple flowers that found new life in the freshly washed and freshly anointed hair they adorned!

Yes, the good father had read books about such lands as these, though not about the marvelous island she knew, to be sure.

The good fathers "out there," when they tried to make her comprehend some of the delights of paradise, always said it would be a great island, like her own, but even more beautiful,

where there would be neither typhoons nor death.

Surely, the anguish of the damned, as they longed for paradise, could not be more terrible than the sadness of those who, in the cold, muddy streets, between the towering, gray houses, under the drizzling sky of London, dreamed of that island of theirs in the far Pacific.

The fire in the fireplace was smoking and smoldering, seemingly unwilling to burn; in the space between the logs flickered little tongues of flame; and each, before it died, appeared to cast a warmer glow on the girl's fine-textured skin and on her liquid eyes, amber, like clear coffee, that rested, with the same pathetic expression of pity, now on the bandaged hand and now on the sad realities about her. Through the glass of the door the group of Chinese sailors could still be seen, motionless and almost silent, huddling about a street-lamp, shivering under the upturned collars of their thin jackets, but stoical. Now and then the distant muffled clang of the tram gongs sounded; then silence once more, broken only by the shrill laugh of an Asiatic or the shuffle of a sandal on the pavement. Taoufa gazed at the bandage on her hand and dreamed of her island. Her ragged shawl had fallen back, uncovering her hair, which shone in the gas-light. To warm her feet, she thrust her slippers, covered with tarnished spangles, nearer to the fire, and sadly watched the small flames creep out from the wood and die—die like so many hopeless yearnings.

At a glance from his uncle, Timmy got up, walked nonchalantly toward the door, and stood there strumming a march on the pane as he gazed out at the street. Father Flanagan leaned toward Taoufa and asked her, very gently:

"And—what are you doing here, my child?"

She gave him a rapid glance of mingled astonishment and alarm, and shook her head. He hesitated, and changed the form of his question.

"Who is with you here, my child?"

She explained, without a trace of embarrassment, that two men of her own race were with her, and that she could not leave them because they needed her; one was sick, and the other was very old. But some day, in a little while perhaps, they would go back to their island. If one of them died, the two who were left would go back, anyway.

"Who were these men?"

One of them was very old and full of wisdom, her grandfather perhaps, though she was n't quite sure. She uttered his name, the name he bore in the far-away island, and it was long, and sonorous as the verse of a canticle.

"And the other?" The other was her husband.

Father Flanagan asked in a low and solemn voice:

"Was it a priest out there who married you?"

She shook her head without a word. It seemed to her quite natural, evidently, that he should question her thus. She had nothing to reproach herself for; her bearing and the serene expression of her eyes gave proof of a clear conscience: but she seemed to fear that, like the good father "out there," he might view certain things as incomprehensible. Yet, when he insisted, she revealed to him in all sincerity that she had been married,

quite as one should be, by a priest and all the proper ceremonies, but that her husband had not been kind to her and that she had left him. She had left him for this other man, who was kind to her and loved her. Only he was going to die!

The priest's hands rose in a gesture that, even before he spoke, bore witness to the blackness of her sinful state. So not all the teachings of the fathers "out there," nor the privilege of having been admitted to the true faith, nor all the promises of eternal joys given her by the ministers of God, nor their threats of unending punishment, had been able to protect her! More fortunate than many others, she had been saved by powerful intercessors, and, more guilty than these others, she had again fallen, a backslider, into the slime of sin. Why, nothing could loose the bonds forged by the white fathers! They lasted as long as life, and longer, and to break them was nothing short of fastening about one's own neck, and that of one's accomplice, the shackles of the damned.

Taoufa replied, with a shake of her head, that if there was any sin in it, the sin would n't last long, because the husband she had now was going to die. If he had n't been so near to dying, they would have returned together to their island, and there together they would have been happy.

Father Flanagan straightened up and frowned severely, assuming an authority as awe-inspiring as that of the fathers who had instructed her in the Christian religion. The manner of her life was a grave and terrible state of sin, he warned her; each glance of passion from the man who said he loved her was not the innocent thing it seemed to be, but an offense and a stain, and every day she tolerated this stain she committed a new crime against the goodness of God and the majesty of the church.

But Taoufa merely looked at the fire and again shook her head.

She had pulled her shawl more closely about her shoulders, and her eyes betrayed a childlike distress. A hard land this, without pity, as without sunshine, where one had to give up everything to be sure of heavenly rewards, uncertain at best, and which, young as she was, she could hope to attain only after many long years. She held the corners of her shawl in her uninjured hand, and cowered a little under the father's admonishments, fearful, and yet hostile, as though she would defend something precious, to which she had a right, against all comers.

The priest repeated in a stern voice:

"It is a terrible sin!"

She raised her eyes and replied in a clear voice, as though but one word were needed to exculpate her:

"*He* said that I must not listen to the white fathers and that it was n't a sin, because we loved each other with such great love."

She spoke again the name she had pronounced a little while before, and this time with a sort of warm devoutness, looking up at Father Flanagan with an air of innocent triumph.

He asked:

"Who said that?"

For the third time she repeated the name, adding:

"That old man. He is very old and he has seen many things."

Father Flanagan took up the syllables, one after another, and asked:

"What does that name mean?"

This time she hesitated a little, sought her words carefully, and ended by translating slowly, with several pauses:

" 'He-who-sees-the-gods.' He said it was not a sin, because we loved one another so much."

Timmy was strumming on the window-pane, pretending not to hear; in the street periods of silence alternated with the distant squawking of a drunken sailor and the thin scuffle of sandals on the sidewalk. In the little room of the dispensary the gas was burning bravely, as though ambitious also to do its bit of good in the world, by its light, perhaps, attracting some shivering Oriental from afar, to give him a feeble illusion of warmth and sunshine. And near the fire, from which little still-born flames still sprang, Father Flanagan was engaged in a strange combat against the powers of darkness for the possession of the still pagan soul of Taoufa.

She was tightly wrapped now in her shawl, jealously and fearfully clutching the corners of it in her hand, as though to protect herself against all the cold things that surrounded her: the fog, the humid dreary wind, the freezing ooze of the streets, and these pitiless laws that the white father was trying to impose on her. Now and again she bent over, drawing her shoulders together, placing her bandaged hand conspicuously on her breast, raising eyes full of childish distress and entreaty toward the priest. At one moment she would stare at the fire and obstinately shake her head; then again she would assume an air of assurance, almost of defiance, and invoke an authority so lofty that it cast a kind of protecting shadow over all that she, Taoufa, might do, countermanding even the solemn injunctions of the white father.

He-Who-Sees-the-Gods had said that it was not wrong, because they loved one another so much. When she repeated this, she seemed to believe herself acquitted in advance, and received all reproaches with the air of a martyr. He-Who-Sees-the-Gods was so old that there was no one in the island who could remember having known him when he was not old, and he was so full of wisdom that, once he had been consulted, no one would dream of disobeying him. It was long, long since he had ceased to work and walk about like other men; even while still on the island he would sit all day beside the great stone monuments built by the heroes and the gods of other times. Those heroes and those gods he saw, and he heard their voices. When one asked counsel of him, he would wait, before giving answer, until the gods had come at his call, to enlighten him with wisdom beyond the wisdom of men; and those who consulted him stood at a respectful distance while the invisible powers assembled round him, imparting their will to him through mysterious and awesome signs. And when at last he let his counsels be heard, they were so just and wise that, surely, only the voice of the immortals could have dictated them.

Even here, in the heart of the land without sun, a land ruled by morose, gloomy, bad-tempered gods, it seemed, he remained all the day sunk in mysterious contemplation, and nothing could trouble his peace.

When the fathers out there had sought to speak to him about their god, he had replied that the deity they spoke of had never been among those

who came to hold counsel with him; and even the most docile of the white fathers' pupils and the most faithful believers of the new religion had agreed among themselves that the white God must be too young for a man of an age so prodigious, and that it was better to leave him in peace among the gods of his youth, who had so long since left the earth.

Father Flanagan listened, his eyes never leaving the brown face mysteriously lighted by reflections from the fire, and he was saddened at seeing so clearly that she had become again a little idolatrous savage, and that perhaps, at bottom, she had never been anything else. The pious teachings and efforts of devoted missionaries, the lessons unwearyingly repeated to a great ring of simple-hearted children "out there" on the margin of the world, had been so quickly effaced! They had left no more traces than the water that the bright sun drew in fine steam from the long tresses of Taoufa's sisters as they played after the bath on the wide beaches strewn with scurrying, rose-tinted crabs. The commands of God and the church weighed nothing at all in the balance, because, on the other side of the scales, an idolatrous old man had let a kind of heathen absolution fall.

Suddenly he said:

"If He-Who-Sees-the-Gods is still a pagan, there is barely time for him to learn the truth and hear of the true God before being summoned before Him. Where do you live, Taoufa?"

Taoufa turned on him the rapid glance of a tracked animal and hid her face in her shawl. When he repeated his question, she replied in a terrified voice:

"We live in Pennyfields, Father, in the house beside the shop of Yum-Tut-Wah. But you must not come. The two men who are there—you must let them die in peace, Father! He who is my husband now, and who is going to die so soon, because the cold has crept into his breast, he says that if I were not there, I, whom he loves so much, the cold would creep into his heart and his blood would stop flowing. And He-Who-Sees-the-Gods, he is so old, Father! If you tell him that his gods are not the true gods, he will surely die."

Her look of frantic supplication wavered under the priest's eyes. In a firm, resolute voice, he replied:

"Better to die for having seen the truth, Taoufa, than to live in error. Did n't the fathers out yonder teach you that, or have you forgotten everything? I am going to Him-Who-Sees-the-Gods this very night to show him the true God before it is too late."

§ 3

Taoufa was gone, and Father Flanagan was taking his overcoat down from the hook in order to follow her. Into his pocket he put a crucifix, some pious leaflets, and a lithograph showing negroes, Polynesians, and Asiatics kneeling at the feet of the Saviour. Then to his nephew, who had remained near the door, pressing his forehead against the pane, he said:

"A little heathen, Timmy. That 's all she is at bottom, a poor little heathen, who would need to be converted every day. And that other heathen who is with her, the young one, would be better off at the hospital if he is sick, far better off! Would n't he, Timmy?"

"Yes—I suppose so," Timmy slowly

replied, and again fell into his absorbing meditations.

"And yet," the priest continued, "these brown folk are easier to influence than the yellow races. They 're barbarians, I 'll grant you, but tender-hearted barbarians. They can be reached, first, by appealing to their senses, by showing them Him Who died for them as for us, and by telling them about His death in such fashion as to make them understand how greatly He loved them.

"A holy father told me once, long years ago, that he went to a Pacific island where no other missionary had ever been seen, and that on the very first day he gathered the folk there about him, and told them, through an interpreter, and as simply as though it were but a tale, the life and death of Christ, and the torments He had endured for love of us. Even before he had finished, all the women were weeping and lamenting, and asking if He were really dead; and when he showed them the crucifix and told them that this was the image of the Saviour, one of the women implored him, with tears, to take Our Lord down from the cross that was so hard for His poor flesh, and let Him rest on their mats.

"And that, Timmy, is why we, far more unmistakably than others, are called of God to address these people and touch their hearts. Those others must laboriously expound a colorless faith, all set in words; but we can place before the very eyes of the poor heathen the semblance of Him they must adore. When they see from the agony on His face and from the wounds of His body all that He has endured for them, they always come to love Him, like savages, perhaps, but with real love. And those people know how to love."

As he was going out, he suddenly stopped and turned around.

"It just occurs to me, Timmy," said he—"that man who 's so sick—you had better come, too." Timmy gave a shrug, and without a word picked up his bag and followed him.

As they crossed West India Dock Road, Father Flanagan was thinking aloud:

"In Pennyfields, the house next to Yum-Tut-Wah's shop; a woman who 's nothing but a child, a dying man, and an idolatrous old heathen beset by his hallucinations; and all three come from the Southern seas, God knows how or why. London is a queer place, Timmy. He-Who-Sees-the-Gods—Poor heretics! There 's barely time, but he will set his eyes on the true God once at least before he dies."

§ 4

When they knocked at the door of the house next to Yum-Tut-Wah's shop, there was a sound of footsteps in the hall and on the stairs, then silence, and Taoufa opened the door. Speechless, she looked at them with great, terrified eyes and led the way up the stairs.

On the landing a half-open door was noisily slammed shut; in closing it blew into the hall a puff of bluish and acrid smoke, heavily pungent. Taoufa opened another door. They stepped into a small bare room, filled with suffocating air, where for weeks the poisons of burning gas had been accumulating. The furnishings consisted of ragged mats, squares of carpet worn to the very warp, and a little tin trunk that served as a table. From a pallet that had been pulled out to the very middle of the room,

and set near the fireplace, a young man, little more than a skeleton, was watching them with burning eyes. Huddled on another pallet sat an old, old man, his back turned toward them.

"Tell them who I am, Taoufa, and why I have come," said Father Flanagan, speaking so every one in the room could hear. Taoufa shook her head without uttering a word. Then she pointed to the old man and whispered:

"He-Who-Sees-the-Gods!"

The priest repeated:

"Tell him I have come to show him the one true God, Taoufa."

He laid a hand on the crucifix in the pocket of his ulster; but Timmy stopped him short with a gesture and shook his head.

Then Father Flanagan leaned over to look at the man's face, and he knew not what to say.

Whether the vision the old man carried within him revealed the gods of stone of his island or the gods of flame forged by his own heart, he would never have the vision of any other. The God of ivory, the God carved on the good priest's crucifix, he would never see; for He-Who-Sees-the-Gods was blind.

"The Pelican," woodcut by C. O. Woodbury

How Europe Can Help America

By Lincoln Steffens

THE way to take in a play or a picture or a mountain peak is to go and look, listen and, without conviction, let it tell us what it has to say. If we know already all about everything, if we know what art is, and the true and the beautiful— But we don't; so we lend our eyes, ears, and mind with all our heart. That is the way to hear music, read poetry, history, science, and the news of the day. That is the way to meet men, women, and the gods. Stop! Look! Listen! That 's how to keep from being run over by the cars. Safe, polite, and artistic, this is likewise the scientific attitude; and it is ethical; it is truly pious. There is humility in it; there is reverence, there is humor, in it. Stop judging! Look afresh! Listen anew! That 's the way to live, learn, and enjoy life. It is the only way to take in a continent in the throes of resurrection: Europe, for example.

Europe is a spectacle; the whole world is. We are riders on a planet that has just struck the fourth dimension and discovered the relativity of all things to everything else: time and space; war, peace, and oil; cause and effect. There is no absolute. Nothing is fixed except some good human minds, and these, we begin to realize, are being moved with the speed of the fixed stars and the agitation of the indivisible atom. It is awful. Nature—God—is hurrying us up, lest we kill one another off before our time, and the haste is making a show of us and our fourteen points—all of us, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, and Americans. But the leading show on earth to-day is Europe.

Behind Asia in the process of evolution, Europe is ahead of us, and Africa, but we backward peoples are on the way; we are traveling along the same old road, and so, some day, we shall be where Egypt, Greece, Rome, and poor old Europe are now, if we don't watch out. And if we do watch out, we may not only avoid the fate of the Old World; we shall see a wonderful drama, a four-ringed miracle-mystery-movie: a great play by a great Author; a series of sermons by the Prophet of prophets; a laboratory of experiments by the First Scientist; a broad strip of jokes by the Divine Comedian. The critics of it, melodramatic correspondents with inspired policies, dub it a problem play, dull, confused, and a tragedy without end. Business men, with their workers and their wives, afraid to think and be tired, believe what they themselves call "the lying press," and turn from this Divine Comedy to go to the movies. A mistake. They are missing the real show.

And they are missing it because, having convictions, they will not see Europe first, then judge. No, they know what is right,—that knowledge is, they think, inborn, final, fixed,—so

they stand upon their certain sense of what is right, jump from that to who is wrong, and having picked the personal devil and condemned him, they will not look and they cannot listen to man or God. Public opinion is a lynching bee out to avoid thought.

This year it is France that is the villain. Every year I leave Europe between the acts to come home to get in touch with American public opinion, and I listen to the questions put to me by the people I meet. Professionally I listen and professionally I hereby report: that every year the demand is for judgment, not for news, but for editorials, not for information, but for a short, sharp decision, and always the verdict expected is the verdict that will confirm the questioner's own prejudgment. First the Germans were the villains of the show, then the Russians, now it is the French. All the questions asked me this year—all—carried a conviction of France and the French policy in the Ruhr, and most of the questioners were ready intellectually to lynch the French people, who, of course, know as little of the French Government's purposes as the American people do.

"What are the French up to, anyhow? Are they crazy? Have we got to go over and lick them next?" So speaks the American judge.

"No," I say quietly, "the French are not crazy. They are rational, and for that reason they cannot be licked just now. They did not join in the Washington agreement to cut land, air, and sub-sea forces. They reasoned about it. They reasoned that, since peace had not been made and the causes of war remained, there might be some more fighting and the French would better be prepared for it. And prepared they are. Next to the Bolsheviki, the French are the best-armed government in the world to-day. And they are that precisely because they are sane, logical, and, taking the world as it is, they are right. If we would listen to them, we would hear that the French are trying to carry out consistently a perfectly logical policy."

"Impossible!" exclaims the judge.

"Yes," I admit, "that is what the experts say. American, English, German, the financiers on the reparations job, tell us the French course in the Ruhr and generally is not a practical policy. And they may be right. Perhaps the French policy won't work. But what of that? It 's logical. It is not 'all wrong.' On the contrary, if treaties are not 'scraps of paper,' then it is 'right' for the French to stand fast upon the Treaty of Versailles, close the mortgage, and exact their pound of reparations, etc."

This answer seeming to mystify, I add that maybe treaties are scraps of paper—when they convey an uneconomic contract. Maybe it is not the French, but logic, theirs and ours, that is wrong. Maybe consistency is a fault. In a syllogism the premises are very important; more so even than the conclusion, which is often nothing but a purpose in disguise. Maybe it is not right to apply pure reason to an impure international, social, political, economic problem on the basis of premises which, however widely accepted as axiomatic, are not really tested and may possibly be false. In brief, it may just be that our mode of "thinking" is mad, ours and the French, the European and the American. Maybe it 's what we call right that 's wrong.

That settles it usually. The mind

in the making, being pretty well made up, gives one look of horrid doubt, turns away from me and poor old Europe and, swinging back up into the tree of knowledge, wraps its intellectual tail around a thick, smooth branch and pelts me and the French (or the Huns or the Bolsheviki or Mussolini or the unspoken Turks) with green or rotten fruit plucked from the good old tree.

And it is the educated man I am aiming at. His are the certainties, his the mental processes and the moral influences that play the part of the devil in the world drama. And he has a tail, too. A biologist in London once trepanned a living monkey for some students, and he showed us that by touching parts of the raw brain he could move at will either hand or any finger on either hand of the unconscious little animal. He stirred the tail, which stirred me. Deeply moved, I asked him what would happen if he pricked the point on the brain of a man that moved the monkey's tail. He did not answer; he asked me what I was driving at, and I said that, though we had lost our bodily tail, the rudimentary appendage must still be hanging down from our rudimentary brain, and I believed that this was the hardened part we clung to our convictions with. His demonstration suggested a way to move it, and so, breaking its grip, set our minds free again. The scientist was an Englishman, but he laughed, and walked away from me as my intellectual American friends do. Why?

§ 2

In Berlin, one day, I called on Einstein and, coming straight from the peace conference at Paris with the fixed minds of the delegates in mind, I wondered how the astronomer-mathematician had moved his tail. I asked him how he happened to make his revolutionary discovery. He replied in half a sentence.

"By challenging an axiom," he said.

He broke through a conviction. He questioned a settled, universally agreed-upon truth. The astronomer-physicist-mathematicians had been working on a problem in light motion, and they could not make it come out right, according to our axiomatic assumptions. Several great men tried it in vain. Einstein tackled it, and he got the same result till he remembered that we don't really know anything. Even our boasted axioms are only "working hypotheses"; and that, if they don't work, they are as "wrong" as the unemployed. He challenged: he reversed an axiom, that light is not subject to gravitation. Einstein assumed that the opposite was true; that light is subject to gravitation. And the problem was solved—theoretically. He was not through.

Einstein and the other astronomer-mathematicians did not accept this reasoned solution as final. They took it up, tentatively, as a theory, and they made an experiment; or, since they could not arrange the stars for an artificial test in the laboratory of the heavens, they waited for one to be set up for them. They watched for the next eclipse and, when it occurred, they looked at it. Without any conviction, with nothing but their theory in mind, they looked again, and they saw that Einstein was "right" and that one of the oldest and most sacred dogmas of "exact science" was "wrong."

This is a model example of the scientific method of experimentation by which science proceeds. It has not

yet been applied to the social sciences for several bad reasons. The worst of these is that "we cannot set up experiments in human relations." We cannot try out socialism, for example, by turning a country into a laboratory where Marx's theories may be experimentally tested on a people. But we can do as the astronomers do: we can watchfully wait for an eclipse or a war or a peace conference or a revolution, and when the Allies apply force to the Germans and the Bolsheviki apply Marx to the Russians, we can turn our telescopes and our microscopes on the experiment and make observations which would correct some of our theories and might change some of our minds, which is human progress.

And the eclipse is here. The war has happened, the Germans are defeated, the peace conferences are on, and the revolution. Our theories are being put to the proof by the inexorable workings of God's natural laws, and all that is needed now is for us, the onlookers and victims, to see that that is so and to see it scientifically.

The Bolsheviki are making an experiment in Russia with the theory of socialism, which some minds believe in as a conviction, and the experimenters, Lenine and his oligarchy, are the most determined, orthodox, and able Marxians in the world. They cannot be stopped. They might as well be watched, as the astronomers watched the stars, for they are pretty sure to confirm or correct the socialist theory that the cure for the evils summed up in the social problem is for the state to seize, own, and administer all properties and all tools.

The Germans are coming to the opposite theory—anarchism. Stinnes, a business man and a great one, holds that what we need is a business government by business men. He hates the state. A trust-builder, he has been hindered by the politicians; so he proposes to make a trust of all his trusts, horizontal and vertical, and combining his with others' trusts, finally unite in one big union all the great key industries of Germany, a business organization of all business, which shall own and run everything, and finally abolish the political state. The I. W. W.'s had that theory; the anarchists did not mean to have capitalists do it, but that 's anarchism, really. And business men everywhere are anarchists; unconscious, but actually.

The English are coming to a labor government. That is an old theory, and it has been tried out in Germany, partly in France and Italy, completely in San Francisco and in Australia. These experiments seemed to show that, unless the causes which have corrupted all governments are not removed, a labor government will be bought over just as governments by kings, priests, aristocrats, and business men have been. The English labor experiment looks like a repetition, therefore, of experiments that have failed; but the theory of it persists, and there is one new element in the British plan. The British Labor party is guided by a council of intellectuals, literary and scientific men, who are acquainted with the scientific method and the theory of the relation of effects to their causes.

The Italians are making an experiment with a political dictatorship for business. Mussolini came to his theory scientifically. He watched the Russian revolution as an experiment with a familiar red theory in mind;

namely, that all governments tend to go back to the first and, perhaps, the best form of government—a dictatorship founded on an organized minority. We had it in America with our boss and ring; in the war all countries came to it. Regardless of laws, customs, and constitutions, England made Lloyd George a dictator; France, Clemenceau; the United States, Woodrow Wilson. When Lenine, Trotzky, and the other exiled leaders returned to Russia for the revolution, they acted on this observation, and deliberately set up a dictatorship of the proletariat, and they backed it with the small, armed communist minority. It worked, and theoretical democrats said that it worked because the Russians were a backward people. Mussolini said, what practical democrats everywhere have always said: that no people want to govern themselves; all peoples prefer to mind their own private business, and as for the public business, let George do it. Every country, therefore,—Italy, France, the United States,—had an empty throne, which any bold man with a devoted, disciplined following could spring upon and hold. Mussolini is putting this theory to a test.

The French, as I have suggested, are making an experiment in the logic of "law and order," that laws may be enacted, wars waged, and treaties agreed upon, and enforced, regardless of the economic and psychological laws of nature and human nature.

The Swiss, not the Americans, are making the cleanest-cut experiment in international isolation, and they found themselves during the war so dependent economically upon other countries that their sovereignty was a farce. It is the Alps that have saved them so far. But they are sticking to their ideal, and we shall see, if we will only look.

§ 3

Europe, as a whole, is an experiment in force. The war was an explosion thereof. It blew up the whole laboratory, and a chemist would have inferred that the mixture he had made was explosive. He would not have blamed some poor maimed workman; he would n't even have said that glycerin was "bad" and that nitrogen was "good." Not in chemistry. But in politics, he did. Einstein, the German astronomer, was pro-German. Bergson, the French philosopher, was loyal. The professors everywhere were patriotic. They did not ask what caused the war. "Who?" was the question they asked and answered. And so we have the statesmen who "made the war" making the peace, and consistently trying to carry out in their treaties the "just purposes of the war," and, suppressing all new ideas, begin laboring conscientiously and hard to set up the very same combination of social, economic, and political elements which, having exploded before, is apt to explode again, as it does. That 's peace by force, an old theory of ours that we can make peace without removing the cause of war by an international organization of military and police powers to force the unorganized mass of men to respect and not disturb the sources of evil.

Stinnes, the anarchist, and Lenine, the socialist, are working on a new theory—that peace can be achieved only by a survey and the control of the forces making for war. Both propose to deal with causes, but in different ways. Lenine's proposal is for world peace, and therefore requires a

world revolution. Stinnes, the business man, wants peace only at home, in Europe, and he is proceeding on a businesslike policy—an ownership combination of the great French and German industrialists.

One of the causes of the war was the Franco-German political boundary, with its tariffs, etc., drawn through the industrial valleys of the Saar, the Ruhr, Alsace-Lorraine, which economically are one region. The Germans always wanted it all; so did the French, and, backed by their governments, they went after it, causing wars. Morally wrong, they were economically both right. This region must be united. The Treaty of Versailles gave the French more than they had before, but not all, and they want all. The Germans need, and Stinnes wants, it all. So Stinnes, despising diplomats and politicians, has been negotiating with his French peers, Snider & Co., for an international trust of all the big trusts, French and German, which have ownership rights in any of the natural resources in the region. This might make peace between Germany and France, because the captains of industry concerned are the contributors to and the controllers of the political parties which govern their respective countries.

Another experimental agency for peace is the League of Nations, an international government to regulate the national forces making for war. The theories back of this idea are that governments are not evolved by growth, but can be written, like a treaty, on a piece of paper; and that, if the representatives—not the principals, but the agents—of conflicting economic forces can be seated around a table, they can compromise and settle the differences, all of them, without hurting business. History shows us that legislatures, parliaments, and courts are subject to the forces that corrupt them. They take orders, and the League of Nations is likely to obey the commands of the dominant lobby, the British.

Another possibility for a world government is the British Empire, which already governs about a third of the earth's surface, and is growing by the force of economic law and the conscious plans of the Greater Englanders, the true British imperialists. There are rivals. The German Empire is cut off for a time at least, but the Japanese and the American empire are young, lusty, and growing.

A world government is inevitable. It must come, because there is international business now; there are functions for a super-government to perform, functions no one state can perform. The Reds see that, and, against empire, they have founded their Third International as an alternative.

All these European experiments are working with theories of force, and it is humanly dramatic and scientifically interesting that the opposite theory, the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, should be taken up for trial by Asia. The Indians are resisting British rule without force, by slow, patient disobedience and coöperative self-reliance. The British Empire has arrested, tried, and convicted Gandhi, their leader, just as the Roman Empire did Jesus; but Christianity was not suppressed, and the Gandhi movement moves on, an experiment worth watching, an experiment on one of our theories that there is some moral way to free man from men's laws without learning and heeding God's laws.

Such, then, are some of the experiments making in the world to-day; and there are others, many more. Each one of these carries with it a lot of minor tests. In shop management in Russia, for example, that revolutionary labor government has tried out and abandoned the theory, now being acted upon by American business men, that the workers should have a large measure of self-government. In Germany, Stinnes has founded his monopolistic power upon three bases, one of which is a carefully worked out contract with organized labor.

Most of the ideas men utter with conviction in university clubs have been blasted in our past, and the rest are being blown up in our present. And the men of conviction don't seem to know it. They go right on talking their old theories, and their very representative governments go right on repeating over and over again the rise and the fall of old ideas and old and young peoples.

§ 4

One explanation of it is that history and the news are not written and read as records of experiments with theories. The historian and the reporter give us reels of disconnected stories of good kings and bad kings, good people and bad people, crimes, accidents—all moral superstitions. And these are what the readers want—heroes and villains, good stories that end well. The movies are the art that expresses us and our culture.

And that 's what 's the matter; that 's the cause of our failure to watch and learn from and enjoy the drama of actual human experience—our culture. It is a moral culture; it is not a scientific culture. When anything goes against our convictions, we say it has "gone wrong," and we do not do as the astronomers did: we don't question our axiom, willing to drop or reverse it on the facts. No, we question the facts and blame the villain or human nature. We have no theories, only knowledge, the knowledge of good and evil, which drove us out of the Garden of Eden in the beginning and will keep us out.

What we need is a culture of questions. Is democracy feasible? Can Christianity be made practicable? What is a good man good for? Can he give us good government? Would n't a strong bad man who understands politics and economics do better? Can we get heat and power from the atom? Can't good men be bred and reared in good conditions? Is n't human character an effect as well as a cause? Would n't we be happier and business be better if we studied and obeyed natural rather than national laws? Would n't we learn faster if we knew that we don't know anything, finally, for sure, and so humbly, but consciously and boldly, experimented, and when an experiment failed, try some other way? And never repeat?

An educated man should know what we don't know and have n't yet done. As he is graduated now, he has memorized a smattering of the little we think we do know. The scientists who teach him give him knowledge, and they don't warn him that the conclusions are tentative and the knowledge incomplete and highly theoretical. They don't tell him—so that he gets it—that the best they have to give is the scientific method of thinking and the scientific attitude of educated curiosity. And they don't show him that the revelations of biology and chemistry undermine his old morality, phi-

losophy, and offer him a new and a more beautiful theology. The scientists don't often realize that themselves. Scientists do not typically apply the scientific method outside of their own laboratories. In politics, business, life, they also use the moral method. When a mayor or a governor "goes wrong," the professors, like the rest of us, ask for a good man for mayor, and when there 's a war, they want to kill the kaiser, all of them, each on his side. Virtue is the cure for the evil effects of "bad" economic forces!

An engineer was contending for this theorem not long ago. He was a Democrat who voted for Harding. Asked what he would do if a city in the bend of a river was being washed away by the annual floods, he said he would build a breakwater. "Good," I said. What would he build it with? "Stone," he said. "Wrong," I answered. He was inconsistent. He should put a good man there.

"He would be washed away," he objected.

"Then," I said, "get a better man."

And when he predicted that the second good man also would be drowned, I asked him why he thought scientifically about the currents of a river and morally about the currents of economics. Why, if Wilson was drawn into the war—why may not Harding be taken into the League of Nations? The engineer gave a good imitation of a scientific mind working outside of its specialty.

I have been in the lobby of all the peace conferences, and, before these, I spent years in the lobbies of city councils, legislatures, congresses and parliaments. My observation is that the forces—represented by men, but the same economic interests everywhere—which determine and the thinking which justifies the acts of diplomats are the same that "fix" our legislative bodies. And in that statement there is a basis for a science of government, for a scientific culture, and for a religion of mercy. For, if that is true, we do not have to catch and punish men, good or bad; we have only to identify, understand, and, finally, use natural forces which are neither good nor bad. We can have good government by closing the sources of bad politics; we can have peace by removing the causes of war; we can have good crops of good men and women by applying to our moral conditions the scientific culture we apply now to pigs, horses, wheat, and agriculture. And not otherwise; not by our old Greco-Roman moral culture of the certain knowledge of good and evil.

Anyhow, the way to take in a play or a continent rising from the ashes of a war of *Kultur*, is to know we don't know what a play must be, not surely; and to keep in mind all the time that we don't know enough yet to arrange our social conditions so that human life can be safe, comfortable and hopeful. Not yet. My theory of Europe is that the people over there have carried our culture to the point where they must, and that therefore they will, see and solve our cultural and our common social problem. In a word, America cannot help Europe, but Europe can help, enlighten, amuse, and lead *us*, if only we will humbly stop, look, and listen to the struggling peoples there, as the Einsteins observe the stars, without convictions, with only our theories in mind—our poor, unproved axioms.

A Voyager's Log

By Rockwell Kent

Drawings by the Author

THAT first long miserable night the hours seemed years. An east wind raised a swell that bore in from the open strait and rocked our little vessel at its anchorage. Shivering and tossing in our soaking beds, sleeping a little while, to wake as cold as ice, churning our legs for warmth, beating our arms, dawn came at last, and in its smile all memory of misery vanished. The calm of that new sunrise and the clean, sweet morning air were drafts of courage. Deep we drank. Again far off across the blue and peaceful strait glistened the snowy mountains of the wilderness, with the enthrallment of their mystery, their promise; again we were young, with a gay never backward-turning spirit. Heave the anchor, voyagers! Heave away! Heave! We draw it dripping on the deck. The gentle west wind fills the sail; she heels; the water ripples past her side. Southward again we bear away.

Southward, but timidly. With reefed mainsail we skirt the shore, watching the water in the bilge as one would hold a fevered pulse and count its beats. She leaked a very little; and as the wind held moderate, our confidence returned. We left the shore, and laid our course by chart to cross the strait and make the northern end of Dawson Island.

Meanwhile, as we had sailed, one man had worked to restore a semblance of order to the cabin. To look well, no matter how miserable at heart you are, to dress misfortune in bright colors, nothing so cheers the mind. We hid our drenched and ruined property, packed soaking clothes in sacks and stowed them in the forward hold; we scrubbed and swept; we cleaned the rusted stove and polished it and lit a cheering fire. We cooked good food and ate and were content. And though the wind increased as the day advanced, and we were made to bail a bit, no danger threatened us. Our thoughts could play a little with the dread of what might come, and only savor our contentment.

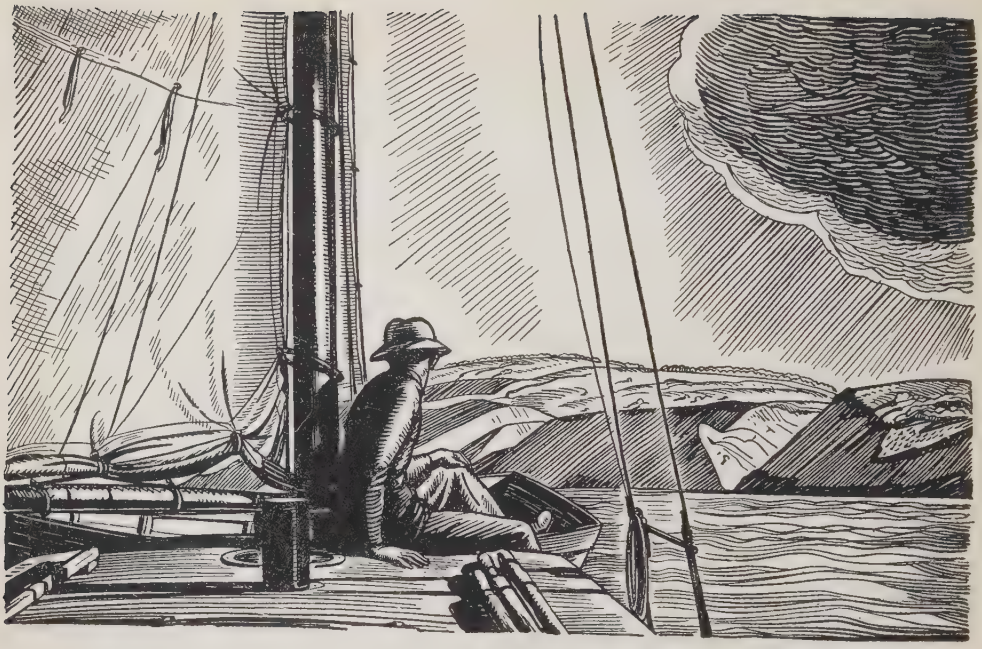
Only the voyager perceives the poignant beauty of life. Free, living, godlike, a comet being moving up and down its stream, tasting its contrasts, sorrowing in depths where valley-dwellers are content, expanding to ecstasy on peaks where dull-sensed men accustomed to the heights are slumbering, only the voyager knows values. He has approached the poles of experience, the two infinities—the inner universe of man and God. The inner,—the profound and narrowing depths of memory, the heart-burn of the voyager's return,—he knows; home-coming's hurt, as deeper and forever deeper familiar scenes and friends unfold the memory; he knows the contracted anguish of happiness. Only the voyager has known the immense and wild expansion of the spirit as *outward* bound upon his own young wings he leaves the weary, plodding ranks of men behind him, their cares, their love, their cities, the cloying, burdensome complexities of all the heaped-up past, and in a flight more swift than history goes up the ages toward the future's infancy to the frontier of life and over, into the wilderness where man is yet unborn.

The wilderness is kindled into life by man's perception of it; man is its consciousness; his coming is its dawn, its flowering. Surely the passion of his first beholding of it carries the warmth and the caress of a first sunrise on the chaos of creation.

So, like a sun, we climb the hill-top of the sea and view with wondering eyes new lands unfold themselves. The low shore of Dawson Island is before us, sand-cliffs, wind-swept and desolate, a treeless waste, cloud-shadowed, dark, forbidding. There is a slate-black sea breaking in gleaming surf along the beach. And though the strait is crossed and we 're afloat and safe, still our relief is tempered by the frown of the unfriendly coast that is our haven.

Off the northeastern cape is a long reef, with shoals and fields of kelp. We give these threats an ample berth and pass them, and then are sailing the calm water of the island's lee. The sun breaks through again and warms us. We sprawl on deck and view the land transformed and golden; there is a new enchantment over everything.

The slanting sun threw into strong relief the strangely channeled sand-cliffs of the coast. The varicolored clumps of bushes showed like jewels, dark and glistening, on the yellow fields and bogs. Clefts in the shore revealed the inland plain and forests of tall green-leafed trees with somber-shadowed depths. Eastward the wide expanse of Useless Bay lay limitless to the eye, and straight before us, far beyond the horizon of the sound, ranges



Off Dawson Island

of snow-white peaks closed in the south.

Lazily we sailed with varying breezes, and the day wore on. Darkness came down when we were miles away from port. It was the darkness of a clouded night, profound but for the faint glow of the sky and water that showed the contour of the hills. There is a light on Offing Island, off the mouth of Willis Bay. We steered by that.

A strong east wind came up and drove us with a speed the night made wild. Our straining eyes at last made out the black point we must turn. Nearer and nearer to the dim black mass of land we came. We were rounding it.

Then from the watch a shout, "Hell! Keep her off!" I did, and we shot through the white and swirling water of a reef we 'd missed by not our length.

Within the bay it was inky black. Peering into that darkness that no eyes could penetrate, sounding continually, we searched the shores for a good anchorage. Far in it shoaled, and flats or reefs appeared inclosing us. There in two fathoms we dropped anchor. Then we slept.

We awoke in a new world, a tranquil world sunlit and silent. The jungle was around us, a forest of evergreens as varied and profuse as any forest of the tropics; great trees with intermingling tops, dense and deep green, the flowering winter's bark, a kind of holly bush, and trailing vines and mosses, and hoary parasites—life and decay, and from decay new life.

The day advanced, the west wind roared again and chilled us, and the hot sun baked us. We worked. Blankets and socks and shirts and drawers flapped like holiday flags from the rigging, drying in the wind. Tomorrow we beach our ship and look

Chart of Admiralty Sound

for trouble; to-day, in this first haven of solitude, away from men, with work to do and none to trouble us, we 're on the heights of contentment.

It was tea-time, and we sat in the warm cabin. There was the gurgle of the tide against the boat's thin sides; the noise of the wind, the purring of the kettle.

"Mate," I cried at last, "can you beat this! The whole damned world is ours. We 're kings."

And at that very instant something heavy bumped against our ship. A weight fell on the deck.

We sprang toward the companion-way—and recoiled. There, glaring at us, was the unprepossessing and stupid face of a soldier.

"Ustedes estan arrestados," he said.

We were prisoners.

Port Harris, on Dawson Island, is the only settlement in the western archipelago. Forty years ago the Silecian monks, moved by the white man's butchery of the inland Indians of Tierra del Fuego, established there a mission for the persecuted savages where it was undertaken with Christian kindness to instruct them in the graces of civilization, to teach them to labor, and to incline their hearts toward God. So the astonished Indians in many hundreds were herded up like sheep and driven on board ships and bound and dumped like mutton into the hold and conveyed to Dawson Island. When after a few years of training they had about all died, the mission was taken over by business men, who sent a practical manager to reorganize the works.

His first act was to set up a keg of beer for the man who should throw a lasso around the cross of the church. Down came the cross amid the hur-

rahs of the crowd. They built a sawmill and a shipyard. And there on Dawson Island eventually was launched the famous and ill-fated *Sara*, the largest ship ever built in Chile.

And to here, Port Harris, we were towed after our arrest, and here for almost two weeks we stayed. Imprisoned? Not a bit of it. We were honored guests, dining nightly with the iconoclastic manager, who, partly to atone for having sent the soldiers down upon us for a band of Russian pirates and mostly because he was generous, had befriended us with all the resources of the works. Our boat was on the land, and they were fixing it.

"Oh, but I have no money," I had answered his proposal.

"No matter," he replied laughingly.

Little but the burying-ground remains in commercial Port Harris that recalls the glory of its Christian past. The buildings are transformed into an office and a store and dwelling-houses; there are flower gardens all about them. And if selfishness prevails instead of charity, the recent deaths at least are few.

Miles from the town, on the top of a big naked hive-shaped hill that flanks the harbor's entrance, stands a tiny house, a Christian chapel. Alone up there and sharp against the sky, without a road or mark that men have made to scar the wilderness about, it has an irresistible power over the imagination.

One afternoon we started off afoot to visit it. Fat, thick-fleeced sheep were everywhere, and tiny lambs bleating and scampering. For miles we walked; then after half an hour's hard steep climb we stood upon the little hill-top and overlooked the world. It was a golden day, and warm, and the long shadows lay across the land. The glistening town and its neat gardens and meadows and its wharf and shipping looked like a child's play village. The pasture-lands of Dawson Island lay to the north and west, a friendly scene. Then from this warmth and seeming cultivation we looked southward over a waste of bog and forest to the mountains, wonderful with winter.

Here on the hill-top stood the chapel, where one must wonder how the wind had let it stay, a tiny wooden house silvered by rain and snow, dilapidated and abandoned, but with its rustic cross still at the gable end, gleaming against the purple zenith. Within was nothing but the wooden walls and floor and roof, the flimsy framework of a rail, and a rough altar built of hewn boards; yet on the walls of this dead church, which had been reared to wean the wild man from his savage pleasures, was scrawled by the imperishable savagery of Christian men a kind of epitaph.

"Disgusting!" I remarked as my mate startled me by entering; and, having perused the whole collection, picked my way through the debris and went out.

One day into Port Harris rode Morrison. Here was a man so sensitive and kind that he could only jest with words.

"Come," he said, "ride home with me, and I 'll show you how we catch wild cattle in the bogs and tame them with a word."

We rode for hours through woods or on the beach, racing our hardy little horses or jogging sociably along, charmed by our host's fantastic tales and mirth. And I observed that

laughter never quite hid the sadness of his eyes.

Along the shore the kelp-geese took to water as we neared them, and raced to sea with frenzied flapping of their wings like motors. Small golden-brown hawks flew up in pairs and tamely perched to watch us as we passed. The shores above the tide were strewn with logs awaiting transportation to the mill. We came upon a roaring, cursing gang of men with bullocks hauling down logs to build a raft. That was a sight upon that wild gray shore!

Then after twenty miles we left the sea again, and scrambled up the steep *barranco* to the higher land above, and rode again through woods and marshy stretches. "Here," said Morrison, as we were about to ascend a little slope, "is half-way to my house." And suddenly, on reaching the top, there lay revealed below us, scarcely a mile away, the friendly, brightly painted buildings of the farm and all its cultivated fields.

Then down the hill we raced and over marshy meadow-land, and up a lane between white-painted fences. Five collies leaped and barked around us. The house was reached. A pretty maid stood smiling at the kitchen door; the hostess came with a sweet grace to welcome us. And all at once we were not strangers. We had come home.

That night before the open grate with those kind people there beside us, conversing of their interests in that place, their daily life so tranquil, so complete with quiet occupation, I thought that here in the solitude and splendor of the world's last place was happiness at last. And yet what happiness? I recalled the books of a new faith that the hostess had told me she was reading, thought of Morrison's everlasting jests, and realized that the very bliss of peace involved the sorrow of reflection.

It was late afternoon of a most lovely day that, heavy-hearted as at leaving home, we rode away. Morrison again came with us, for we had grown close. The strait was quiet as a mountain lake, and in the south, beyond its turquoise plain, the snowy ranges glowed flamingo-red against a lemon sky. While the high peaks still flamed, the full golden moon came up beside them, so that no darkness followed, and the night became a quieter reflection of the day. There never was a night more beautiful.

Morrison stayed with us until the day before we sailed. Then he jumped on his horse, cried, "Don't let the cannibals eat you!" laughed, and galloped off. I walked quickly away. Suddenly I stopped and looked back. Morrison, far off, that very instant reined his horse and turned. Each with one impulse raised an arm. Farewell!

Again we were sailing. Gifts were showered on us, toasts were drunk, embraces and farewells given. The schooners in the harbor dipped their flags, the sawmill whistle shrieked. We were off. Port Harris was a bank of waving hands.

There was a strong east wind abeam, with a choppy sea, and the sky was heavy and threatening. Tree Bluff, bare, brown, and huge, was over us, a mountain dome above a wilderness of forest. Southward of that the coast was ever wilder and more mountainous. White summits touched the leaden sky, and under them the somber green and purple forest clothed the slopes.

Mount Seymour

Five hours of tumultuous sailing, and we entered the weltering waters of Meskim Channel; there at once, among its towering mountains, the wilderness inclosed us. It was silent there, and calm. The wind was fair; the water rippled pleasantly against our sides. A school of porpoises leaped joyously about us like young dogs.

The passage narrowed, and the mountains crowded about; then in a most peaceful little crescent cove, clean beached and forest bordered, utterly remote and still, we anchored.

For days we loitered there, unwilling to forsake a spot that one could wish to live a lifetime in. One afternoon, after a morning's rain, it cleared, and the warm sun came out so beautiful that the wind held its breath as if in wonder. In our little skiff we rowed for miles through water so tranquil that the whole mountains were reflected to the minutest detail of their splendor. The slanting sun revealed the varied contours of the land and showed such wonders on the distant shore as set us dreaming of what man could do to make it habitable. We thought of homesteads there on some entrancing cove, with bridges to the little islands, and landing-places, and cleared fields and gardens, so easy it would seem to make an Eden of the wilderness.

That was the distant shore; yet at our backs, close to, its counterpart showed it to be a forest dense and tangled, with sodden bog for soil, a jungle-man would be afraid to enter. Yet that illusion of the beyond, and man's delight in it, and his desire, have made man what he is.

And that illusion drew us on to sail again. We passed through Meskim Channel and beheld the whole unbroken extent of Port Owen before us, a wide and deep fiord inclosed by

Haycock Point

mountains that at its farther end are but a narrow barrier closing Port Owen from the Strait of Magellan.

Near Wickham Island's western end its mountains terminate in rolling foot-hills that, descending, become an archipelago of little islands. Southward through the maze of these we sailed, without a wind, upon the current of the tide, till tired of drifting we pulled the *Kathleen* to a sheltered anchorage. It was a kind of pond behind a wooded reef, and here a pair of ducks, quite unafraid of us, swam tranquilly about, delighting in their mated happiness.

I told my mate to shoot them, which he did, and plucked and cleaned them. It was slack water, and the bloody tide and feathers clung about us until dark, and we were sick of killing little birds. We named that peaceful anchorage Slaughter Cove.

Of the many hundred Indians that once inhabited Dawson Island it is known that only five remain. These are of the Alacaloof race, the most savage and degraded natives of the coast. This isolated band of five wanders in boats about the remoter channels south and east of Dawson Island. They are hardly ever seen.

One day as we were beating in the faintest wind down Brenton Sound we observed a column of smoke ascending from the forest of the farther shore. We made toward it, and soon heard the far-off barking of a dog high up the mountain-side. Two huts stood in the shadow of the trees upon the shore, and figures moved about. Two overturned boats lay on the beach.

We anchored. As we rowed ashore, a dark-skinned man came to the water's-edge to meet us. We disembarked and greeted him and shook his hand.

The man was about sixty, not large, but stocky. He was dressed in white-

man's rags. His face was broad, with prominent cheek-bones; the nose was flat; the eyes were small and wide apart. He had good teeth, small, widely spread, and jagged. Altogether his face was quite free of sinister expression. He was unassumingly at ease with us, not over-curious, and quite friendly. "Very bad weather," he said in a horrible dialect that he later called Castilian. And with this familiar start he proceeded at once to ask for gifts—tobacco, flour, sugar.

Meanwhile two dusky moon-shaped faces peered at us from the black doorways of the huts. Another man, lame, with a swollen, crippled arm, came out and leaned against the boats. We approached them with friendly greetings, and I distributed cakes of chocolate. The Indians were neither impressed nor curious about these silver-covered cakes. They thanked me and laid them by.

The huts stood side by side and faced the sea. They were exactly alike. About a ten-foot circle small sapling poles had been stuck into the ground. These were then bent arch-like toward the center and secured with grass. They were covered with skins and rags of canvas and leafy boughs, leaving an aperture in the front for entrance and in the back for the escape of smoke. The sides were banked with sod to a foot's height.

In each doorway squatted a woman, with her knees drawn up and her chin resting on them. Of the two women, one was very old; she spoke no "Castilian." The other was about forty. She had a deep, rich voice and an expression of face that was at once mournful and sweet. This younger woman stood to let us enter. She was tall and lithe and had a manner of great dignity.

A fire of logs burned in the center of the hut. On each side was a bed of skins; between them, on the ground at the back, lay a piece of half-dried sea-lion meat, the leg of a guanaco, and a dead coati. A well made grass basket and a Winchester were the only utensils or implements there. The woman asked me for soap.

The boats were dilapidated. One was a cast-off white-man's skiff, the other a rough thing made of wide boards. And yet the meat in the hut showed that these people had recently crossed the water from Tierra del Fuego.

After an hour we returned to our skiff, accompanied again by the old man. It seemed, as we three stood conversing together on the shore, that there was little evidence of an abyss of centuries and race between us. Miserably poor these people were in goods, slothful, and filthy with neglect; and yet that shiftlessness, which in these Indians is of the race, appears among us in tramps and vagabonds and even in the occasional yearnings of those of us who are most possessed by the restless energy of our race and age. How slight the changes of ten thousand years when we revert in thought so easily!

The savage came aboard with us. We gave him tobacco, flour, sugar, soap powder, beans, matches, bread. He thanked us politely, saying, "Not much, but very good." Then we set him ashore and sailed. We waved, but there was no response. From their dark doorways the two moons looked out. And if they saw us, it could only be that as they faced the sound we passed across their vision.

For several days we sailed about in Brenton Sound, slowly beating our way toward its mouth, anchoring at night in sheltered coves that held us in the morning to explore them for the delight their varied shores afforded.

Two nights and a whole day we lay in Indian Cove. It was dead calm, and the rain fell gently, scarcely more than mist, monotonously murmuring until its sound became the silence. Little gray birds trilled in the forest as sweetly as canaries. Flocks of wild ducks and geese were feeding on the flats or swimming lazily about. Kingfishers flashed their courtship. It was the mating season, and the very breath of life was love.

A little river empties in that cove. Behind its flats it flows from mountain heights by falls and rapids through a deep ravine in the green darkness of the overarching forest. With difficulty I made my way on foot along its side. Luxuriant parasitic growth encumbers the forest, mosses and small plants grow thick upon the lower trunks of living trees whose roots, as if in struggle to escape from strangling, rear themselves out of the mucky soil, until, unbalanced by their own rank growth of foliage and the encumbering weight of clinging vines and fungus, they fall, and are engulfed in the devouring vegetation.

The forest floor is many-tiered, a structure built of trunks fallen crosswise upon fallen trunks, with pits between concealed by thorny underbrush.

I struggled to a hill-top free of trees. Yet even here, under last season's matted grass, was bog as saturated as the spongy hollows of the shaded forest.

That night it cleared. Fierce wind squalls blew down from the mountain-tops, careening us and howling in our rigging. The water rippled angrily against our vessel's sides. The wind had changed.

We sailed at dawn. Fresh fair west wind, we blessed it, that day and the next, and then for five interminable weeks we cursed its obstinacy. Wait.

We weighed anchor at dawn and sailed down Brenton Sound, with Tucker Island bearing on our left. The fair breeze freshened, and the sun shone dazzling bright on snowy peaks and glistening walls of rock. Before us, due east by the compass, was the green-blue length of Admiralty Sound, white-capped and swept by purple shadows. All details of the land were crystal clear, bare hills and wonderlands of forest, and ravines that gushed out silver streams. It was a day so rich with the exuberance of common elements that men were drunk who only breathed the air.

Cape Rowlett passed, the land became increasingly abrupt and mountainous. Forests were less extensive; they were dwarfed and flattened by the wind. The naked structure of the land appeared, rock faces broken sheer or glacier worn, vast slopes of ledge and gravel with sparse growth of underbrush, deep bogs upon the heights, then snow. The peaks of the interior of the south emerged from fields of ice that filled the upland valleys and poured over down the hollows of the slopes. At the head of Ainsworth Harbor was a glacier as huge as a frozen Mississippi. The eddies and churned currents of the ice scored its broad surface with the forms of a flowing torrent. Peaks protruded like islands. At the water's-edge it broke in cliffs like turquoise-colored jade.

We sailed all day with a great wind

With a fair wind

astern. The seas to our small boat were mountain high; they followed us and overtook and lifted us, and left us, foaming as they went. It was only mid-afternoon, and the wind still holding strong, we held our course for Parry Harbor. In two hours we 'd lie at anchor there.

One hour and a half, and it was calm; and when the sun went down and twilight came, we drifted helplessly about a mile from port. Then with the darkness came the wind again. It blew in squalls as we turned the black headland of the harbor. Behind the head is Stanley Cove; we beat into its shadow. Under the mountain in the night it was scarcely possible to see.

There were two rocks to pass between. Our straining eyes discerned them straight before us. Sailing close-hauled, we could just make the passage. We were there when the flaw veered with sudden rage, and drove us toward the rock. We just escaped it and kept off, and in the darkness and the squalls explored another passage, sounding as we went. At last within the very heart of night we dropped our anchor.

I rowed out in the skiff and found the shore and landed there on Tierra del Fuego. Dimly appeared against the sky some wind-torn trees; a mountain, immense and black, towered over me. Patches of snow were on its sides not far above me. The light on our little boat appeared a long way off. The stars were brilliant; it was cold, and the wind was blowing.

By ten next day we 'd anchored at the head of the sound in the lee of a small island. It was a wild black day. The wind swept our anchorage, and the sea rocked us uncomfortably.

The land at the head of Admiralty Sound is divided into two valleys by the rocky range of Mount Hope.

Macy Island

Down the southern valley flows the Azapardo River, a deep swift stream. It enters the sound through a narrow channel between a rock cliff and a steep gravel bank. Back of this it broadens and affords good anchorage for a small boat.

Late that afternoon, when approaching twilight had already deepened the day's darkness, we hove up anchor and drove with a great wind astern straight for the cliff that marked the river's mouth. The shores neared us with incredible speed. We passed shoals to starboard on which the seas were breaking. On our port side were reefs. Suddenly the water showed light green beneath us; it was shoal. A long sea broke across our bows. There was no room or time to turn. We struck.

A sea swept by us, grinding us along. Another lifted us and hurled us forward. We struck again, were lifted by a bigger sea, carried a fathom farther, and then dropped. The stern was swung around and grounded. We lay broadside to. A wind squall struck us as we lowered sail. In a wild tumult down it came. We anchored.

We were a quarter of a mile from shore. It was almost dark. It blew a gale, and the green sea was breaking everywhere about us.

At times like this the mate became a miracle of energy and strength. With the white seas curling over the skiff's gunwale, he rowed the great spare anchor, with its dragging weight of chain, to windward, and at the chain's length dropped it. Then together we would strain and pull the anchors through the yielding sand, and carry them to sea again, alternately. Inch by inch we drew our four-ton ship around to head into the wind; and then, exhausted, went below to wait for tide or dissolution.

Dismal state! She lay a moment listing on her keel; then shifted along her gravel bed, to torture us as if our teeth were grinding stones; then softly lifted—and dropped, and her whole frame sagged and groaned as if in misery.

" 'Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean,' " I declaimed, while the mate sat spellbound, wondering; and when, in conclusion, with lowered voice and a slow beat like the pendulum of destiny, came

"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown,"

the deep and bitter cup of misery bubbled over with mirth. Surely nature overdoes its drama.

And I got out my beautiful silver flute and played while the mate stoked the fire and made tea.

Then the tide turned, and instead of lifting on the crest of the seas, we only pounded in the hollows. An hour's work, and we 'd pulled out and anchored for the night.

Safely moored and anchored in the stream, next day we started out afoot to cross ten miles of land to the great Lake Fognano. We chose the south bank of the river, where the full width of the valley lay. High mountains were on each side, bare rock with forest patches straggling up the slopes, and stunted underbrush and bog. And bog, when we had crossed the mile or two of sandy plain that bordered on the sound, covered the valley to the lake.

One hardly walked; one floundered in the bog. Its substance was like saturated sponge: it swallowed up one's steps; it wearied one and wet one through. Still we made good time.

Before three hours we had mounted several hundred feet, and, turning, saw the sound behind us like a map, with little islands on its surface, and the terrible white waves like tiny flowers on the blue. The sweet enchantment of the far away!

And the real terrors and disillusionments of contact! With last night past, we wondered. Maybe "enchantment" is reality, and disillusionment and fear and death imagined values. To man all near things matter; to God, nothing.

The lake concealed itself until the last half-mile, and then showed only glimpses past the trees. We were tearing through the woods on drier soil, eager to reach the shore when, suddenly, in a sunlit clearing, there was a flash of white, and the swift rush of moving things.

We reached the open space. There was a shot, and shouting from the lake, and past us raced a herd of the most graceful deer-like creatures, gleaming white and cream, so beautiful! Guanaco. They arched their necks and leaped the fallen trunks and bounded toward the mountain-side. One stopped, and turned with timid curiosity, and looked at us; and then took sudden fright, and he was gone. And there was nothing left then but ourselves and the hoarse voices on the lake and the dull wilderness.

(End of the second part of "A Voyager's Log")

If You Were Alive in 2123 A. D.

By J. B. S. Haldane

The outstanding issue of this generation is the moral control and social use of the results of science. The surface indications, at least, are that our weapons are increasing faster than our wisdom. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane of Cambridge University has here ventured a series of cautious, but sensational, predictions of what science will make possible in the future. Mr. Haldane's paper is not the usual fanciful adventuring of a romantic mind in the field of realities; it is a cool calculation, in terms of cause and effect, of what is likely to result from experiments that are already under way. Unfortunately, in a way, for the lay reader, Mr. Haldane's paper necessarily begins with a consideration of the rather involved implications of relativity; but once this bunker is passed, the paper becomes as exciting as an H. G. Wells forecast.—The Editor.

Has man released from the womb of matter a Demogorgon which is already beginning to turn against him, and may at any moment hurl him into the bottomless void? Or is Samuel Butler's even more horrible vision correct, in which man becomes a mere parasite of machinery, an appendage to the reproductive system of huge and complicated engines that will successively usurp his activities, and end by ousting him from the mastery of this planet? Is the machine-minder, engaged on repetition work, the goal and ideal to which humanity is tending? Perhaps a survey of the present trend of science may throw some light on these questions.

But first we may consider for a moment the question of whether there is any hope of stopping the progress of scientific research. It is, after all, a very recent form of human activity, and a sufficiently universal protest of mankind would be able to arrest it even now. In the Middle Ages public opinion made it so dangerous as to be virtually impossible, and I am inclined to suspect that Mr. Chesterton, for example, would not be averse to a repetition of this state of things. The late M. Joseph Reinach, an able and not wholly illiberal thinker, advocated it.

I think, however, that so long as our present economic and national systems continue, scientific research has little to fear. Capitalism, though it may not always give the scientific worker a living wage, will always protect him, as being one of the geese which produce golden eggs for its table. And competitive nationalism, even if war is wholly or largely prevented, will hardly forego the national advantages accruing from scientific research.

If we look at the other most probable alternative, the prospect is little more hopeful. In England the Labor party alone among political organizations includes the fostering of research in its official program. Indeed, as far as biological research is concerned, labor

may prove a better master than capitalism, and there can be little doubt that it would be equally friendly to physical and chemical research if these came to lead immediately to shortened hours rather than to unemployment. In particular there is perhaps reason to think that that form of sentimentalism which hampers biological research in this country by legislation would be less likely to flourish in a robust and selfish labor party of the Australian type than in parties whose members enjoy the leisure which seems necessary to the development of such emotional luxuries.

It is, of course, possible that civilization may collapse throughout the world, as it has done in parts of Russia, and science with it; but such an event would, in all probability, only postpone the problem for a few thousand years. And even in Russia we must not forget that first-rate scientific research is still being carried on.

The possibility has been suggested, I do not know how seriously, that the progress of science may cease through lack of new problems for investigation. Mr. Chesterton, in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," a book written fifteen years or so ago, prophesied that hansom-cabs would still be in existence a hundred years hence, owing to a cessation of invention. Within six years there was a hansom-cab in a museum, and now that romantic, but tardy, vehicle is a memory, like the trireme, the velocipede, and the 1907 Voisin biplane. I do not suggest that Mr. Chesterton be dragged, a heavier Hector, behind the last hansom-cab, but I do contend that, in so far as he claims to be a prophet rather than the voice of one crying in the wilderness, he may be regarded as negligible for the purpose of our discussion. I shall try to show how far from complete are any branches of science at present.

But first a word on Mr. H. G. Wells might not be out of place. The very mention of the future suggests him. There are two points which I wish to make about Mr. Wells. In the first place, considered as a serious prophet, as opposed to a fantastic romancer, he is singularly modest. In 1902, for example, in a book called "Anticipations," he gave it as his personal opinion that by 1950 there would be heavier than air-flying machines capable of practical use in war. That, said he, was his own view, though he was well aware that it would excite considerable ridicule. I purpose in this paper to make no prophecies rasher than the above.

The second and more important point is that he is a generation behind the time. When his scientific ideas were formed, flying and radio-telegraphy, for example, were scientific problems, and the center of scientific interest still lay in physics and chemistry. To-day these are commercial problems, and I believe that the center of scientific interest lies in biology. A generation hence it may be elsewhere, and the views expressed in this paper will appear as modest, conservative, and unimaginative as do those of Mr. Wells to-day.

I shall only touch very briefly on the future of physics, as the subject is inevitably technical. At present physical theory is in a state of profound suspense. This is primarily due to Einstein, the greatest Jew since Jesus. I have no doubt Einstein's name will still be remembered and revered when Lloyd George, Foch, and William Hohenzollern share with

Charlie Chaplin that ineluctable oblivion which awaits the uncreative mind.

Ever since the time of Berkeley it has been customary for the majority of metaphysicians to contend that time, space, or both, may exist only in the mind. But they soon made it clear that, despite this, time would continue to wait for no man, and space to separate lovers. The only practical consequence that they generally drew was that their own ethical and political views were somehow inherent in the structure of the universe.

Einstein, however, far from deducing a new decalogue of morals and politics, has contented himself with deducing the consequences to space and time themselves of their ideality. It is perhaps interesting to speculate on the practical consequences of Einstein's discovery. I do not doubt that he will be believed. A prophet who can give signs in the heavens is always believed. No one ever seriously questioned Newton's theory that the pull of gravitation kept planets and comets traveling on a predictable schedule after the return of Halley's comet. Einstein has told us that space, time, and matter are shadows of the fifth dimension, and the heavens have declared his glory. In consequence Kantian idealism will become the basic working hypothesis of the physicist, and finally of all educated men, just as materialism did after Newton's day. We may not call ourselves materialists, but we do interpret the activities of the moon, the Thames, influenza, and aëroplanes in terms of matter. Our ancestors did not, nor, in all probability, will our descendants. The materialism, whether conscious or subconscious does not very much matter, of the last few generations has led to various results of practical importance, such as sanitation, Marxian socialism, and the right of an accused person to give evidence on his or her own behalf. The reign of Kantian idealism as the basic working hypothesis, first of physics, and then of every-day life, will in all probability last for some centuries. At the end of that time a similar step in advance will be taken. Einstein showed that experience cannot be interpreted in terms of space and time. This was a well known fact, but so long as space and time did not break down in their own special sphere, that of explaining the facts of motion, physicists continued to believe in them, or at any rate, what was much more important, to think in terms of them for practical purposes.

Meanwhile we are in for a few centuries during which many practical activities will probably be conducted on a basis not of materialism, but of Kantian idealism. How will this affect our manners, morals, and politics? Frankly, I do not know, though I think the effect will be as great as that of Newton's work, which created most of the intellectual forces of the eighteenth century. The Condorcets, Benthams, and Marxs of the future will, I think, be as ruthlessly critical of the metaphysics and ethics of their times as were their predecessors, but not quite so sure of their own: they will lack a certain heaviness of touch which we may note in utilitarianism and socialism. They will recognize that perhaps in ethics, as in physics, there are, so to speak, fourth and fifth dimensions that show themselves by effects which, like the perturbations of the planet Mercury, are hard to de-

tect even in one generation, but yet in the course of ages are quite as important as the three dimensional phenomena.

If the quantum hypothesis, which is too difficult to explain satisfactorily as a paragraph, is generally adopted, even more radical alterations in our thinking will be necessary. But I feel it premature even to suggest their direction in the present unsatisfactory state of quantum mechanics. However this may be, it is safe to say, for instance, that a better knowledge of the properties of radiation will permit us to produce it in a more satisfactory manner than is at present possible. Almost all our present sources of light are hot bodies ninety-five per cent. of whose radiation is invisible. To light a lamp as a source of light is about as wasteful of energy as to burn down one's house to roast one's pork. It is a fairly safe prophecy that in fifty years light will cost about a fiftieth of its present price, and there will be no more night in our cities. The alternation of day and night is a check on the freedom of human activity which must go the way of other spatial and temporal checks. In the long run I think that all that applied physics can do for us is to abolish these checks. It enables us to possess more, travel more, and communicate more. I shall not attempt to predict in detail the future developments of transport and communication. They are limited only by the velocity of light. We are working toward a condition when any two persons on earth will be able to be completely present to one another in not more than one fifteen hundredth of a second. We shall never reach the extraordinary condition, but that is the limit which we shall approach indefinitely.

§ 2

But there are two prerequisites for all progress of this kind; namely, continuous supplies of human and mechanical power. As industries become more and more closely interwoven, so that a dislocation of any one will paralyze a dozen others (and that is the position toward which we are rapidly moving), the ideal of the leaders of industry, under no matter what economic system, will be directed less and less to the indefinite increase of production in the intervals between such dislocations, and more and more to stable and regular production, even at the cost of reduction of profits and output while the industry is proceeding normally. It is quite possible that capitalism itself may demand that the control of certain key industries be handed over completely to the workers in those industries, simply in order to reduce the number of sporadic strikes in them. And as industrial progress continues, an ever larger number, perhaps the majority, of industries will become key industries. The solution may be entirely different; we may well see a return to feudalism. But the probability is that the problem will be solved. This view may seem optimistic, but it is more likely than the alternative thesis, which may be briefly stated as follows:

No human society will ever succeed in producing a stable organization in which the majority of the population is employed otherwise than in agriculture, animal-rearing, hunting, or fishing. It took thousands of years to produce the stable agricultural society which forms the basis of European life and whose morals we are too apt to regard as eternal truths. It should

take a shorter time to evolve a stable industrial society. The people that do so will inherit the earth. In short, I believe that the progress of science will ultimately make industrial injustice as self-destructive as it is now making international injustice.

As for the supplies of mechanical power, it is axiomatic that the exhaustion of our coal- and oil-fields is a matter of centuries only. As it has often been assumed that their exhaustion would lead to the collapse of industrial civilization, I may perhaps be pardoned if I give some of the reasons which lead me to doubt this proposition.

Water-power is not, I think, a probable substitute, on account of its small quantity, seasonal fluctuation, and sporadic distribution. It may perhaps, however, shift the center of industrial gravity to well watered mountainous tracts, such as the Himalayan foot-hills, British Columbia, and Armenia. Ultimately, we shall have to tap those intermittent, but inexhaustible, sources of power, the wind and the sunlight. The problem is simply one of storing their energy in a form as convenient as coal or petrol. If a windmill in one's back garden could produce a hundredweight of coal daily (and it can produce its equivalent in energy), our coal-mines would shut down to-morrow. Even to-morrow a cheap, fool-proof, and durable storage battery may be invented that will enable us to transform the intermittent energy of the wind into continuous electric power.

Personally, I think that four hundred years hence the power question in England may be solved somewhat as follows: the country will be covered with rows of metallic windmills working electric motors, which in their turn will supply current at a very high voltage to great electric mains. At suitable distances there will be great power stations where during windy weather the surplus power will be used for the electrolytic decomposition of water into oxygen and hydrogen. These gases will be liquefied, and stored in vast vacuum-jacketed reservoirs, probably sunk in the ground. If these reservoirs are sufficiently large, the loss of liquid due to leakage inward of heat will not be great; thus the proportion evaporating daily from a reservoir one hundred yards square by sixty feet deep would only be one per cent. of that lost from a tank measuring two feet each way. In times of calm the gases will be recombined in explosion motors working dynamos which produce electrical energy once more, or more probably in oxidation cells. Liquid hydrogen is, weight for weight, the most efficient known method of storing energy, as it gives about three times as much heat per pound as petrol. On the other hand, it is very light, and, bulk for bulk, has only one third of the efficiency of petrol. This will not, however, detract from its use in aëroplanes, where weight is more important than bulk. These huge reservoirs of liquefied gases will enable wind energy to be stored, so that it can be expended for industry, transportation, heating, and lighting, as desired. The initial costs will be very considerable, but the running expenses less than those of our present system. Among its more obvious advantages will be the fact that energy will be as cheap in one part of the country as another, so that industry will be greatly decentralized; and that no smoke or ash will be produced.

It is on some such lines as these, I think, that the problem will be solved. It is essentially a practical problem, and the exhaustion of our coal-fields will furnish the necessary stimulus for its solution. Even now perhaps Italy might achieve economic independence by the expenditure of a few million pounds upon research on the lines indicated. I may add in parenthesis that, on thermodynamical grounds, which I can hardly summarize shortly, I do not much believe in the possibility of induced radio-activity.

§ 3

Before I turn to the principal part of my subject, I should like to consider very briefly the influence on art and literature of our gradual conquest of space and time. I think that the blame for the decay of certain arts rests primarily on the defective education of the artists. An artist must understand his subject matter. At present not a single competent poet and very few painters and etchers outside the Glasgow school understand industrial life, and I believe that there is only one architect of any real originality who understands the possibilities of ferro-concrete. I do not know his name, but he produced in Soissons before the war a market-place with the dignity and daring of an ancient Egyptian temple. If I knew that he had the rebuilding of Soissons, I could not regret its destruction.

Now, if we want poets to interpret physical science as Milton and Shelley did (Shelley and Keats were the last English poets who were at all up-to-date in their chemical knowledge), we must see that our possible poets are instructed, as their masters were, in science and economics. I am absolutely convinced that science is vastly more stimulating to the imagination than are the classics, but the products of this stimulus do not normally see the light because scientific men as a class are devoid of any perception of literary form. When they can express themselves, we get a Butler or a Wells or a Norman Douglas. Not until our poets are once more drawn from the educated classes (I speak as a scientist) will they appeal to the average man by showing him the beauty in his own life, as Homer and Vergil appealed to the street urchins who scrawled their verses on the walls of Pompeii.

And if we must educate our poets and artists in science, we must educate our masters, labor and capital, in art. Personally, I believe that we may have good hopes of both. The capitalist's idea of art in industry at present tends to limit itself to painting green and white stripes on the front of his factories in certain cases. This is a primitive type of decoration, but it has, I think, the root of the matter in it. Before long some one may discover that frescoes inside a factory increase the average efficiency of the workers by 1.03 per cent., and art will become a commercial proposition once more. Even now it is being discovered that artistic advertising often pays. Similarly, I do not doubt that labor will come to find that it cannot live by bread (or shall we say bread and beer?) alone. But it can hardly be expected to make this discovery until it is assured of its supply of bread and beer.

Applied chemistry has introduced into human life no radical novelty of the importance of the heat-engine or the telegraph. It has vastly increased the production of various types of substance, the most important being

metals. But there were explosives, dyes, and drugs before chemistry was a science, and its progress along present lines will mainly alter life in a quantitative manner. Perhaps the biggest problems before it in metallurgy are the utilization of low-grade iron ores, and the production of aluminium from clay, which contains up to twenty-four per cent. of that metal. Even when this is accomplished aluminium will hardly oust iron and steel, as they ousted bronze and flint, but it and its alloys will certainly take the second, and possibly the first place, as industrial metals. There is just a hope, but I fear little more, that a large-scale production of perfume may form the basis of a reëducation of our rather rudimentary sense of smell; but the most interesting possibilities of chemical invention are very clearly in biological chemistry, and for the following reasons.

Desirable substances fall on the whole into two classes. The first are desirable on account of their physical or chemical properties; for example, iron, wood, or glass, which we use as a part of systems such as fires, houses, or razors, which procure us certain benefits. The second are desirable on account of their physiological properties. Such substances include foods, drinks, tobacco, and drugs. Colors and scents occupy an intermediate position. The value of this second class of substances is due to a quite special relationship to the human organism which depends in the most intimate way on the constitution of the latter, and has not in general been at all fully explained in terms of physics and chemistry. For example, fires can be made of coal or peat instead of wood, but no other chemical substance has the same effect as water or alcohol. So unless a chemical substance has new physiological properties, its production will serve to improve or make possible some appliance whose use lies within the sphere of applied physics.

Within historical time two and only two substances of the second class have come into universal use in Europe; namely, caffeine and nicotine, which were introduced into this country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There are others of immense importance, such as chloroform and quinine, but their use is not universal. But coffee, tea, and tobacco, with alcohol, are as much a part of normal life as food and water. There is no reason to suppose that the last of such substances is exhausted. During the war Embden, the professor of physiology in Frankfort University, discovered that a dose of about seven grams of acid sodium phosphate increases a man's capacity for prolonged muscular work by about twenty per cent., and probably aids in prolonged mental work. It can be taken over very lengthy periods. A group of coal-miners took it for nine months on end with very great effect on their output. It has no after effect, like those of alcohol, and one cannot take a serious overdose, as it merely acts as a purgative. (They gave certain shock troops too much!) Thousands of people in Germany take it habitually. It is possible that it may become as normal a beverage as coffee or tea. It costs forty-two cents a pound, or two thirds of a cent a dose.

The vast majority of chemical substances with physiological properties are unsuited for daily use, like castor-oil, or dangerous, like morphine; probably none is without bad effects in certain cases. Those which are suscep-

tible of daily use are of the utmost social importance. Tobacco has slight, but definite, effects on the character. Coffee-houses in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth century, and cafés in modern Europe, were and are civilizing influences of incalculable value. But these substances are obnoxious to a certain type of mind. It would perhaps be fantastic to suggest that Sir Walter Raleigh owed his death in part to his sovereign's objection to tobacco. But if he is not its protomartyr, it is at least probable that more men have died for tobacco smoking at the hands of Sikhs, Senussis, and Wahabis, whose religions forbid this practice, than died under the Roman empire for professing Christianity. Should it ever be generally realized that temperance is a mean, we may expect that mankind will ultimately have at its disposal a vast array of substances, like wine, coffee, and tobacco, whose intelligent use can add to the amenity of life and promote the expression of man's higher faculties.

But before that day comes, chemistry will be applied to the production of a still more important group of physiologically active substances; namely, foods. The facts about food are rather curious. Every one knows that food is ultimately produced by plants, though we may get it at second or third hand if we eat animals or their products. But the average plant turns most of its sugar not into starch, which is digestible, but into cellulose, which is not, but forms its woody skeleton. The hoofed animals have dealt with this problem in their own way by turning their bellies into vast hives of bacteria that attack cellulose, and on whose by-products they live. We have got to do the same, but outside our bodies. It may be done on chemical lines. Irvine has obtained a ninety-five per cent. yield of sugar from cellulose, but at a prohibitive cost. Or we may use micro-organisms. But in any case within the next century sugar and starch will be about as cheap as sawdust. Many of our food-stuffs, including the proteins, we shall probably build up from simpler sources, such as coal and atmospheric nitrogen. I should be inclined to allow 120 years, but not much more, before a completely satisfactory diet can be produced in this way on a commercial scale.

This will mean that agriculture will become a luxury, and that mankind will be completely urbanized. Personally, I do not regret the probable disappearance of the agricultural laborer in favor of the factory-worker, who seems to me a higher type of person from most points of view. Human progress in historical time has been the progress of cities dragging a reluctant country-side in their wake. Synthetic food will substitute the flower garden and the factory for the dunghill and the slaughter-house, and make the city at last self-sufficient.

"Oh there 's many a valiant farmer
whose heart would break in two
If he could see the townland that we
are riding to.
Boughs have their fruit and blossom
at all times of the year,
Rivers are running over with red beer
and brown beer,
An old man plays the bagpipes in a
golden and silver wood,
Queens, their eyes blue like the ice,
are dancing in a crowd."

I should like, if space allowed, to add my quota to the speculations

which have been made with regard to interplanetary communication. Whether this is possible I can form no conjecture; that it will be attempted I have no doubt whatever.

§ 4

With regard to the application of biology to human life, the average prophet appears to content himself with considerable progress in medicine and surgery, some improvements in domestic plants and animals, and possibly the introduction of a little eugenics. The eugenic official, a compound, it would appear, of the policeman, the priest, and the procurer, is to hale us off at suitable intervals to the local temple of Venus Genetrix, with a partner chosen, one gathers, by something of the nature of a glorified medical board. To this prophecy I should reply that it proceeds from a type of mind as lacking in originality as in knowledge of human nature. Marriage "by numbers," so to speak, was a comparatively novel idea when proposed by Plato twenty-three hundred years ago, but it has already actually been practised in various places, notably among the subjects of the Jesuits in Paraguay. It is moreover likely, as we shall see, that the ends proposed by the eugenist will be attained in a very different manner.

There are two points to be remembered about virtually all biological inventions. The first point that we may notice is that all have had a profound emotional and ethical effect, some even forming the basis of a religion.

The second point is perhaps harder to express. There is no great invention from fire to flying which has not been hailed as an insult to some god. But if every physical and chemical invention is a blasphemy, every biological invention is a perversion. There is hardly one which, on first being brought to the notice of an observer from any nation which had not previously heard of their existence, would not appear to him as indecent and unnatural.

Consider so simple and time-honored a process as the milking of a cow. The milk, which should have been an intimate and almost sacramental bond between mother and child, is elicited by the deft, lascivious fingers of a milkmaid, and drunk, cooked, or even allowed to rot into cheese. We have only to imagine ourselves as drinking any of its other secretions in order to realize the radical indecency of our relation to the cow. No less disgusting *a priori* is the process of corruption which yields our wine and beer. But in actual fact the processes of milking and of the making and drinking of beer appear to us profoundly natural; they have even tended to develop a ritual of their own whose infraction nowadays has a certain air of impropriety. There is something slightly disgusting in the idea of milking a cow electrically or drinking beer out of tea-cups.

The biological invention, then, tends to begin as a perversion and end as a ritual supported by unquestioned beliefs and prejudices. Even now surgical cleanliness is developing its rites and its dogmas, which, it may be remarked, are accepted most religiously by women. With the above facts in your minds, I would ask you to excuse what at first sight might appear improbable or indecent in any speculations which appear below, and to dismiss from your minds the belief that

biology will consist merely in physical and chemical discoveries as applied to men, animals, and plants.

I say advisedly "will consist," for we are at present almost completely ignorant of biology, a fact which often escapes the notice of biologists, and renders them too presumptuous in their estimates of the present position of their science, too modest in their claims for its future. If, for example, we take a typical case of applied biology, such as the detection and destruction of the cholera bacillus, we find a great deal of science involved, but the only purely biological principle is the very important, but not very profound, one that some bacteria kill some men. The really scientific parts of the process are the optical and chemical methods involved in the magnification, staining, and killing of the bacilli. When, on the other hand, we come to immunization to typhoid, we find certain purely biological principles involved which are neither simple nor at all completely understood.

Actually, biological theory consists of some ancient, but not very easily stated, truths about organisms in general, due largely to Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Harvey, a few great principles such as those formulated by Darwin, Mayer, Claude Bernard, and Mendel, and a vast mass of facts about individual organisms and their parts, which are still awaiting adequate generalization.

Darwin's results are beginning to be appreciated, with alarming effects on certain types of religion; those of Weismann and Mendel will be digested in the course of the present century, and are going to affect political and philosophical theories almost equally profoundly. I need hardly say that these latter results deal with the question of reproduction and heredity. We may expect, moreover, as time goes on, that a series of shocks of the type of Darwinism will be given to established opinions on all sorts of subjects. One cannot suggest in detail what these shocks will be, but since the opinions on which they will impinge are deep-seated and irrational, they will come upon us and our descendants with the same air of presumption and indecency with which the view that we are descended from monkeys came to our grandfathers. But owing to man's fortunate capacity for thinking in water-tight (or rather idea-tight) compartments, they will probably not have immediate and disruptive effects upon society any more than Darwinism had.

§ 5

Far more profound will be the effect of the practical applications of biology. I believe that the progress of medicine has had almost, if not quite, as deep an effect on society in western Europe as the industrial revolution. Apart from the important social consequences which have flowed from the partial substitution of the doctor for the priest, its net result has been that whereas four hundred years ago most people died in childhood, they now live on an average, apart from the late war, until forty-five. Bad as our urban conditions often are, there is not a slum in the country which has a third of the infantile death-rate of the royal family in the Middle Ages. Largely as a result of this, religion has come to lay less and less stress on a good death, and more and more on a good life, and its whole outlook has gradually changed in consequence. Death has

receded so far into the background of our normal thoughts that when we came into somewhat close contact with it during the war most of us failed completely to take it seriously.

Similarly, institutions which were based on short lives have almost wholly collapsed. For example, the English land system postulated that the landowner should die aged about forty, and be succeeded by his eldest son, aged about twenty. The son had spent most of his life on the estate, and had few interests outside it. He managed it at least as well as any one else could have done. Nowadays the father dodders on till about eighty, and is generally incompetent for ten years before his death. His son succeeds him at the age of fifty or so, by which time he may be a fairly competent colonel or stock-broker, but cannot hope to learn the art of managing an estate. He either hands it over to an agent, who is deprived of initiative and is often corrupt, or runs it unscientifically, gets a low return, and ascribes to Bolshevism what he should really lay at the door of vaccination.

But to return, if I may use the expression, to the future, I am going to suggest a few obvious developments which seem probable in the present state of biological science, without assuming any great new generalizations of the type of Darwinism. I have the very best precedent for introducing a myth at this point, so perhaps I may be excused if I reproduce some extracts from an essay on the influence of biology on history during the twentieth century, which will, it is hoped, be read by a rather stupid undergraduate member of this university to his supervisor during his first term, two hundred years hence.

"As early as the first decade of the twentieth century we find a conscious attempt at the application of biology to politics in the so-called eugenic movement. A number of earnest persons, having discovered the existence of biology, attempted to apply it in its then very crude condition to the production of a race of supermen, and in certain countries managed to carry a fair amount of legislation. They appear to have managed to prevent the transmission of a good deal of syphilis, insanity, and the like, and they certainly succeeded in producing the most violent opposition and hatred among the classes whom they somewhat gratuitously regarded as undesirable parents. (There was even a rebellion in Nebraska.) However, they undoubtedly prepared public opinion for what was to come, and so far served a useful purpose. Far more important was the progress in medicine which virtually abolished diseases in those countries that were prepared to tolerate the requisite amount of state interference in private life, and finally, after the league's ordinance of 1958, all over the world, though owing to Hindu opposition, parts of India were still quite unhealthy up to 1980 or so.

"But from a wider point of view the most important biological work in the first third of the century was in experimental zoölogy and botany. When we consider that in 1912 Morgan had located several Mendelian factors in the nucleus of *Drosophila*, and modified its sex-ratio, while Marmorek had taught a harmless bacillus to kill guinea-pigs, and finally, in 1913, Brachet had grown rabbit embryos in serum for some days, it is remarkable how little the scientific workers of that time, and *a fortiori* the general public,

seem to have foreseen the practical bearing of such results.

"As a matter of fact, it was not until 1940 that Selkovski invented the purple alga *Porphyrococcus fixator*, which was to have so great an effect on the world's history. In the fifty years before this date the world's average wheat yield per hectare had been approximately doubled, partly by the application of various chemical manures, but most of all by the results of systematic crossing work with different races; there was, however, little prospect of further advance on any of these lines. *Porphyrococcus* is an enormously efficient nitrogen-fixer, and will grow in almost any climate where there are water and traces of potash and phosphates in the soil, obtaining its nitrogen from the air. It has about the effect in four days that a crop of vetches would have had in a year. It could not, of course, have been produced in the course of nature, as its immediate ancestors would grow only in artificial media and could not have survived outside a laboratory. Wherever nitrogen was the principal limiting factor to plant growth, it doubled the yield of wheat, and quadrupled the value of grass-land for grazing purposes. The enormous fall in food prices and the ruin of purely agricultural states was of course one of the chief causes of the disastrous events of 1943 and 1944. The food glut was also greatly accentuated when in 1942 the Q strain of *Porphyrococcus* escaped into the sea and multiplied with enormous rapidity. Indeed, for two months the surface of the tropical Atlantic set to a jelly, with disastrous results to the weather of Europe. When certain of the plankton organisms developed ferments capable of digesting it, the increase of the fish population of the seas was so great as to make fish the universal food that it is now, and to render even England self-supporting in respect of food. So great was the prosperity in England that in that year the coal-miners' union entered its first horse for the Derby (a horse-race which still took place annually at that time).

"It was of course as the result of its invasion by *Porphyrococcus* that the sea assumed the intense purple color which seems so natural to us, but which so distressed the more esthetically minded of our great-grandparents who witnessed the change. It is certainly curious to us to read of the sea as having been green or blue. I need not detail the work of Ferguson and Rahmatullah, who in 1957 produced the lichen which has bound the drifting sand of the world's deserts (for it was merely a continuation of that of Selkovski), nor yet the story of how the agricultural countries dealt with their unemployment by huge socialistic wind-power schemes.

"It was in 1951 that Dupont and Schwarz produced the first ectogenetic child. As early as 1902 Heape had transferred embryo rabbits from one female to another, in 1925 Haldane had grown embryonic rats in serum for ten days, but had failed to carry the process to its conclusion, and it was not till 1940 that Clark succeeded with the pig, using Kehlmann's solution as medium. Dupont and Schwarz obtained a fresh ovary from a woman who was the victim of an aëroplane accident, and kept it living in their medium for five years. They obtained several eggs from it and fertilized them successfully, but the problem of the nutrition and support of the

embryo was more difficult, and was solved only in the fourth year. Now that the technic is fully developed, we can take an ovary from a woman, and keep it growing in a suitable fluid for as long as twenty years, producing a fresh ovum each month, of which ninety per cent. can be fertilized, and the embryos grown successfully for nine months, and then brought out into the air. Schwarz never got such good results, but the news of his first success caused an unprecedented sensation throughout the entire world, for the birth-rate was already less than the death-rate in most civilized countries. France was the first country to adopt ectogenesis officially, and by 1968 was producing 60,000 children annually by this method. In most countries the opposition was far stronger, and was intensified by various ecclesiastical edicts which appeared in 1960.

"As we know, ectogenesis is now universal, and in this country less than thirty per cent. of children are now born of woman. The effect on human psychology and social life of the separation of sexual love and reproduction, which was begun in the nineteenth century and completed in the twentieth, is by no means wholly satisfactory. The old family life had certainly a good deal to commend it, and although nowadays we bring on lactation in women by injection of placentin as a routine, and thus conserve much of what was best in the former instinctive cycle, we must admit that in certain respects our great-grandparents had the advantage of us. On the other hand, it is generally admitted that the effects of selection have more than counterbalanced these evils. The small proportion of men and women who are selected as ancestors for the next generation are so undoubtedly superior to the average that the advance in each generation in any single respect, from the increased output of first-class music to the decreased convictions for theft, is very startling. Had it not been for ectogenesis there can be little doubt that civilization would have collapsed within a measurable time, owing to the greater fertility of the less desirable members of the population in almost all countries.

"It is perhaps fortunate that the process of becoming an ectogenetic mother of the next generation involves an operation which is somewhat unpleasant, though now no longer disfiguring or dangerous, and never physiologically injurious, and is therefore an honor, but by no means a pleasure. Had this not been the case, it is perfectly possible that popular opposition would have proved too strong for the selectionist movement. As it was, the opposition was very fierce, and characteristically enough this country adopted its present rather stringent standard of selection only a generation later than Germany, though it is now perhaps more advanced than any other nation in this respect. The advantages of thoroughgoing selection have, however, proved to be enormous. The question of the ideal sex ratio is still a matter of violent discussion, but the modern reaction toward equality is certainly strong."

Our essayist would then, perhaps, go on to discuss some far more radical advances made about 1990, but I have only quoted his account of the earlier applications of biology. The second appears to me to be neither impossible

nor improbable, but it has those features which we saw above to be characteristic of biological inventions. If reproduction is once completely separated from sexual love, mankind will be free in an altogether new sense. At present the national character is changing slowly according to quite unknown laws. The problem of politics is to find institutions suitable to it. In the future, perhaps, it may be possible by selective breeding to change character as quickly as institutions. I can foresee the election placards of three hundred years hence, if such quaint political methods survive, which is perhaps improbable, "Vote for Smith and more musicians," "Vote for O'Leary and more girls," or perhaps finally, "Vote for Macpherson and a prehensile tail for your great-grandchildren." We can already alter animal species to an enormous extent, and it seems only a question of time before we shall be able to apply the same principles to our own.

§ 6

I suggest, then, that biology will probably be applied on lines roughly resembling the above. There are perhaps equally great possibilities in the way of the direct improvement of the individual man, as we come to know more of the physiological obstacles to the development of different faculties. But at present we can only guess at the nature of these obstacles, and the line of attack suggested in the myth is the one which seems most obvious to a Darwinian. We already know, however, that many of our spiritual faculties can be manifested only if certain glands, notably the thyroid and sex-glands, are functioning properly, and that very minute changes in such glands affect the character greatly. As our knowledge of this subject increases, we may be able, for example, to control our passions by some more direct method than fasting and flagellation, to stimulate our imagination by some reagent with fewer after effects than alcohol, to deal with perverted instincts by physiology rather than by prison. Conversely, there will inevitably arise possibilities of new vices similar to, but even more profound than, those opened up by the pharmacological discoveries of the nineteenth century.

The recent history of medicine is as follows. Until about 1870 medicine was largely founded on physiology, or, as the Scotch called it, "Institutes of Medicine." Disease was looked at from the point of view of the patient, as injuries still are. Pasteur's discovery of the nature of infectious disease transformed the whole outlook, and made it possible to abolish one group of diseases. But it also diverted scientific medicine from its former path, and it is probable that, were bacteria unknown, though many more people would die of sepsis and typhoid, we should be better able to cope with kidney disease and cancer. Certain diseases, such as cancer, are probably not due to specific organisms, while others, such as phthisis, are due to forms which are fairly harmless to the average person, but attack others for unknown reasons. We are not likely to deal with them effectually on Pasteur's lines; we must divert our view from the micro-organism to the patient. Where the doctor cannot deal with the former, he can often keep the patient alive long enough to be able to do so himself. And here he has to rely on a knowledge of physiology.

I do not say that a physiologist will discover how to prevent cancer,—Pasteur started life as a crystallographer,—but whoever does so is likely at least to make use of physiological data on a large scale.

The abolition of disease will make death a physiological event, like sleep. A generation that has lived together will die together. I suspect that man's desire for a future life is largely due to two causes, a feeling that most lives are incomplete, and a desire to meet friends from whom we have parted prematurely. A gentle decline into the grave at the end of a completed life's work will largely do away with the first, and our contemporaries will rarely leave us sorrowing for long.

Old age is perhaps harder on women than on men. They live longer, but their life is too often marred by the sudden change which generally overtakes them between forty and fifty, and which sometimes leaves them a prey to disease, though it may improve their health. This change seems to be due to a sudden failure of a definite chemical substance produced by the ovary. When we can isolate and synthesize this body, we shall be able to prolong a woman's youth, and allow her to age as gradually as the average man.

Psychology is hardly a science yet. Like biology, it has arrived at certain generalizations of a rather abstract and philosophic character, but these are still to some extent matters of controversy. And though a vast number of most important empirical facts are known, only a few great generalizations from them—such as the existence of the subconscious mind—have yet been made. But any one who has seen even a single example of the power of hypnotism and suggestion must realize that the face of the world and the possibilities of existence will be totally altered when we can control their effects and standardize their application, as has been possible, for example, with drugs, which were once regarded as equally magical. Vastly greater, of course, would be the results of the opening up of systematic communication with spiritual beings in another world, which is claimed as a scientific possibility. Spiritualism is already Christianity's most formidable enemy, and we have no data which allows us to estimate the probable effect on man of a religion whose dogmas are a matter of experiment, whose mysteries as prosaic as electric lighting, whose ethics are based on the observed results in the next world of a good or bad life in this. Yet that is the prospect before us if spiritualism obtains the scientific verification which it is now demanding, not perhaps with great success.

I have only been able, in the time at my disposal, to traverse a very few of the possible fields of scientific advance. If I have convinced any one present that science has still a good deal up her sleeve and that of a sufficiently startling character, I shall be amply repaid. If anything I have said appears to be of a gratuitously disgusting nature, I would reply that certain phenomena of normal life do seem to many to be of that nature, and that these phenomena are of the utmost scientific and practical importance.

I have tried to show why I believe that the biologist is the most romantic figure on earth at the present day. At first sight he seems to be just a poor little, scrubby, underpaid man, groping blindly amid the mazes of the ultrami-

croscopic, engaging in bitter and life-long quarrels over the nephridia of flatworms, waking perhaps one morning to find that some one whose name he has never heard has demolished by a few crucial experiments the work which he had hoped would render him immortal. There is real tragedy in his life, but he knows that he has a responsibility which he dare not disclaim, and he is urged on, apart from all utilitarian considerations, by something or some one which he feels to be higher than himself.

The conservative has but little to fear from the man whose reason is the servant of his passions, but let him beware of him in whom reason has become the greatest and most terrible of the passions. These are the wreckers of outworn empires and civilizations—doubters, disintegrators, deicides. In the past they have been, in general, men like Voltaire, Bentham, Thales, Marx, and very possibly the divine Julius; but I think that Darwin furnishes an example of the same relentlessness of reason in the field of science. I suspect that as it becomes clear that at present reason not only has a freer play in science than elsewhere, but can produce as great effects on the world through science as through politics, philosophy, or literature, there will be more Darwins. Such men are interested primarily in truth as such, but they can hardly be uninterested in what will happen when they throw down their dragon's teeth into the world.

I do not say that biologists as a general rule try to imagine in any detail the future applications of their science. The central problems of life for them may be the relationship between the echinoderms and brachiopods, and the attempt to live on their salaries. They do not see themselves as sinister and revolutionary figures. They have no time to dream. But I suspect that more of them dream than would care to confess it.

I have given above a very small selection from my dreams. Perhaps they are bad dreams. It is, of course, almost hopeless to attempt any very exact prophecies as to how in detail scientific knowledge is going to revolutionize human life, but I believe that it will continue to do so, and even more profoundly than I have suggested. And though personally I am Victorian enough in my sympathies to hope that, after all, family life, for example, may be spared, I can only reiterate that not one of the practical advances which I have predicted is not already foreshadowed by recent scientific work. If a chemist or physicist living at the end of the seventeenth century had been asked to predict the future application of his science, he would doubtless have made many laughable errors in the best Laputan style, but he would have been certain that it would somehow be applied, and his faith would have been justified.

We must regard science, then, from three points of view. First, it is the free activity of man's divine faculties of reason and imagination. Secondly, it is the answer of the few to the demands of the many for wealth, comfort, and victory, gifts which it will grant only in exchange for peace, security, and stagnation. Finally, it is man's gradual conquest, first of space and time, then of matter as such, then of his own body and those of other living beings, and finally the subjugation of the dark and evil elements in his own soul.

None of these conquests will ever

be complete, but all, I believe, will be progressive. The question of what he will do with these powers is essentially a question for religion and esthetics. It may be urged that they are fit only to be placed in the hands of a being who has learned to control himself, and that man armed with science is like a baby with a box of matches.

The answer to this contention may, I think, be found in the daily papers. For scores of centuries idealists had urged that wars must cease and all the earth be united under one rule. As long as any other alternative was possible it was persisted in. The events of the last nine years constituted a *reductio ad absurdum* of war, but when we ask who was responsible for this, we shall find that it was not the visionaries, but men like Black, Kekule, and Langley, who enlarged man's power over nature until he was forced by the inexorable logic of facts to form the nucleus of an international government.

We have already reacted against the frame of mind that engendered the League of Nations, but we have not reacted at all completely. The league exists and is working, and in every country on earth there are many people, and ordinary normal people, who favor the idea in one form or another of a world state. I do not suggest that a world state will arise from the present league—or, for the matter of that, from the Third International. I merely observe that there is a wide-spread and organized desire for such an institution, and several possible nuclei for it. It may take another world war or two to convert the majority. The prospect of the next world war has at least this satisfactory element: in the late war the most rabid nationalists were to be found well behind the front line. In the next war no one will be behind the front line. It will be brought home to all whom it may concern that war is a very dirty business.

No doubt there is a fair chance that the possibility of human organization on a planetary scale may be rendered impossible by such a war. If so, mankind will probably have to wait for two thousand years for another opportunity. But to the student of geology such a period is negligible. It took man 250,000 years to transcend the hunting pack. It will not take him so long to transcend the nation.

I think, then, that the tendency of applied science is to magnify injustices until they become too intolerable to be borne, and the average man, whom all the prophets and poets could not move, turns at last and extinguishes the evil at its source. Marx's theory of industrial evolution is a particular example of this tendency, though it does not in the least follow that his somewhat artificial solution of the problem will be adopted.

It is probable that biological progress will prove to be as imcompatible with certain of our social evils as industrial progress has proved to be with war or certain systems of private ownership. To take a concrete example, it is clear that the second biological invention considered by my future essayist would be intolerable in conjunction with our present system of relations between classes and sexes. Moral progress is so difficult that I think any developments are to be welcomed which present it as the naked alternative to destruction, no matter how horrible may be the stimulus which is necessary before man will take the moral step in question.

§ 7

To sum up, then, science is as yet in its infancy, and we can foretell little of the future save that the thing that has not been is the thing that shall be; that no beliefs, no values, no institutions are safe. So far from being an isolated phenomenon, the late war is only an example of the disruptive results that we may constantly expect from the progress of science. The future will be no primrose path. It will have its own problems. Some will be the secular problems of the past, giant flowers of evil blossoming at last to their own destruction. Others will be wholly new. Whether in the end man will survive his accessions of power we cannot tell. But the problem is no new one. It is the old paradox of freedom reënacted with mankind for actor and the earth for stage.

The scientific worker is brought up with the moral values of his neighbors. He is perhaps fortunate if he does not realize that it is his destiny to turn good into evil. The moral and physical, though not the intellectual, virtues are means between two extremes. They are essentially quantitative. It follows that an alteration in the scale of human power will render actions bad which were formerly good. Our increased knowledge of hygiene has transformed resignation and inaction in face of epidemic disease from a religious virtue to a justly punishable offense. We have improved our armaments, and patriotism, which was once a flame upon the altar, has become a world-devouring conflagration.

The time has gone by when a Huxley could believe that while science might indeed remold traditional mythology, traditional morals were impregnable and sacrosanct to it. We must learn not to take traditional morals too seriously. And it is just because even the least dogmatic of religions tends to associate itself with some kind of unalterable moral tradition that there can be no truce between science and religion.

There does not seem to be any particular reason why a religion should not arise with an ethic as fluid as Hindu mythology, but it has not yet arisen. Christianity has probably the most flexible morals of any religion, because Jesus left no code of law behind him, like Moses or Mohammed, and his moral precepts are so different from those of ordinary life that no society has ever made any serious attempt to carry them out, such as was possible in the case of Israel and Islam. But every Christian church has tried to impose a code of morals of some kind, for which it has claimed divine sanction. As these codes have always been opposed to those of the gospels, a loophole has been left for moral progress such as hardly exists in other religions. This is no doubt an argument for Christianity as against other religions, but not as against none at all, or as against a religion which will frankly admit that its mythology and morals are provisional. That is the only sort of religion that would satisfy the scientific mind, and it is very doubtful whether it would properly be called a religion at all.

AMONG THE FOUR MILLION

From Lithographs by John Sloan

"Beginners"—Mr. Sloan caricatures himself, with his back toward us, struggling with printer, press, and stone to pull proofs of a lithograph.

Some of the following reproductions represent Mr. Sloan's early work in New York. Two were made especially for this art feature. Between extend years of painting and teaching, neither of which Mr. Sloan will abandon, although he now hopes to find more time for lithography, which is a peculiarly happy medium for him.

"SATURDAY ON THE ROOF"

The roof is the tenement-dweller's week-end resort, or he may commute thither of an evening by climbing countless flights of dirty steps. Rest, relaxation, social intercourse, are what he seeks. The artist has stated all this briefly, convincingly, and at the same time has created out of these very human elements a pattern which lifts a sordid little scene into art.

"SUNDAY ON THE ROOF"

Free from shop or factory, these girls are enjoying the sun on their bare arms and the prickle of wind through their half-dried hair. Rhythmic lines, flowing from one to the other, individualize each, yet bind them together for the moment, and the vivid young figures contrast sharply with the ominous piles of stone and steel against the horizon.

SHINE—WASHINGTON SQUARE

Four bits of life have fallen together into the sort of pattern that artists love. With clean, strong lines each commonplace character is defined for us so clearly that it does not matter that individually each is not beautiful. Better, each is alive—alive in our minds because they were first alive in the artist's.

"GOLDFISH"

All unconscious of the little comedy in which they share the honors with the fish, this family appears before us. Hundreds of others are crowding through the aquarium, open free on Sunday and always popular. The fish in their big glass boxes are very beautiful. But the artist has concentrated upon making us realize, by his careful management of velvety blacks and sparkling whites, the humorous contrast and kinship between the creatures on each side the glass partition.

"PING-PONGS"

When has man not enjoyed feminine vanity? One man here is appealing to it; another is about to pay for it; and a third exploited it to make his picture. We should never, however, have smiled with the artist at this commonplace scene had he not been able to make it vivid for us with strong lines and delicate color values.

With Unbowed Head

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Mr. Carr began the day by descending into the cellar, where he was "knocking together" a chair. It was a loud enough knocking together, but not an altogether well directed one; like many artists, however, he was satisfied with his accomplishment at the instant of completion. It was a sort of deck-chair, which would fold; it was made of white pine and covered with green rep, necessarily baggy, to allow for the folding. He carried it up the stairs and set it upon the veranda of his little house; then he called his wife to do her duty.

"Sit in it!" said he, majestically; but she was a woman and hampered by tradition. She remembered its predecessors and things they had done to her. She did sit in it, but with exasperating caution.

"Lean back!" he urged. "Now, is n't that comfortable? Don't get up! Rest!"

"I have things to do," she murmured. Suddenly the legs shifted and straddled farther apart, and she shrieked.

"Sit still!" said her husband. "It 's meant to do that. Now you stay there and rest, and I 'll attend to the dishes."

There was little he would not have done to keep her in that chair, and Mrs. Carr had long ago learned to submit to such desires for fear of hurting his feelings. She was a small, pleasant, pug-nosed woman of forty, with her hair in a girlish knot at the nape of her neck; never in life had she expressed any of her little emotions. She felt it wrong to trouble other people with her griefs and worries, though why she thought such knowledge would trouble them I can't say. She sat in the chair, concealing from Mr. Carr her sharp anxiety about the milkman.

He had n't, however, her point of view about bills. He was hurt and angry because tradesmen were too greedy, and impatient to wait until he had made his fortune. He did n't see why he should share alone the burden of his temporary unproductivity; it ought to be shared by the community, as his wealth would be when he got it. But Mrs. Carr had been for a long time an independent spinster,—a school-teacher,—and it had been her unambitious idea that what you could not pay for, you could not have. She saw the splendor of her husband's theory—first get what you want and then try to pay for it. It was heroic, but alarming. She had never imagined how immorally easy it was to get things you could n't pay for; she felt less respect for tradespeople when she saw what they would do. She said all the time that she had "perfect faith in John," yet she despised other people who trusted him.

"If I could manage three dollars on the bill," she was thinking, looking with an anxious frown at the small patch of lawn between her and the street. It was the worst lawn in Rockdale Park, and she was the worst-dressed woman. She was high-minded, certainly, but she felt all this; it was painful to her to sit there on the veranda, exposed to the eyes of all the people in the houses across the way. Until her husband had made at least a part of his fortune, she had a well nigh irresistible desire to hide herself and all her activities; she went so far as to dry the washing in the cellar.

"Perhaps he 'd take two," she thought, when suddenly the chair went dead beneath her, and flung her violently on her back. Only the girlish knot at the nape of her neck protected her unhappy head; her spine, not protected, received a shock that stunned her.

Her husband heard the impact, and came out, not hurrying, because he never moved quickly, but anxiously. His wife still lay flat on her back, on the ruin of the chair; he helped her up, a little alarmed at her limpness and pallor. But she knew it was her duty to dispel his alarm, and she sank into another chair, and smilled brightly.

"Are you hurt, Sweetheart?" he inquired in his dignified, sonorous voice. She said she was not, and he bent over his chair.

"Did you move suddenly?" he asked. "Did you kneel in the seat?"

Certainly this was not one of her habits, but disappointment made him a little unjust. He stroked his chin and frowned. He was a dusty, rumpled, brown-gray man, heavy, a little bald, with eye-glasses; it was obvious that he had not a good razor and very little personal vanity. He was four years younger than his wife; his great dignity and gravity added years to his outward appearance, but his optimism, his faith in himself, his beautiful trust in life, were such as rarely survive the twenties. Even the failure of this chair did not dismay him. He thought and thought, looking down at it; but he had already mentally rejected that chair and was planning another.

"I'll try oak," said he. "This pine 's too soft."

Mrs. Carr, still weak and giddy, wondered if oak would cost more. All this lumber, these planes, saws, hammers, vises, and nails were so expensive! She was willing to believe it was cheaper to make chairs than to buy them, but she could n't help feeling that they could do without more chairs of any sort. Of course she said nothing of all this, but smiled, kept smiling, until Mr. Carr went off, in his frayed overcoat and stained felt hat, brown-gray, like his face and his hair. Then she got up to go about her housework, but her back hurt her very much; tears came to her eyes as she crept into the house, quite unable to keep from groaning as she moved. It was a wonderful thing to have a man to take care of her; only it was hard work.

§ 2

Mr. Carr had in the meantime just lost his train. He always allowed himself just the right number of minutes to reach the station and walked at his invariable pace, with firm and stately carriage. If the train was gone when he got there, it was obviously not his fault. He had thirty minutes to wait for the next

one; the station was deserted, for the other men of Rockdale Park had gone much earlier. They were office men, chained to desks, slaves; Mr. Carr refused that sort of life. In the first place, it would ruin his health, and in the second place, there was nothing in it. As soon as he had got married, he had given up his despicable office job, with its insulting salary, and launched out. For five years, though, he had been deceived by the "propositions" he took up.

His latest proposition, a sample of which he carried with him in a tiny suitcase that aroused instant suspicion in every office boy, was a folding-lamp which could be put into your desk drawer, if such a singular desire should come to you. Any intelligent person, one would imagine, would at once discard and scrap all other lamps in favor of this, because this had all the good points of all other lamps yet made, in addition to its whimsical collapsibility. But until you have tried, you cannot believe the mulish obstinacy of the world. People won't even try a thing they won't want.

He picked out a good seat on the train, one on the river side and away from the sun; he put the tiny suitcase on his knees and laid out on it a number of cards on which were typewritten the names and addresses of "prospects"; and he had twenty persons that day predestined.

His working day was a short one on account of psychology. It did n't do to see a man before ten, because of the morning mail; you must approach no man between twelve and two, because he was either out for lunch, hungry, or digesting lunch. And precisely at four o'clock, according to Mr. Carr, a sinister sort of fatigue descended like a cloud upon the offices, and it was wise to stop away. All this made it necessary for him to spend a good deal of time at the "movies"; but although this cost a bit, good ideas often came to him there, and sometimes he fell asleep, which refreshed his brain.

This day went by in the usual way. He sold nothing, but that did n't discourage him. Slowly, subtly, he was creating a market, introducing into men's minds an ineradicable passion for folding-lamps. On each of his cards he wrote something: "Interested; return July 10." "Will need equipment Sept." And on one or two, "N. G." Be assured that a "prospect" had to be notably forcible to secure *that* rating; a less brave spirit than Mr. Carr's might have written instead in blood and tears of hideous humiliations. No one could humiliate Mr. Carr, no one on earth.

He went back to Rockdale Park as calm, dignified, and cheerful as he had left it in the morning. Even the sight of his chair still lying in ruins on the veranda did n't distress him; nor did the sight of his wife in bed, very much. She would soon be all right; everything would be. She did n't tell him that she was suffering cruelly, and of course she did not mention the chair; that would have hurt his feelings. She said she had a bad headache, which is good enough for any husband. He tied an apron about his portly form, cooked the dinner, and swept and garnished the house. He liked doing that. Then, after he had washed the dishes, he sat down beside his wife and read aloud to her; and while she listened to his resonant and manly voice, tears of gratitude rolled down her cheeks.

She tried to be better in the morning, as she had promised, but could not

bring it off. She was unable to get up.

"Never mind, Sweetheart," said Mr. Carr. "Leave everything to me."

He did all the work of the house, cooked the meals, waited on her nicely; but still she grew no better. Three days went by, and he suggested a doctor.

"No, John dearest," she protested; "we can't afford it." She paused a moment. "I 'd really like it better if you 'd go back to business. I can lie here quietly till you come home—"

"Who 'll cook your lunch?" he asked.

"But if you don't work, there 'll be no lunch to cook," she cried.

"Leave it all to me," said Mr. Carr.

On the fifth day he decided that it was rheumatism, and Mrs. Carr drank dutifully of the patent medicine for its cure. She did not suffer so much now, and she was afraid she knew why. She lay very quiet, staring at nothing, astounded at what she saw approaching. She was never guilty of the indelicacy of mentioning an elemental fact; the word "death" she never used. She preferred to say "passing away," and I think she had schooled herself to believe that she would actually do that, actually vanish, body and all, leaving nothing to trouble her courageous husband.

He was superb. He did everything; he brought her up the daintiest little meals, two portions of everything, for he ate at her bedside. Sometimes she asked him feebly how he managed, where the money came from.

"You leave it all to me," he said. "Don't you worry."

He was, as a matter of fact, doing something that would have broken her respectable little heart. He was pawning their wedding silver and everything else available. He slipped out in the evening with a newspaper bundle, and came back with cash. They had absolutely no other income, but that did n't discourage him.

In the course of time he deemed it necessary to call in a doctor. He thought it out, and decided that the sample electric lamp should pay the doctor; and it did. The lamp was not his, and he might get into trouble, but he faced that unperturbed.

The doctor told him the truth bluntly, because he mistook Mr. Carr's fortitude for something else. He told him his wife was dying, and was likely to be some months in doing so. Very well, Mr. Carr could handle that, too. He sat down at once and wrote to his wife's wealthy and aloof aunt in the city. He described his wife's illness in terms more medical than any doctor could have used, adding a human touch worthy of a poet or a salesman. True to his principles, he sent a "follow-up letter," and in the end he "got results." He kept up a regular correspondence with Aunt Kitty; his letters were beautiful, and were read aloud in the city. He concealed all this from his wife, which was kind and wise.

§ 3

At last the gas was turned off in the house, and the water; the telephone was removed, the chattel mortgage on the furniture foreclosed. Mr. Carr was left alone with the wrecks of six home-made chairs. He expected momentarily to be turned out of the house, but until that should happen he existed gipsy fashion, and went about the neighborhood selling hand-knit wash-cloths. He saw a big future in that. He missed his wife, but he

looked forward to rejoining her in the hereafter and of having a great deal to tell her. He was no longer dusty, but grimy, and his calm majesty had in it now something of mystic resignation. He said it was his duty to his wife's memory to justify the faith she had had in him. Perhaps he was doing so. He sat in the bare kitchen in the evening, with a candle for light, and meditated over a pipe. The washcloths were not appreciated, but that did n't discourage him.

One evening at twilight he was coming home carrying the sort of thing that once connoted beer; he was however, fetching water from a neighboring brook in which to wash. He had a Bologna sandwich in his pocket, and a bag of tobacco, and he whistled sweetly as he came. He was surprised to see a motor-car standing before the house, but not dismayed. An elderly lady was sitting in it; she beckoned to him, and he approached.

"Are you John Carr?" she asked.

"I am, madame," he answered with courtly grace, removing his hat. In the dusk, and to old eyes, there was nothing to be perceived but his stately carriage, his serene and well modulated voice.

"I 'm poor Janet's Aunt Kitty," said she. "Dear me! dear me! She was the last I had left, and now she 's gone."

"Yes, she 's gone," said Mr. Carr, and the tranquillity of his tone startled the old lady.

"You don't take it very hard," she observed, with displeasure.

"No, I don't," said Mr. Carr. And in that moment came his apotheosis. "I have the great consolation of knowing I did everything possible for her while she was here. And I shall see her again. Death," said he, "means little to me."

"You 're not afraid of dying?" asked the old lady, who was.

"I 'm not afraid of *anything*," said Mr. Carr. "Death is only a bridge." And he went on, and the old lady could have listened to him forever.

"I 'll step inside," said she. "I like to hear a man talk like this."

"I cannot ask you to come in," said Mr. Carr, "because the gas has been turned off and the furniture taken away." Somehow he did not think of offering her one of his home-made chairs.

"Mercy me! You 're living there with no lights and no furniture?" cried she.

"And no water," said Mr. Carr. "But I don't need them. I have my own thoughts and memories and a candle."

"You 're a wonderful man!" said she.

He did n't deny it.

"But you can't be getting on very well in business," she added.

"I gave up my business when Janet fell ill, so that I might attend to her as she deserved," he answered. "I don't complain; she was worth any sacrifice."

The old lady drove away, weeping. She had materialized out of the dusk for the sole purpose of witnessing the apotheosis of Mr. Carr; her part in life was played, and she died the next month. She left all her money to him, as who would not?

He is now wealthy, and no longer makes folding-chairs of Georgia pine, but cabinets of lacquer-work. He is quite unspoiled by his fortune.

"I always had faith in life," he will tell you. "I never lost courage. I knew I 'd work my way out of my troubles."

Among the Giant Volcanoes

By Count Nils Gyldenstolpe

When at dawn on the sixteenth of March we were ready to break up in order to march toward our future field of operations in the valley between Mikeno and Karissimbi, there were heavy, black rain-clouds hanging over the mountain-tops, and the weather looked as if it were going to be anything but pleasant. As usual, the bearers had not appeared in sufficient numbers at the appointed hour, and the promised guides had not put in an appearance; but later an additional number of negroes arrived, and at ten o'clock we were at last ready to leave the hospitable missionary station at Lulenga in order to enjoy for some time to come the free and unfettered life of the wilderness.

In the little village of Burunga, situated in a wide open plain just at the foot of Mikeno, from which there is a glorious view over the surrounding volcano district, we made a brief halt in order to try to engage some guides familiar with the neighborhood instead of those whom the missionaries at Nyundo had promised us, but who were still conspicuous by their absence. To the east lay the enormous mountain massif to which we meant to proceed in order, as far as time would permit, to discover its zoölogical secrets. Nearest us was enthroned Mikeno, whose perpendicular and insurmountable highest peaks now and then became visible through the scurrying masses of cloud, which seemed to play a delirious game of "tick" with one another round the top of the mountain. A little farther away in a southeasterly direction rose up the familiar, regular cone of Karissimbi, and in the sunshine, which now and then broke through, it shone dazzling white with freshly fallen snow. It looked as if Karissimbi had put on a white skullcap, which, however, here and there stretched a little farther down the steep slopes of the mountain. In the west, and under our feet, spread out the broad valley which separates the most westerly volcanic complex from the central one, and in this valley white cloud formations began to rise toward the sky. In the background you could catch a glimpse of Namlagira and Ninagongo. From the interior of these mountains grayish white masses of clouds rolled up, proving that they had not yet gone to rest.

But the day is short, and we had far to go to reach our next camping-ground on the highest point in the valley between Mikeno and Karissimbi. So we broke up as soon as any of the inhabitants of the valley had declared themselves willing to accompany us as guides. The natives do not as a rule like staying up in the higher mountain regions. They fear the biting cold, and possibly also the evil spirits that dwell there.

Soon after we had left the village

behind us, the bearers tried to get permission to make camp. They all declared with one voice that a further advance that day was impracticable. Partly they said it was impossible to reach our proposed camping-ground while there was still light, and partly we could not be sure of finding any water on the way. But I decided, nevertheless, to continue a little farther, because it did not accord with my plans to camp near the village. A number of bearers would then be sure to run away. I was not worried about the water, either. There must doubtless be access to drinking water in some of the many rills and streams that found their way down the mountain slopes, and which we could see with the naked eye. As soon as the bearers realized that we did not intend to follow their advice and spend the night at the foot of the mountain, they increased their speed and marched forward considerably faster and better than before.

When we had left the cultivated country behind us we entered into a dense undergrowth in which here and there a few high mountains peeped out over the brilliant green. We followed a narrow path through this chaos of all kind of plants. The path had evidently not long before been used by elephants, whose heavy footprints were often seen. The elephants had amused themselves by pulling up a number of trees from the leaves of which they had enjoyed a needed meal. In several places the path was so narrow and overgrown that our forest knives had to be used in order to assist the progress of the caravan. The gradient became steeper and steeper, and the path more and more muddy. Almost the whole time we sank into the mud up to the ankles, and as it was at the same time extremely slippery, it may be imagined without much difficulty that it was not exactly a path of roses.

After about two hours' march through the undergrowth we began to enter the bamboo forest. Here it was, if possible, still dirtier and more slippery than before. The bamboo forest, which stretches round the volcanoes in a broad belt at a height of about three thousand meters, is so dense that the sun's rays can scarcely penetrate it and with their life-giving warmth dry up the ground beneath, which here nourishes only a short sparse undergrowth. The elephants, which during the latter part of our tiresome march through the forest had struck into other paths than those followed by us, had now once more trampled in our direction, and their enormous feet had left deep impressions. Often we had to jump to the "firmer" ground between the footprints, a process which did not render our already difficult climbing any easier. The path was covered with dry leaves, which rustled at every step. Otherwise we scarcely heard a sound except from some little birds, which flew terrified to more peaceful parts. An agreeable coolness reigns in these somber places, seldom trodden by human feet. Despite the coolness, the perspiration was running off us, and we realized that the road was uphill. Our lungs and hearts worked violently, but, then, we were at a height of about thirty-two hundred meters above the sea-level.

Onward and upward went our way. After seven hours' very strenuous marching we at last reached a little clearing in the forest. The bamboo had now given place to other trees,

among which the *Hagenia Abyssinica* was predominant.

As, according to our guides, there was some possibility of finding water in the neighborhood of this clearing, we decided to spend the night here. Soon our tents were set up, and gaily crackling camp-fires announced that the hardships of the day were happily over and that we might rest before our renewed efforts of the following day. According to the guides, we should be subject to hardships at least as strenuous before we had reached the goal of our journey. That sounded cheerful!

We all felt content when at dawn the next day we were ready to break up. It had been extremely cold and damp during the night, and we longed for the moment when the sun would show his flame-red countenance above the horizon. Fortunately, only nine bearers had deserted us.

The path that we now followed was less muddy, and progress was consequently a little more rapid, though the gradient was steeper. We were, however, often obliged to cut away the surrounding vegetation. The ground was similar to that which we had passed through during the latter part of the previous day. The undergrowth chiefly consisted of tall, stinging nettles of a species related to our own chervil. The higher trees mostly consisted of hagenias. The bird life at this height appeared to be somewhat richer than lower down, and a number of interesting species were added to our ever growing collections. Among the feathered creatures of the forest Graner's little male humming-bird, parading in a magnificent and vividly colored array, was far and away the most common. The male is of a metallic, lustrous green color on the back, while the breast is carmine red. It was a real joy to the eye to see these little creatures fly from tree to tree, sucking their nourishment from the flowers. By their sweet twittering they also enlivened the desolation and silence. We saw traces of buffaloes, but not a glimpse of the beasts themselves. Monkeys shrieked and chattered, but kept at a safe distance and gave us no opportunity for a shot.

After five hours' march the forest began to grow thinner, and we reached a spot covered with short grass and various plants, in the middle of which there was a little pool. We had at last reached the highest point of the pass. Here we were to make camp and to settle for some time to come. Numerous tracks both of elephants and buffaloes showed that these animals used to quench their thirst in the dirty water of the pool. During our journey we had also noticed old traces of mountain gorillas in various places. I therefore began to cherish a little hope of an opportunity of adding one or perhaps several of these rare animals to our collection of the peculiar fauna of the volcano district.

§ 2

Our camp was situated at the height of about thirty-six hundred meters above the sea-level, and the climate at this height was anything but pleasant. It was difficult to realize that we were two degrees of latitude south of the equator. Cold rain or fog was the order of the day, and all our thick clothes—there were not, however, many of them—were brought out. Especially during the night it was frightfully cold, though we generally slept well despite it.

Shooting up here was particularly difficult and coupled with great exertion, for the mountain slopes are traversed by a great number of steep and deep ravines. Add to this the dense undergrowth of various plants and climbers that have grown together into a chaotic tangle, often of a man's height, and one can realize that life had its difficulties. But we did not allow that to prevent us from exploring this most interesting district, and the collections we succeeded in bringing together were fairly representative and complete.

As soon as we had established a little order in camp we started energetically on the work of collecting. Traps were set, insects were caught, and daily excursions were made in different directions along the mountain slopes and toward the peaks. Early one morning we were ready to start for Karissimbi. It was very cold. The grass outside the tents shone white, and crunched beneath our feet. The temperature was certainly one or more degrees below freezing-point. Unfortunately, our thermometer had been broken, and we were thus not able definitely to determine the temperature. The few bearers who were to accompany us shivered, but then they had very few clothes to protect them against the cold and the biting wind. Their dress consisted only of an untanned skin, which they wore fastened across one shoulder, leaving the other side of the body almost unprotected. I should like to mention by the way that during the first night we spent on the mountain in the cold not a single one of our twenty or more bearers fell ill and that despite their lack of clothing.

As soon as we had begun to climb, our blood began to circulate, and we forgot the cold. From our camp we went in a southernly direction, and for two hours we had a rather difficult climb through a fairly high-grown forest. The gradient was steep, and in several places we had to crawl forward on all fours. A fine persistent rain began to fall, and several times we were completely enveloped in the clouds. We saw very little animal life. I had, however, had an opportunity of shooting a number of greenish squirrels and a number of small birds of different kinds. Many traces of gorillas were visible, but only old ones. The chervil-like plant seems to be the gorillas' favorite food, and in the spots where it grew real paths were trampled down. These paths were very useful to us, as they assisted us in great measure in our otherwise troublesome progress.

A small number of bird species was found at this height, among others the exceedingly beautiful and rare humming-bird *Nectarinia dartmouthi*, a species that was discovered not long ago on the highest points of Ruwenzori. The male bird is distinguished by its metallic sheen and bluish-green dress. At the side of the breast there are carmine red tufts, and the innermost tail feathers are prolonged, and extend far beyond the rest of the tail. The pleasant twittering of the birds enlivened the silence of these desolate and barren parts. Now and then some other humming-birds were also visible, a gray-black breasted tomtit, and some brown singing birds that dwell in the grass and the tufts and belong to the class of *Bradypterus*. In one of the ravines we caught a momentary glimpse of a tufted antelope, and numerous traces of rats proved

that these rodents were not absent. The insect world was poor. A few spiders, earwigs, beetles, and white night moths—that was all, at least of the more conspicuous insects.

On our homeward journey we took a more westerly direction, and after ten hours' march we returned safely to camp, tired, but all the same very content with our excursion, during which, besides our rich zoölogical material, we had seen country that has seldom if ever before been visited by any European. As soon as we had eaten some much needed food we started to work hard on preserving the day's catch, writing diaries, etc., and it was a long time before we could get to bed and endeavor to pass the cold night in sleep. But life up in the mountain regions is all the same glorious, and I shall never forget the time I was fortunate enough to spend among the magnificent peaks of the Birunga volcanoes.

§ 3

During my daily rambles on the slopes of Mikeno and Karissimbi I had, as has been mentioned before, on several occasions found traces of the mountain gorilla. But these traces were usually so old that it was not worth while to take up the pursuit. The mountain gorilla is not very stationary in its habits, but wanders from mountain to mountain according to the supply of food. However, I had a little good luck and on a few occasions an exciting chase of these rare and extraordinarily shy animals, which usually live in the most inaccessible and remote parts.

In 1903 the scientific world was surprised to hear of the discovery of a hitherto unknown gorilla species, which had been discovered on the Sabinio volcano by the German colonial official, Captain von Beringe. This so-called mountain gorilla, which was named *Gorilla beringei*, is in several respects different from its relative of the West African virgin forests. Owing to the cold climate, the mountain gorilla has been furnished by nature with a thick and shaggy coat. There are other marked differences, as in the formation of the cranium, but it would lead me too far if I were to describe these differences here. The mountain gorilla is, moreover, shorter and more heavily built than the West African gorilla, and the lower jaw protrudes farther. Only a small number of specimens of the mountain gorilla have reached European museums. The Natural Science Museum, however, obtained some fine specimens in 1916, which our compatriot in the Congo service, Commandant Elias Arrhenius, had captured on the Mikeno volcano. On closer examination these were found to differ somewhat from the gorilla living on Sabinio, and were described by Professor Einar Lonnberg as a special race. As there were differences between the Sabinio and the Mikeno gorillas, one might surmise that there would also be local races on the other volcanoes. One of the chief purposes of our expedition was therefore to gather as much material in the form of mountain gorillas as possible. Thanks to the extraordinary kindness of the Belgian Government, we obtained permission to shoot fourteen specimens of these otherwise carefully protected anthropoid apes. After all we had heard and read of the shyness and inaccessibility of these animals, we never dared to hope to kill the allotted num-

ber. These hopes were not strengthened either when we tried our luck on Sabinio and realized the difficulties associated with progress over the impracticable ground in which the gorillas prefer to dwell.

One morning early—it was March 20, 1921—I and my two rifle-bearers, Ndundu and Simba, and a few natives who knew the neighborhood set out from camp in order to collect some small birds. We went in approximately a northerly direction, following the perpendicular sides of Mikeno. We had proceeded about five hundred yards from our camp when, after having shot a grayish flycatcher with my fowling-piece, I heard a grunting sound from the dense forest in front of us. We listened in tense expectation for the sound to be repeated, for one of the natives had whispered to me one single word, "Ingagi" (that is, "gorilla"). It was not many minutes before the sound was repeated. At the same time we heard a dull, hollow sound echoing in the mountains. This sound is produced by the gorilla beating its breast with its paw and thus giving a warning to its comrades.

As I had not taken any heavy gun with me, one of my gun-bearers was quickly sent back to camp for my big double express. In breathless tension we waited to hear any further signs of life from the gorillas, which, it seemed to us, could not be very far away. But all was silence, and only the happy chirping of some small birds and the smacking of a squirrel disturbed the tomb-like stillness. After a short while, which, however, seemed an eternity to me, the rifle-bearer returned. The time had now come to penetrate carefully in the direction in which we believed the animals to be.

We had not gone many steps before we found traces of a great flock of gorillas which had come down into the valley from Karissimbi. The gorillas had not hurried; you could see that by the appearance of the tracks. On the way they had evidently been busy taking their breakfast, this time consisting of the juicy stalks of the chervil. While we were taking great care not to make any noise, we crept forward. Soon we were near the gorillas. Now and then we could hear faint gruntings and movements and rustlings in the undergrowth announcing the presence of the animals. Unfortunately, they themselves were completely hidden by the high vegetation. On the spot where the tracks had first been seen the greater part of my followers were left with strict orders to keep perfectly quiet and motionless, whatever happened.

I, my rifle-bearer Simba, and one of the guides crept slowly forward till we had reached the foot of a tree from which we could just peep out over a small fairly open place in the forest. In the middle of this opening lay a fallen tree, whose branches rose above the rich vegetation which everywhere covered the ground. My hiding-place was situated only about twenty yards from the place where the gorillas were. With very natural excitement I expected to catch sight of the animals any moment, and perhaps behold a sight that few, if any, Europeans had had the luck to see. I had not long to wait before I caught sight of a baby gorilla slowly and cautiously climbing up the fallen tree trunk. This baby was soon followed by another one, and the two young ones now began to play a clumsy game of "tick" with each other. Now and then they let them-

selves down to the ground. They never jumped straight down, but first hung by their arms, after which they threw themselves down with a thud, and then after a short time got up on to the tree trunk again and continued the game afresh. Their movements were slow and very clumsy. Once when one of the young ones was trying to catch hold of its playfellow and made a violent movement, it simply tumbled over; and in the surprise of seeing its playfellow disappear so suddenly, the other one very nearly followed its example. Before it succeeded in regaining its equilibrium it took a real header.

On some occasions the young ones clasped each other in their arms, and once I noticed how one of them, after an unsuccessful attempt to catch the other, began to beat the tree trunk with both hands, evidently in order to make its playfellow come nearer out of curiosity. Then suddenly there was a lively movement among the feeding animals, and slowly and lazily a full-grown female gorilla climbed up the trunk. There she sat looking round. The young gorillas kept perfectly motionless for some moments. They resumed their dizzy game, however, as soon as the mother had convinced herself that no danger threatened. The female soon joined in the game, to the visible and audible delight of the young ones. Once I saw the female gorilla take one of the young ones in her arms. She remained sitting like that a long while, with the other young one jealously looking on. By and by the female clambered down again, and the young ones continued their interrupted game alone.

A little farther away there stood a dry tree in the lower branches of which another female and a young one sat crouched, evidently no longer hungry, but content with their existence. To the left of me there was a fallen tree on which a big male sat on guard. Now and then he went down from his elevated post and broke off leaves and plants that, after he had carefully examined them, he put into his mouth and ate with a smacking sound. In the middle of the opening, unfortunately, however, completely hidden from my curious eyes, was the remainder of the herd, which, as appeared afterward, consisted of about thirty members. Among these was the leader, who now and then made his presence known by a grunting sound. From time to time some short angry growls were heard from some gorilla who disputed with one of the others the possession of some specially delicate and juicy stalk, and sometimes we heard the hollow sounds when one of them beat its bare chest. This habit of beating the chest seems to me to be a sort of signal of warning or else it is to show their power and strength and to warn others to keep at a proper distance.

For more than half an hour I lay and enjoyed this rare and splendid sight of the gorillas' home life in the wild forest. Unfortunately, there was a drizzle that made photography impossible. I made a few attempts, but they were not successful. Possibly it was the noise of the camera that finally disturbed the animals, because immediately a full-grown male mounted the fallen tree trunk and stared fixedly at the tree behind which I stood. He suspected that all was not well, made a short, hoarse barking sound, and disappeared on the ground. I could now clearly hear from the rustling among

the plants that the herd had begun cautiously to move away from me.

§ 4

At once I made up my mind to leave my hiding-place and to creep out to the place where the gorillas had been feeding. This forward move had to be made very cautiously and was not without its risks, because one could never know if all the gorillas had made off or not, and it might prove disagreeable to meet one at close quarters if it had been left behind or put out as sentinel or as a cover for the retreat. But all passed off without any adventure, and when I had crawled out a little and was a few yards away from the tree where the young ones had been playing there were suddenly violent movements in the vegetation just in front of me. The gorillas had probably heard some suspicious sounds, but that they were not much frightened their silence proved. They were evidently not clear as to what kind of danger had approached. I stopped at once, rose up carefully, and waited, not without a certain tension, for what was going to happen. As the gorillas were not much frightened, I thought that they would soon show themselves again.

After some minutes' tense waiting I caught sight of a gorilla slowly and cautiously climbing up a low fallen tree trunk. A shot rang out, and the gorilla fell dead. The next moment another came on, and it also received a mortal shot. Almost simultaneously we caught sight of two more, one of them an enormous beast. Both of those had also to bite the grass. The remainder of the flock now slowly climbed up the mountain. They went in single file. First the females and the half grown, then the little ones, of which I counted eight, and lastly the males. The gorillas almost always walk on all fours, leaning on the knuckles of the hands. When they mean to attack their enemy, it sometimes happens that they rise on their hind legs and jump at the intended victim in order to force it to the ground by their weight. It was strange to observe the calm order in which they retreated. There was no hurry, no running about in different directions. The animals evidently had not run far away, because when later in the day we were busy bringing home the killed specimens we heard them not far from the place where they had disappeared from sight after the shots.

During one of my daily excursions from the camp on Karissimbi I found some fresh traces of mountain gorillas. Fortunately, the tracks led upward toward the higher regions of the mountain. If they had led downward instead, we should certainly have had a much more strenuous pursuit through the dense thickets of bamboo than what was now the case. But the gradient grew steeper and steeper, and we had to use our forest knives several times in order to help us to penetrate. At last we arrived on a ridge where the bare cliff showed through, and then the tracks were difficult to discover. But thanks to the excellent tracking of our native guide we did not lose them, and without too much loss of time we could resume the pursuit, although at a slower pace.

After a few hours we found the place where the gorillas had had their night quarters. The four sleeping-places were situated in a dense thicket at the foot of some high trees. The gorillas had only made a slight depression in

the ground, and this depression was partly edged and partly covered over by broken twigs and leaves. Before these animals had gone to rest they had had their evening meal in the neighborhood. Beside the juicy stalks of the chervil, their food had consisted of some yellow cherry-like fruits.

After having examined the surroundings carefully, my tracker declared that the gorillas could not be far away. Now the utmost caution was necessary. It was not easy noiselessly to pick our way through the entangled undergrowth, which here consisted to a great extent of stinging nettles of almost a man's height. By and by we succeeded, without having made too much noise, in reaching the edge of the deep ravine down which the gorillas had gone. We could not find any foothold, but were obliged to slide down to the bottom of the ravine, where a little stream with crystal clear water murmured. Here the animals had quenched their thirst, and so did my own people. As the gorillas had continued on up the other slope, we could not lag behind. On all fours we crawled and climbed, holding by our hands to the tree roots or, for lack of something better, to the stalks of the nettles. All were pleased when we had at last left this troublesome ravine behind us. We wished we had as thick skins on our hands as had the gorillas, for then we should not have minded the nettles so much as we did. On the other side of the ravine a similar descent appeared, though its sides were less steep. When I had reached the farthest ridge I caught sight of two male gorillas sitting on the ground, each with his back against a tree trunk. The two animals were busily engaged in their morning toilet, with which they helped each other. They looked very funny, and I could not help laughing inwardly at their comical gestures. One gorilla turned his side to me while the other showed his muscular naked breast. Two females, or possibly two young males, were feeding on the ground beside them.

The gorilla that faced me discerned me almost at once. I therefore let go a shot instantly, aiming at the one that turned his side to me, for he was the biggest and seemed to be a really splendid specimen. The distance between me and the animals was about forty yards, and at the shot the gorilla rolled over and disappeared from sight. The others hurried down the slope, and for several minutes I enjoyed this magnificent sight. The shot gorilla had not made a single sound either at the moment of, or after, the shot; I therefore supposed that it lay dead on the spot. We approached cautiously, but could see nothing. A faint track of blood showed, however, that the animal had made off after having rolled a few yards down the steep slope.

The greatest caution was now necessary, for a wounded gorilla is certainly not a thing to play with, especially on ground where you cannot see many yards ahead. The trail led to a tree which had fallen across a large stone. The branches of the tree reached over the stone and formed a kind of cave, in which I supposed the gorilla to have hidden. I gave the native hunter orders to climb the tree and to investigate by throwing down stones. I myself took up a position on a small hillock near by from which I was barely able to survey the surrounding ground. With my finger on the trigger I waited for whatever might happen.

At the same moment as the man

began to climb the tree a horrible and furious roaring was heard, and the gorilla rushed out at full speed. Before I had an opportunity of getting in a sure shot it was already hidden in the high vegetation. Once more, therefore, we must resume the pursuit and try to come closer to the wounded beast. Our excitement rose to a climax. The gorilla, which seemed to be badly wounded, only ran short distances. But the ground was so difficult that it was absolutely impossible to get in a well directed shot before the beast was again swallowed up in the undergrowth, and this despite the animal several times rushing out within range. As a rule it sought protection at the foot of some tree covered with a tangle of plants.

The chase was growing more and more risky, but that only egged us on to renewed efforts to capture the much desired quarry. For a couple of hours we played a regular game of hide and seek, but all our efforts to take the life of the beast failed miserably. At last we thought we had discovered the place where it lay. We now decided on new tactics. Instead of following the trail, I made a detour and took up my position on a small ridge in the direction I presumed the gorilla would take when it was frightened away. The black servant had orders to follow the trail, and when he came in the neighborhood of the tree where the beast was supposed to lie, he was to try to frighten it away by cries and by throwing stones. From the place where I stood I could by means of a shot, in case of need, prevent the gorilla from attacking the man.

Suddenly the animal rushed up and came with the speed of lightning straight for me. At the very moment that the gorilla caught sight of me it rose on its hind legs and roared furiously. But it did not come far, as a well directed shot put an end to its sufferings. Amidst terrific crackling of twigs it tumbled over and rolled down the slope to the spot where it had last lain hidden. An examination showed that the first bullet had gone straight through the chest and lay flattened out on the opposite side. It was very strange that after such a shot the animal had been able to walk as far and as long as it had done.

We came back to camp at sunset after an exciting and eventful day during which we had been moving for eleven hours. It was, however, only late at night that the gorilla was safely brought into camp.

An old male gorilla weighs over four hundred pounds and is a fine reward for the many difficulties which have to be surmounted in tracking him down.

The Young Witch

1698

(Elder Davenport Speaks)

By George Sterling

Drawings by John Held, Jr.

Cry bravely, O town-crier,
(And ye, young men, beware!)
How Yale Ratchford, the strong smith,
Is gone God knoweth where.

Yea, the tall smith is gone,
And comes not home again.
Though he had a shrewish wife,
He was man among men.

He shall drink no more ale,
  Nor smoke at the tavern door,
Nor sing old songs at his forge,
  And wrestle young men no more.

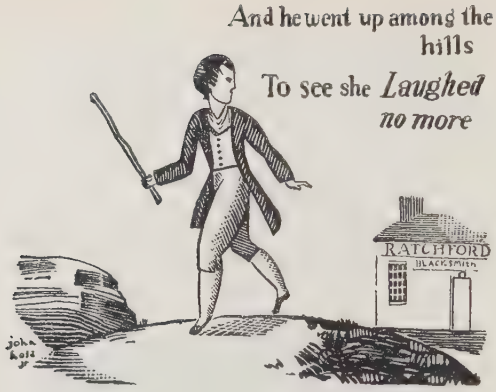
This he got for being so strong,
  And this for being so bold
As to have in scorn the white witch
  Who slept in her hair of gold.

By the dark pond in the hills
  She lived when her dam died,
With a black cat which minded her,
  And a black dog at her side.

In pine-wood and marshy places
  Her low song was sung,
Where long moss is, and toadstools
  The hue of a goblin's tongue.

Where got she her sullen mouth
  And where her swaying form?
Would she live on eggs and apples
  When the blood of men is warm?

All the town people went shy of her
  When the Ratchford baby died.
Folk tell how she laughed that day,
  And no folk say she cried.



Yale Ratchford cut him a switch
From a hickory at his door,
And he went up among the hills
To see she laughed no more.

There were whispers of a hanging
The day that he went forth,
As had been done by holy men
At Salem in the north.

A bear was shot at Hadlyme
With fur as soft as silk,
And Goodman Ames of Saybrook
Found minnows in the milk.

That night the geese went over,
  A-belling for the pole.
Some say it was the dark hounds
  That bay a loosened soul.

But saved, or damned forever,
  He comes back home no more,
And we who searched at the witch's house
  Found grass against the door.

It was not wise to go hillward
  With hand shut on a switch;
It is not given to young men
  To rid the land of a witch—

Not with eyes so wide apart,
  And in a face so white.
Not if she wander naked
  By a shrunk moon's light.

What shall he do her of service,
  As the strong do for the fair?
Shall he forge her an iron marriage-ring,
  Or shoes for the devil's mare?

For they ha' gone forever—
  Vanished, as men say true,
In blue sky or blue water
  Or the wind between the two.

Painting the Lily

By Alexander Black

Primitive clowns, looking about for the face paint that would be the funniest, made many grotesque experiments, a few of which are preserved by art. It was found that various colors could make the features look soiled or sick or fantastic, but that only one of the pigments could make them look completely funny. This was white. And ranging the features for the one most vulnerable, the one most acutely sensitive to ridicule, they fixed upon the nose. Thus a white nose became a symbol of the ultimately comic.

If in the remote time of this discovery some seedy prophet had said to the clowns: "The day will come when the women of the world will seize your symbol and convert it to the uses of beautification. The whitened nose will become a fetish, a ritualistic sign, a supreme mark of pure pulchritude," the clowns would have agreed, with a guffaw, that he was only a prophet.

And yet—

If in the same obscure era, when humanity was fumbling with the fundaments, some philosopher had asked, "Which visible part of the body must, beyond all debate, be kept utterly clean?" the primitive pupil would have known enough to answer, "The lips." Ages later, after the invention of kissing and table manners, the answer would have been even more conscientiously emphatic.

And yet—

When paradoxes happen, instead of enjoying them or attacking them on their own account, most people seem to feel obligated to find a meaning for them in something military. Thus we are told that it took the Civil War to produce the hoop-skirt; that the Great War liberated the lip-stick. The theory looks like one of those ciphers by the aid of which you can read a secreted significance even in the "Help Wanted, Female" column. Of course there *is* a secreted significance, and this can serve to make the solution appear plausible. You may take anything that happens, and find that something else was happening at the same time. When Jonas Hanway carried the first umbrella seen in London, his radicalism was probably explained as a natural result of the Seven Years' War or as a reaction attributable to that impudent revolt of the American colonies. It might be shown that when umbrellas broke out in Persia centuries earlier, there was a parallel reason. The sculptors of the Takhi Jamshid, judging by their designs, acknowledged the umbrella, and would have dismissed the matter with the usual theory; but they would not have suspected that China had umbrellas before that. Explaining things by wars may be a short cut, but as a method of accounting it is loose. Moreover, wars have enough to account for without fastening upon them respon-

sibility for every concurrent or ensuing irruption.

It is more subtle to dwell on the spiral of recurrence. In this way it is easy to prove that nothing which appears new is really so new as it looks; that you can open any tomb and find that the most ancient ancients practised the art or the foolishness, if, indeed, they were not killed off by it. The Egyptians can be particularly annoying to people who have diagramed a new neck-piece or a new dish-washer; and the Arabs (to ignore for the moment the exasperating Chinese) have taken pains to establish priority in an absurd number of devices, frivolous or wicked, which properly belonged not to the morning of civilization, but to the degenerate twilight. And the fact that the degenerate twilight persists in repeating itself is the eternal perplexity of the peevish.

Peevishness glares at the modern woman, and sees civilization dying again. It refuses to be comforted by proof of civilization's amazing gift for wriggling through, even by explicit testimony showing that civilization, when philosophically coffined, has repeatedly sat up, rubbed its eyes, and decided to take another chance at the great game. Either there is something wrong with the theory that if women go to the bad, civilization is as good as dead, or else women have not gone to the bad when they were accused of doing it.

Probably the trouble comes from believing in signs. Astounding predictions have been based on signs that were as clear, in themselves, as coffins. The blunder came in decoding. Some signs may be like certain forms of pictorial art that do not mean anything, that are forbidden to mean anything. But admitting that all appearances have meanings, it is important, surely, to read them rightly or leave them alone. If much misery is to result from false deductions, if crazy conclusions can throw people into a panic, as if there were a war and we had on our hands a bunch of obstinate creatures who refused to kill anybody, it may be a duty to warn all and sundry, and especially Ku Klux-minded people, to keep away from signs altogether. Assuming that there can be degrees of danger, it is particularly important, in the interest of general happiness, to keep away from the reading of signs exhibited by women. Faith in civilization is too definitely vital, too necessary to common comfort, to make a false reading of the established barometer anything less than a calamity.

§ 2

We may have needed the era we are living in, or living down, to test conclusively the whole theory of degeneration. People who view with alarm have never had so much to worry them. Eyes looking to women for a first and last warning of an impending smash have never been so sure that doom signaled. It has been pointed out, with a tricky effect of liberal review, that onlookers have been frightened before, but that always there was something left to go on. Women did this or that, yet held fast to the essentials. Just now everything has been swept away. With a gesture of horror, it is indicated that women smoke, drink, and swear; that they speak without shame of things once reserved for whispers even by men; that they dress like dance-hall girls and paint like prostitutes; that the

oncoming generation is already lost, since flappers, reared without modesty, reverence, or religion, laugh in the face of authority and make no secret of regarding the whole theory of womanhood as hopelessly old stuff.

It might sound complacent to say that men critics of the time have shown less of desperation, have seemed less likely to turn into prophets of disaster, than women critics. For one thing, men are always more or less in a state of bewilderment as to the manifestations of women. They have a poor faculty for measuring feminine symptoms. Thus it repeatedly happens that for some error of demeanor a man is forced to explain, in the matter of a certain woman, that he thought she was quite another sort. A slight change in the outward marks of standard can throw a man into utter confusion. A woman may be the more resentful that another woman should choose to look like evil, but she is not so likely as the man to think the offender *is* evil.

Deducing from dress has vast precedent. Translation of the language of clothes began long before St. Paul, and has always had a deep influence upon sermons. The word "costume" itself first meant not merely clothes, but surroundings and manners, the social as well as the physical setting; so that social changes have always meant clothes changes. Tribes or races with fixed social ideas have had no fashion in the sense of a fluctuating expression. Their clothes language has been immutable. Meanings could never be mistaken. Restless, enterprising civilizations, on the other hand, have retained some liberty of action in their decorative say-so. Man got through following the lesser creatures and relinquished the glory of being the highly decorated animal. Among many of the lesser creatures the male is loud-colored and combative. Man decided to be drab and combative, and to leave the decorative to the woman. He had, literally, gone about with bells on. He tinkled, and shed diamonds. Then he reformed. He came to hate the changes. Mr. Pepys records that King Charles made an impatient resolution to adopt a final and definitive mode in his clothes, and never to change their style again. When the periwig came in, he weakened. But he had asserted his rebellion. In the end, women were able to say of men in general, what Mme. de Staël said of one man in particular, that they abused the masculine privilege of ugliness. Soldiers cut off their pigtails in 1808. A hundred years later they began shedding their gold braid. Science was left to do what it could with its theory that ornament is nature's stimulus to sexual selection, and women were left to carry on the decorative traditions.

They have carried on bravely and ingeniously, with the help of men. Male poets may continue to say that loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but male dressmakers know better. If poets knew women as well as male dressmakers know them, we should have profounder poetry. It is to be remarked that male dressmakers know, what so few artists in verse seem to suspect, that the essence of fashion is mere change. The thing that is the death of verse is the life of dressmaking. A few women know the difference between style and fashion, and act as artists act when they have the same knowledge. (The difference between humor and the comic is a little harder to get at.) Yet insulting fashion is as

foolish as insulting the equator. Fashion comes high, but we must go on having it. It may often be simply the cloak of cowardice, a clutch of the inferiority complex, but above all it is a vent for the whimsical impulses.

As whimsicality it has sometimes gone pretty far. It is judged as having gone rather far since the war. It found the irreducible minimum in skirts,—the irate biologist snapped something about reversion to the savage loincloth,—and just now, while hurrying the hems on a return journey to street pavements, is sending down tentacles at both sides to trail prophetically. Hygienists who cried out, "Thank God! no more slime-gathering skirts!" may have spoken too soon. Apparently, too, the total of clothes above the waist-line has been reduced as close to the vanishing-point as is feasible. It cannot be greatly in the interest of dressmaking, either as a business or as an art, to have the reduction go much further. One is reminded of the description of the garments of King Shrovetide by that rascal Rabelais: "nothing before, nothing behind, and sleeves of the same."

If there were not considerations of climate, we could not be sure how far whimsicality might venture. Because decorative fashion is by no means confined to raiment, there would be a kind of logic in regarding clothing as incidental. The women of Tonga are permitted to leave off clothes if they are tattooed. A Carib woman may go without her clothes, but not without her paint. Of late our fashionable women have frequently seemed to be on the verge of giving recognition to an identical principle. Fashion must have a corporeal basis. Hence the fashions in walking, in posture, and in figure. In Frans Hals's time fashion called for curves. To-day fashion's ideal figure has no more curves than the "Nude Descending a Staircase." Curves suggest maturity, and maturity is as unpopular as ever it was. Maturity has money to spend, and it must be placated. All dress models are lean, and fashion designs are still leaner. The dream of a woman who undulates is of an emaciated thinness, and the fashion plate hastens to show not merely the chest of a boy, but the chest of a consumptive boy. "The Song of Songs" was written a long time ago. "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" To be flat, to circumvent the circular—this is the ideal now held up before little sister. For themselves, men have been puttering with clothes that would obliterate social differences; women have been inventing means of obliterating curve differences. To favor the heavy, the slight are receiving the supreme flattery—and I refuse to erase the accidental pun. In certain other countries the fat are fashionable. On this well fed continent reducing is discussed more frequently and with more emotion than any of the commandments or any of the statutes. The lily to be painted should, if possible, be a thin lily.

§ 3

With the right figure, a woman may have concentrated attention for fashion's whisper of the Garrick epitaph: "To this complexion thou must come at last." Complexion has been standardized. It no longer needs to be earned. And in buying it there is no really embarrassing range of choice.

Its elements are as portable as the elements of any other first-aid kit. Adjusting a complexion has a dressing-room origin, but it can be completed or edited anywhere. While the man pays the waiter (and the restaurant), the woman revises, accentuates, and cajoles, then scrupulously reviews with the aid of her vanity-case mirror, every phase of the effect; and having corrected the ravages inflicted by the meal and the napkin, completes the ritual with a lip-stick.

Probably the lip-stick has aroused sharper critical rage than any other whimsicality of women. It can appear to have seized the feminine imagination more violently than any other specific device of fashion, and its effects, apprehended collectively, stagger an unsympathetic spectator. A whole company of scarlet lips, accompanied by a ghostly collection of white noses and shreds of negligible clothes, can, indeed, be fearfully depressing to one who does n't quite catch the joke. In the presence of so many masks a man may find that a chance woman with clean skin has an absolutely voluptuous charm. The preparation and the carrying of these masks suggest immense labor and discomfort. But discomfort is a relativity. A man does n't feel dressed until he is throttled by a collar. A woman does n't feel fashionable unless something hurts. It is at the excess point that fashion consciousness begins.

In the basic grammar of the modern toilet face powder began as a means of subduing the luster of the skin. The shining face celebrated by poetry is too raw, too elemental, for a conscious art. Especially is a shiny nose resented. "If I can see my nose," said one charming woman, "I can't see anything else." Hence the powder. The esthetic consideration is accented by association. Powdering the nose having become the final preparatory action at the brink of any imaginable experience, is to be regarded as indulgently as any other of our intrinsically meaningless, but useful, automatisms. I recall the consternation of a brilliant woman who had reason to believe that she might be called upon to speak at a critical gathering. The final gesture was imperative, and she had mislaid her hand-bag. A woman seated beside her came to the rescue. "There!" cried the rescued one after a flip with the chamois, "now I can face the world!" Of course there was nothing at all the matter with her patrician nose. The physiological fact was irrelevant. Probably such irrelevancies did not exist at the beginning of the powdering practice. If a little powder suggested difference from the common face of labor, for example, a great deal of powder became an emphasis of the difference. If a little pink on the lips could restore an effect of ripe youth, a splash of vermilion could violently rebuke the hint of a youth vanished beyond recall. Presently, as in all the arts, the primitive meanings are lost sight of in effects for their own sake. The ghastliness of accentuated lips is nowhere more apparent than in the movies. Lips too red are, after all, an understandable whimsicality. But lips in the movies are black. One can see the dark gash coming, and presently is permitted to assemble the rest of the heroine.

It would be a mistake to assume that all men are revolted by these appearances. Men are notoriously fashion-bound. A man's cowardice when his woman threatens to be different

from other women is too well understood to call for comment. "You 've forgotten your nose," says the exacting husband, chained hopelessly to the habits of his set. And quite aside from the fashion thrall is the male enthusiasm for sex emphasis. I can recall a discussion about painted lips. One man was cynically indifferent. Two described their actual nausea when forced into the company of a bedaubed mouth. "Now, do you know," said the fourth,—I need not add that he was the youngest,—"I rather like the taste of it." People who preach to young girls about the imbecility of high heels or gauzy stockings or loud make-up, stressing the theory that good men will be repelled, and that any man attracted by the flippancies would not be worth having, are certain to stub their reformatory toes against the distressing fact that quite sane and substantial men persist in being drawn by appearances that should repulse them. I do not speak of men like Jack Lait's character, who wanted his liquor strong and his women weak, but of average male creatures with whom biology and women have, largely, to be contented.

We are to remember also that the passion for the unreal is elementary. The face that is not really hers can be more fascinating to a girl than the loveliest natural gifts she may carry. And if this can be true of one who has gifts, how shall we chide those who have lost them or never had them? A painted face can have an exotic charm. It is essentially dirty, and it is a lot of trouble, but it escapes the realism from which most human beings find some way of turning aside.

The practical embarrassments of craving the exotic are many. Having a decorated skin as well as decorative clothes imposes enormous labor and an unremitting vigilance. Wherever fashionable and would-be fashionable feminity is assembled, the sheer work of safeguarding the effects becomes apparent. Among girls in a business office a high percentage of the gestures must be assigned to conscious and automatic amendments or verifications. Bobbed hair, theoretically an emancipation from the slavery of coils, has added new and exacting cares. In fact, bobbing can be simply a fantastic variation, intricately devised, without thought of a laborious future. Generally it seems to imply unflagging attention. The typist, after fifty words, tosses or fingers her head. After another fifty words she investigates the back of her neck. At a paragraph she is free to get out the mirror. Very likely most of these motions are the result of mere nervousness. Where a man restlessly lights a cigarette, persuading himself that he needs a moment's sedative in order to catch an idea by the tail, the typist, bored or tired or anxious, powders her nose. The habit has a carry-over. The presence of others merely accentuates the impulse. Being stared at sends a girl's hand instinctively to face or hair, or to the adjustment of garments once obscure, but now distressingly familiar.

The habit of preening in public like the birds is fixed and unabashed. In all the other arts to betray effort is to belittle the impression. Art is told to conceal itself. The artist in face paint, certain spectacular bobbed girls haloed like Barnum's Circassian beauty, and a still larger group covered to some extent with imperfectly synchronized garments, all overlook the rule, and

inspire compassion in one who does not know enough to feel the need of perpetual revision. Many a man (I speak with feeling) is accustomed to being found guilty of carrying somewhere on his person threads or hairs which other persons pick off. Dostoyevsky speaks of one character who always seemed to have a bit of straw clinging to him. A man who fancied the need to be utterly spotless, who could dream of depriving the most eagerly solicitous philanthropists of the opportunity to edit his appearance, would be able to visualize a kind of parallel to the situation of the preening ones. Naturally, it would be a poor parallel. But the thought would enlarge his sympathies. It would help him to remember about the pains of being pictorial. The satisfactions of being pictorial he never could reach at all.

The foolish things I have said may serve to suggest that the painting of the lily, as a spectacle, receives altogether too much attention. Spectators have some rights, including that of blundering into agonies of apprehension. But they can make needless noises. They should not be permitted to dwell so much on the fall of Rome. They should be reminded, brutally if necessary, that there are other flowers in the garden. The typical remark that "all women smoke nowadays" belongs in the category with the July or August idiocy that "everybody is out of town." It is altogether likely that fewer than one woman in a thousand in the United States use tobacco. There is an equally good probability that not more than one in a thousand use a lip-stick. Impressions gathered in White Ways may be vivid and picturesque, but they are imperfectly serviceable in fixing a date for the collapse of civilization. When lilies are painted, they are meant to be looked at. A certain shock is part of the expectation. The instinct to give the world a mild jolt is not in itself a depravity. It is the vastly greater number of the shocked that introduces the element of weight. How the shocked may perform becomes an important part of the comedy. As usual, women continue to appear in the center of the stage, as well as on the margins. It is strictly true that they get too much attention. Somewhere, with Professor Sumner's Forgotten Man, belongs the Forgotten Woman, who does not get on the first page of the newspaper or the cover of the magazine, who does not advertise and is not discussed, who makes neither pictures nor trouble, and is content to leave lip-sticks to the harem-minded who like the job. But when she is at her best she knows that a certain amount of human advertising is a biological necessity, that nature seems to have expected the disproportion, and that if the day ever comes when women lose the spot-light of an exaggerated attention, we shall have real reason to be nervous about the fate of the race.

Renters

By Ruth Suckow

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

Crops were looking fine around Concordia this year. Oats were rather light, but corn was already tasseling out in early July. June had been hot, with plenty of rain; muggy, steamy "corn weather." Grass was rich and thick; weeds along the roadsides—milkweed, sweet clover, ragweed, thistles—were a perfect thicket.

July was starting in a trifle dry; things had already lost their tropical exuberance. There were little sparse, brown patches in the green grass on the lawns. Dust made the roadside weeds look gray. Over the sloping pastures the blue of vervain seemed to float like a dim haze. Still, things were promising. Farmers were saying, standing about Peterson's department-store in Concordia, while their wives were buying groceries, on Saturday nights, "Well, if this dry spell don't keep up too long, if it don't turn into a drought before we know it—" That was a good deal for farmers to admit.

On the old Hunt place, which was largely planted with corn, there was going to be a bumper crop. Farmers driving past the fields filled with the tall, dark-green, rustling stalks, with their rich milky smell, said, "Well, Fred and the old lady both ought 'o make something this year."

That was when corn was bringing a good price.

§ 2

Fred Mutchler was the renter on the old Hunt place. He had been there for four years, had come a few years after old man Hunt had died and the old lady moved into town. Old lady Hunt found fault with him; she had found fault with every man who had ever worked for her. But Edwin

Foster, her son-in-law, admitted that Fred was pretty good as far as renters go.

Yes, as far as renters go. Fred could have told more about that from the renter's side. As far as owners go, was what he could have said of old lady Hunt and Edwin Foster. If they had had some experience of renters, he had certainly had some of owners. He had been renting now, more or less, ever since he had been old enough to take to farming. He was still more or less hoping what he had hoped at the start, that he could some day scrape enough together to get a place of his own.

Fred had not had much of a start. That was one reason why it had taken him so long to get ahead, he said; and it was true. His father had left him nothing. And in these days, when the land was all taken up and brought such prices as a young fellow starting in for himself could n't hope to pay, it was not like it used to be. The lucky ones were the fellows whose fathers had left them a good fat piece of land, like Ed Kirschner, with that three hundred and twenty acres of his; like Roy Lempcke, who already, although he was a hearty young man, had been able to leave his farm to renters and move his family into town. No, there was n't much in it for the renter. Still, he kept on. He liked farming. He was "cut out for a farmer," his family had always said. And he was still hopeful in general. Other fellows had managed to pay for their land. Maybe he could.

If his father had given him more of a start! His father had been a harness-maker in Ohio. He had come out to Iowa and taken to farming for his health, but he had never made much of a go of it. He had lost the land and everything he had put on it; had had to move to town, and his wife had taken in washing in the later years to help out. There had been a big family of them, of course. They were still, most of them, scattered about Concordia. The boys had all had to help. Fred had wanted to farm. He had first earned board and room by "hiring out" to old Hiram Woodside, east of town. After that, when he was a young man, he had worked for Rob Burke in the Irish colony near McGuire.

That was where he had met Beth. She had been working for Rob Burke's wife, "helping in the kitchen." Before the summer was out, they had got Rob Burke to lend them his two-seated surrey one day, and had driven into town with Fred's brother Lew and Lew's girl to be married at the Methodist minister's.

They had had nothing, of course, to start on. The first baby was born some time before he was properly expected. But they were hopeful of getting along. They were going to rent, they said, and then some day have a place of their own.

Then began the succession of farms. First, Fred had worked for Diggs, the stock-man, who imported fine Belgian horses. That had seemed like a pretty good place. On the strength of it, he and Beth had bought some furniture and a nice clock. No one had thought that Diggs would go bankrupt the way he did. Fred had found himself out several months' wages, and part of his furniture not paid for and another baby coming. And then there was all that terrible affair—Fred going into the barn and finding Diggs hanging from the rafters.

They had had to take what they could get. Fred worked for another farmer for the rest of the summer. They were behind. Beth was pretty sick this time, and that made more expense. They lost the baby.

It took Fred another year or two to get straightened out again. He worked in Concordia for a time at whatever he could find to do. They lived in a little old, ramshackle house that had been left behind in the business street.

Next, was n't it Gus Niederfranck he had worked for? He had rented one of Gus's farms; had done pretty well for two or three years. It was while they were there that Harold had been born, and little Ben. But this renting business had seemed so slow! Fred could n't see that they were getting anywhere. Land in Iowa was too high; a poor man had no chance there. Suddenly he had "picked up" and taken the whole family into Dakota.

That had been an unfortunate move, as plenty of people had predicted. They had had one failure after another there. After a few years of it they had been glad enough to come back to Wilson County and get another farm to rent. They had taken one of Doc Slater's farms. They were n't quite so particular now.

The Dakota venture had put them behind. And then they had another run of ill luck—the luck that pursues renters and under dogs. Fred had cut his foot on a rusty nail, and blood-poisoning had set in. They had gone still deeper into debt for his doctor's bills. Little Ben had had infantile paralysis; it had left him with a crippled leg. They had lost another baby. And then Doc Slater had been angry at the trouble and loss involved. He had seemed to blame Fred for it; there was a rumpus. The Mutchlers found themselves without a farm to rent, and needing everything.

Then they had rented the old Hunt place. The Hunt farm was one of the best in the neighborhood of Concordia, a beautiful two hundred and fifty acres of rich, rolling land, with a wide green pasture through which Soldier Creek ran under low-hanging willows. It had once been the show place of Soldier Creek Township. People had driven out from Concordia to see the grove, with its evergreens planted to form a circle, and its "May-pole tree" sent from England. It was one of the old farms of the county. The house had been built in the days when a man expected to make a home of his farm. It was a big white house, with deep shuttered windows and three porches. The large front yard, with its lilacs and syringas, was inclosed in a fancy wrought-iron fence. There was a smaller house for the renter. And the land was good, every inch of it. A renter ought to make something here, if he could anywhere.

The Mutchlers needed it; they were all "out of everything." When they moved there, the children hardly had decent clothes in which to go to school. What furniture they had left after moving out to Dakota and back was in dreadful shape. When they began to think of the things that they needed, they did n't know where to stop: they wanted to take Ben to Des Moines to the children's hospital; there was "that pain" that Beth kept having, to which they dared not pay much attention; Fred's teeth— But then his teeth would have to go. Old bills "from away back." There was one thing that they had to have—a car. Fred

had succeeded in getting on the track of an old third- or fourth-hand one through his Brother Jay, who worked transiently in garages.

They drove into town in that, a rickety old contraption, with the top gone, the spring gone from the front seat, not much left of it but the skeleton. But old as it was, it required petting. There were always repairs for it, Beth said bitterly, always whenever she wanted anything at all.

A shabby country family. Fred, a lank, skinny fellow, with thin, light hair and bad teeth, several of them gone; a good-natured, ingenuous face that was getting vaguely cynical; yet with still an indefinite look of youth about him. Beth was at the same time stocky and thin, with the worried-looking face of the driven mother. When she went into the grocery store to do her buying, she stood back among other rather silent, bashful women, the baby in her arms, Ben and Harold hanging near her, in an ancient rough, brown coat, an old thick, dark-blue knitted tam pulled down over her head, a few light wisps of hair escaping. She never felt like pushing forward to the counter. The Mutchlers were not "good pay."

Sometimes she and Fred went through old useless arguments.

"We ain't ever going to make anything. Why do we keep on? Why don't we go into town and quit trying to get anywhere farming?"

"What better off would we be in town? Whad da yuh think we 'd do there?"

There was no answer to that. But she would think of all the things that needed to be done. She would get wild sometimes. She would nag Fred about it, although she did n't know what good that would do. He could not make more than the farm would bring in. Fred worked hard; he did his best. But she raged inwardly; it seemed, if *she* had it to do— Little Ben, was he to go through all his life a cripple? And was she never going to have anything that she needed in the house? The county nurse had sent word that Harold and Ben were undernourished and that Harold's tonsils were bad. There were so many other things that needed to be done that they could n't even think of that.

Fred would answer her back. Yet he was patient. It would all come down to this:

"Well, I know as well as you do what all we need, but I got ta get caught up before I can start in anything more. Where do you suppose I 'm going to get the money to do all that? Ain't I working now as hard as I can? And then the most of it goes to some one else."

That was what embittered both of them. They might work as hard as they pleased, and still the most of it went to some one else.

§ 3

But they had had to live a good deal from hand to mouth. They had the faculty of being cheerful when things were going well. Now that they were on the Hunt place, they settled down, hoping to stay for a while. At last they seemed to be getting somewhere.

Some of their old bad luck had followed them. They had lost the only cow in the herd that was their own, a good Holstein. Of course that had had to be the one that was struck by lightning. There was that bad summer when the weather was n't hot enough to ripen the corn. There was sickness as usual.

But, on the whole, things were better. They settled back for a breathing-space. Last year's crop had been pretty good; they were beginning slowly to "get caught up" a little. They dared hope for nothing more until that was done. They did n't talk much about a farm of their own now.

And this year things were going really as they should. Early in the season Fred had talked as he always did: "You wait and see. Something will happen. Has it ever failed?" But when May was over, and things still looked promising, he began to say non-committally: "Well, we 'll wait and see; I don't trust it. We won't say anything yet." Now, although he would sometimes ironically suggest that it was about time for one of them to get sick, he was dropping that cynical manner that he had adopted as a kind of armor against pursuing misfortune.

It kept on being a good season. Beth did not say anything yet, but she began to think about things they would do. If they once got caught up— She could n't think any further. Pretty soon she would say something about Ben's going to the hospital. She even began to think about what they needed in the house, about clothes, although she knew they could n't have everything at once. They were just beginning to get caught up on their back bills.

Now that there was some hope of getting somewhere, Fred really worked. He began to straighten up, to get a different look. Often he got out of bed before four, when the sun had not yet tinted the east, leaving Beth asleep, with her arm around the hot, moist, white-fleshed body of the baby, in the little down-stairs bedroom, with the shades down to keep out the morning light. He had not done that before. He had got up early enough, but he had said he was n't going to kill himself.

He made the boys work, too. Elmer, the eldest one, could help him a good deal, and there were some things that Harold could do. Elmer was n't any too much inclined to work, unless it was pottering around that old car.

Fred had got up early this morning. Beth wakened to find his place empty, the sheet thrown back, a little dusty hollow in the pillow where his head had lain.

She withdrew her arm from under the baby, who rolled and made a little cry. She put on a dark-blue bungalow apron and stole barefoot out of the room. She sometimes did that; she had got used to it out there in Dakota, where she had actually been without shoes for a while.

She did not see Fred. She went around to the front of the house and stood on the porch, screened with thick wild cucumber-vines. A still country morning, with the smell of coming heat scorching through the coolness. Dew heavy, like a gleaming crust on the long grass, on the freshly opened nasturtiums along the edge of the porch. She had planted those this spring. The evergreens in the grove were motionless, the drive to the road was mysterious and hushed. The sun was a fire-red ball, round, like a harvest moon, just above the sky-line in the east.

She stood there a moment. She felt something good in the beginning of the day, something that she had n't felt for a long time, with the need to hurry from the minute she got up, constant exasperations that she could n't help.

Fred crossed the road from the big barn. She called out to him:

"Where *you* been?"

He came around to where she was.

"I went out to the barn to take a look at that Jersey. I thought she was kind o' off her feed last night."

"Well, how was she? All right?"

"Yah. Oh, I thought she would be, but then I wanted to see. I don't want the old lady to be able to say I 've lost any of her cattle for her."

He sat down on the edge of the porch. Beth felt like sniffing a little because he had got up early to look after the old lady's cow; but, then, how could she, when she was always urging him to do more and make more? She could n't help resenting the old lady Hunt.

Fred said meditatively:

"Gosh, Beth, things do look good. You ought to see that west forty. I 'd like to have old mother Hunt take a look at it."

"What 's she know about it?" Beth asked contemptuously.

"Well, I 'd like to show her what kind of a crop her farm can raise when it has to."

"She 'd raise the rent is about what she 'd do."

"Oh, she 's a kind of cantankerous old piece, but I 've always got on with her pretty good," Fred said tolerantly.

"Well, you ought to. You work hard enough for her. She knows she would n't get another such renter in a hurry," Beth said jealously. "You 're always willing to do anything for anybody you work for."

That was an old bone of contention. Beth thought that Fred was too easy. He did n't stick up for his rights. He let the owner walk over him.

She looked across the drive at the big house. It stood empty. Old lady Hunt, who was known as "particular," had not been able to stand the thought of having renters in it. Beth, who had no time to keep the thirteen rooms of the big house, with their light wainscots and window-sills, clean, was yet secretly pleased to see, when she looked through the big blank, small-paned windows, that the wall-paper was dangling from the ceilings, and the floors rotting in the musty damp. She kept Fred rigidly away from the front yard inclosed in the iron fence, as specified in the lease. He would good-naturedly, for the sake of the yard, he said, have set Harold or Elmer to cleaning up some of the fallen branches, as the old lady hinted. He said it hurt him to see a fine old place like that going to pot. Beth would not have it. The fence was rusting, and the gate, with an elaborate scroll top, such as the gates of cemeteries have, hung desolately forward. The yard was a wilderness, and the grove, which was also specified as "hers," because she was afraid the children might want to play there, was full of the branches of fallen evergreens.

"She 'd better come out and live in her wonderful house herself if she don't want it to fall to pieces," Beth muttered. "I don't know that we 'd have hurt it much more than standing idle 's done."

Although she felt at home in the little house, she was even resentful when old lady Hunt and her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Foster, invited themselves in.

Fred said, yawning and stretching:

"Well, I better get the boys up. I want Elmer to take the car and go over to McGuire for that lumber."

"Yah; and I 'd better be gettin' breakfast."

He stared across the yard, a little somber.

"Gosh, I hope nothin' happens now. I hope we get some rain when we ought to. If things turn out as good as they look now, maybe we can get caught up a little."

"Yah, and then how much farther along would we be?"

"Well, we 'd be that much farther."

"There 's so much needs to be done," Beth said hopelessly. She did not feel hopeless. But, then, they never both talked hopefully at the same time. That would have been like asking too much of fate.

"Well, we 'll see," Fred answered. "Maybe we 'll have something yet."

He had a different look about him when he went out to the field after breakfast. He looked as if he knew what he wanted to do, as if there were some use in it. He was beginning to look ahead.

Beth felt hopeful, too, after he had gone. Light and easy, somehow. Now she could dare to plan a little again. She could draw a free breath. She heard Ben's iron brace on the bare floor. It did not send quite that old hopeless dull ache through her. Now she began to feel that maybe they could do something for him some day. She did not get so exasperated at having "nothing to do with." Not when there was some hope of having something.

It was almost like a holiday. Elmer was gone, Fred and Harold had gone out to the south forty to mend fence. They had taken their lunch with them. There would be only Ben and the baby and herself for dinner.

That nice free feeling stayed with her. After dinner she took some sewing out on the lawn under a maple-tree. The place looked so pleasant. She realized that she had come to feel at home. She thought of their shack in Dakota, out on the burning treeless plain, of other places where they had lived.

A mourning-dove called from the lonely over-wooded grove, making the stillness more still. A little light breeze rattled among the glittering leaves of the big cottonwood at the end of the drive. The shining white chickens were all crouched in a snowy group in the hollows they had made in the dry bare earth beside the house. The big house across the drive stood in a hot mysterious silence, hollyhocks burning pink against the wall. Over the pasture-land at the west the blue of vervain seemed to hover, to waver and shimmer a little, like a haze in the heat. The baby, its plump, damp legs bare, crept around over the long grass near Beth's chair. Ben sat near her on the grass.

"Ma," Ben was saying, "now you did n't let me drive to McGuire with Elmer, and you got ta make pa take us in to the movies, then, Saturday night."

"Well, maybe," she said.

They went sometimes, but always Beth had a feeling that they were going defiantly, that they ought n't to do it when they had n't even their bills paid. But she thought maybe they could go Saturday night.

She heard an automobile in the road and leaned forward to see if she could make out whose it was. Then it turned into the drive. A big black car, Mrs. Edwin Foster's! There she was in the back seat, and old lady Hunt! The girl driving was Cornelia Foster. Beth rose, thinking:

"Why did *they* have to come to-day?"

She was suddenly aware of the enormity of sitting here sewing, not canning or out helping Fred, as she supposed they thought she should be.

The car stopped near the windmill, and Mrs. Foster called out cheerily:

"Hello! hello! Any one here?"

"They saw me," Beth thought. She went slowly up to the car.

Mrs. Foster leaned forward, smiling.

"Hello! Just thought we 'd drop in and see how things were getting along."

She was a thin, over-cheerful, over-smiling woman, dressed with elaborate girlishness in a bright-colored over-blouse and a satin skirt. She had dry, frizzled hair, prominent teeth, and eager eyes with scanty lashes. Old lady Hunt sat far back in the corner, as if she had been carefully put there to stay. She was very old, very frail. Her ponderous head kept shaking. But there was something about her small eyes, in their sagging pockets of yellow, purple-tinged flesh, that warned one to be careful. Cornelia sat with her capable, tanned hands on the wheel, staring coolly and impersonally ahead. Beth noted her face under the small, white sports hat, round, firm, plump, with a fine skin, a fringe of dark hair on her smooth, moist forehead, cool, gray eyes set in flesh as pure and unblemished as a child's. Beth felt defiant before old lady Hunt and Mrs. Foster, but Cornelia's cool, unseeing presence abashed her. She was just a part of the landscape, the renter's wife. She could not help keeping a veiled gaze on Cornelia's fresh black-and-white sports suit, her white-shod foot touching the brake, the detail of the black leather wrist-watch on her firm, round arm.

"Stopping?" Cornelia asked impersonally.

"Oh, yes; I think so, dear, now that we 're here." Beth could see that Mrs. Foster was a little anxious and conciliatory with Cornelia. "We want to see Mrs. Mutchler a minute."

Cornelia curtly shut off the gas.

Beth asked doubtfully:

"Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Mutchler; yes, I think we will to get cooled off a moment. Coming, Mother? Shall I help you out?"

She stepped out, Beth noting her thin ankle in its silk stocking and the elaborate buckle on her pointed slipper. Old lady Hunt sat, looking significantly around, as she always did when she came. Well, there was nothing that was wrong, was there? Beth defied her to find fault. But she could not help an unreasonable feeling of guilt when she saw the old lady glance at the big house, with its wild lawn and unkempt grove. That was her own fault, but Beth could not help feeling responsible.

"My! Place looks turrible to pieces," the old lady mumbled.

"Getting out, Cornelia sweetheart?" Mrs. Foster asked.

"No, I think I 'll stay here," Cornelia answered carelessly. She gave Beth a slight nod.

Beth did not want any of them to come in. Yet her thought beat angrily and helplessly at that attitude of Cornelia's, not even thinking it worth while to get out of the car.

Beth looked at Mrs. Foster's thin, corded arms stiffened and raised to lift her mother out. The old lady got to the ground with difficulty. She had a thick, shapeless, sunken figure, and she wore, as always, a black dress and a little ancient black, crushed hat, with a bunch of flowers at the side,

that looked as if some one might have sat on it. Mrs. Foster guided her carefully toward the house, she erect and stalking on her high heels, looking about with bright eyes and a smiling flash of prominent teeth.

"Will you sit out here or come in the house?"

"Well, you are cozy out here; but I think mother feels the sun, perhaps, and we 'd better go inside."

"Wants to see how I keep things," Beth thought.

She opened the screen door, with its fringe of faded pink paper at the top to keep out flies. She had not yet got Elmer to mend those holes in it. She was doubtful, stiff, feeling shabby and poor again beside Mrs. Foster's girlish finery, with Cornelia sitting out there cool and perfect in the car. They were easy, feeling themselves the owners, Mrs. Foster smilingly patronizing, old lady Hunt more frankly looking around.

"I have n't cleaned up very good this week," Beth said. She whisked a little piece of Ben's underwear from a chair.

"Oh, it 's all right," Mrs. Foster assured her, graciously; but her eyes were traveling over the room.

It was bare, a farm-house room. There were no curtains at the windows; just the green shades, with little pin-pricks through which the sharp sunlight came. The old battered, scanty remains of furniture showed up pitilessly clear. Clothes, stockings, were scattered about, although the place was not dirty. But it was evident that no one had much time to spend on it.

"My dear, I *wonder* if we could have a drink of that lovely cold water," Mrs. Foster gasped. "Will you bring us some?"

Beth went out to the windmill. She glanced at Cornelia, sitting in the car with knees crossed, her gray eyes cool and remote, not looking up. Beth felt humble as she pumped the water. Cornelia's manner was not even insolent. She did n't see Beth at all.

Beth brought in the water in her best glasses, heavy tumblers with a horseshoe on the bottom. There was a little chill mist on the glasses that made her hands damp.

Mrs. Foster exclaimed and enthused.

"Oh, this wonderful water! *None* in town tastes like this. I wish we had it still. This will cool you off, Mother."

The old lady drank in short sucking gulps.

Beth carried the glasses out to the kitchen. Why need *they* be so hot, just driving around in that big car?

The old lady had been pondering for some time. Now she got out thickly, trying to point:

"That window-glash broken."

"The storm broke it," Beth said briefly.

"Looksh awful' bad."

Mrs. Foster asked cheerfully: "Well, how are the crops coming?"

"Pretty good, I guess."

"They look fine. Mr. Jensen has *wonderful* corn, I noticed as we drove past."

"Fred's looks just as good," Beth said.

"Where is Mr. Mutchler this afternoon?" Mrs. Foster asked brightly, carelessly.

Beth stiffened with instinctive wariness as she reached down for the baby.

"He 's out at the south edge, mending fence. Did you want to see him?"

"Oh, no; no, no. Just wondered—"

"What shay 'bout fence?" Mrs. Hunt demanded anxiously.

"He 's mending it, Mother. Mending it," Mrs. Foster repeated distinctly, nodding and smiling.

"Why, was it broke'?"

Beth said nothing. She crushed down the feeling of anxious humility and propitiation that made her want to answer and explain. She smoothed the baby's light, fine hair.

"Oh," Mrs. Foster exclaimed, as if with a sudden inspiration, "I wonder if there are any raspberries now."

"I thought they would n't forget those," Beth thought. There were only a few, just enough to make another mess for supper; and of course they would have to come and get them! She said:

"Yes, there 's a few ripe again."

There was a waiting silence. Beth kept her lips resolutely shut. She was not going to rush out in the heat and pick the berries, as she had done the last time. They had legs just as much as she had. Let them go and pick the berries if they wanted some.

Mrs. Foster raised her eyebrows slightly.

"Well, perhaps we can go and pick some," she said, with a significant look. "It 's very warm, especially driving."

Beth sat silent.

The old lady mumbled something about the house.

"House, Mother? Oh, yes; you want to go through the house now? Yes, in a moment. Mother thinks so much of the old house! It 's falling dreadfully into decay, is n't it?"

"Yes, it is," Beth said.

"Well, Mother, shall we go over? Oh, yes, have you something we can put the berries in? Well, that 's pretty large to carry. Yes, *that* would be better. Mr. Mutchler can stop for it sometime when he comes into town." She gave a hard, bright smile. "Good-by. Good-by, my little man." She flipped the baby under the chin.

Beth watched them cross the drive and go up the grass-grown path to the back door of the big house. "Don't you want to come, darling?" she heard Mrs. Foster call. She saw Cornelia leap down from the car and lounge up the path, yawning. She paid no attention to her mother and grandmother, who kept calling and appealing to her. She seemed to find interests of her own—the hollyhocks, and then the grove into whose dark wilderness she presently disappeared. The others examined the windows, the cellar-door, which was rotting away. Beth watched them, looking remote, dramatic, as if in some picture, as they moved about on unknown errands about the old white house in the burning sunshine. They went inside. Beth could seem to hear the hollow sound of their steps as they walked through the empty, high-ceilinged rooms.

She went back into her own house. She felt safer there. She was always uneasy, on the defensive, when the owners came. She hated the sense of patronage in their air: the hard, bright way in which Mrs. Foster looked about her, authoritative, never forgetting that "it would all be hers some day"; the cool, dreamy, unconcerned way in which Cornelia helped herself to flowers or berries or whatever she happened to see; and then the snooping and fault-finding of the old lady.

Beth saw the two come out of the house and go about the lawn, "taking

in everything." There was an anxious search for Cornelia until she finally sauntered back through the grove. Then they started out for the raspberries, the old lady, too, although she could hardly totter. "But she has to see everything," Beth thought.

It was like them to run off with her milk-pail, and then tell Fred to go after it. Cornelia was carrying it, swinging it carelessly by the handle. Of course it did n't occur to them that it was the only good pail that Beth had, and that she might need it. And it would not have occurred to them to bring one of their own. "We can get one at the farm," they would have thought.

What had they really come for, if they did n't want to see Fred? Just to go through the old house? Or for those few raspberries? That might have brought them.

Finally they came back to the car and drove away. Beth murmured: "Well, thank heaven!"

§ 4

But she could take no more comfort in this day. Their visit had spoiled it, whether they had really been "after anything" or not. She could n't feel the same toward the house, feeling still their roving proprietary glances, which said so plainly that everything belonged to them. She was just there at their will. What was the use of planting nasturtiums and things about their house?

What if they did get caught up? They would still be only renters, still subject to old lady Hunt and Edwin Foster. What was there ahead? The place was pleasant, the best they had had; but how could she take an interest in it when they might drop down any time, as they had to-day? She did n't trust that visit. There was something back of it. "Glash broken"—as if she could help the storm! She had wanted Fred to tell the old lady about it, to ask to have it repaired. He had n't wanted to just then, had said that there was always so much that needed doing worse than that. Now she thought angrily, "We 're not going to pay for that ourselves, we 're not going to patch up their house!"

They had come driving out in their big car. It seemed to her that they had everything they wanted. And who did the work? Fred. What did he get out of it? Scarcely a bare living. Think of the way he 'd got up this morning! Would the old lady thank him for that? She would take it all for granted. Where did the Fosters get their money? They would never have had it if old man Hunt had not left them so much land. This was only one of his farms. He had had them scattered all over the county. He had bought them in the early days when land was cheap, he and his father and brothers, the whole Hunt tribe. But the Fosters and old lady Hunt had done nothing to get that land.

She blamed Fred, too. Why was he so good-natured, why did he always let people impose on him? Why did n't he grab all he could and give them as little as possible? That was the way that people got things.

Ben was pleading:

"Ma, let 's go down to the crick."

"No!" she snapped crossly.

She could not stand the sight of little Ben in that iron brace.

All her old wants and desires burned in her as she went about the kitchen. She banged pans and cupboard doors.

She was frying the potatoes when Fred came in. He went straight to the wash-basin and began to scrub his face and hands. She could tell from the very stoop of his back that something was wrong. Had old lady Hunt been after him?

She did not question him right away. She, too, had her grievance to work out. She would do it by telling Fred that "they" had been here, by complaining about the cool way that they did things. She would work some of it off on Fred. The stoop of his shoulders made her angry. She was angry at his face, with all those teeth gone. She wanted some assurance of being equal to the Hunts and Fosters.

But she felt uncertain as he ate silently, propping himself by one arm on the table. She could not begin as decisively as she had thought she would.

"Well," she began, "I had some visitors to-day."

"I know you did," he answered without interest.

"How did you know? Did you see them? Who were they?" she demanded incredulously.

"Oh, the dear old lady and her dear daughter," he said bitterly.

"How did you see them?"

"How? Because they drove out to see me."

"They did?" She had known it, somehow, but she did n't want to believe it. "Why, she asked where you were, and said she did n't want to see you. Did they drive 'way over there?"

"Yes, they did."

He got up, left the table.

"You did n't eat your pie," Beth called sharply.

"Don't want it. Hustle through now, Harold. You know what chores you 've got to do."

She heard him go tramping through the rooms and out to the front step.

"What did they want of papa? D' you know?" she asked in a low voice of Harold.

He shook his head.

Elmer came home. She warmed up more potatoes for him.

"You boys do the milking to-night," she said. She felt a foreboding. She tried to think that old lady had just rubbed Fred the wrong way with her fussing.

It was late when she finally went out to the porch. Fred was hunched over on the step, gloomily smoking his pipe. He had let the boys look after the chores, had not even been out to the barn. The porch was a little box of a place. The cucumber vine, which had grown heavy and thick-leaved, shut it in in a dusky sultriness.

"Well," Beth finally demanded, "what did the old lady say this time to upset you?"

Fred knocked his pipe viciously against the post. Beth knew that brooding, sullen look of his.

"Well?"

"Well," he replied, with a bitter laugh, "just told us to get out, that 's all."

Beth stared. Fred laughed with savage enjoyment of her dismay. He began to speak very distinctly and impersonally, with a measured, calm bitterness:

"Oh, she did n't say it. It was Mrs. Foster, darling daughter. Thought she 'd tell me before I made any plans for next year. As if she did n't know I 'd already made 'em, and right with her and Ed Foster, too. Dear Nephew Milton thinks 'he would like to try his

hand at farming,'"—he mimicked savagely,—"and so they felt they ought to let him come here on their own lands."

Beth was too full of the other thought to even notice this.

"Yes, but how can they tell us to get out?" she demanded. "Did n't you have an understanding with Edwin Foster that you were to have the farm again?"

"Understanding!" he echoed bitterly. "Of course I did; but what 's that? He won't pay any attention to that if he don't feel like it, long as I can't prove anything."

Beth said wildly:

"Well, why did n't you have it fixed so you could prove something? You always let people run over you."

"Yes! Did n't I say I 'd do that fence-mending and put in that new clover crop if I was sure I 'd be here long enough to make it worth my time? And he told me to go ahead. He 's told me a dozen times I could stay as long as I give him good returns in crops; that he was darn glad to get some one that would."

"Well, then, see him about it. Make him hold to what he said."

"Make him hold to it! I 'd like to see any one make a lawyer hold to anything he don't have to."

Beth was fighting breathlessly for what she had had.

"How can he go and do that now? What made you trust him, anyway? Ain't they satisfied with what you 've done here? What more do they want?"

"Oh, it ain't that," Fred said, lapsing into gloomy listlessness. "You ought to have heard Daughter Minnie honey around about all that. I 've got this place into good shape, and you bet they 're smart enough to see it and take advantage of it, too. I 've worked this place this year—" He gave a dazed look around. "Yah, been better for me if I had n't. Now it 's in good shape for Milton Foster to let it go to the dogs."

"Milton Foster!" Beth exclaimed.

"Sure. Did n't you hear me tell you they wanted it for him?"

"Him! What 's he know about farming?"

This was the worst of all. Milton Foster! She had seen him in town, a thin, pimpled boy who wore colored silk socks and spent his time aimlessly hanging around the pool-hall and the soda-fountain. He farm! Every one knew what he was except the Fosters and the Hunts, who must always keep up the fiction that no member of their own "tribe" could ever do wrong. He was the son of Perry Foster, Edwin Foster's brother and law partner. Beth had often heard the tales about him, with a certain gladness at discovering fallibility in old lady Hunt's family—how he "ran with" those tough Snyder girls, how he had been "requested to leave" Gunter College, how he had never been able to keep any of the jobs that his father had found for him. Now he was to have the old Hunt place!

"They just want to get that Milton out here where folks can't see what he does with himself," she cried.

Fred gave her a sick, hopeless look.

"It 's just that he 's a Foster," he said. "That tribe all runs together. They 're a clannish bunch. I knew they grudged me the little I 've made off the place. I tell you, the old lady could n't stand it, nor daughter neither, to have any one outside the family getting a little something out of this.

Just like they 'd rather have the old house fall to pieces than have some one in it. But they waited," he cried bitterly—"they waited until I 'd worked and got the place in shape to really do me and them some good."

Beth sat angrily silent, not ready yet to admit the defeat of her hopes, to acknowledge that they must go back to the same old scraping and doing without again.

"They all do that way," Fred said. "They lay up a wad and move into town, and then they expect some one else to work their farms for them, and they can still get all they used to get. They expect a man to take care of it like it was his own, and then any time they can send him off. Well, I ain't gona do it. I ain't gona work any of their farms for 'em again and get the little end."

"Aw, you will, too," Beth muttered.

"I won't, I tell you!" He fell to bitter brooding, said with cynical hopelessness: "Oh, well, it 's their farm. They can do what they please with it, I s'pose. Anyway, no one can stop them. If they 'd told me this spring, even. But they were afraid I might n't work just the same. And I would n't have, either. There 's a hundred things I 'd never have done if I 'd dreamed I would n't be on the place next year, and all right if I had n't, too. They would n't have told me now, but they 're all going off on a trip to Colorado. Don't see how the old lady dares get that far off."

Beth thought:

"And here they come for raspberries and took my only good pail!"

For a moment this seemed worse than anything else. Then she broke out into angry denunciation of Fred.

"Why do you let 'em treat you like that? How can we ever do anything if we have to pick up and start all over again? You say you won't rent. You will rent! And it 'll be just the same again. I thought we were getting ahead a little this time." Her voice broke into rebellious sobs that were loud in the still country night.

"So did I think we were," Fred said. "Do you think I 'm pullin' out of my own accord?"

"The teacher said Harold had bad tonsils," she accused him. She could not even speak of Ben. She clung wildly to the bit of hope that she had had.

"Well, is that my fault? Don't I want 'o do things as much as you do?"

"Yes, but you never will while you just go on renting farms of folks."

She looked at Fred. He made her angry. Under the savage bitterness of some of his words there was always that something appealing, something childish, and ready to trust people in his eyes. Oh, he was a good worker and he was honest, but it needed something more than that to get ahead. Something hard, was what it needed. Old lady Hunt had it, and Mrs. Foster showed it in that bright, glittering, mean smile she could turn upon you. Why was n't Fred like that?

Already he was getting used to the idea of having it all to do over again. She hated his patience. She threw words against it in angry rebellion.

"What did she say?" she demanded.

"I told you what she said."

"You need n't take everything any one says."

"It 's their farm, ain't it? They can do what they like with it."

"I s'pose—" She asked jealously after a moment, "What did the girl say?"

"What should she? It was n't none of her lookout." Fred went on: "What 's a fellow gona do? He works and does the best he can with the land he 's on, and then they want it for some one else. And if he don't work, he has to leave. He has to leave anyway. There ain't nothing in it for the renter. There 's nothing unless a fellow owns the land he 's on."

"And that we 'll never do," Beth said bitterly.

What was the use of talking? She felt herself going back, back into dark depths of old hopelessness that she had known before. She need n't have hoped; she might have known. Why should they have anything? She could smell the rich ripening corn in the hot night. It swelled her bitterness. The farm belonged to the others. They could send her off if they chose. She had nothing, was nothing. Work did n't matter.

Fred sat with his elbows on his knees, his head sunk into his hands. She looked at him curiously, half bitterly.

"Well, if you ain't gona rent, what are you gona do?" she demanded. She waited.

"I don't know," he muttered after a while. "What is there to do?"

They sat silent. Crickets shrilled somewhere in the damp. They could smell the corn. The grove was a patch of blackness. A calf mooed. What did they have to do with it all? Fred rose heavily. He was going off to the barn. Chores, the same old chores. Beth listened to him go. She made no move to stop him. She was silent, but her lips moved in bitter soundless comments. Easy, was what he was. He would still work for them. They would be renters all their lives.

The New Parents

By Ruth Fitch Bartlett

ONLY a few years ago we shouted the prefaces of Bernard Shaw into the world's indifferent ears and lifted Samuel Butler's "Way of All Flesh" and Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son" from obscurity to significance; as a generation we kicked the cocksure heels of youth in the face of tradition with a self-consciousness and a group-consciousness that made the gesture peculiarly our own. And now, with the always incredible velocity of life, we, who recently ran down these care-free paths of rebellion, find ourselves in the parental shoes; somehow or other we must learn to walk.

In other words, we have no sooner won or lost or compromised—in all probability compromised—in our individual battles with the older generation than, with no breathing space between, we find ourselves involved in a similar conflict, the inevitable clash with the next generation. Our own battle-cries of self-expression and self-determination echo ironically in our ears; but as long as we can hear them we are safe. We stand a chance not of winning the battle, God forbid! but of understanding what the battle is all about.

Is it, then, the sum total of our ambition as new parents to understand our individual children and the generation to which they belong? Can we include any desire to help them in ways other than physical and material? Can we reasonably hope to guide them in any of the important decisions of their lives? Have we any right to influence them in choosing a career, in matters of politics, economics, or religion? These are the questions we must answer in theory before they come upon us as particular problems, before the parental traditions and parental instincts have time to assert themselves.

We have made a pretty clean sweep of the traditions already; we have relinquished without a qualm the comfortable feudal doctrine of the "divine right" of parents; but instincts are insidious things. It seems almost impossible to escape from the instinctive desire to save our children from our own mistakes. We are not quite willing to admit that our mistakes have no significance for our children, that the paths where we valiantly struggled and stumbled are already overgrown, and that a new generation must discover new ways to reach its goals; in short, that our experience is of no actual value to any one but ourselves, except as we transform it into an unobtrusive wisdom.

Even more difficult to root out of our consciousness is the secret longing to have our children atone for our failures and fulfil our thwarted desires. The self-centered father who, seeking a kind of professional immortality, railroads his son into his own business

regardless of the boy's personal inclinations and abilities; the worldly mother who overbalances with disillusioned wisdom the delicate scale of her daughter's romance; all parents who interpret their children's happiness in terms of their own desires, who thrust their middle-aged proverbs in the face of youth's challenging questions, are committing crimes for which, unfortunately, their children will pay the penalty.

The old-fashioned parents were never bothered by inhibitions or Œdipus complexes. It was their divine prerogative, their stern duty, at best their cheerful pride, to mold a child's character. Horrible word, "mold"! since it describes a process fundamentally untrue. A child is not a bit of clay to be shaped at a parent's whim into a beautiful vase or a serviceable dish. If we look quite honestly at our children, we shall be surprised at the early appearance of very definite characteristics. Inherent tendencies and abilities, likes and dislikes, strengths and weaknesses, are constantly cropping out; but though we all enjoy discovering family idiosyncrasies, we seldom take them seriously.

Much of the unhappiness of the grown-up world can be traced to this fundamental stupidity: parents are unwilling to accept their children as they are. It is so easy to consider them as reincarnations of ourselves, as our second opportunity to play the game of life, so hard to realize that despite their physical kinship to us, they are separate and inviolable human beings! We should feel it sacrilege to hand them the ready-to-wear garments of personality; better to let them cut and fit the suits of their own design, better to watch and encourage their own slow and clumsy pattern-making; better to be humble onlookers than omniscient intruders; better to be ready with first-hand observation and relevant sympathy than with all the old oracles of parenthood. This may sound like an easy way of shirking the necessary discipline of early childhood; in reality it makes that training more difficult, because the new methods must be indirect and flexible. Instead of considering obedience as an end in itself, we shall regard it as a temporary means to the end of self-control and self-discipline; instead of insisting on our arbitrary and frequently hasty decisions, we shall encourage our children to draw their own conclusions and act in accordance with self-imposed standards. Just what these standards or ideals will be is, of course, a personal matter; it is the *manner* in which we point them out and the respect we show for our children's judgments that will mark us as parents of the new order.

And as new parents we shall have this great advantage over the parents of the past that while we assume less authority in the abstract, we shall have acquired this specific and illuminating knowledge of our individual children. If we have watched their early development with intelligent attention, we may prove of real value when the crisis of a career is upon them. So much of the unfortunate confusion that accompanies the choice of occupation is due to the feeling that there is no choice, to inertia, or to a pathetic ignorance of a child's real tastes and abilities. The schools are making a very practical effort in this direction with their vocational training and vocational guidance, but the parent is still the *deus ex machina*. It is to their

mothers and fathers that children naturally turn for advice on this all-important matter, though often all the encouragement they receive is an uninformed and stubborn opposition. In the case of a genius this opposition may serve to crystallize a purpose; but whether the average young person submits or survives, he is pretty apt to carry with him a definite, sometimes an unacknowledged, resentment. We who are willing to admit that this is true can take the further step and prevent it. We can give our children advice based on real understanding—advice untainted by the bitter taste of authority. And we can still further help them to self-analysis; we can cultivate in them the ability to look upon themselves with neither the self-depreciation nor the romantic assurance of adolescence, but with wholly impersonal honesty.

§ 2

Despite our earnestness, life may deal with us ironically. We who have renounced the arts for commerce, and grumbled at the renouncement, may be called upon to sympathize with children who are practical by preference, commercial by choice. We who have slipped more or less painfully from radicalism to liberalism must be prepared for the possibility of reactionary children. We who have been, as a generation, peculiarly indifferent to religion, must be ready for the shock of a religious revival. But if we have jumped the fence of understanding in all these personal matters of our children's characters and careers, we can easily clear those ancient hedges of dispute, politics and religion, where many faces in the past have been ignominiously scratched.

Political questions have lost most of their vitality to-day, and their place has been taken by economic problems. Few Republican parents would, I imagine, be seriously disturbed if their children voted the Democratic ticket, though at one time this would have been cause enough for violent quarrels; but let the children vote for Debs and see what a frightful rumpus occurs. The wrath-raising issue to-day is not between the two capitalist parties, but between capital and labor; it is essentially an economic conflict. So it was in our youth, and it will be increasingly so in the youth of our children. Whatever our personal opinions or those of our children, the point is that we must learn to disagree impersonally, to argue on an equal footing, and never to take advantage of our position as parents to bolster up a losing side; never to say, "You 're very young, my dear, and when you 've lived as long as I have you 'll think differently." The tragedy of life is that they probably will. It is certainly not a prophecy to make with any enthusiasm.

§ 3

In regard to religion we shall probably wear our tolerance with more grace. As a generation we have shown the after effects of the great conflict between science and religion, which to our parents was an agonizing reality. We have had little interest in theology, and less curiosity about immortality than any other people in human history. Theology seldom reaches the front page of a newspaper to-day. If we are honest with ourselves, we shall admit that whether or not we have openly broken with the faith of our fathers, we have ceased to conform to its dogmas. We are not

even courageous doubters; we are merely indifferent. We settle our personal problems out of church in accordance with some half-formulated standard of morality. As to our conduct, it is not noticeably different from that of people to whom prayer and a just Jehovah are guiding actualities. But will our children be content if we give them these stones for faith? Will they be satisfied with a diluted scientific explanation of the universe? If things proceed by contraries, a religious revival is due; if children are inevitably reactions from their parents, we may breed a race of Savonarolas or Billy Sundays. What will be our attitude? What shall we give them of the old traditions as equipment for their discovery of the new? How can we conscientiously teach them creeds in which we have ceased to believe? And yet how can we as a practical matter withhold from them any idea of God until they are old enough to consider the whole question logically? Whether we like it or not, some information is bound to reach them. Children all have grandmothers and nurses and an insatiable ability to ask "Why?" The five-year-old daughter of some friends who had with the best intentions kept the subject of religion out of their conversation said to her mother the other day, "Mother, have you ever heard about God?" With some hesitation the mother admitted that she had, but the child, with perfect assurance, took the matter into her own hands. "Well, any time you want to know anything about Him, just ask me." We must meet this type of religious confidence with tolerance; we must not be too ready with our agnosticism, but allow our children freedom to create their own philosophies of life, the same freedom for believers, if such they be, that we as doubters once coveted.

We new parents have already tipped the cumbersome table of parental tradition with skeptical modern fingers, but the past is still about us; ghostly voices whisper, "What about respect, affection, gratitude?" those time-honored filial virtues. Well, what about them? Gratitude is certainly more becoming to the person who wears it than to the one who demands it. Why should our children be grateful to us? "Because we gave them life," women of the older generation would say complacently. Some modern women have gone to the other extreme, contending, with morbid pride, that they cannot bear the idea of having children, the terrible responsibility of giving life to some one who does n't ask for it. Absurd! Life is not a gift to be accepted with polite thanks or rejected with unreasoning curses. Life is only a personal opportunity. Another familiar remark relating to gratitude is almost as unreasonable: "Well, I spent the best years of my life bringing up my children, and I think they ought to repay me now." And "repay" includes not kindness and help in case of need, but frequently an impossible subordination. How bitterly such parents have been disappointed, and what villains their children have been called and have felt themselves in their own souls! All because few parents realize that life is not arranged that way. If we insist upon balancing our books, we must do it day by day; our rewards in bringing up our children are immediate, and cannot be deferred until some final settlement.

Respect, affection, confidence—new

parents, as well as old, we are all pathetically eager to win and keep them. But we must not stoop or aspire to conquer. We must neither insist harshly, as fathers are apt to do, on our rights; nor point with hysterical fingers, as mothers will, to our sacrifices. Freud has taught us many difficult lessons, among them the unpleasant fact that we generally hate the people who make sacrifices for us. If we are courageous enough to apply this to our situation as parents, we may win from our children an unreluctant devotion, an affection that will leave them free. Confidence is another matter. It is human nature to confide the most secret and sacred portions of our souls to strangers; to friends, perhaps; to relatives sometimes; to parents very seldom. We run too great a risk of accidental betrayal, of unwelcome reminders, if we talk intimately with those who are nearest to us. This is especially true during the mysterious years of adolescence. We as parents cannot reasonably hope for the unguarded and complete relationship for which we long; but if we treat whatever does come our way with the same delicacy and respect we show to a stranger, we may establish a basis of real friendship with our children.

And it is friendship we want, is n't it? Friendship and fun and a share in the happiness of youth. The old-fashioned parents, undoubtedly, sought the same things; but they had such obstacles of decorum to overcome, they went such awkward and incriminating ways to secure them; they so foolishly boasted of complete absorption in their children's lives! As new parents let us be wise enough to consider our own lives important. Women, particularly, need to maintain a decent respect for themselves as persons; not as wives alone, not as mothers only. It is an encouraging fact that an increasing number of women are demonstrating to-day that a job outside the home often makes a woman more interesting not only to herself and her friends, but to her husband and children. Children will not seek to escape from the narrowness of the family circle if we can transform it into a many-sided unit in open contact with the world.

It is not that parents in the past have loafed on the job; rather that they have gone at it with such grim determination, such unrelieved seriousness. Perhaps our generation's most novel contribution to the parental attitude will be a spirit of fun. The spirit symbolized in the MacMonnies statue of a mother romping with her baby, which so shocked the puritan propriety of Boston, the natural overflow of joy, the frolicking gladness that Eunice Tietjens caught in her beautiful poem, "The Bacchante to her Babe":

"So, merry little roll of fat,
Made warm to kiss and smooth to pat
And round to toy with, like a cub,
To put one's nozzle in and rub,
My god to laugh with,
Love to chaff with,
Come and dance beneath the sky,
You and I!
Look out with those round wondering eyes,
And squirm, and gurgle—and grow wise!"

We may grow wise along with our children in our new rôle of parents; at any rate, let us take our parts with spontaneous gladness.

Deep-Red Roses

By Carl Sandburg

Drawing by Maud and Miska Petersham

One morning when big white clouds were shouldering each other's shoulders, rolling on the rollers of a big blue sky, Wiffle the Chick came along where the Potato Face Blind Man sat shining the brass bickerjiggers on his accordion.

"Do you like to shine up the brass bickerjiggers?" asked Wiffle the Chick.

"Yes," he answered. "One time a long time ago the brass bickerjiggers were gold, but they stole the gold away when I was n't looking." Then he blinked the eyelids over his eyeballs and said: "I thank them, because they took gold they wanted. Brass feels as good to my fingers as gold." And he went on shining up the brass bickerjiggers on the accordion, humming a little line of an old song, "To-morrow will never catch up with yesterday because yesterday started sooner."

"Seems like a nice morning, with the sun spilling bushels of sunshine," he said to Wiffle the Chick, who answered: "Big white clouds are shouldering each other's shoulders, rolling on the rollers of a big blue sky."

"Seems like it 's April all over again," he murmured almost like he was n't talking at all.

"Seems just that way—April all over again," murmured Wiffle almost like she was n't talking at all.

So they began drifting, the old man drifting his way, the girl drifting her way, till he drifted into a story. And the story he told was like this and in these words:

"Deep-Red Roses was a lovely girl

with blue skylights like the blue skylights of early April in her eyes. And her lips reminded people of deep-red roses waiting in the cool of the summer evening.

"She met Shoulder Straps one day when she was young yet. He promised. And she promised him. But he went away. One of the long wars between short wars took him. In a faraway country, then, he married another girl. And he did n't come back to Deep-Red Roses.

"Next came High High Over one day when she was young yet. A dancer he was, going from one city to another city to dance, spending his afternoons and evenings and late nights dancing, and sleeping in the morning till noon. And when he promised, she promised. But he went away to another city and after that another city. And he married one woman and then another woman. Every year there came a new story about one of the new wives of High High Over, the dancer. And while she was young yet Deep-Red Roses forgot all about her promise and the promise of High High Over, the dancer who ran away from her.

"Six Bits was the next to come along. And he was not a soldier or a dancer or anything special. He was a careless man, changing from one job to another, changing from paperhanging to plastering, from fixing shingle roofs where the shingles were ripped to opening cans with can-openers. Six Bits gave Deep-Red Roses his promise, and she gave him her promise. But he was always late keeping his promise. When the wedding was to be Tuesday, he did n't come till Wednesday. If it was Friday, he did n't come till Saturday. So there was n't any wedding.

"So Deep-Red Roses said to herself: 'I am going away and learn, I am going away and talk with the wives of High High Over, the dancer, and maybe if I go far enough, I will find the wife of Shoulder Straps, the soldier; and maybe the wives of the men who promised me will tell me how to keep promises kept. Yes, I must learn how to keep promises kept.'

"And she packed her baggage till her baggage was packed so full there was room for only one more thing. So she had to decide whether to put a clock or whether to put a looking-glass in her baggage.

" 'My head tells me to carry the clock, so I can always tell if I am early or late,' she said to herself; 'but my heart tells me to carry a looking-glass, so I can look at my face and tell if I am getting older or younger.'

"At last she decides to take the clock and leave the looking-glass, because her head says so. She starts away. She goes through the door, she is out of the house, she goes to the street, she starts up the street.

"Then her heart tells her to go back and change the clock for the looking-glass. She goes back up the street, through the door, into the house, into her room. Now she stands in front of the clock and the looking-glass saying, 'To-night I sleep home here one more night and to-morrow morning I decide again.'

"And now every morning Deep-Red Roses decides with her head to take the clock. And she takes the clock and starts away and then comes back because her heart decides she must have the looking-glass.

"If you go to her house this morning you will see her standing in the door-

way with blue skylights like the blue sky of early April in her eyes and lips that remind you of deep-red roses in the cool of the evening in summer. And you will see her leave the doorway and go out of the gate with clock in her hands. And then if you wait, you will see her come back through the gate, into the door, back to her room, where she puts down the clock and takes up the looking-glass.

"After that she decides to wait until to-morrow morning to decide again what to decide. Her head tells her one thing, her heart tells her another. And between the two she stays home. And sometimes she looks at her face in the looking-glass and says to herself, 'I am young yet, and while I am young I am going to do my own deciding.' "

Wiffle the Chick fingered the end of her chin with her little finger and said:

"It is a strange story. It has a stab in it. It would hurt me if I could n't look up at the big white clouds shouldering their shoulders rolling on the rollers of the big blue sky."

"It is a good story to tell when April is here all over again, and I am shining up the brass bickerjiggers on my accordion," said the Potato Face Blind Man.

And he hummed over again the song line, "To-morrow will never catch up with yesterday because yesterday started sooner."

"Elephant." Woodcut by Raoul Dufy

America's Outlet to the Sea

By Webb Waldron

It began in Buffalo. In conversation with a business man of that town I chanced to mention the Great-Lakes-to-ocean waterway, that scheme to deepen the St. Lawrence and make every great lake port an ocean port.

"I suppose," I said idly, "that some day you 'll have ocean ships docking here in Buffalo."

Instantly his demeanor changed from that of calm discussion to emotion. He began to pour out the reasons why the St. Lawrence waterway plan was uneconomic, fantastic, impossible. He deluged me with statistics; he pressed pamphlets upon me; then he seized the telephone.

"You must see Colonel W——," he exclaimed. "He will give you figures that are absolutely convincing."

He got the colonel on the wire. Yes, I could see him at once. Come right over.

I rose, gathered up my pamphlets, a little unwillingly. I was n't particularly interested in the affair. And I was puzzled. It had never occurred to me that this was a question over which one could become excited.

"But remember," my friend called after me, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one."

I walked to the office of Colonel W——.

"The project is a vast economic blunder," greeted the colonel. "Even if the channel costs only the two hundred and fifty million its advocates claim, the outlay will never be justified."

He plunged into his statistics. Then he, too, seized his telephone.

"You must talk with X——. He will show you why the thing is impossible from the operator's point of view."

"But," I stammered, "I—"

"Oh, he 's the one essential man in town to see if you want a true insight into this gigantic raid on the United States Treasury."

More pamphlets were thrust into my hands.

"But remember," Colonel W—— warned as I made for the door, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one."

Mr. X—— hailed me effusively; then his expression became grim.

"We are waging a tough fight here," he said. "The West thinks it has us beaten, but it has n't beaten us yet. Now let me show you some figures." He led me through some tables of statistics. "Remember," he interrupted suddenly, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one. Have you seen Mr. Y—— over at the chamber of commerce?"

"Well, I—no, not exactly."

"You must see him. He has some unanswerable figures."

In a twinkling the appointment was made over the telephone, and I proceeded rather helplessly to the chamber of commerce. I was afraid of the chamber of commerce. I had a vision of a waiting committee of eager propagandists and cart-loads of pamphlets. But I met only Mr. Y——, and he was merciful. He gave me two pamphlets, assured me that the stand of Buffalo on this question was not a selfish one, and told me that the one essential man in town to see was Senator Z——.

"We hold that there is no reason for an additional waterway to the Atlantic," said Senator Z——. "We have built the New York State Barge Canal, and it satisfies every need of water transportation eastward."

"I 've heard that the barge canal is n't much used," I ventured. "Why is that?"

A shadow passed over his face.

"The Government discriminated against us during the war. They would n't let us build barges. But now barges are being built. Business is picking up. Soon the canal will be operating splendidly." He rose. "Now remember, our stand in opposition to the St. Lawrence ship channel is not a selfish one. We are trying to save the country from the selfish sectionalism of the Middle West. When we were building the barge canal we appealed to the Middle West to help us in this great enterprise for the common good. But did Chicago or Detroit or Milwaukee contribute one cent? Not a cent! Yet now they expect us to help them construct this billion-dollar waterway that will do them no good and us immense harm."

"Harm? How?" I asked.

"Don't you understand?" He looked at me in surprise. "If all the immense commerce that now passes through Buffalo on its way to New York and Europe is diverted to the St. Lawrence, our tremendous investment in grain-elevators and harbor improvements will be virtually thrown away. Out in the Middle West they forget that, or don't care. They have a fixed idea that the St. Lawrence waterway is the panacea of all their ills, and will make them all millionaires. They have hypnotized themselves. Their hopes are illusions. Now you must go and see—"

But though I promised, I did not go to see the gentleman who was to give further evidence of the unselfishness of Buffalo. Instead, I took the steamer for the selfish Middle West.

Buffalo's concern seemed casual beside the emotion of the Middle West. Cleveland, Detroit, Marquette, Ashland, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, furnished a crescendo of emotion over the waterway that grew less surprising as I began to understand what "the outlet to the sea" signified to the Middle-Westerner.

"People up here seem to be a good deal interested in the St. Lawrence waterway," I said to a Duluth man.

"Interested!" he cried. "Why, my dear sir, the movement *began* here. And this is why." He jumped up and strode to the map on his wall, which showed great red lines radiating from Duluth west and north over Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan. "All the exports of that vast empire—iron, copper, lumber, wheat—converge naturally at Duluth. Out here"—he swung his finger toward the Atlantic—"is the world waiting for our products. And we are barred from it only by a

few miles of rocks and waterfalls here." He put his finger on the St. Lawrence. "Do you think that the selfish, short-sighted sectionalism of Buffalo and New York can balk this great empire of its rightful outlet to the sea?"

The next morning I was standing on the deck of the little steamer that plies from Duluth up the St. Louis River to Fond du Lac. We chugged past a deserted shipyard.

"When was that built?" I asked the man beside me.

"During the war. They made submarine-chasers or something."

"When we get our St. Lawrence waterway," said the man on the other side of me, "that place will hum again, you bet."

"And the waterway will come," spoke a voice over my shoulder. "It will come because, like the abolition of slavery and the abolition of liquor, it is fundamentally right."

The other two nodded gravely, and there was more emotion in their solemnity than in all the vehemence of Buffalo.

A few days later I was whirling along the "inner harbor" of Milwaukee with a man who was vividly painting the present and future glories of that city.

"Why, think,"—and his eyes widened to take in the magnificence of the vision he had created,—"here is Wisconsin with a population of only two and a half million, and we could support fifteen million if we had our rightful outlet to the sea. But we 'll get it!"

A day or so after that an earnest little man was telling me in the lobby of a hotel in Chicago:

"Why, it 's enough to make a man a Bolshevik to think of those fellows down there in New York standing there and barring our rightful way to the sea. But they are due for a jolt. You wait!"

Everywhere I went in the Middle West I found this almost fanatic belief in the rightfulness and inevitability of the St. Lawrence waterway. No newspapers have been subsidized to support the idea, contrary to the notion of certain Buffalo gentlemen. Subsidization is quite unnecessary. Behind the belief are several factors. Of some of them the Middle-Westerner is not fully aware. Of one of them he is quite aware—economic need. For the chief avenue of the Middle-Western farmer and manufacturer to their markets, the railroads to the Atlantic seaboard, seem more liable to congestion and delay than any other lines in the country.

§ 2

The section of the St. Lawrence River to which this discussion refers is that between Lake Ontario and Montreal, a distance of, roughly, one hundred and eighty miles. The river below Montreal was a natural deep waterway, with the exception of the shallow Lake St. Peter, and that has been gradually deepened year after year until now there is a thirty-foot channel all the way to Montreal, placing that city at the head of ocean navigation. The upper river, between Lake Ontario and Montreal, is essentially a succession of long, narrow lakes connected by short stretches of river broken by rapids. This is the barrier between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. The first canals around these rapids were completed in 1783, with six feet of water on the sills of the locks. Through the nineteenth century these locks and canals were enlarged by degrees until they accommo-

dated vessels of fourteen-foot draft. But there was no great impetus behind the enlargement. The railway age came in, and interest in water transportation declined.

But in the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth, as the railway problem became more and more acute, interest in the St. Lawrence grew. There were frequent references to it in Congress, discussions at waterway conventions, investigations by engineers. Our treaty of 1909 with Canada authorized the appointment of an international joint commission to study the problem. Nothing positive was done, however, and in 1914 the agitation was renewed. In March, 1919, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association was formed at Washington—an association of seven States, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, and Iowa, to urge the project. Eleven other Middle Western and Western States have since joined the association. An amendment by Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin to the Rivers and Harbors' Act, March 2, 1919, required the international joint commission to recommend to the governments of the United States and Canada a plan for the improvement of the upper St. Lawrence which would both open it to deep-draft vessels and make available to the greatest degree the potential water-power.

In 1920 and 1921 the commission traveled from Boston to Boisé City, from Montreal to Calgary, gathering testimony. To it was poured out the exasperating experiences of Middle-Western producers and consumers with the railroads to the East and with the terminal facilities of the seaboard.

The commission received, too, startling evidence of the cheapness of water transportation over rail. It learned that a great copper company is saving one million dollars a year in freight bills by sending its copper eight hundred miles west from Montana over the Rockies to the Pacific Coast and then by water through the Panama Canal to Perth Amboy instead of sending it direct by rail from Montana to New Jersey. It learned that despite the delay and cost of transfer in New York lumber is shipped from Puget Sound to New York by water and then by rail as far west as Ohio before the water-and-rail rate equals the all-rail rate from the Pacific Coast to Ohio. It learned that St. Louis machinery-builders save money by shipping their product to New York by rail and then by water to San Francisco. It learned that over one half of the cost of shipping grain from Duluth to Liverpool is incurred between Buffalo and the hold of the ocean-freighter in New York.

The commission was told, as well, why the Middle West does not consider the Erie Canal—even the new canal as enlarged to a twelve-foot depth by New York State at a cost of more than a hundred million dollars—an answer to its transportation problem. Witnesses complained about the slowness of transit over the barge canal, of the fact that the necessary shift from lake carrier to barge and then back to ocean freighter or tidewater storage had damaged their commodities.

The engineering board attached to the commission stated that a twenty-five-foot ship channel between Lake Ontario and Montreal, and 1,464,000 hydro-electric horse-power, could be provided for $252,000,000. To this

cost, said the commission, must be added that of the new Welland Canal. (Canada is enlarging the Welland Canal, the link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, to a twenty-five foot channel, with locks thirty feet deep and eight hundred feet long, at a probable cost of eighty million dollars.) In December, 1921, the commission transmitted to the secretary of state a report recommending that the St. Lawrence waterway be constructed. In May, 1922, the United States proposed to Canada that the two countries make a working agreement for the construction of the waterway. The Canadian Government answered that it was not at this time ready to take up the matter. Canada has a large war debt to work off, and a deficit from the government operation of railroads, and is not anxious to involve herself further financially just now. But supporters and enemies of the St. Lawrence waterway know that there is almost as strong a sentiment for it in Ontario and the provinces farther west as in our Great Lake region, that Canada has in a large sense committed herself to the project by the construction of the Welland Canal to a depth that cannot be utilized by lake freighters, and that the matter will come up again, perhaps very soon.

§ 3

In the meantime it is well to consider the arguments against the project, and not accept the judgment of the international joint commission as final.

First, the arguments of fear. It is obvious, of course, that even when fear that the St. Lawrence waterway will injure this or that locality is not openly expressed, it lurks behind much of the opposing contention. It is obvious, too, in the case of Buffalo, for example, that even if it were proved conclusively that the waterway would seriously injure that city, reason would force us to sacrifice Buffalo if great advantages to larger populations were proved. But the idea that Buffalo's wealth lies chiefly in the transfer business seems rather outdated. Buffalo has become a great industrial center. It is a great steel producer. It is a great milling town. In other words, a good deal of wheat that formerly came down from Lake Superior to be loaded into railroad cars or canal-boats at Buffalo is now distributed from the city as flour. The tremendous electric output at Niagara Falls is creating along the Niagara River from the falls to Buffalo a group of immense electro-thermal and electro-chemical industries that thrive on cheap electric heat and power-plants.

Montreal, too, is afraid, perhaps with more reason than Buffalo. The canal will take away her position at the head of deep-water navigation on the St. Lawrence, and she has a picture of wheat-laden freighters from Port Arthur and Duluth sailing by for Liverpool, giving her a hail, but no revenue. Along our Atlantic coast, too, one hears occasionally the same cry of fear.

There is another fear in New York State and New England—the bill. New York State will pay one third of the cost, we hear it complained, because New York pays one third of all federal taxation. One third of that cost of a thing that, even if it does her no harm commercially, will use up federal funds that might be devoted to some more worthy cause—to the de-

velopment of the immense potential water-powers in New York State, for example. But the case is worse than that, according to the New York inland waterways committee. New York and New England will pay the *entire* cost! Why? The answer is somewhat complicated. In the first place, it must be explained that critics charge the international joint commission with enormously underestimating the cost of the canal. To provide a twenty-five-foot channel and create 1,464,000 horse-power will, they assert, cost not $252,000,000, but $1,000,000,000 or even $1,500,000,000. Now, assuming that this would be so, and assuming further that the navigation improvement must be paid for by current generated at the dams, it is of course easy to show that the power development will be saddled with an excessive burden, and that the current must be sold at a high price. Assuming still further that New York State and New England would meekly dig down and pay for this high-priced current, they would of course be paying for the canal.

§ 4

But the year 1920, say the enemies of the canal, was abnormal. The railroads were in chaos as a result of the war and government operation. The New York commission in opposition to the St. Lawrence ship canal and power project declares that it is not even a probability that the shortage will continue when normal conditions return. Yet I know that in my journeying through the Middle West in 1922 I found plenty of complaint of the shortage of railroad cars, and on October 6, 1922, the New York "World" said in a despatch from Washington:

"One of the moves made by the railway heads today was to apply an embargo on the shipment of wheat from some of the Middle Western states. This is to relieve the congestion at Buffalo and on the lines eastward which are being glutted with wheat for export."

On October 20, J. R. Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, said in a speech in Chicago:

"Not less than 12,000,000 bushels of grain are held up today from their normal movement toward the consumer. The result is, of course, that the elevators are choked, first at the seaboard, then at the terminal markets, and finally at the country point of production and shipment.

"And because of these railroad troubles our waterways are jammed. Canadian lines seem to be in even worse shape than the American, with the result that millions of bushels of Canadian wheat have been diverted down the lakes to the Buffalo elevators for reshipment to New York. Since it is impossible to haul this grain away from Buffalo fast enough, the elevators there are full to overflowing. Lake boats fearing delay there have raised their rates from two cents per bushel to eight cents. The New York Barge Canal rates have been raised from eight or nine cents to fourteen cents from Buffalo to New York. Rates from Buffalo to Montreal during the summer were four or five cents—now they are fifteen cents.

"Recently there has been an increase of five cents in the price of wheat at Liverpool. Not one cent of this was reflected on the great Middle Western markets. Still later another increase of three cents which was only partially reflected here. Between the

increase in lake carrying charges and the failure to secure the advanced price the loss to the farmer has been tremendous."

Any one who reads the newspapers in any year will find scores of similar news stories. Far from being abnormal, the shortage of cars, congestion at terminals, seem to have become a normal condition on American railroads, and particularly, as was stated above, on the lines between the Middle West and the Atlantic.

It is not in the province of this article to discuss the blame for this condition. The railroad heads have their theory. In a speech before the Railway Business Association in New York on November 9, 1922, Charles H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, calling attention to the fact that the number of freight-cars and locomotives on American railroads has steadily failed to keep pace with the increase of freight offerings, and in the last five years has actually decreased, asserted that "Government regulation as it has been practised for fifteen years is almost wholly responsible for the decline of railroad development and for the existing shortage of transportation."

Then there is the adverse argument about the declining export of grain. "It is declining," says the opponent of the canal, "because of our increasing population and decreasing fertility of soil, and soon it will cease altogether. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1899 inclusive we exported thirty-one per cent. of our wheat production as wheat or flour. In the fifteen-year period from 1900 to 1914 inclusive we exported only twenty-one per cent. Yes, it is true that in the last seven years we have exported twenty-nine per cent., but this has been due to the extraordinary demands of war and the breakdown of Russia. When Russia comes back, our export will revert to its normal decrease toward zero. Therefore your canal can't possibly be justified, for it 's on grain and grain export that you base most of your estimates."

But now comes the most serious adverse argument. Assume the sea-track opened to the heart of the continent, assume the great lake wharves piled high with food and manufactured goods for all the world, what of ships? The present lake freighters can't serve. Long narrow ore-, coal-, and wheat-boxes with an engine in one end, they have neither the structural strength nor the motive power to brave the open sea. Ocean steamship lines must divert ships to lake ports, or build new ships for lake and ocean service, and all the Middle West's claims are based on the assumption that they will do so and that the ships will carry cargoes at much the same rates that prevail on ocean routes for like distances.

"Most ocean vessels draw twenty-five or thirty feet," asserts the enemy of the canal, "and the projected depth of your St. Lawrence project is twenty-five feet, and your lake channels and harbors range between nineteen and twenty-two feet. How can any ocean vessels come?"

But the Middle West asks the critic to look at the vessels passing through the Panama Canal, for example. Here are the records for last year: general cargo ships from the United Kingdom and Europe, 118 vessels in all; only thirty-six drew over twenty-five feet; eighty-two less than twenty-five; thirty-seven less than twenty. Vessels from our principal coast and

gulf ports in the same period: 603 in all; 364 drew less than twenty-five; 177 drew twenty-one feet or under. As for the lake harbors and channels, they are to be dredged.

"It will cost you millions," warns the East.

"All right; we know it. And we expect to get those millions back in the use of larger lake boats, with consequently lower freight rates."

But granting that, when the canal is dug, the ocean ships can come; but *will* they come?

The other day a prominent shipping man in New York said to me:

"Our ships make a turn around between here and Liverpool in four weeks. But we figure that it would take us eight weeks to make a turn around between Duluth or any other upper lake port and Liverpool. The distance is only a thousand miles greater, but you must remember a ship's slower speed in canals and restricted channels. A ship's operating expenses are determined by time rather than by distance covered. Wages and interest on investment and depreciation go on piling up just as fast when a boat is moving at five miles an hour or lying at the dock as when she is steaming full speed. The only difference is coal. So we would have to charge almost twice the rate from Duluth to Liverpool that we get from New York to Liverpool. The St. Lawrence people seem to expect a rate from the lakes to Liverpool only a little more than that from New York."

"What about insurance?" I asked. "A man over here at the Merchants' Association told me yesterday that the insurance on cargoes from Montreal to Liverpool was about twice that from New York to Liverpool."

"No, that 's wrong." He turned to some records. "From the opening of navigation on the St. Lawrence to October 15, the rate per hundred dollars of cargo is twenty-seven cents and a half, or only two cents and a half more than from New York. But after October 15, when the fogs begin, it jumps rapidly. Thirty-two cents and a half up to November 1, then forty-two and a half to the middle of November, and fifty-five from then to the close of navigation. Unfortunately, this jump comes just when there would be the greatest rush of grain for export. But that is a thing for the shipper to worry about.

"From the operator's point of view," he went on, "there are one or two other important considerations. One is return loads. The big export of the Middle West to Europe is wheat. But if we were carrying wheat to Europe from Lake Superior, we should have to get a return load to operate profitably, and I don't see just what it would be. The principal imports the Middle West expects up the St. Lawrence, I see by their pamphlets, are coffee and sugar and rubber and hides and bananas. The coffee would come from Brazil, sugar from Cuba, rubber from the East Indies, hides probably from the Argentine or South Africa, bananas from Costa Rica, and I suppose they expect to export manufactured goods to those countries. But there another difficulty comes in. There is no concentration point on the lakes. When a vessel sails out of New York for the East Indies it hardly ever carries a whole cargo of the same goods. It may have automobiles, talking-machines, pumps and motors, rubber tires, agricultural machinery, and so on, and it can load all these in New

York, because this is the concentration point for the commerce of the country. But can you imagine a ship going up to the lakes and stopping at Detroit for a quota of automobiles, then around at Saginaw for talking-machines, on to Milwaukee for its pump-sets, down to Chicago for plows and binders, and then back to Cleveland for a few tons of automobile tires to top the load?"

"We will develop a concentration point," I heard the Middle West replying. "Why won't Chicago or Cleveland be as good a concentration point for the Middle West as New York is for the East? They have better railroad facilities than New York, both of them. And don't talk to us about New York as a great concentration point. Congestion point is the right word."

"There is a third consideration," the shipping man resumed, "more serious than any other from our point of view. The St. Lawrence is a six or seven months' proposition. Suppose we build ships for the St. Lawrence route and get enough business to operate profitably through the summer. What should we do with these ships in the closed season? We might have no other runs for them, and yet an ocean vessel must operate all the year round to make a return on the investment."

"Lake boats seem to make a return on the investment in a seven months' season," I suggested.

"But they cost much less per ton to build," he countered, "and they load and unload much more rapidly than an ocean vessel can, and their operating expense is a good deal less."

All this should, I suppose, put a quietus on the Middle-Westerner and his hopes. Will it? Not at all. He will say that any one who asserts that ships will not come is prejudiced; that the ships will inevitably come, and that if they do not come, then Congress or somebody must do something so that they will come.

As far as his waterway is concerned, he unquestionably will get that dug if he maintains his enthusiasm and determination and an agreement can be made with Canada. The Middle-Westerner can overwhelm New York and New England at Washington. New York knows that. "The plan is in imminent danger of adoption," cries the New York State Waterways Committee in a pamphlet of alarm, "because it has appealed powerfully to the imagination of the West."

There is, indeed, more than immediate economic need behind the Middle-Westerner's belief in the St. Lawrence waterway. There is ambition. Our eternal American ambition to become greater than we are—the ambition of Duluth to grow as big as Milwaukee, of Milwaukee to outstrip Detroit, of Detroit to be a second Chicago, by some magic of water transport, of freedom to the markets of the world. There is pride. The Middle-Westerner wants to be able to say: "We take no second place to New York. We, too, are a seaport town." And there is the fascination of the sea itself, the pathway to the ends of the earth. He has a vision of the flags of Cuba and Holland and England and the Argentine and Japan coming over his horizons and of being able to go down to the dock and smell the smells of the Orient.

Yes, he must have his rightful outlet to the sea.

The Great and Good Tradition

Stuart P. Sherman: Scourge of Sophomores

By Carl Van Doren

For whatever reasons, the universities in the United States no longer put such a shoulder to the wheel of creative literature as they put there half a century or so ago. No poet of the relative eminence of Longfellow, no wit of the relative eminence of Holmes, no critic of the relative eminence of Lowell, is now also a professor. The gulf which, in retrospect, appears to have divided these reputable citizens from Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau, as well as from Poe and Whitman, has grown wider and has caused new alinements, until creative writers and scholars alike seem often to forget that beyond the gulf from each of them there is another side concerned with letters. The scholars spend their talents, often admirable, on antiquarian research, but rarely know or care enough to encourage, interpret, or preserve the best that is being done from year to year. The creative writers know or care little about antiquarian research and not much more about those kinds of learning which alone can impart certain of the most solid merits to masterpieces. In creative circles it is regarded as singular that Robert Frost intermittently and Robert Herrick persistently hold professorships; in professorial circles it is commonly thought best, when an active poet or novelist is added to the staff of a university, to keep him below the salt with the instructors or among the side shows with the extension lecturers. Doubtless there is no cure for this division. Chaucer, Shakspere, Milton, Fielding, Wordsworth, Dickens, Hardy, were not professors; nor, for that matter, have many of the great critics been: Dryden, Johnson, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Emerson, as against Arnold and Saintsbury, who both wore their academic mantles lightly. Doubtless the men of imagination will go on hacking at their own sweet wills, and the men of erudition will go on carefully gathering up the chips when they are dry. It seems a pity.

§ 2

In the United States, however, there is one professor who does not fit comfortably into this scheme. The experimenters who have felt the lash of Stuart P. Sherman, as most experimenters have at one time or another, might possibly like it better if they could accuse him of the common academic sins of dullness or of ignorance of what is current. Unfortunately, he commits neither of these sins. He is both a poet and a wit, with a robust and dramatic energy, and he can write as few of his contemporaries can. If he has slain Theodore Dreiser with a violent right hand, he has with a gentler left given the accolade to

Sinclair Lewis. Of those who honor Whitman, he lifts one of the most impassioned voices. Even H. L. Mencken, his principal antagonist, pays Mr. Sherman frequent tributes for his style and for his power. Yet though he does not actually fit into the established scheme, he has been made to fit into it by an increasing legend which, fixed by his "On Contemporary Literature," assigns him to the general's command over the forces of reaction. This he owes in a considerable measure to his trick of nagging the new generation in almost every paragraph. As young himself as many of those whom he accuses of being young, he affects the staff and slipper, though he has plenty of muscle with which to smite and spank. Perhaps it is because of his own youth that he is so impatient with those who share and mirror it. An anonymous critic has pointed out that Mr. Sherman, already famous and a full professor at thirty, had no chance to take advantage of his twenties. "From the first," says that critic, "responsibility has sat upon his shoulders. He has been a pillar, an arbiter, a last resort, a throne. He has had to walk cautiously among the elder statesmen of his bailiwick; he has had to assume maturity to match his power over his numerous subordinates. Compelled to administer and to account for his administration, he has been too busy ever to have the fling which his years deserved." No wonder, concludes his critic, that Mr. Sherman has learned to act "as if each new author were some raw sophomore badly in need of a perspiring session on the diaconal carpet."

The matter goes deeper than mere discipline. For teachers there is always the temptation to become contentious partizans of older modes of thinking and feeling. Something of this temptation shows in Mr. Sherman's critical technic. For instance, now that puritanism is under fire from various quarters, he can write thus in his latest book: "Puritanism, rightly understood, is one of the vital, progressive, and enriching human traditions. It is a tradition peculiarly necessary to the health and the stability and the safe forward movement of a democratic society." Yet half a dozen years ago, before the attack upon puritanism had reached the surface of ordinary discussion and when that strenuous spirit was indeed regularly praised by the common lip, Mr. Sherman in his "Matthew Arnold" held a different position: "In countries like England and the United States, where an ideal of spiritual perfection, and an inadequate ideal of spiritual perfection, has been established by the English Puritans, nothing could be more timely, more salutary, then Arnold's respectful yet vigorous exposure of that ideal." This contradiction in a commentator not generally thought of as fickle will mystify no man or woman who has looked from the professorial rostrum out over challenging young faces and has felt the need of combating their newest prejudices by proving that there is something still to be said for prejudices not so new. Mr. Sherman has felt the need and has yielded to it, at first partly out of disposition to argue and later out of a disposition to defend himself when his volleys were returned.

But even deeper than his nagging language and his pedagogic method lies an experience which points the way at last to the central stuff of Mr.

Sherman's constitution. That same anonymous critic of his has put a trustworthy, if flippant, finger upon the experience: "Let no one think that Sherman has always been a pillar of his state. In his Harvard days, grubbing among the grammars into which the system forced him, he swore dreadfully. There he discovered the austerity of Pater and the softness of Thoreau: there he ransacked the decadents, from purple Rome to yellow Nineties, and specialized in the immoral Elizabethans; once done with Harvard, he bludgeoned its manner of literary study till the welkin shook. The philologers then hated him like vulgar poison. The recalcitrant among the scholars then rallied round him. So, too, when he first went to Illinois from Massachusetts, he was full of brash irreverences, an æsthete stranded in a village, homesick Ovid among the honest Goths. Where another man would have flown the coop in irritation, Sherman buried himself in Boswell's 'Johnson' and learned how to rule a clucking roost. He buried himself in Burke and learned how, while distrusting revolutions, to fit his stride to the progress of a race. He buried himself in Matthew Arnold and learned how to test all things by the best." Yes, and he buried himself in Sherman, and found there a weariness after controversy, a longing for security among the wrangles of the senses and the debates of the passions, a desire to live safely in some great and good tradition.

§ 3

The war drew him out of his private literary studies to the consideration of American ideals and of the place of national societies in human life. Into all that Mr. Sherman wrote under the shadow of the noise of battles it is no longer quite fair to go; he caught the prevailing fever and he occasionally, like many smaller men, raved. But it is necessary to say something about the process by which he who had always been such a foe to chauvinism, came to the point where his writings might be cited, though not always justly, to give aid and comfort to chauvinists. Outraged by certain stupid and arrogant types of German propaganda, which claimed for the German element in American culture a grotesquely larger share than it has contributed, he set out to discover, for purpose of counter-propaganda, the tap-root of the national genius, the true history of the national soul. As a man of letters he followed into the past the trail of the written word, finding, of course, that the widest, most beaten, and least interrupted trail led to Plymouth Rock. As an inheritor of the line of men and women who had used the trail, he found himself warmed and lifted by the fiery words of the fathers, by the noble and humane words of all the intermediate sons. Convinced that here were the tap-root and history he was looking for, Mr. Sherman deduced from them those large views of American polity and destiny for which he is in this decade the most eloquent spokesman. "If even for a moment," he has subsequently explained, "it occurred to me that true citizenship in 'the country of all intelligent beings' might necessitate the sacrifice of one's essential Americanism and the use of the knife at the root of all fond sentiments related to it, in that instant there came to me, as if in a vision, our 'divine mother,' the spirit of America as the

clear-eyed among our poets and statesmen have seen her, assuring me that the higher piety demands no such immolation. That which we have loved in our country, she declared, that which we have honored in her, that which reveals her to our hearts as profoundly beautiful is in no way dangerous to humanity. On the contrary, the more deeply we loved the true constituent elements of her loveliness, the more clearly we understood her inmost purposes and set ourselves to further them, the more perfectly we should find ourselves in accord with the 'friends of mankind' in all nations."

That is to say, Mr. Sherman had found a cause in which he believed that the poet, the philosopher, and the politician in him could join hands without strife. This sense of his cause increased the Olympian in his attitude. He who had defended the classics against all challengers by reminding the challengers that they were little better than sophomores after all, now answered the critics of America by reminding them that they were only Jews or Germans, clowns or internationalists, and as such were incapable of understanding, as the purer strains could do, the great meaning, the great goal, of the republic. This shift of Mr. Sherman's played happily into the hands of the chauvinists, who found it easy to overlook what their new ally had to say, for instance, about the uglier aspects of Roosevelt, and easier still to catch from "Americans" and "The Genius of America" the general implication that the course of the nation has had at once a Roman grandeur and a puritan rectitude. No wonder the chauvinists promptly clutched and steadily continue to clutch at these consoling doctrines. Around them has been growing up a generation which denies that the progress of the United States can be interpreted in the terms of a Virgilian epic; which insists upon the contrast between the public utterances and the acutal behavior of the statesmen in charge of American foreign policy, between the gestures of domestic comity and the actual treatment of racial and political minorities, between the accepted notions of native efficiency and the actual facts of looseness and corruption in public affairs. Mr. Sherman ought to know that the life of any nation must be seen now and then as an ironic comedy. He does know it, for he is a man of shrewd and realistic perceptions; but for the moment he is riding the high horse of the grand style and rocking to sleep that comic spirit, which also feels the "fond sentiments" related to patriotism and yet insists upon distinctions among them. Meanwhile the national Pharisees rejoice.

§ 4

They have probably less reason for rejoicing than they think they have. Mr. Sherman is not one of those critics who sullenly stand still, nursing their first, and last, convictions. But a few years ago he distrusted democracy with his favorite teacher, Paul Elmer More; now he upholds that mode of government at all hours. But a few years ago he feared the expansive passions with his other teacher, Irving Babbitt; now he thrills with the average man at the sight of his country's flag. But a few years ago he agreed with Matthew Arnold that Shakspere and Virgil would have been bored, as Mr. Sherman would then

have been, in the company of the Pilgrim Fathers; now he elects those saints and their congeners to the great society of good men who in all ages have sought perfection and thus saved the world alive. It is on this last point that he has been most explicit. Once his puritans were conservatives, planted on the hard soil of a stubborn code while the rest of mankind were moving away toward the green valleys of reasonableness and sweetness; now they are radicals, tearing themselves away from the mean and customary without thought of the consequences to the human organism which they disrupt. Mr. Sherman, sore at the accusations of puritanism leveled against him, has even carried the war into the territory of his enemies by arguing that his enemies are less radical than his puritans, mere striplings bent upon the introduction of a new and superficial fashion which will allow them all to conform to it and yet not worry about their deeper consciences.

This is dangerous territory. A critic must be singularly incapable of growth if he is to remain satisfied forever with the praise of dead radicals. In time Mr. Sherman may find himself as much shocked as some of his admirers are at his list of the companions to whom he turns when he is asked to help his generation escape from the evils it finds unendurable: "Those of the great society, as wise men from Cicero to Ruskin have reminded us, have poets, emperors, priests, philosophers, saints, and sages for their table companions and for the familiars of their peopled solitude—all who for one great reason or another have merited eternal life. The ideal world in which these presences move seems to our warm youth, eager for sensuous contacts, somewhat cold and insubstantial; but as we advance in age and discover the fickle and transitory character and the emptiness of many of our relationships with those who seem to be living, and, on the other hand, the fidelity and permanence and richness of our relationships with those who seemed to be dead, then the ideal world begins to grow upon us, and its presences appear to our clearer perception to be the objects in our consciousness of the most indisputable reality. Then indeed we know that Socrates and Cicero are with us; St. Paul and Augustine and Aquinas; Petrarch and Machiavelli; Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Bunyan; Descartes and Locke; Voltaire and Rousseau and Burke and Goethe; Franklin and Adams and Lincoln, Emerson, Whitman, and Mark Twain." In the name of the gods of justice and of all the sons of reason everywhere, Mr. Sherman's admirers may well ask, by what right does a moralist who instinctively resists all innovation, venture to sit down and take his ease by the side of a Whitman who spent his life fighting official censorship and academic neglect, by the side of a Voltaire who ate his bread in exile from his own land because he could not agree with its great tradition, by the side of a Paul who chose and preached a new religion in the teeth of desperate perils, by the side of a Socrates whom the conservatives in the most brilliant period of human history put to death because he held opinions with which they had not yet caught up? It might be reasonable for Mr. Sherman to include such persons in his society of loved companions if he viewed all life as a

dramatic spectacle upon which the wise man should look coolly, savoring its tragedy with its comedy, yet disinclined to expect one outcome more than another; it is unreasonable for Mr. Sherman at once to approve the rebellions of the dead and to disapprove the rebellions of the living.

§ 5

He would answer, of course, that most innovations are not important, and that it is no less the duty of a true critic to expose the trivial than to aid the weighty ones. He would further answer, possibly, that the present age is mad and whirling, strayed as in the night from its standards, lost in a tangle of blind doubt and fruitless experiment. Well, to the conservative instinct all ages look like that. And, to be completely dispassionate, the radical instinct is habitually curt with many things which are precious and which in the end survive the most iconoclastic maulings. The test of the valuable critic, however, is not his general doctrine, but his specific deeds. Mr. Sherman has for fifteen years been an outstanding figure in American criticism. In that time he has had to his public credit the discovery of not one single beginner in the arts, the defense of only one single new reputation—and it the reputation of Sinclair Lewis, whom the rest of the world was acclaiming, too. Even in his treatment of Whitman Mr. Sherman has curiously insisted on lugging that large spirit into the puritan fold, and in his treatment of Mark Twain has blandly insisted on under-emphasizing the naturalistic pessimism which gives much of the essential salt to Mark Twain's humor. Against every novel scheme for governing mankind or for solving the problems of the economic life Mr. Sherman has resolutely set his face. The question is simply whether the age and its convictions and its tendencies are as barren as he has managed to make out. If they are, he has wasted his great strength in trying to break wild asses which had better been left among their congenial thistles.

The discussion, however, forces its way round again to the contradiction between Mr. Sherman's passion for striking whatever new head shows itself and his other passion for arguing that the quest for perfection is the driving force of life. That contradiction goes back in him to the difficulty which he has experienced of reconciling his instinct to cling to what is tried and to shrink from what is untried, with his reason, which, helped by historical investigations, assures him that established ideas and procedures pass and that new ones take their place. Certain of his former readers have given up hope, have indeed ceased to be his readers in the confidence that he is with the old guard forever, and is forever committed to the morose regiments of Americanism and fundamentalism. Certain of his more loyal readers, despite the snubs they have suffered from him, still hold to the belief that he will some day integrate his instinct and his reason and will become the voice and guide which his capacities could make him; that he will promote youth to the side of age in the company of things worth reverence.

An American Looks at His World

Comment on the Times by Glenn Frank

Liberalizing the Fundamentalist Movement

Any one interested in a study of the significant groups in contemporary American life is forced to the regrettable observation that in the church Bourbon reaction and blind credulity furnish most of the effective evangelism and father virtually all of the widely popular movements, as witness the current fundamentalist movement, which is compelling the church to squander in guerilla warfare between its own members precious energies that should be employed in the prosecution of its basic mission. It is nothing less than tragic that liberalism invariably allows itself to be manœuvered by reaction into a defensive position. I have often wondered why Bourbons seem to have so much better sense of generalship than liberals. Perhaps it is because they waste so little time on ideas that they have all their energy left for strategy. However gray-minded they may be in other ways, the standpatters have an uncanny facility for capturing the effective catchword. It would be difficult to imagine a more nearly irresistible rallying-cry than the word "fundamentalism." The man in the street has a veritable passion for "going back to the fundamentals of the thing." He likes to feel that he is "getting down to bed-rock." Whether consciously or unconsciously, the fundamentalist movement, from the point of view of popular psychology, has been admirably staged. The high art of sloganeering is here seen at its best. The fundamentalists have succeeded in giving the liberal and intelligent leaders of the church the appearance of renegades who are sniping the church from the ramparts.

The liberal movement in the church is weakest in its sense of strategy. The right is on its side, but the right is being badly stage-managed. The success of the fundamentalist movement would mean the conversion of the church into a Hall of Dead Doctrines presided over by Pious Ignorance. The success of the liberal movement would mean the conversion of the church into an inspiring and energizing force of contemporary civilization. But the liberal movement will not succeed as long as the liberals wage a merely defensive warfare against the detailed contentions of the fundamentalist program. The liberal movement will succeed only when the liberals spend their energies in the organization of a liberal fundamentalist movement that will put the reactionaries on the defensive—a movement that will beat the fundamentalists at their own game of catchwords and mob psychology. All the necessary raw materials for a liberal fundamen-

talist movement lie ready at hand.

I should like to suggest fourteen points that I think should be included in the program of any such liberal fundamentalist movement. I think that liberal leadership should challenge the church to do the following things:

I.—*Substitute the religion of Jesus for Christianity.* I am not merely playing with words here. Most intelligent folk realize, I think, that three fourths of our traditional theological doctrine bear little, if any, direct relation to the religion of Jesus. If Jesus were to return to earth, I doubt that he would be able to recognize either his purpose or his program in the average theological treatise. Hounded free-lance that he was, berated, betrayed, and beaten by the fundamentalists of his own time, Jesus would be ill at ease in reading the theological pronouncements of that over-doctrinized and over-formalized Christianity which has for centuries usurped the place, misinterpreted the principles, and maladministered the influence of his essentially simple religion, which was and is not only personally regenerative, but socially revolutionary.

II.—*Make faith a matter of adventure rather than a matter of assent.* Too often faith has been made a synonym for credulity. When some one says that John Smith is a man of great faith, we are accustomed to think that this means that John Smith is a man marked chiefly by the fact that he is willing to believe any widely accepted doctrine provided it was formulated enough centuries ago and its authors look antique enough in the steel engravings. In such a case, it would be more accurate to say that John Smith is a man of great cowardice. The man of great faith is the man who has such confidence in the essential rightness of the universe that he is willing to adventure outside the little circle of the white light of the known that falls about his feet. Throughout history the men of greatest faith have not been conformists, but pioneers.

III.—*Preach the gospel of Jesus rather than the gospel about Jesus.* The distinction here is too obvious to require explanation. I want only to record this personal impression: in at least eight times out of ten that I listen to an orthodox sermon I leave the church with the feeling that I have listened to a man discuss a historical something that happened some nineteen hundred years ago. The gospel about Jesus may be intellectually interesting, but it lacks power to motivate the contemporary world. The gospel *about* Jesus makes a minister the calm expositor of a doctrinal form; the gospel *of* Jesus makes a minister the impassioned advocate of a dynamic force.

IV.—*Apply as well as announce the principles of the religion of Jesus.* The mere personal recommendation of the sermon on the mount and the golden rule does not constitute an adequate message to the modern man. The church must add to the preaching of abstract virtues and personal spiritual experience an intimate, continuous, and specific moral analysis of all the political, social, industrial, and professional processes of modern society. To-day a business or professional man can lie, steal, take life, and despoil virtue in a thousand indirect, impersonal, and long-distance ways that never occurred to Moses when he announced the ten commandments—ways the moral implications of which it is not alway easy for a man to recognize. Now the minister, if he is any-

thing, must be an expert in the moral meaning of modern life. The religion of Jesus must function to-day in a changed world, and it is the business of the church to show men what the religion of Jesus means in terms of life in modern America rather than in ancient Palestine.

V.—*Ask men to believe only what they can use, only what is true for them.* The religion of Jesus is not a philosophy to be intellectually believed; it is a way of life. To borrow a phrase from educational theory, in the matter of religion we live our way into our thinking more than we think our way into our living. Intellectual assent to a doctrine means exactly nothing to me unless that "belief" actually does something to my character or my conduct. No truth is mine until I have lived it. In a very real sense I cannot accept the religion of another. That I am intellectually convinced that it is true does not make it true; it becomes true *for me* only after it saturates me so that waking or sleeping it colors my life. And I am reminded that it was only after his little personal cabinet of twelve associates had been his disciples for many months that Jesus catechized them to find out who they thought he was. He let them come to their conclusion about his character by living and working with him; he did not demand that they hold a certain opinion as a sort of entrance requirement to discipleship.

VI.—*Modernize the religious vocabulary.* The men who wrote the books of the Bible used the language-forms of their own time. Religious leadership is not, in the main, following their lead. The church to-day needs to scrap its ancient vocabulary and begin to talk to the men of this generation in language-forms and thought-forms that the men of this generation can readily understand without having to leap backward over nineteen centuries and convert themselves into ancient Orientals in order to decode the similes and metaphors that fall strangely on Occidental ears and insulate the religion of Jesus from vital contact with the modern mind.

VII.—*Emphasize the use of science by religion rather than the reconciliation of science to religion.* The fundamentalist seems to regard science and religion as two distinct entities, like two prize-fighters who had been striking below the belt and were being asked to apologize and shake hands. Science is not an entity that we can personalize as either devil or deity; it is a compound of a thousand and one specific results. The problem of religious leadership is not that of passing judgment on science as an entity, but the problem of making intelligent use of the new truths unearthed by psychology, biology, and kindred sciences.

VIII.—*Dramatize rationalism with ritual and beauty.* It is regrettable that when ministers become rational and liberal in their understanding of the religion of Jesus they tend to denude their church service of that ritual and richness which the human sense of festival and hunger for beauty demand. The average liberal church service does not stimulate the imagination and satisfy the legitimate emotions of the masses. Protestantism unwisely threw away much of its cultural and artistic birthright in its revolt from Catholicism. That there is a basic difference in certain doctrines between the Catholic and the Protestant church is no reason why Protes-

tantism should renounce ritual and exile beauty from its life.

IX.—*Know God as the mind and the heart of the universe rather than as its judge.* To think of God as immanent in His creation, alive and breathing in every atom of His universe, is not a reversion to primitive pantheism that peopled the world with a medley of gods, turning tree and stone and waterfall into a divinity; it is not an atheistic attempt to materialize the spiritual, but rather the spiritualization of the material. It does not even preclude the personality of God. I do not know where *I* am in my body. I am in my hand when I want to lift something. I am in my tongue when I want to speak. My mind and imagination travel through the lead and wood of my pencil, flow in the ink of my pen, or crawl along the metallic bars of my type-writer as I write. And yet I am a personality. I can approach a God Who is in like manner the mind and heart of the universe as I could never approach a God Who was patterned after an Oriental despot and functioned primarily as a police judge.

X.—*Make the church the voice of the living as well as of the dead prophets.* The Hebrew race holds no monopoly on inspiration, and prophecy did not die with Isaiah and Micah. Mr. Wells was no impious iconoclast when he suggested that we should bring together a new "Bible of Civilization." We need such a synthesis of the modern mind's reachings after ultimate meanings not to supplant, but to supplement the Bible.

XI.—*Break the chains that now bind the church to the state.* We have been under the delusion that we have effected a separation of church and state. We have not. We have *de jure* separation, but *de facto* union of church and state. In times of crisis, when the state barks, the church barks, and straightway begins to hunt with the pack. Let war be declared, and the church makes its God the ally alike of Pershing and Hindenburg.

XII.—*Define sin as anything that hurts life rather than something that offends God.* Only so can sin become, in the mind of the average man, a moral rather than a legalistic issue. A God worthy of the worship of intelligent men does not spend His time nursing His dignity and watching for infractions of a set of rules. He is pained only when something poisons or prostitutes his handiwork.

XIII.—*Make the "scheme of redemption" take into account institutions as well as individuals.* The religion of Jesus has something to say to society as well as to the soul. It is as much concerned with the reconstruction of the social order as it is with the redemption of the individual. In the mind of Jesus there was no contradiction between personal and social religion. There is no such thing as the "spiritual" gospel and the "social" gospel being offered to mankind as alternatives.

XIV.—*Merge the sacred and the secular.* Traditional theology has blighted life with a dangerous dualism that has made religion consist in the doing of special things. The religion of Jesus is not the doing of special things, but the doing of all things in a special way. Spirituality is not "a something" that life uses; it is the tone and quality of life as a whole.

I offer these as suggestions only, not as a complete program. I have left out many really fundamental things. I have been interested only in suggesting a method of approach.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1923

Drawing by Rockwell Kent, illustrating "A Voyager's Log"

Giant trees above a wilderness of fallen trunks

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *September*, 1923 No. 5

To Whom Are We Responsible?

A Memorandum on the Freedom of Teachers

By Alexander Meiklejohn

President of Amherst College

The question of this paper is, as we say, an elusive one. When such a question gets answered, it often happens that the question has disappeared. In the process of inquiry another question has taken the place of the one with which we started. If we would avoid such discomfiture, such substitution of mental changelings, it is essential that the mind hold fast to its own. We must grasp our question, define it, define its terms, and hold them fast, keep them defined, until the end is reached.

Who, then, are "we"? The question is here asked about the persons who are in charge of colleges. Who are they? Any one who knows what a college is knows that in this case "we" means faculty and president. These two have charge of study and teaching. Our question is about them.

May I stop to note what a pity it is that the Association of University Professors has defined the term "we" so badly? This association was founded to advance the interests of learning and teaching. It has summoned teachers to the work, but has excluded presidents from the fellowship. In so doing it has followed a drift which it ought rather to have opposed and overcome. Nearly every influence in a college tends to separate president from faculty, tends to make of him an administrator rather than a student, tends to give him connection with trustees and alumni and donors rather than with teachers. But he needs the teachers. His soul needs ever to be saved to that kingdom of learning of which he is in some sense in charge. Nevertheless, the teachers, by a timid, defensive manœuver, have consigned him to the company of publicans and sinners. They ought to see that, rightly or wrongly, the president of a college has power to affect research and teaching; that, rightly or not, he is responsible for research and teaching; that, whether they wish it or not, he is their fellow and shares with them their chief responsibility. But in general I should say that in recent years professors have done what they could to make presidents unfit for their responsibilities. On behalf of

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

the much rejected and bedamned I demand that they be given a chance to save their souls. They and the faculties are, and must be, responsible for teaching and research. These two are the "we" in this discussion.

But, second, what do we mean by "responsible"? This is a shifty term which often slips and slides under the careless fingers of human thinking. My own present definition is worked out from watching a traffic policeman and from reading Epictetus. Each brings out one aspect of a double meaning. If we separate the two aspects, we may hold apart in some clearness "responsible for" and "responsible to." The policeman has charge of traffic. "Come," he waves, and the stream surges on. "Stop," he signals, and machines and men are dead in their tracks. The policeman controls the traffic, has it under his charge; he is responsible *for* it.

The other side of the meaning appears when we ask, "*To* whom is he responsible for the traffic?" And here it is that Epictetus teaches us so well. I should like to quote a famous and beautiful passage:

"But some one in authority has pronounced the sentence: 'I judge you to be impious and profane'. What has befallen you? I have been *judged* to be impious and profane. Anything else? Nothing. Suppose he had passed judgment upon the hypothetical proposition, 'If it is day it is light,' and had pronounced it to be false, what would have befallen the proposition? In this case who is judged—who condemned? The proposition, or he who is deceived concerning it? Does he who claims the power of judging you know what 'Pious' or 'Impious' means? Has he made it his study or learned it? Where? From whom? A musician would not regard him if he pronounced bass to be treble; nor a mathematician if he judged that lines drawn from the center to the circumference are unequal. And shall he who is truly learned pay attention to an unlearned man, when he pronounces upon pious and impious, just and unjust?"

Here is, I think, in clearest terms the most important meaning of "responsible to." To whom must I give account of the things under my control; who has a right to judge my work; who may rightly say whether or not my work is rightly done? To him I am responsible. To be responsible to a person means to be bound to pay regard to his appraisal of my work.

If now we compare the handling of traffic with the handling of a college, the differences of the two institutions will appear in these terms. The policeman is "responsible for" with an abruptness and arbitrariness of which faculty and president do not dream. In our realm neither men nor boys run at the beck and call of other persons. We deal not with machinery, but with meanings. Our control is a very gentle one as compared with that of the guardian of the corner of the street.

But in the other meaning the tables are reversed. Just behind the traffic despot is the sergeant; and at his shoulder, in turn, the captain; and over him, the chief. And each may say to him below, "This is the way you are to do." And afterward he says, "That was wrong; don't do that any more." Each is responsible *to* some one at his elbow or at his neck. Each pays, must pay, regard to some one over him. Who plays this upper

rôle in college life? "We," faculty and president, are in control. Who has a right to judge our work and ask of us regard for his appraisal? To whom are we responsible? This is the question of our paper.

I have in mind to consider a list of answers commonly given to this question. These answers fall into two groups. In advance of the discussion of them may I urge again that the special meanings of our terms should be kept clearly in mind and that others should not be allowed to take their places. Perhaps I should also ask that the attempt to be at once clear and brief in dealing with a confused situation should not be regarded as controversial or ungracious.

§ 2

First, then, *are we responsible to our students?* Clearly we are not. We are responsible for our students, but not to them. I do not mean that we are responsible for our students in all their characteristics and activities. There are, for example, certain enterprises which the students themselves carry on, of which they are in charge. In this field their responsibility should be as large and as free as it can be made. But in our own field, in the making and working out of plans for teaching and research, we are in control. In this field the opinions of undergraduates are always interesting and sometimes important, but they can never be decisive. We, as faculty and president, must assume responsibility for our side of the process of education. We cannot submit our judgment to confirmation by our students.

Are we responsible to the parents of our students? Here again the answer is negative, but not so clearly. We are responsible on behalf of parents, but not to them. Parents intrust their sons to us to be taught. If the sons are not well taught, then the parents have a right to regard us as having failed to do for them what we undertook to do. And yet the fact remains that we will not accept the judgments of parents as to the success or failure of our work. They seem to us often satisfied without proper cause and dissatisfied without reason. We will not receive boys with qualifications or directions as to how they are to be taught. Obviously enough, if parents are not satisfied, their sons may be withdrawn from our instruction. And unless parents are willing to intrust their sons to us, we shall have no pupils to teach. And yet the fact remains that unless they are really intrusted to us, unless we are given charge of the aims and methods of educational work, unless we are authorized to act on behalf of the parents in these respects, we will not accept the boys as pupils. We will take responsibility on behalf of parents only on condition that we are not held responsible to them.

Are we responsible to the public? No, most emphatically. We are responsible in the interest of the public, but we are not submissive to its judgment concerning its own interests. No one can state too strongly the demand which may be made upon us that we be public-minded and public-hearted. But, on the other hand, no one can state strongly enough our need of independence from outside influence. More than anything else, the public interest of a democracy demands that its learning and teaching shall be free, shall not be subject

to popular pressure or review. We may not be told what conclusions our study and teaching are to reach. Least of all may we be subjected to the impertinence which expects of us that we make a good impression upon people who do not understand, that we cater to their favor, that we make ourselves popular. No democracy can afford to have either its courts or its learning subject to its own whim, its caprices, its ignorance, or even its common sense. A people which is being taught may have its own opinions about its teachers, but the teachers as such may give little regard to those opinions.

Are we responsible to donors? Surely not. They make it possible for us to do our work, but in the doing of the work they have no other part. Least of all do they hold us accountable to them. No donor who understands his gift or us would wish to have it so. A donor seeks for some one competent to use his money for important ends, and having found the person or the institution which he trusts, he gives the money into its control. But if he kept control himself, he would deny the competence of those to whom the gift is made. He would be paying them to do his work, not theirs. On such a scheme our colleges would be for hire. But men or institutions which announce themselves for hire go to the highest bidder. Donors would buy the teaching which they want, and others would then pay larger sums to get some other teaching done; colleges would flourish on the money side, and salaries would rise to levels which we mention only in our dreams. Why not? Because, on such a scheme, our donors would not make their gifts; it contravenes the very purpose which they have in mind. To pay for learning which a man could get under his thumb by paying for it would be a sorry bargain. That is not what our donors give their money for. They look for men and institutions which in the very nature of the case cannot be hired, cannot be held responsible to them or to their fellow-donors.

Are we responsible to the church? Taking higher education in the large, the church is perhaps our greatest benefactor. It has established and nourished our older institutions of learning and it still builds up the younger ones. Are we therefore responsible to it? It is one of the chief glories of the church that we are not. I do not pretend here to speak of the theory and practice of the Catholic communions; but of the Protestant churches it is true that as their colleges have gathered strength, they have been set free to do their own work, to follow their own direction. Here is a fine relationship. An institution pledged to support a point of view has recognized that the learning which it needs cannot be pledged to any point of view. Belief has welcomed criticism, creeds have demanded searching for knowledge; faith has required that doubters do their work with honesty and carefulness. The church with which we have to do does not demand support from us; it gives support to us. Whatever unruly minds within the church may claim, whatever weak and vagrant minds within the colleges may pledge to give, both church and college know that claims and pledges are not current coin in such a realm. Our modern church, knowing the modern world, may shudder at the task which modern

teachers face. It knows how great is their responsibility. But if you ask, "To whom are they responsible?" it will not say, "To me." Out of its own experience in like relations it knows better than that.

Are we responsible to our alumni? No. Rather are they responsible to us. We have spent ourselves in trying to reveal to them the way of high-minded, intelligent living. Through us, in some measure, they have had the best of life's opportunities. We have a right to an accounting of what they have done with it. That accounting would reveal the success or failure of our work. If graduates are uneducated, then we are nothing.

But in many external ways the American college has confused its graduates. Not only has it asked for help; it has also sought for favor. Often, and in many ways quite unworthy of itself, it has appealed to selfish and silly loyalties, to provincial and stupid prejudices. And for this "we" have had to pay. We who are in charge of learning have often craved the favor of men who do not care for learning, and the result is that at times the strain of labor under the hostile scrutiny of thousands of angry, uncomprehending eyes becomes almost unbearable.

But, on the other hand, let it be said that, in terms of its possibilities, the relation of the graduate to his college is one of the finest things in our American social life. It can take up and gather together thousands of men into a common devotion to things high and fine as no other institutional relationship can dream of doing. It may become, and I think is more and more tending to become, a genuine community of learned living. In that community the alumni will not hold us responsible to them. Rather, in the attempt at mutual understanding and coöperation they will give to us the help which they have to give, and we will share with them the responsibility which is ours to share.

Are we responsible to trustees? Legally we are; in more essential ways we are not. Legally, the trustees are the chartered body, possessed of all the rights which the commonwealth bestows. Legally, "we" are the servants of the trustees; we are engaged by them and paid by them; we may be dismissed by them, and in matters of policy and procedure we may be overruled by them. And yet this legal relationship is a superficial one. A college in which teachers were "dismissed" would be a sorry thing. A college in which faculty and president were overruled on academic issues would be something other than an institution of learning.

And here it is well to remember that the granting of rights to boards of trustees as we now have them rests upon a historical confusion. The men first commissioned by states to establish universities and to care for learning were groups of scholars, and the rights and duties assigned to them were the rights and duties of scholarship. Only gradually has there grown up behind these the second group—the board of property-holders and business managers. Legally, the powers formerly granted to scholars belong now to the "legal" board. But essentially they do not. If boards of trustees, as we now have them, were to claim in actual fact and procedure the rights and privileges granted to those in charge of scholarship, it would be inevitable that such boards

should be abolished. In an age of material growth those boards have an exceedingly important secondary task to do; but the trustees who understand their task know that it is secondary rather than primary. They know that scholarship may never be made subservient to the material forces by which it is sustained.

If it should happen, as sometimes it has happened, that scholars are summoned before boards of trustees to give account of their study and teaching, then the time for revolt would have come. "We" are not in that sense responsible to trustees. Whatever their individual qualifications, trustees are not, as such, scholars. They have not the right, nor do those among them who understand claim the right, to pass upon matters of scholarship. In the last resort their task is to see to it that education is placed in the charge of men who are competent to manage it and who are therefore not responsible to them. To be a good trustee requires a high degree of imagination, a stalwart confidence in the ability of learning to care for itself. He is a wise trustee who does not take his work too solemnly.

But are we not responsible to the state? It gives us legal being and authority. May it, then, judge our work? Certainly not in any except a very narrow sense. The state makes us and it may destroy us; but if it makes us at all, it must make us free. No state is safe, either for itself or for its people, unless its basic principles as well as its customary procedure are open to the free and unhindered criticism of its citizens. And in this sense our scholars and teachers are foremost in the work of critical understanding. Every free people knows that its state is an instrument of its will which must be constantly studied and examined, which must be kept true and made ever more true to the purpose which it serves. It follows that no free people will allow its state to restrain its scholars and teachers.

§ 3

In the first of our second group of answers we find the academic teacher at his worst. In it his mind and his disposition both seem at times to suffer collapse. It is the answer of stark and blatant individualism.

In the mind there is a bad argument. It says, "Since I am not responsible to student or parent, to church or donor, to public or graduate, to trustee or state, then I am responsible to no one outside myself; I am responsible to myself alone." It is a bad argument for two reasons. First, it may be that our list is not complete; there may be other objects which have claim to our regard. But, second, even if there were not, the conclusion would not follow. The phrase "responsible to myself" is a very bad phrase. Responsibility is an external relation. If there is no one or nothing outside myself to which I can be responsible, then the term responsibility does not apply to me. If I *am* responsible, then there is something other than myself to which I acknowledge, or ought to acknowledge, my responsibility. In the ordinary use of terms I cannot be responsible to myself.

And in the realm of the disposition the situation is even worse. Here men sometimes swagger and are defiant. They challenge you to show them any one to whose judgment they must conform. They are hard and

opinionated, sometimes even unpleasant and objectionable in insistence on their rights and liberties. Now and then you find one who is much more interested in the freedom and ultimacy of his own thinking than in the corresponding rights of other men. These men speak of being captains of their souls and masters of their fates. Such teachers and scholars are not helpful in present day American life. We have, without such teaching, quite enough of the aggressiveness and self-assertiveness of a partly educated, externally successful people. It ill becomes our scholars to insist upon their own self-sufficiency. Scholars as well as other men do owe allegiance; they are responsible. And the question still remains to puzzle us, To whom are they responsible?

There are, I think, two relationships in which the scholar feels and acknowledges responsibility. The first and lesser of these is the relation to other teachers and scholars, to other seekers after the truth. The second and greater responsibility is that which "we" feel and acknowledge toward the truth itself. In these two, so far as an answer to our question is possible at all, the answer will, I think, be found.

The lesser responsibility is immediate and certain. Every scholar has regard for the judgment of other scholars. There is a fellowship of learning in which all alike are enrolled, an enterprise of learning in which all are engaged. And in this enterprise each worker is responsible to his fellow-workers. What he may do depends upon what they have done. Upon what he does they try to build. And as they build, sooner or later they find him out. If his work is straight and true, it stands their test; if it is weak and false, they put him aside as one who has failed them in the common task. Within the fellowship of scholars each scholar is responsible.

But the second responsibility, though more remote, is still more urgent and compelling. As against the truth which scholars have there is the truth for which they strive, which never is achieved. It is in terms of this that final judgment must be given. In terms of this each man must wait assessment of his work, the measuring of the value of the thinking he has done. What have you done for truth? for knowledge? is the major question. Here is, I think, our real responsibility.

But is this truth a something other than ourselves, a something apart to which we may acknowledge our responsibility? I think it is. I think that thinking means that somehow in the very nature of the world itself there is a meaning which we seek, a meaning which is there whether we find it there or not. That meaning is the final standard of our work, the measure of all we do or hope to do or fail to do. To it we are responsible.

This meaning, which we do not fully know as yet, which we can never fully know, is not an easy thing to talk about. Just so the beauty which men have not seen, but yearn to see, the goodness which no man can reach, but which mankind must ever strive to gain, the end toward which he makes his way—these final ends elude our grasp. And yet they are in some sense real; they are outside ourselves; and being real and being what they are, they are our masters. To them we owe allegiance. To what

they are we pay regard. In them we seek right judgment of ourselves. To them we are responsible.

§ 4

Through all this paper there has run, I fear, a certain seeming arrogance. Has it been assumed that "we" are not as other men are? Are scholars a special class free from the bonds which bind the common run of men? Are we peculiar? Do faculty and president really differ from the guardian of the corner of the street? No and yes.

Scholars and other artists are favored of fate. They are the fortunate ones of human circumstance in that they work with love of what they do. Over against them are the artisans whose work is done not for itself, but for the sake of pay or something else external to the work itself. And out of these two groups there come two different kinds, two different measures of responsibility.

But we have made the line too sharp. All men are artists in some region of their living—the regions where they really live. Life is essentially an art. Policeman or professor, all men are doing acts for which they are not paid, for which no pay is possible. Men smile or frown, have faith and courage or fail to have them, love fineness, order, meaning, fitness, reverence, friendliness, fairness, or fail to value them. And in this world of things we care about, policemen and scholars are alike in their responsibilities. Each feels a sense of kinship with the other men who share his values, a sense of the necessity of "playing the game" with them. And all together are alike submissive to the world whose values master them, the world they serve. For every man this is the field of conscience, of freedom, of worship, of final values.

But with respect to work, men fall apart, as we have said. For most of us work is for pay. And if the pay were stopped, the work would stop as well. To workers in this field some one has said, "If you will do this thing you do not wish to do, then I will give you something which you want." So is a bargain made. And when this offer is accepted, one takes responsibility in a special sense. One has agreed that, for a consideration, he will do the will of some one else. It is agreed that he who gives the pay shall say what he wants done and how it shall be done, and we who take the hire must give regard to what he says. The bargain is that we shall be, so long as we are in it, responsible to him who pays the wages.

But, with respect to work, scholars and other artists are a special, fortunate class. They work, but no one tells them how it must be done. Even in their work they have the greatest blessing which a man can have—freedom to do the thing that seems to him worth doing. And they must be responsible not to the men who pay them, but only to the causes they choose and to the men who work beside them. Their work and worship coincide.

To be a scholar or an artist is to work directly for the things you care about. Such men do not escape responsibility; rather they welcome it and will not give it up. Their duty is to care about the things for which they work—and, if a conflict comes, to care for nothing else.

Hither and Yon

I—In the Age of Innocence

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Engravings of New York about 1870

Until I began sorting over my memories and amusing myself with all the good things, bad things, and silly things that have happened to me in my fifty wonderful years, I thought memoirs ought to be locked in a box, a Pandora's box, labeled "Do not open." Despite my pleasure in books like Lord Frederick Hamilton's "Vanished Pomps of Yesterday" and Dr. Rainsford's recollections of St. George's Parish, many of the rows of volumes labeled autobiography and memoirs seemed to me monuments to human self-indulgence and vanity. Such folly would never be mine. Then I began remembering "like anything," as the children say, and then I began to tinker with the idea of writing a note-book out for my grandchildren, little Bordie and Howland Russell. Now that the old house I lived in at 615 Fifth Avenue has been torn down, and the great steel bones of a sky-scraper rest in the cavern that used to be my Grandfather Jaffray's cellar, there must be some way, if it is only with pencil and paper, to give the children a share of the old, old New York and the castle that was an Englishman's home when "Grannie" was a little girl. You can see how easily I was lost: the children were just my excuses. I have n't the least illusion in the world that I am an important person. It is n't that sort of vanity that makes me write down what I think about things. It 's much more that I have been happy, and sometimes I think people would rather hear about happiness than cleverness. I am no writer, and all sorts of people will say I did n't really understand everything that happened to me; but I think nobody can deny that I have always had through sheer luck what T——, a life-long friend, calls a "box-seat at the America of my times."

The first thing I remember at all is a sort of box-seat. My mother was holding me up at a window in Brighton, England, so that I could see the Tenth Hussars, giddy in their blue coats, riding by in the street below. I beat my hands against the cold window-pane and danced on the air. "The Campbells are coming, hooray! hooray! The Campbells are coming, hooray! hooray!" Even today I get the most marvelous tinkle and tingle down my spine when I hear that tune, and enough memories to make a durbar romp by in my mind—Tenth Hussars at Brighton, parades in Egypt, in Bermuda, in London, General Pershing leading the American troops under the Arc d'Triomphe in Paris, banquets and celebrations num-

Lower Broadway, St. Paul's to the right, the Herald Building to the left, and Trinity in the background. The bridge was to lighten the traffic congestion

berless in New York. I suppose this is something that happens to every child. One day sounds first begin to hit the baby's ear as tunes, and, whatever melody it is, always ever after has power to stir. It 's the same way with the Tenth Hussars. I always notice what happens to them as if they were my regiment.

What I remember next is a big red sofa near a fireplace in our town house. There were three little girls, one with moppy yellow hair. That was I. The most important thing in the world was to sit next, absolutely next, grandpapa, a tall man, with hair already white, holding in his lap a bound volume of the London "Punch." The little girls squirmed and wriggled into the soft couch, and "Papa Eddie," as we called him, set Biddie (that was my youngest sister, Elise) and Appy Doll (Ethel) and Daisy Paisy (which was I) off into chuckles with his tales of "Dizzy," and Gladstone, who figured as a sort of heroic Jack the Giant-Killer who lived in a glorious place called London.

There were French songs he had learned at school in Brussels, and stories of how he had paid a shilling to stand on a table to see Queen Victoria drive by the day she was crowned. He was a young man then, just turned eighteen. A few weeks afterward he crossed the Atlantic to New York to enter his uncle's importing business. Nearly all of his maternal ancestors had been in the British Navy; his grandfather, indeed, was commander of Governor's Island during the Revolution, for me a most romantic item until Bob Potter sniffed. "Oh, yes," he said, "the British Navy — the middle classes."

There were evenings on the red sofa, and there were breakfasts. What is

left of my childhood now is a long procession of breakfasts, grandpapa, a distant and imposing figure behind a great silver hot-water kettle, who managed somehow between kipper and piles of toast and marmalade and oatmeal and tea to keep up a running story out of his newspapers, Mr. James Gordon Bennett's "Herald" and even bigger sheets from abroad. It was all so simple! Sometimes to-day I wish just for a single morning he could come back and read aloud to me and little Bordie and Howland about the entanglements of Europe, and make things clear. After breakfast we would all run to the window and shout one of grandpapa's rhymes while we scanned the street for the morning mail:

"Once there was a postyman
Would n't leave the letters.
Put his hands in handy cuffs
And put his feet in fetters."

Sometimes there were strangers for breakfast. A visiting Englishman in New York knew that 615 somehow belonged to him, and if he did not bring a letter to grandpapa, he was soon introduced, anyway, and came to talk around the huge hot-water kettle. Other visitors, too, for grandpapa, like Herbert Hoover, made breakfast an informal festivity, and his cordial "Drop in for breakfast" brought many kinds and varieties of men to talk with Edward Jaffray. Henry George was one of these visitors, a grave-faced man, bringing autographed

Where the Flatiron Building stands to-day: the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with the old Fifth Avenue Hotel to the right

books, and staying ever so long talking about free trade. Grandpapa was a Republican in politics, but free trade, absolute free trade, with no hitches about "for revenue only," was a religion to him. Tariffs were abhorrent to him. As I look back, I wonder whether those free-trade breakfasts were not my own political beginnings.

President Chester A. Arthur

There was a Captain Robinson, as wide as the doorway and as round as a squash, who set the table rocking with laughter. He told us a story about arriving at the London docks late for a dinner party, and of rushing ashore and asking a cabby, "Will you take me to the Savoy for a shilling?" "Yes," answered the cabby, eying his shape and size, "if you get in quick and the horse does n't see you."

There was Captain Grace, who loved us dearly. He brought us a donkey from Ireland, but we named the pet Captain Grace, and he did n't understand the compliment. He always looked at us sorrowfully and never gave us another present.

Captain Lahrbush was n't a seafaring man, like the others, but he was one hundred and six years old! He had fought in the Napoleonic Wars, on the British side, but when he came to our house he was shrunken like an old bean-pod, and he sopped his bread in his coffee saucer. When Biddy and I were entranced at this habit, grandfather looked stern and said we could sop, but not until after we were a hundred.

Another man who figured around the hot-water kettle was Colonel Henry Watterson. Others were there for the exciting breakfasts during the Hayes-Tilden campaign. It was grandpapa, by the way, who helped settle that difficulty by suggesting that the Supreme Court be appointed the electoral commission to decide the matter. To my mind, they decided all wrong. That incident was his sole active participation in public affairs, though his mind was ardently interested in politics both in America and England. He was a naturalized citizen and a devoted American; he had been a strong Union man during the Civil War and constantly advised his fellow English merchants not to deal with the South. Those who did, and shared the bankruptcy of the South, wished afterward they had listened to him. Paying for wars then, as now, is

a bitter stretch, in which many private interests, just and unjust, are lost.

Dinners I can't describe at all. Children were neither seen nor heard at such functions, and the best I could do was to hang over the railing up-stairs and acquaint myself with tops of august heads, like John Jay's and William M. Evarts's and President Arthur's. Biddy cried when she saw that President Arthur had no crown.

Colonel Henry Watterson

Grandmama was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Phillips, who was for forty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at 12th Street and Fifth Avenue. One of his elders was Robert Lenox, who owned blocks of real estate on lower Fifth Avenue. When it was proposed that the church install an organ, the Calvinistic Mr. Lenox was so outraged that he delivered an ultimatum. They could buy an organ, if they would, he said, but at its first peal he and his family, and there were pews and pews of Lenoxes, would leave the church forever. To the day of his death the music consisted of congregational singing and a quartet whose leader struck the key with a tuning-fork. Religion was a stern observance when I was a little girl, and I do not know what the Mr. Lenoxes would think to-day if they could see their churches hiring the same advertising agents that "sell" chewing-gum and motor-cars to put religion "across."

When T—— tells me tales of the Inter Church World Movement, and the little Jewish girl, former press agent for a circus, who changed her Yiddish name to get the job and did stunts called "Prayers heard round the world," he makes me feel very old indeed. I remember so well the old-fashioned religion, with judgment day as real as the first of the month. My Great-grandmother Phillips was really sorely troubled over one of her husband's fashionable parishioners who was buried in the bodice of her pink-silk ball-gown and just a petticoat! "What will poor Eleanor look like on judgment day?" she fretted. My Aunt A—— was forerunner of a more ribald generation. She professed great haste for "the day." She did so want to see the motley mob, and all the snobs obliged to rush helter-skelter with their own cooks and their rivals and their ancestors at the sound of eternity's trumpet.

It was all very solemn and beautiful, too. My father, an Episcopalian, used to mutter sometimes that Dr.

Hall was the Presbyterian pope, but that meant nothing to us children. Communion Sunday at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the St. Thomas's. He was a Church of England man, and also had a pew of his own at the little church in Irvington. We went there with him once after a long absence, and he could n't find his pew. He spent so much time arguing with the sexton that when he came back for us, my sister and I had crawled under a seat near the door and were crying because he had left us like orphans. When we did get in and heard the sermon, that was n't a happy experience either, because the poor reverend doctor used a shipwreck as a simile, and told how when hope was almost abandoned, the supercargo was thrown overboard. "Donkey! donkey!" my father kept repeating. Supercargo is a technical term for the man sent out by shipowners to keep an eye on the cargo, and my father, Frank Hurst, being chief of the National Steamship Company, could n't believe any of the reverend doctor's gospel after a slip like that.

Skating in Central Park

minister with his uplifted and luminous face, surrounded by the elders, seemed to my childish imagination, as I looked on from the gallery, the Last Supper come back. I do not think the stern creed that there is only right and wrong and no compromise hurt me much, though now it seems to me to have missed the great principle in religion, that the key to everything is divine love. And perhaps in a less severe church my sisters and I would have been spared many troubled moments. We heard too much about everlasting damnation and unpardonable sins, and we used to shudder with fright when we discussed these things in the nursery at night and wondered what the unpardonable sin was, and if by any chance we had committed it that day.

Our father took us occasionally to

There were prayers after breakfast on Sunday, as on week-days, and after that church twice, and Sunday school, and no Sunday papers, and only very pious books to read, and in the evening quantities of people came in to sing hymns. This was in the seventies, and I wonder if there is a house left in all New York where the seventh day is so spotlessly holy. Sometimes when

I visit where bridge is Sunday's sacred game, I feel like a furtive little girl, and half expect to catch my grandmother's reproachful eyes. Once we all went to the Broadway Tabernacle to see her in the pulpit, where she made a thoroughly rousing address for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She really cared about that cause. In the 1912 campaign an old gentleman wrote me a letter and told me my grandfather and grandmother would turn in their graves if they could see their Daisy on the stump. I laughed, because I knew grandmama would just be interested in whether I was speaking for a just cause. Her own was all Christian devotion. It was she who founded "The Open Door," one of the first refuges for the mothers of "fatherless" children; "fallen women" they were called in those days. And she brought not only money, but great personal tenderness as well, to these girls. Breathless messengers —there were no telephones —sometimes came to call grandmama to the death-bed of a girl in the Washington Square house. She always went. My grandmother was a retiring person, not at all fond of going into society, though she was a very beautiful woman. A visiting Scotchman, gazing at her, with her erect figure and lace bertha dropped over her shoulders, said that she looked like a duchess, and I puffed a little, gathering from his tone that that was something very fine indeed. I was not a little puzzled a month or two later when some one brought us a copy of "Alice in Wonderland" and I saw my first picture of a duchess. Of the real duchesses I have met since, far too many seem to have stepped out of "Alice," but the Duchess of Sutherland and the Duchess of Westminster were certainly as beautiful as grandmama, and I know it was of such lovely ladies as these that the dazzled young Scotchman was speaking. Grandmama never prinked, though I did surprise her in her room up at Irvington one day when she was making a veritable rite of putting cucumber cream on her hands to banish the freckles. "It 's because I 'm going to meet the President to-morrow night at dinner," she said, and laughed. Grandpapa had gone off in his steam yacht to meet President Garfield and bring him up

Sleighing in Central Park

to Mr. Cyrus Field's. He came back alone. The President had been assassinated on the way to Jersey City.

It is hard not to be sentimental about 615. It was so nice! Such a fortress against the windy weather! Not against a troubled world. I was far too happy to sense that all was not so joyous in meaner streets. Life was too wonderful. "I am always happy" I used to write in the diary I kept, and I was. Such a sweet, dreamy delight with everything, as if I had swallowed a rainbow-colored balloon, and something gay floated me up, up, up. The old brownstone house was a twin to 617, known to many people because in later years it became the National Democratic Club, which stood until this very year as a sort of monument for me to the happy seventies and eighties.

This spring, when we celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" in public, I wondered if New York children now would ever be so sentimental about their homes as I have been. Mine lasted almost a lifetime, but skyscrapers are too profitable. If figured out, I suspect we would discover that housewreckers in New York demolish more buildings in a year than did the Germans in a year of war.

Change, change, change, cities and people hurry and change in America as they never have in the world before. Lately even Washington, which used to be content with three or four stories and amiable spreading over space, has begun to be a clambering, restless capital, spired with hotels and apartment-houses.

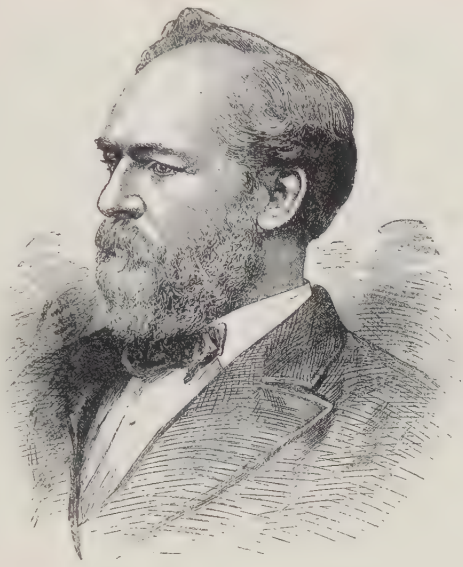
When I was a little girl at 615, we could look out of the nursery window straight across an empty lot to Forty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, where Columbia College boys played football.

Next us lived a pleasant Jewish family, but we did n't "know" them. It 's hard to believe, now that so many of the most honored citizens in New York are Jews, that in 1880 people were so narrow that that fact of birth was sufficient reason for not cultivating one's nearest neighbor. Across the street, between the Heber Bishops' and the park where the Vanderbilt houses are now, were dozens of little shanties and billy goats that bucked and nannie goats that baaed when you swished them as you passed. You could have bought any shanty and its goat for the price of a square foot of land to-day.

There was a nice boy in the farthest shanty with the blackest goat. He and Jack Morgan helped me and my sister to skate up in Central Park. It is horrid of me to forget his name, because he was much the best skater of the two, figure-eights and outer-edges. Jack Morgan was only Jack to us, not J. Pierpont then, and his greatest distinction was that his beautiful mother came sometimes to watch him from the bank. She wore a sealskin coat that came way below the knee, an item that completely won all the little girls whose mothers and aunts had seemed sufficiently elegant until that moment in mere jackets of seal and plush.

My aunt Florence, afterward Mrs. Woodriff, went to the park with us often. My mother died when I was three, and my aunt postponed her marriage for three years to look after us. There is n't anything one can ever do to express thanks for such sacrifices. Sometimes she took us shopping with her down over the cob-

blestones to Arnold & Constable's at 19th Street and Fifth Avenue, a jouncy ride over cobblestones. They lasted for twenty years after that. When asphalt came to take their place, an old neighbor of ours said she could n't sleep for weeks, she missed the racket of the stages so. Poor old lady! how happy she would be with the squawking, snorting, tooting taxicabs, with and without insurance, with and without heat, at all times of day and night, that another twenty years have added!



President James A. Garfield

Over my father's bed there was a picture of a rough sea and a tossing ship. How he loved it! and how we children, who used to have supper at a little round table in his room, liked the stories that he told us about the *Banshee* in the waits between our nursery supper and his own departure to dine. He would come out of his dressing-room in evening clothes, fussing with his little white ties, and we would plead, "Tell about the *Banshee*," and he would begin, with the high wind and salt spray sort of enthusiasm that characterized him. He was always thrilled about things, and if Kingsley was right in saying that enthusiasm is the greatest gift a child can be born with, father was very blessed. Sometimes the story of the *Banshee* began way back—about how he was born in Antigua, where his parents had come from Bermuda, and how he went back to live in the little white island, and afterward across the sea to school in Liverpool. Then he went into the army. At the time of the Civil War, in company with William Hewett, afterward Admiral Sir William Hewett, and Murray Ainsley, afterward Admiral Sir Murray Ainsley, Hobart Pasha, and Tom Taylor, he came out to Bermuda and ran the blockade. The *Banshee* was the wicked boat he did it in. I say "wicked," but only out of respect to my Grandfather Jaffray, who was such a strong Union American that when my father asked his consent to marry my mother, grandfather found blockade-running the only blot on an otherwise perfect scutcheon.

As for father, his B.C. and A.D. was "Before the Blockade" and "After the Blockade." I knew an American boy who was an ace in the Lafayette Esquadrille, and he had the same mad delight in risk and courage that father had. War simply was n't war to either of them, and I don't believe father ever connected his own adventures in the Civil War with grandfather's bitterer experiences, with draft

riots, in which a negro was hung to the lamp-post in front of his own house, and having to save all the colored servants by sending a member of his firm to drive them in a covered wagon across to safer Williamsburg.

Father remembered a norther on the gulf when he was second in command on the *Banshee*, making for Galveston with a cargo from Havana. The *Banshee* found herself in the very midst of the blockading Union fleet. Almost jostling the Union ships, she got away, and slowly steamed out to sea. After another day and night of watchful waiting, they picked up the coast-line, and sighted a post of Confederate soldiers from whom they hoped to get information about the tactics of the blockaders. They ran too far inshore among dangerous breakers. Their engine went dead and refused to turn over. My father used to live the whole story over—how the *Banshee* as daylight was breaking found herself for a second time encircled by the Union fleet, and had to make a dash for the bar, with a startled launch of Northern blue-jackets and marines on their port paddle-wheel too surprised to shoot. Then warning rockets were sent up. Ships began to fire. The *Banshee* with wounded and splintered funnels steamed on. Suddenly, they saw white water in the narrow channel, and realized that they must go full speed and bump the shoal or stick fast and be lost. They went straight at it, took it in their stride as a horse would leap a stone wall in Ireland, touching the top of the wall and kicking off. And so to the wharves of the town, where a crowd yelled and cheered.

I forget whether it was the Galveston run or a Wilmington or Charleston one father was telling about years after in the Union Club, when a small, dapper admiral crossed the room and said: "I remember it all. I command-

Central Park on a Saturday afternoon

The first train on the "Gilbert Elevated Railroad" passing through Sixth Avenue near the Jefferson Market Police Court

ed one of those ships." It was Admiral Upshur, and next night father told the *Banshee's* story to the nursery with more than his usual zest. The blockade was father's obsession, but that was just his enormous gusto for life. I 'm like that. I 'm single track, too, about things, one at a time, when I 'm interested in them. My daughter is more like Grandfather Jaffray, with a facility for languages, humorous and original.

Once long ago at Mrs. Willard Straight's I overheard Leila Bryce, afterward Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, say acidly to Lady Allan Johnstone:

"I certainly don't see how Daisy Harriman gets across. Surely not brains." Years afterward, in the Mitchel campaign, when she and I first became great friends, she came to me, with the bigness and frankness I now know so well. "You know I once said something very mean about you."

"I know," I said; "I overheard you."

"And you did n't hate me?"

I laughed.

"Of course not. I wanted to cross the room and tell you you were right." It really is my father's enthusiasm for things, not "brains" at all, that makes whatever talent I may have.

Father should have had sons. Being an optimist, he was easily reconciled, and brought his three girls up just as he had planned to rear his boys. Every single day of our lives we walked half an hour with a book on our heads. That was to make us erect in carriage. Dear father! Nearly twenty years after, on the day before he died, I came into his room in my riding-habit, and crumpled on the foot of his bed. Ill as he was, his cheery voice commanded me:

"Sit up straight, Daisy. You would n't want your father to remember you through all time with a crooked back."

He had meant his son for the navy. "Now you 'd be a midshipman," he said to me when I was thirteen. "Now you 'd be with Billy Hewett in the Mediterranean," he said when Admiral Hewett took command of the Mediterranean fleet.

He mounted me on my first horse, a donkey, at the age of three. He tossed us into the water from the wharf at Irvington. "It 's the way to teach boys to swim," he said. He found a sergeant of the Buffs a waiter at the Union Club, and brought him home three times a week to put us through army setting-up exercises. "Put the hole of your left in the hull of your right." "Stand at ease." "Hup! hup! hurrup!" he bawled at us. The men servants in the house father himself occasionally drilled. You can imagine a startled and pacific butler being ordered up-stairs and treated like a raw recruit.

We went to our first school in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's old house on Thirty-sixth Street. Mrs. Lockwood kept private classes there, and afterward on Lexington Avenue, where a few families sent their daughters for what I now see was a very sketchy education; but we did learn to spell, and we drilled in penmanship as soldiers drill in marching.

Sometimes, on rainy days, grandpapa would drive me down in the brougham, and Mr. Morgan, who usually sat after breakfast reading and smoking in his sitting-room just off the entrance hall, used to tap good morning on the window with his newspaper. Grandfather told me how Mr. Morgan had arranged, when Mr. Cyrus Field had lost his fortune and was very ill, that he should have an income and never, never be told where it came from, and always be left to think that it was a remnant of his own money. When grandfather told me about this, I wanted at once to do something nice for somebody and never let them know it was I who did it. In 1904 and 1905, when Mr. Morgan was godfather and general adviser to the Colony Club, of which I was president, I used to see him often. Because he had known my grandfather and father and mother, I found him easier to put many of my troubles and decisions on. His eyes were wonderful. They went back, back, back to shining depths, and his characteristic gesture, throwing up his chest when he entered a room and came forward to greet you, was delightful. His air of owning the world was n't at all autocratic or commanding. He made you feel that the world was his, but that you had a share in it, too. I met an old lady on the street one morning who greeted me with:

"Thank heavens, *he* has arrived!" Mr. Morgan had returned from Europe the day before. "I never feel comfortable," she said, "when he is abroad. I 'm always afraid something dreadful will happen to the country." Hundreds of people felt just that way about him.

One afternoon he came forward to shake my hand, and accidentally pulled a clipping out of his pocket, which fell at my feet. It was a newspaper paragraph calling him an "uncrowned king." He blushed like a school-boy and smiled.

"I save them for the girls," he mumbled. "Such nonsense amuses them."

His daughters, Juliet and Anne,

were in school with me, and Ruth Morgan, no relative of theirs. Even in school Ruth was a peacemaker. I read about her this morning in a New York daily as chairman of the Committee on International Coöperation to Prevent War. Forty years ago she began her work by crying: "Oh, don't, don't! Do let her out!" whenever the tomboys among us made a rough-house and locked an unpopular girl in the closet during recess hour. Flora Bigelow was the belle of the school. She was very pretty and played the zither divinely. I felt we were kindred souls because she paid the most casual attention to her books. She was the daughter of John Bigelow, minister to Germany and afterward to France. It was while visiting her at the "Squirrels" that I heard my first lecture on woman suffrage. Mr. Bigelow, devout Swedenborgian, had a great deal to say on the subject, of which one rhetorical sentence, "If my Italian gardeners deserve to vote, why should n't my daughters?" lodged with me from that time forward.

Miss Clara Spence had come down from Boston to be our elocution teacher. She was the first woman I ever saw who did not wear stays. She left them off on principle, and we thought it very odd that such a pretty teacher should be so strong-minded.

She now has a school of her own in New York, one of the best in America, and none of the daughters of the little girls who thought her queer, I dare say, have ever seen a pair of the medieval steel stays that passed for matter of course almost forty years ago.

Miss Spence has been a lesson to me. So many "queer" people turn out to be possessed of a common sense of which the rest of us are very much in need.

(The end of the first part of "Hither and Yon.")

Shanties near Central Park

The Unfamiliar

By Richard Connell

Drawings by Edmund Duffy

Who he was and what he was and where he came from no one knew. How he came to be in Crosby Corners was a mystery, and at harvest-time Connecticut farmers are too busy to peer into mysteries. He could not speak much English beyond "Yes," "No," "Hungry," and "Go Hell." He could gesture, however. He could gesture with his hands, his elbows, his eyes, his feet. He appeared to be trying by pantomime to convey the idea that he had been forcibly seized in his native land, which was remote, had been pressed into service aboard a ship, had been very ill at sea, had escaped at a port, had fled on a train, and had dropped, or been dropped, at Crosby Corners. The farmers, however, had no time to interpret pantomime. Farm-hands were scarce, and if a man had two hands and at least one good eye, they did not delve into his past or his pedigree; they put him to work. It was thus that the small, scared man in the velvet trousers entered the employ of Ben Crosby, richest farmer in that region.

"I found the little rascal," Ben Crosby told his wife, "squealing like a pig in a hornet's nest, and frightened almost out of his wits, with Constable Pettit marching him along by the ear. 'Constable,' I says, 'what is that and where did you get it?' He says to me: 'I dunno what it is, Ben, but it looks foreign. I found it down by the railroad tracks trying to eat a raw potato. When I asked it what its name was, it said: "See." ' I says to the constable, 'He may be a Gipsy or he may be a Hindu, and he looks as if he suspected you of being a cannibal. But,' I says, 'he seems wiry and he did n't get that lovely tobacco-brown finish of his at a pink tea or from working in an office. Now I need hands worse than ducks need ponds. So turn him over to me 'stead of sticking him in the calaboose, and I 'll give him a job.' Pettit did n't want to be bothered with him, so he turned him over to me, and there he is out at the pump, washing the dirtiest pair of hands I ever did see, and now and then rubbing his belly to show how hungry he is. I 'll send him to the back door, Hannah; you give him a lining of ham and eggs and pie, and then send him down to me. I 'll be in the twenty-acre lot."

Presently there came a knock on the back door of the Crosby house. It was not at all a robust knock; it was a tap as faint and timid as a butterfly's kick. Mrs. Crosby opened the door, and saw a small man standing there; his face was a rich brown, his eyes were black and apprehensive; he appeared to be ready to flee if the occasion demanded it. When he saw Mrs.

Crosby, however, he bowed deeply. Such a bow had never before been executed in Crosby Corners except in the moving-pictures. It was a sweeping, courtly thing, that bow, in which the small man swept off his wide felt hat and dusted the steps with it. Then he smiled; it was a humble, ingratiating smile. He looked toward the stove, where the sizzling ham was sending its aroma heavenward, and sighed. Mrs. Crosby pointed to a chair at the kitchen table, and he, with another bow, took it, and presently he was eating hungrily and freely. Mrs. Crosby now and then lifted an eye from her canning to regard the exotic stranger; she had a doubt or two at first whether it was quite safe for her to stay there. You never can tell what the foreigners may do, even if you are past forty and the mother of a grown daughter. She glanced into the dining-room, where, above the mantel, hung Grandpa Crosby's Civil-War sword, a long, heavy weapon, and its presence reassured her. As she studied the man, she decided that any fear of him was quite groundless; if anything, he was afraid of her. His hair, she observed, was blue-black and long, but arranged in a way that suggested that he was a bit of a dandy. The stranger's trousers surprised her greatly; they were of black velvet, really painfully tight, except at the bottom of each leg, where they flared out like bells. He had no belt, but instead a scarlet sash. His shirt, when new and clean, must have been a remarkable garment; it had been plaid silk, but it was now neither new nor clean. His boots were of patent-leather and excessively pointed.

When he had eaten a very great deal he arose, bowed, smiled beatifically, and made gestures of gratitude. Mrs. Crosby pointed in the direction of the twenty-acre lot, and he understood. She saw him picking his way down the path; he was the first man she had ever seen whose gait at one and the same time included a mince and a swagger.

When Ben Crosby came in to his late supper that evening he announced:

"I was wrong about that new little fellow. He does n't seem to have done farm work. He 's willing enough, but he handles a hay-fork as dainty as if it was a toothpick. And, say, he certainly is the most scary human being I ever set eyes on. You should have seen him when the tractor came into the field with the mowing-machine. He gave a yelp and jumped on the stone wall, and if there 'd been a tree handy, I guess he 'd have climbed it. He looked as if he was afraid the machine would eat him. Pete High, who was driving it, said, 'I guess it ain't only his skin that 's yellow.' I hope Pete is n't right. I hate a coward."

"Don't you let Pete High pick on him," admonished Mrs. Crosby. "Perhaps the man never saw a mowing-machine before. I remember how scared I was when I saw the first automobile come roaring and snorting along the road. And so were you, Ben Crosby."

"Well, I did n't let on I was," replied her husband, harpooning a potato.

"No, you old hypocrite, maybe you did n't; but I saw you looking around for a tree."

He laughed, and was on the point of sending the potato to its final resting-place, when they both heard a cry—a high, terrified cry that came through the dusk. He started up.

"That 's not Janey?" he asked.

"No; she 's still in town taking her music lesson."

"Who is it, then?" he asked quickly.

They heard the patter of running feet on the path outside; they heard the sound of feet landing after a leap to the porch; they heard some one banging frantically on the front door. Ben Crosby called out:

"What 's the matter?"

A flood of words in a strange tongue answered him.

"It 's Velvet Pants," he exclaimed, and flung open the door. The small man, breathless, tumbled in.

"What in the name of thunderation?" demanded Ben Crosby. The small man pointed through the open door with quivering fingers.

"I don't see anything out there but the evening," said Ben Crosby.

"Ice!" cried the man, very agitated. "Ice!"

"What do you want ice for?" asked Ben Crosby.

The man made eloquent gestures; first he pointed at his own face, then he pointed outside; his index-finger stabbed at the gloom once, twice, a dozen quick times.

"Ice! ice! ice! ice! ice! ice!" he said.

"Why, Ben, he means 'eyes,'" exclaimed Mrs. Crosby.

"Eyes? What eyes, Hannah? I don't see any eyes. There 's nothing out there but lightning-bugs."

One of the circling fireflies flew quite near the open door. The small man saw it coming, and made an earnest, but only partly successful, attempt to climb into the grandfather's clock that stood in the corner of the hall.

Ben Crosby threw back his head and laughed.

"Why, dog my cats! if the little cuss ain't afraid of lightning-bugs!" he said. "Hey, Velvet Pants, look here."

He plucked the man out of the clock with one big hand, and with the other captured the firefly, and held it near the stranger's wide eyes.

"Look," said Ben Crosby in the loud tone that is supposed to make the American language intelligible to those who do not understand it when it is spoken in an ordinary tone of voice. "Bug! Bug! No hurt! lightning- bug. LIGHTNING-BUG!"

The small man pulled away from the insect.

"Not know lighting-boogs," he said.

Ben released his hold on the small man, and pointed up-stairs; then Ben gave a highly realistic imitation of a snore. The man comprehended, and his velvet-clad legs twinkled up-stairs toward his bedroom. Ben Crosby returned to his supper, shaking his head.

"It beats me," he remarked to his wife. "He 's afraid of mowing-machines and he 's afraid of lightning-bugs. I wonder if he is afraid of the dark. I need farm-hands, but may I be fried like a smelt if I 'll tell 'em bedtime stories or sing 'em to sleep. What 's the world coming to, anyhow? Can you imagine a real, honest-to-goodness farm-hand like Pete High being afraid of lightning-bugs?"

"Boneheads are seldom afraid of anything," remarked Mrs. Crosby, pouring buttermilk.

They heard the front door open.

"There 's Janey," said Mrs. Crosby. "Hello, dear. Come right to the table. I 've made ice-cream—coffee, the kind you like."

Janey, daughter of the household, came in, bearing her guitar. She kissed both her parents. Janey was nearly eighteen, a pretty, elf-like girl. All the masculine hearts in Crosby Corners beat a little faster when she

went down the village street; her blue eyes had been the cause of many black eyes. Her father told her of the new man, of his extraordinary velvet trousers, and of his still more extraordinary fears.

"Poor little fellow!" she said.

As the harvest days hurried along, Velvet Pants atoned somewhat for his lack of expertness as a farmer by his unfailing good nature. He even learned to speak a little English of a certain hesitant species, but he had little opportunity to talk with his fellow-workers. Mostly they ignored him, or, if they addressed him at all, did so loftily and with contempt; a man who paled at the sight of mowing-machines and lightning-bugs was not of their stout-hearted kind.

The incident at the swimming-hole added little to Velvet Pants' reputation for bravery. The swimming-hole was Sandy Bottom, where all the workers, hot from their day in the fields, went for a cool plunge after work. They noticed that Velvet Pants never went with them.

"How does he keep so neat and clean?" they asked. It was Pete High who solved this mystery.

"Yesterday morning," said Pete, "I woke up earlier than usual, and what do you suppose I see? Well, I hear a tap, tap, tap, like somebody was stealing down-stairs on his tiptoes. I peek out o' the door, and it 's Velvet Pants. Just for fun, I follow him. He goes down to the creek, not to Sandy Bottom, but a couple of rods down-stream, where the water ain't more than ankle-deep. He strips, and takes a stick about the size of a cane and goes like this, 'Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

"'What is that and where did you get it?'"

"'He handles a hay-fork as dainty as if it was a toothpick'"

ah,' and pokes at the bushes each time he says 'ah.' Then he gives one big loud 'Ahhhhhhh,' and lunges with his stick at the bushes; then he bows low, like he was an actor in a show. He takes a bath, then, dabbing a little water on himself like a cat does; but he does n't go in above his ankles. I guess he 's afraid of the water."

"Mebbe he ain't much on swimming," said one of the other hands, "but he sure can twang a mean guitar. He 's giving Janey Crosby lessons."

Pete High scowled.

"He is, is he? First I heard about it. Well, the first thing he knows he won't know nothing. I 'm not going to have any wop—"

"She likes him," teased the other man. "Says he 's got such lovely manners; just like what you ain't, Pete."

"She don't know how yella he is," Pete High growled, "but she will."

On Saturday afternoons most of Crosby Corners, men, women, and children, comes to Sandy Bottom, bringing bathing-suits. It is not a very big pool; at its deepest part it is not much over six feet deep.

How it happened that the small man with the velvet trousers should be passing Sandy Bottom that Saturday noon at the precise moment when freckled Johnny Nelson was floundering in the water and calling loudly for help does not matter. Why Johnny Nelson should be drowning at all is something of a puzzle, for he was the best swimmer in the county. It also happened that just as Johnny was going down for the ninth or tenth time and was calling piteously for Velvet Pants to dive in and save him, Janey

Crosby and a party of girl friends came down to the pool.

They saw Velvet Pants, his dark face ivory colored, trying to reach Johnny with a young tree wrenched from the bank. The small man was a picture of frantic helplessness.

"Save me, Velvet Pants! Save me!" bawled Johnny, submerging, and coming up for the fourteenth time.

"Not know how," screamed Velvet Pants in agony. "Not know how."

Janey Crosby and her companions grew mildly hysterical; Johnny Nelson went down for the seventeenth and eighteenth time, respectively. Velvet Pants, finding that he could not reach Johnny with the tree, had fallen on his knees, and with clasped hands was praying aloud in his own tongue. Then, it also happened, that Pete High came racing through the bushes.

"I 'll save you, Johnny," he cried dramatically. Overalls and all, he plunged in and brought the dripping Johnny to the bank. The prayers of Velvet Pants became prayers of thanksgiving. Pete High stood regarding him with disgust.

"Oh, Velvet Pants," said Janey Crosby, "why did n't you jump in and save him?"

Slowly, sadly the small man shrugged his shoulders.

"Not know water," he said; "not know sweem."

He did not seem nearly so abashed as he said this as he might very well have been in the circumstances; he said it very much as if he were stating a fact, a lamentable fact the truth of which he regretted, but a fact, nevertheless. He looked dismayed and surprised when Janey Crosby and the others turned away from him.

After that Velvet Pants was an outcast. The men spoke to him only when it was necessary to do so, and then briefly and even harshly. He did not seem to understand; he would try to tell them things, making many gestures; but he had not the words to make himself clear, nor had they the inclination to listen to him.

In the evening, when the men were sitting about the porch, competing for Janey Crosby's smiles, there was no place for him there. He had tried to join in their talk and play, to be friendly, to be one of them; they froze him out, and still he did not seem to understand that they did it because he was so flagrant a coward. At last he seemed to accept his status as a pariah without really understanding it, for he would take his guitar, which he had constructed from the ruin of an old one, and go alone into the woods. It was said that he sang there to himself, sad songs in his native tongue.

Janey Crosby's birthday came toward the end of the harvest season, and it was the most important social event of the year in Crosby Corners. All the village was invited, and all the village came, the girls in their fresh dimities, the men, soaped and collared and uncomfortable, but happy. They brought presents, as if they were bringing tribute to a queen, and Janey, as graciously as a reigning sovereign, took them all, and smiled.

The party was held in the masonic hall, and it was an affair of considerable tone, with dancing, two helpings of ice-cream all around, and a three-piece orchestra.

The dancing was half over. Janey and Pete High, her current partner, had gone out on the porch; a harvest moon silvered the village streets.

"Look," exclaimed Pete, "what 's

that sitting down there on the horse-block?"

"It 's a man," said Janey, her eyes following his pointing finger.

"But who can it be?"

The girl looked again, and made out a small, bent figure sitting there, chin on hands, eyes turned toward the lighted hall, ears toward the music and the buzz and laughter of the guests.

"Why, it 's Velvet Pants!" she exclaimed.

"Shall I chase him away?" asked Pete, swelling out his chest and looking belligerent. Janey laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"No; don't chase him, Pete. Let him stay. The poor fellow 's probably lonesome. Everybody is here but him."

"He deserves to be lonesome," said Pete; "he 's yella."

"'She don't know how yella he is'"

"Would you jump in to save a person from drowning if you did n't know how to swim?" asked Janey.

"Of course I would," replied Pete, promptly. "Now, see here, Janey Crosby, don't you go sticking up for that wop. He 's not fit to associate with white men."

She sat gazing at the small, miserable figure; then she made a sudden resolution.

"I 'm going to ask him to come up to the party," she said.

"No you ain't."

"Whose birthday is this, Pete High? I guess it won't do any harm to give him a dish of ice-cream. You don't have to associate with him. Run down and tell him I 'd like to see him, Pete."

Pete mumbled protests, but he went. Very diffidently, as if he momentarily expected to be kicked, Velvet Pants approached the porch. Janey Crosby saw that he was wearing a new, clean shirt, that his black locks had been parted and buttered, and that his shoes had been rigorously shined. Over his shoulder was slung his wreck of a guitar.

"This is my birthday, Velvet Pants," said the girl. "I want you to help me celebrate it. Pete, will you get another plate of ice-cream?"

The small man seemed overcome; he bowed twice very low. Then he spoke. He spoke mechanically, as if the words had been often rehearsed.

"I haf no gif' for you on your birdday, Mees Crosby, but I haf learn a song American to seeng for you. I hear heem on funnygraf. I hope you like."

He said it humbly, but not without

a certain pride that attends the accomplishment of a difficult feat.

Janey laughed delightedly.

"So you learned an American song just for my birthday? Well, now, was n't that a sweet idea! Wait! I 'll call the others; no, better still, you come in the hall and sing, so they can all hear."

Velvet Pants looked horrified at this suggestion.

"But, no," he protested. "I do not seeng good."

"That 's all right. They won't know the difference," said Janey, laughingly. "Come along."

She pushed him through the open doorway. The guests looked up; what would Janey Crosby do next?

"Folks," announced Janey Crosby, "Mr. Velvet Pants is going to sing for us. He learned a little American song just for my birthday. Was n't that nice of him?"

It was evident from the face of Pete High, who stood in the doorway, that he did not think it was particularly nice.

The small brown man glanced uncertainly about the hall; then he began to play chords on his guitar. Some of the girls tittered. In a round, clear tenor Velvet Pants began to sing:

"Kees me hagain, kees me hagain,
Kees me hagain, and hagain."

His memory seemed to go back on him at this point; he groped for a moment for the words, then plunged on:

"Kees me hagain, kees me hagain,
Kees me hagain, and hagain.
Kees me hagain, kees me hagain,
Kees me hagain and hagain,
Kees me hagain, kees me hagain,
Kees me, kees me, hagain!"

When he had finished, Velvet Pants bowed deeply first to Janey, then to the rest. There was a slight, dubious ripple of applause that was checked suddenly. Pete High had strode up to Velvet Pants and was facing him.

"Just a minute there," said Pete. "You and me has got a little bone to pick. Wadda you mean by singing a song like that to Miss Crosby?"

The small man looked puzzled.

"It ees only song American I know," he said.

"Yeah? Well, I 'm goin' to teach you to sing it out of the other side of your mouth. Come outside with me."

"Pete High," broke in Janey, "don't you go fighting with him. He did n't mean any harm; he probably does n't know what the words mean."

"I told him never to say anything to you whether he understood it or not," stormed Pete. "Come on, you."

Velvet Pants made an attempt to steal away, but Pete blocked his path.

"You 're going out on the lawn with me," said Pete.

"And seeng?" asked the little man, who seemed somewhat dazed by what was happening.

"No; fight."

"Fight?"

"Yes; fight."

"But I do no hate you, Meester Pete."

"Well, I hate you. Come on."

"But how we fight?" inquired the small man; he was pale beneath his tan, and trembling. For answer Pete thrust a clenched fist under the man's nose. The man drew his head back and shivered.

"No!" he said, shaking his head; "no! no! no! no! no!"

"You won't fight?"

"No."

"You 're a coward," declared Pete.

Velvet Pants shrugged his shoulders.

"Not know hand-fights," he said.

Pete slapped him across the face with his open hand.

"Now will you fight?"

"Not know hand-fights," said the man, drawing away. Pete, contempt on his face, gave him a push into the night. They heard the sound of feet on the path; Velvet Pants was running.

"Not know hand-fights," Pete mimicked. "Did you ever in your life see such a rat?"

Next day excitement swept Crosby Corners. Defender Monarch had gone crazy, and when that news spread, they forgot all about the conduct of Velvet Pants on the night before. As for him, he went about his work with a puzzled and hurt look on his brown face; he seemed still uncertain why the others did not respond to his smiles and attempts at friendliness.

Defender Monarch was the pride, and the terror, of the county. His owner, Ben Crosby, had raised him from a gawky calf, wobbly on his legs, into a massive ton-and-a-half bull, with a chest like a haystack, a voice of thunder, and the temper of a gouty demon. Ben Crosby had not dehorned him, because in cattle shows a good pair of horns is considered a point of merit in judging bulls, and the giant bull had won many blue ribbons. On this day Ben Crosby wished most earnestly that he had foregone the blue ribbons and taken off those horns. A savage bull without horns is bad enough, but a savage bull with a pair of sharp, wicked horns is just about the most dangerous animal that walks.

Perhaps on that morning Defender Monarch had realized that he had reached the end of his usefulness, and that before very long he was doomed to end a proud career, ingloriously, as steak, roast, and stew. He stood in his pasture, roaring a challenge to the world that he would die fighting. By blind luck Ben Crosby was able to trick him into entering the big pen, but in the process Defender Monarch had given a sample of his viciousness by ripping Johnny Nelson's arm from elbow to shoulder and had failed by a hair's-breadth in a sincere attempt to crush the life out of Ben Crosby himself. Once confined in the pen, Defender Monarch's rage knew no bounds. He hurled himself against the thick board sides so furiously that they creaked and trembled, and the crowd that had gathered to see him darted back to places of greater safety.

Luckily, the pen was a stoutly built affair; it was not really a pen at all, but a small corral, perhaps fifty feet square. About it moved Defender Monarch, his small eyes blazing, alert. And, perched on boxes and ladders, Crosby Corners, fascinated as all men are by dangerous things, watched the mad king of the herd.

"Is n't he just too terrible," said Janey Crosby to Pete High.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Pete, airily. "I 've worked round him often."

"But not since he went crazy, Pete."

"No," admitted Pete, "mebbe not. I 'm used to cattle of all kinds, but I never saw one that acted this way. Just plain bulls I 'm none too fond of fooling with, but a crazy one! Excuse me."

"See how he 's looking right at us with those mean little eyes of his," said Janey. "It 's just as if he were saying, 'If I only had you down here for a minute!' I 'm scared, Pete."

"He blew a cloud of smoke into the bull's face"

"I 'm here," said Pete High, reassuringly. "Look, Janey, he 's getting another fit; he 's going to try to buck that opposite wall."

Janey Crosby, to get a better view, climbed to the very top of the step-ladder that leaned against the wall of the corral. There was a sharp crack as the top rail gave way, then horrified cries. She had fallen into the pen, and lay unconscious almost at the feet of the mad bull.

The women screamed, the men ran about aimlessly, wildly, shouting orders at one another.

"Help! Janey 's fallen into the pen!"

"Oh, he 'll kill her! he 'll kill her! he 'll kill her!"

"Get pitchforks!"

"Get a gun!"

"No use; we 've only got bird-shot. It would just make him madder to hit him with that."

"Some one will have to jump in."

"Where are you running to, Pete High?"

"To get a rope or something."

"You 'll be too late."

Defender Monarch looked down at the girl, and his eyes were evil. Then he looked at the ring of white faces that lined the top of the corral. He seemed to understand the situation; he seemed to know that he had plenty of time, and he gloated. He turned away from Janey, trotted to the farther end of the corral, wheeled about, and surveyed the distance between himself and the girl's body; then he lowered his head with its gleaming prongs, and gathered his body for a charge.

The aghast onlookers became aware that something was in the corral besides the girl and the bull. A figure had come through the gate of the inclosure silently and swiftly. It was a small man in velvet trousers and he was strolling toward Defender Monarch as casually and placidly as if the bull were a rose-bush. On the brown face of Velvet Pants there was not the slightest trace of fear; indeed, he was smiling, a slight, amused smile. Otherwise he was as matter of fact as if he were about to sit down to his breakfast. A brown-paper cigarette hung limp from one corner of his lips; with the mincing strut they had noticed and made fun of, he walked slowly quite near to Defender Monarch. The animal, distracted, stood blinking at the little man. Within a few feet of the bull, Velvet Pants halted; with magnificent nonchalance he blew a cloud of smoke into the bull's face, and then they saw a flash of something red. It was Ben Crosby's red flannel undershirt that a few moments before had been drying on the line. The small man had flicked it across the bull's face. Defender Monarch forgot for the moment his plan for smashing Janey Crosby; he saw the red, and he plunged toward it. The women turned their heads away, the men clenched their teeth. They saw Velvet Pants slip aside with the quickness of a jungle cat, and the bull, unable to check himself, jolt his head against one of the sides of the corral. Velvet Pants turned round, smiled pleasantly, and bowed very low to the spectators. They saw that he had in his right hand something long and bright that caught the rays of the sun; they realized that it was Grandpa Crosby's old Civil-War sword that had hung in the dining-room. He was holding it as lightly and as easily as if it were a butter-knife.

Defender Monarch, recovering from his fruitless charge against the wall, spun about; once more the red shirt was deftly flapped before his bright, mad eyes. Once more, with a roar of wrath, he launched his bulk straight at Velvet Pants. Then something happened to Defender Monarch. It happened with such speed that all the onlookers saw was a flash; then they saw the huge frame of the bull totter, crumple, and sink down. Sticking from the left shoulder of the bull they saw the hilt of Grandpa Crosby's sword; they saw the hilt only, for Velvet Pants had driven the point into Defender Monarch's heart.

The people of Crosby Corners allege that Ben Crosby kissed the little tanned man on both cheeks, but this he denies; he admits, however, that he hugged him and patted him, and said many husky words of gratitude and admiration to Velvet Pants, who seemed abashed and quite unable to understand why every one was making so much of a fuss about him.

"And I called you a coward," Ben Crosby kept saying. "I called you a coward, and you went in and faced a mad bull without batting an eyelash."

"It was nuzzing," murmured the small brown man.

"Nothing to face a mad bull?"

Velvet Pants shrugged his shoulders.

"But I am a toreador," he said. "In my country, Andalusia, I keel one, two, t'ree bull every Sunday for fun. Why should I fear bulls? I know bulls."

The Politics of Martha

By Alfred E. Zimmern

A few months ago a young German university student who had come to this country not for political propaganda, but to tell Americans something of the deeper life of his country since the war, found himself at tea in a professor's study with a group of local students. Among them was a young Frenchman who, though he had spent some years studying in this country, had remained in close touch with France and with French government circles. The two were introduced, and it was not long before they retired to a corner, deep in conversation. Only a few opening words could be overheard by the rest of the company. "I am so glad," exclaimed the German, "that you are a real Frenchman and not one of those hybrid internationalists. They are the one set of people I find intolerable." Assured that his companion was genuinely and unreservedly French, and that he had come to see him not as a duty or out of philanthropy, but because he was interested to meet an intelligent German, he threw off all embarrassment and self-justification and became genuinely and unreservedly German.

The interchange of thought and feeling that followed established a true and valuable international contact. When the German took his departure at midnight a day or two later, the Frenchman was the only one of his new acquaintances who was there to see him off, and it was arranged that, if possible, their next meeting should be at Paris.

This incident, taking place, as it did, at the height of the Ruhr crisis, throws a flood of light on the relation between nationality and politics and on the true nature of internationalism. These two young men were both loyal and self-respecting citizens of their respective republics. Meeting on foreign ground, they both felt the duty, irrespective of their opinion on minor details, to support their government in a serious crisis. Were the crisis to develop into war, they would feel it their duty to offer their lives for the commonwealth of which they were members. It could happen, therefore, that duty might ordain that they should meet each other in battle, and of that, no doubt, they were well aware.

But they were intelligent enough to be able to penetrate behind an acute political difference, which the technical resources of statesmanship had not yet found means of resolving, to an underlying unity; and that unity they found not in the drab and meaningless shibboleths and uniformities which are often masqueraded as "internationalism," but in the rich diversity of national quality and self-expression. What bound them together and made their intercourse fruitful was no watery profession of fraternity, but just the

sense that each of them, the one in his French and the other in his German roots, had been able to penetrate to the deep common subsoil of international understanding. Their French and German self-expression was no more than the harmony, the blend of diverse qualities, arising from the common scale of nationality.

They realized, what so many shallow people ignore, that the true patriot is at home everywhere, because he will feel at home with other patriots, while the man without a country, whatever high-sounding name he may give himself, is at home nowhere, neither in the company of homeless theorists like himself nor in that of his own restless and solitary nature. Much of our current internationalist propaganda, in fact, is a product of loneliness and discontent seeking some outlet of activity; and it is idle to hope that the world can be harmonized by the congregations and agitations of the unattached. To those who scour land and sea in order to make proselytes for internationalism, the old Socratic advice may surely be applied: "Know thyself." It is because so much is wrong with themselves that they find so much wrong with the world. When they have understood their own nature and its problems, they will be better able to coöperate in solving the problems of the outer world. Politics were made for men and women, not men and women for politics. It is the realm of Mary, not that of Martha, which holds the master key to the happiness of mankind.

§ 2

We shall realize this better after a brief survey of the nature and problems of these two contrasted realms. The contrast between them is as old as the dawn of self-consciousness, the revolt of the individual against the tyranny of the tribe or herd; and it was formulated, if not for the first time, at least in the most explicit and memorable shape, by the Teacher Who has done most of all men ever born to strengthen and deepen the sense of individuality, Who came, in His own words, to give men life and to give it more abundantly. In teaching men to draw the distinction between their duty to Cæsar and their duty to God, as in the words He let fall amid the family at Bethany, and in His whole doctrine of the kingdom and His attitude toward the constituted authorities, Jesus set forth a view of the relation between personality and nationality, on the one hand, and political obligation, on the other, which the young German and the young Frenchman, unconsciously perhaps, were illustrating in their mutual relationship.

Wherein does the realm of Martha consist? What exactly are "the things that are Cæsar's," with which statesmen and citizens are concerned?

The best definition of the material of politics is the old Roman definition enshrined in our English word "republic." *Res publica*, the public thing, is that which is public or common to us all, the common basis of our separate existences. This common basis is, of course, an external and material basis. The common thing, or, as it may also be called, the public interest, is the outward order, the visible framework of society, what the Greeks called the equipment or dramatic appurtenances which enable us each to play our part in our individual lives. Without this common basis we should be units in anarchy; with it we

are citizens, but not necessarily full-grown men and women. Politics is the art or business of adjusting these common affairs, and to be politically minded is to have a natural or acquired interest in this task of management or government.

During long periods of human history, especially during or after times of great social disturbance, or in times when the social equipment was being rapidly developed, the art of government has been generally regarded as the supreme art, and the perfection of external organization has been considered the chief and almost only test of civilization. The rulers of men, whether monarchs or statesmen, soldiers or civilians, have filled the history-books with their achievements and the market-places of cities and townships with their statues. Darwin, living quietly in a London suburb while he was revolutionizing the outlook of his generation, was almost abashed at receiving a visit from Gladstone, while it was Goethe the *Hofrat* of Weimar quite as much as Goethe the poet who preserved his self-respect while Napoleon was sweeping through his country. But we of the twentieth century, brought sharply into contact with civilizations which have succeeded where ours have failed and failed where ours have succeeded, are beginning to alter our standard of valuation. We are beginning to realize that politics and government are only one side, if an important side, of the work of civilization; that they involve certain qualities and a certain training which are unevenly distributed throughout the world, unevenly distributed even through the civilized countries. It is perhaps in Russia, which we may call "backward" or "advanced" according to our predilections, that the old valuation of civilization in purely external terms is, on the surface at any rate, being most tenaciously adhered to.

§ 3

Two peoples in the roll of history have shown conspicuous aptitude for government, the Romans and the English. Other nations, some of whom it would be invidious to mention, have been strikingly successful in what may be called pseudo-government; that is, in employing political means for other than political purposes, in using "the public thing" for private and personal ends. But "politics" in that sense of the term has nothing to do with government or politics proper: the corrupt politician is as different from a statesman as a medieval alchemist was from a chemist, or as is the vender of a worthless drug from a conscientious physician, or a vaudeville performer from a great classical actor. Indeed, the vaudeville performer is pursuing a far more honorable calling than the politician, for he is frank and open in the acceptance of a second-class and imitative activity, while the politician is deceiving the people, and often himself as well, in reducing one of the most difficult and responsible of human activities into a competition in commercial bargaining and adroit intrigue.

What are the qualities which brought success to the Romans and the English in their work of government and enabled central Italy and southern Great Britain to become centers of great empires? Governor Hadley, in his study of "Rome and the World To-day," has lately drawn attention to the remarkable similarity in physiognomy between the old Roman

rulers and the American governing type of to-day; and there is no doubt that the work of organization carried on by Roman public men and their compeers in Great Britain and America has left its imprint in their faces. The distinctive qualities required for such work may perhaps be summarized in two characteristics, public spirit and judgment.

What we call "public spirit" is a moral quality, a particular and highly specialized form of unselfishness. It involves a concentration upon the public welfare of a zeal and a devotion which the non-political man, whether he be more intense or merely more sluggish in his attachments, prefers to bestow elsewhere. What we call "judgment," on the other hand, is an intellectual quality, a particular and highly specialized form of intellectual activity. It involves the power of taking a mass of facts, together constituting a "political situation," surveying them as a whole and framing a practical decision—a decision leading to action. To have a good judgment about a situation is not the same thing as to have an understanding of such a situation in all its bearings. Englishmen have not governed India by understanding her, nor did they quell the great Mutiny in 1857, which would assuredly have proved fatal to their rule had they been differently constituted, by their power of comprehending the motives which produced it. They held their ground by their power to comprehend not the underlying facts, but the urgent facts, and by their ability to decide as to "the next step." Just as public spirit, in its most concentrated form, involves a certain emotional abdication, so judgment, especially in an emergency, involves an intellectual abdication. The statesman, faced by the necessity of framing a practical decision, cannot afford to look too deeply into causes or to cultivate too nice a sense of intellectual consistency.

To sit on a committee is, for any one who has a keen intellectual life of his own, to suffer a species of martyrdom; in the process of arriving at a decision all the fine edges of the mind have to be rubbed off; or, if the victim resists, he earns the reputation of a bore who turns a business meeting into a philosophic dialogue, and seeks to apply to the world of mundane affairs, to drains and dispensaries and school management, the speculations that wiser men, who put things in their proper places, reserve for an evening discussion over the fragrance of a cigar.

A good illustration of the way in which these distinctively political gifts were employed in the building up of the British Empire is afforded by the story of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak. In the year 1839, James Brooke, a young military officer of the British East India Company, who had retired from that service on inheriting a large fortune, was visiting the Malay Archipelago in his private yacht, and arrived at the territory of Sarawak, on the north coast of Borneo. Finding a civil war in progress, he interested himself in the matters at issue and made his influence felt so successfully that he was invited to take over the government. This he at first refused to do, but after he had succeeded, with a few Europeans, in putting an end to the fighting, the offer was renewed with the assent of both parties to the recent hostilities, and in 1842 James Brooke became Rajah of Sarawak. He died in 1868, bequeathing the position to his son, who left it to his nephew, with the

result that, so observant a judge as Mr. Alleyne Ireland could write after a two months' visit up and down the country, that "in no country which I have ever visited are there to be observed so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak."

This story, which in its details reads almost like a romance, is a beautiful illustration of English political mindedness. It was his public spirit which induced Brooke to interest himself in the obscure details of an intertribal Malay war; it was his sound judgment which enabled him to play the successful counselor; it was his public spirit again which secured him the confidence of the population; and it was his judgment which enabled him and his successors to rule over them. In the exercise of these qualities and of the tasks to which they led him on Brooke gave up a comfortable life on his English estate for residence in a tropical climate, surrendered a large part of his private fortune to make a success of his governmental experiment, and, to use his own words, dedicated himself to the task—how laborious and ungrateful to any one less politically minded! —of introducing "better laws and customs" and securing that the rights of the people of Sarawak "can never in the future be wantonly infringed." This is imperialism at its best. Its limitations are plain enough; yet who of us, secure in the comforts of the temperate zone, can rail at it with an easy conscience?

§ 4

The Roman and the Englishman both founded empires created by the genius of a single people and inspired, if not governed, from a single center. But the age of empires is passing. The Empire of England has become, in designation and already in large part in fact, a multi-national "British commonwealth" and the other large-scale and heterogeneous dominions, the French, the Dutch, and, in its own distinctive way, the American, are grappling with similar problems. The true imperialist to-day is an internationalist. His scope can extend to nothing less than the whole planet. Augustus drew his frontier at the Rhine, and even twenty years ago Cecil Rhodes set limits to his statesman's vision; but the modern Cæsar, surveying the problems of the post-war world, must needs let his gaze travel round the globe. For while the qualities required of statesmen have remained unchanged, while public spirit and sound judgment are as indispensable to a Hoover and a Robert Cecil, to a Poincaré and a Mussolini, as they were to Augustus or James Brooke or the British makers of modern India, the nature of the material for which those qualities are required has changed beyond recognition. The industrial revolution and the consequent interdependence of the parts and peoples of mankind have changed the whole conditions of political activity. The problems of the modern world are no longer local, but large-scale, no longer concerned with the broils and prejudices of neighbors, but with forces which, in the vast sweep of their incidence, affect millions of men in all parts of the globe. We are only just beginning to realize that the age in which Alsace-Lorraine or the Irish question were first-class political problems has passed away beyond recall, and that in the new era which has dawned the distinctive problems,

which hold the keys of peace and war and command the daily vigilance of statesmen, are of a different order.

Two or three of these may be indicated, if only to illustrate the type. No topic of discussion in the chancelleries contains so much material for controversy and possible warfare as that of the conservation of the world's mineral resources. Oil and tungsten, nickel and radium, involve no nationality problem. They are political, large-scale international material in the full sense of the words; and the statesmen who handle the practical issues of world-housekeeping—or, to put the words into Greek, "political economy" —arising out of them can do so without a trace, in their plans and policies, of that national flavor which attracted the French and German students in their interchange of ideas. Here we are alone with Martha and her specialized tasks and technic.

The same is true of another great set of problems that is bound to assume increasing importance in the work of government—those relating to public wealth. Plague and cholera and syphilis, trachoma and malaria, know no national distinctions: there is no American health and English health, but only health; no Italian plague or Polish plague, but only plague; and as the problem is international, calling for uniformity in diagnosis, treatment, and preventive methods, so also must be the outlook and organization of the governing minds who deal with it.

A third and thornier instance is commercial policy. Much national passion and prejudice have gathered round tariffs, but trading, with all that pertains to it, is essentially an international profession, and the problems arising out of it, from the fraudulent dealings of individual merchants to the self-regarding policies of peoples, are becoming riper every day for treatment on an international scale: that is, by statesmen who can look beyond the local issues involved to the wider interests of the world as a whole. "The time may even come," writes one who is not an idealist, but a hardened official, "when no minister will frame a tariff affecting the trade of other countries without previous consultation with the countries which it affects, and without being prepared to defend it in Council with his colleagues of those countries and on grounds which he can justify before the whole world."

The handling of these and similar problems must necessarily be keeping pace with the growth of the network of private contacts between country and country and continent and continent. The broad effect of modern statesmanship must inevitably be to bring about world unity, but a unity in the realm of Martha. When our modern Cæsars have taken the twentieth-century world, diagnosed its ills, and provided appropriate treatment, when they have policed and doctored and made decent and habitable a world organized and knit together for plain people to live in with safety and comfort, they will have done no more than lay the foundation of a civilized world society. What remains—and it is the better half—is of the realm of Mary.

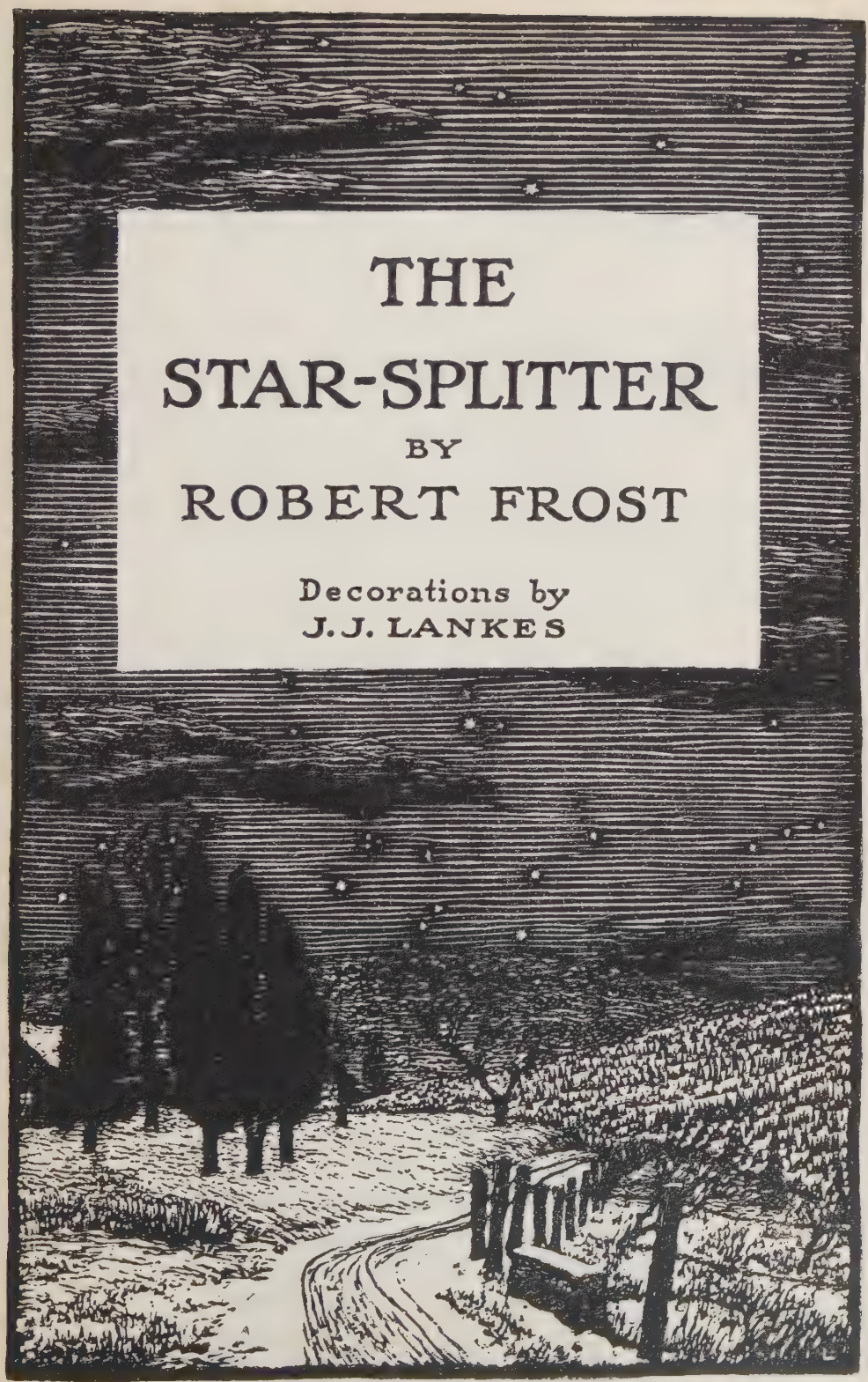
("The Politics of Mary" will appear in October.)

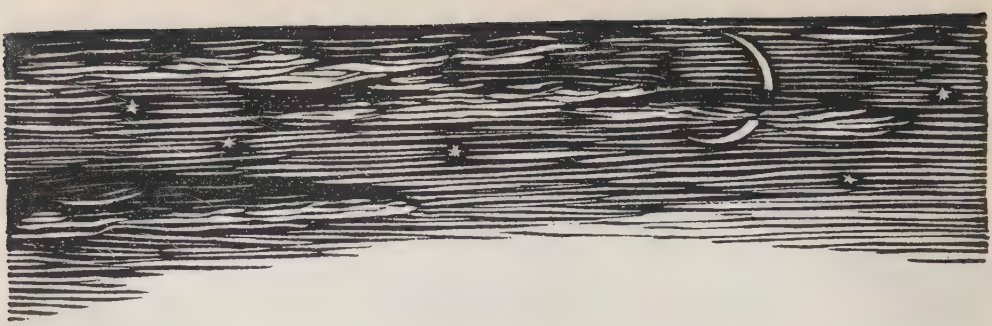
THE STAR-SPLITTER

BY

ROBERT FROST

Decorations by
J. J. LANKES





THE STAR-SPLITTER

BY

ROBERT FROST

"YOU know Orion always comes up sideways.
Throwing a leg up over our fence of mountains,
And rising on his hands, he looks in on me
Busy outdoors by lantern-light with something
I should have done by daylight, and, indeed,
After the ground is hard, I should have done
Before it froze, and a gust flings a handful
Of waste leaves at my smoky lantern chimney
To make fun of my way of doing things,
Or else fun of Orion's having caught me.
Has a man, I should like to ask, no rights

These forces are obliged to pay respect to?"
So Brad McLaughlin mingled reckless talk
Of heavenly stars with hugger-mugger farming,
Till having failed at hugger-mugger farming,
He burned his house down for the fire insurance
And spent the proceeds on a telescope
To satisfy a lifelong curiosity
About our place among the infinities.

"What do you want with one of those blame' things?"
I asked him well beforehand. "Don't you get one!"
"Don't call it blamed: there is n't anything
More blameless in the sense of being less
A weapon in our human fight," he said.
"I 'll have one if I sell my farm to buy it."
There where he moved the rocks to plow the ground
And plowed between the rocks he could n't move
Few farms changed hands; so rather than spend years
Trying to sell his farm and then not selling,
He burned his house down for the fire insurance
And bought the telescope with what it came to.

He had been heard to say by several:
"The best thing that we 're put here for 's to see;
The strongest thing that 's giving us to see with 's
A telescope. Some one in every town
Seems to me owes it to the town to keep one.
In Littleton it may as well be me."
After such loose talk it was no surprise
When he did what he did and burned his house down.

Mean laughter went about the town that day
To let him know we were n't the least imposed on,
And he could wait, we 'd see to him to-morrow.
But the first thing next morning we reflected,
If one by one we counted people out
For the least sin, it would n't take us long
To get so we had no one left to live with.
For to be social is to be forgiving.
Our thief, the one who does our stealing from us,
We don't cut off from coming to church suppers,
But what we miss we go to him and ask for.

He promptly gives it back; that is, if still
Uneaten, unworn out, or undisposed of.
It would n't do to be too hard on Brad
About his telescope. Beyond the age
Of being given one's gift for Christmas,
He had to take the best way he knew how
To find himself in one. Well, all we said was
He took a strange thing to be roguish over.

Some sympathy was wasted on the house,
A good old-timer dating back along;
But a house is n't sentient; the house
Did n't feel anything. And if it did,
Why not regard it as a sacrifice,
And an old-fashioned sacrifice by fire,
Instead of a new-fashioned one at auction?

Out of a house and so out of a farm
At one stroke (of a match), Brad had to turn
To earn a living on the Concord railroad
As under-ticket-agent at a station

Where his job, when he was n't selling tickets,
Was setting out up track and down not plants,
As on a farm, but planets, evening stars,
That varied in their hue from red to green.

He got a good glass for six hundred dollars.
His new job gave him leisure for star-gazing.
Often he bid me come and have a look
Up the brass barrel, velvet black inside,
At a star quaking in the other end.
I recollect a night of broken clouds,
And underfoot snow melted down to ice,
And melting further in the wind to mud.
Bradford and I had out the telescope.
We spread our two legs as we spread its three,
Pointed our thoughts the way we pointed it,
And standing at our leisure till the day broke,
Said some of the best things we ever said.
That telescope was christened the Star-splitter,
Because it did n't do a thing but split
A star in two or three the way you split
A globule of quicksilver in your hand
With one stroke of your finger in the middle.
It 's a Star-splitter if there ever was one,
And ought to do some good if splitting stars
'S a thing to be compared with splitting wood.

We 've looked and looked, but after all where are we?
Do we know any better where we are,
And how it stands between the night to-night
And a man with a smoky lantern chimney?
How different from the way it ever stood?

Our Quarter Century in Porto Rico

By Arthur Warner

Drawings by Lester G. Hornby

Aboard the steamship which took me to Porto Rico was a representative of a correspondence school, going to the island as an advance agent. He knew not a word of Spanish, but had set out without a phrase-book, a dictionary, or any other aid to the language, as naïvely confident that everybody spoke English as were some of the old-time immigrants to America of the opportunity to pick up gold nuggets in the streets of New York. Upon arrival he was dismayed to find that even in the capital city of San Juan, the generating station of our influence, hardly a policeman and not a street-car conductor understood a word he said. He confessed that he went hungry several times because the waiters in the restaurants only shrugged their shoulders when he addressed them in his own tongue. For a number of days, until he could establish a line of English-speaking communications about the city, he was submerged in a sea of turbulent, but unmeaning, sound.

His experience is not unique; it is that of the average person on his first visit. "After twenty-five years of American schools one would think English would be the prevailing speech of the island," the visitor exclaims in piqued surprise.

On the contrary, although in most of the more pretentious stores and offices of the larger cities there are persons who understand English, it is not known by that ubiquitous person whom we speak of as "the man in the street," and among the rural population it is hardly spoken at all. The legislature conducts its sessions in Spanish, and so do all the courts except the one federal tribunal. According to the judge who presides over the latter court, of 210 lawyers only thirty speak English, and all but three of them learned it in the United States. There is only one English-language newspaper printed in the island, and that is a weekly. The most colloquial English in which I was addressed was that of a small bootblack who accosted me with "Hey, Jack!" But after that promising beginning his stream of language went dry, and he could only point ingratiatingly toward my shoes.

When, in 1898, the United States reached out its arms into Atlantic and Pacific and gathered its first overseas territory, the hand that brought Porto Rico was accounted especially fortunate. The island was not harassed with the racial problems of Hawaii, or torn with the tribal dissensions of the Philippines. It contained an essentially homogeneous population, with a common language and a civilization of European origin extending back to the

days of Columbus. Although acquired by war, the inhabitants received us joyfully, strewing flowers in the path of the army of General Miles and welcoming the change to American sovereignty as the beginning of political liberty and economic progress.

Porto Rico ought to be our most successful colony. Is it? What have we done for the island in a quarter of a century? Is the life of the people better than in 1898? How American have the natives become? Have we their confidence and affection? What is behind the press despatches, telling of an independence movement? These are questions that one seeks to answer in going through Porto Rico twenty-five years after the coming of the Americans.

Success or failure, which is it?

As already suggested, the first impression, not to say shock, of the average visitor is of the insignificant penetration of the English language. There are other indications of the shallowness of the American imprint. The number of resident natives of the United States, never large, has diminished within recent years, until there are probably not more than two thousand, mostly in or near San Juan. Even in that city their influence is inconsiderable. Merchandise made in the United States fills the stores because it comes in duty free, but the insurance companies are mostly British or Canadian, and only two of the city's nine banks are owned in the United States. The traction, light, and power system is in the hands of a Canadian corporation. Spaniards are said to own upward of three fourths of the real estate of San Juan and to dominate the importing and exporting business there as well as elsewhere in the island. The only railroad in Porto Rico, although known as the "American Railway," is under foreign control. Tactful persons from the United States are careful to speak of themselves not as Americans, but as "continental Americans" or "continentals," in recognition of the fact that since 1917 the Porto-Ricans have been their fellow-citizens; but the natives of the island, who do not feel obliged to be diplomatic toward themselves, invariably distinguish all "continentals" as *Americanos*.

After twenty-five years the Porto-Rican is still a Porto-Rican. His language, his customs, his ideas—in other words, the fundamentals—are rooted in four hundred years of history rather than transplanted from the United States. I hope and believe they will remain so. I should like to see in Porto Rico, shall we say a permanent exhibition of what is best in the civilization of the United States, with free admission week-days and Sundays, but without obligation to buy resting upon anybody? I should like to see the island retain its Latin-American culture, borrowing from the United States only so much and so fast as a natural evolution suggests. To me it seems impossible, and in any event undesirable, to force upon a definite and homogeneous culture of four hundred years one of another sort, developed by and for a people of different race, different climate, different physical and economic environment. At best one would get a hybrid, and hybrids the world over are sterile.

My attitude differs from that of many, although perhaps not from that of most, continental Americans in Porto Rico. This has been the battle-line of our entire twenty-five years in

the island. In general the official class, especially in the early years, leaned toward a rapid, thorough, and insistent transplantation of culture from the

Street scene in San Juan

United States. The theory dovetailed with the Kiplingesque ideas of Anglo-Saxon superiority and obligation that were strongly to the front at the beginning of the present century; but it does not agree so well with the doctrine of self-determination which was promulgated in our behalf during the World War.

Fortunately, there was never much flourishing of the big stick by public officials in the interest of any policy until the advent of Governor Reily. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Of him, then, let it be nothing. He has resigned, and his successor promises to be different. Suffice to say, Governor Reily brought to a culmination the opposition which had been gathering through many years against the theory of Americanizing Porto Rico by forced draft. That opposition, it is only fair to say, had shown itself formidable before he came. It was virtually the issue upon which the Unionist party obtained 120,000 votes in the election of 1920, against 63,000 for the Republicans, supporting the administration, and 61,000 for the Socialists. But until the coming of Governor Reily the force behind the Unionist party was a vague and largely inarticulate dissatisfaction, which, if expressed at all, was done ineptly or incorrectly.

That, I believe, is the explanation of the demand for independence put forward by the Unionists, of which much has recently been heard. I failed to find in Porto Rico any considerable sentiment for independence. The Unionist party is not led by men dissatisfied with or exploited by the existing industrial order. On the contrary, it is marshaled by the intellectual, social, and commercial aristocracy of the island. These men know that independence would bring industrial disaster to Porto Rico by removing the advantage that it now has through free trade with the United States. The great product of Porto Rico is sugar, a crop which could not live in competition with that of the more fertile plantations of Cuba and Santo Domingo except by grace of its coming into the United States free while the output of foreign countries pays a duty. Doubtless some of the leaders of the Unionist party embraced the idea of independence sincerely, though vaguely, but the chief support came from those who, knowing it to be chimerical, regarded it as good claptrap (or shall one say vote-trap?) with

which to win the adherence of the ignorant and poverty-stricken peons of which Porto Rico largely consists.

One of my pleasantest experiences was a visit one evening from three students of the law school of the University of Porto Rico, who came, as they gravely assured me, to see that I was not led by false propaganda into underestimating the strength of the independence movement. Seventy of the eighty students of the law school, they said, doubtless accurately, favored independence. In discussion, however, they admitted that their own sentiment, and that of their fellows, was an idealistic one, which had never stooped to a consideration of economic realities, and they ended by accepting my own point of view that what the Porto-Ricans want is not independence, but assurance that they will be permitted to work out their destiny in their own way.

In other words, independence has been a symbol of dissatisfaction rather than an accurate definition of it, the final proof of which is that, when last year the excesses of the Reily régime brought this dissatisfaction to the need of a working program, the Unionist party met in convention and replaced its independence plank by one declaring for "an associated free state."

The independence movement is dead, if indeed it was ever alive, but the demand will continue for statehood or greater autonomy in some form, and when Porto-Ricans, elevating the issue above partizan politics, can reach some kind of agreement, their demand ought to be regarded by the United States.

From what has been written it will be apparent that the last twenty-five years has seen meager progress in Porto Rico from the point of view of those who would have the civilization of the island replaced by a composite of that of our forty-eight States. For those, however, who would preserve the individuality of the island as a national asset, who would have the United States watch over Porto Rico as a wise parent or guardian, only keeping it, if possible, from the blunders of ignorance, there is less cause for dissatisfaction. Even the dry statistics of a quarter of a century show substantial accomplishments. Commerce increased from about $17,000,000 in 1898 to $250,000,000 in the bumper year of 1920. Roads have stretched out from 267 kilometres to more than 1300. In sanitation and water supply there has been notable advance. The death-rate has decreased from an annual average of

Native houses

thirty-one per thousand for the five-year period 1894–98 to twenty-two per thousand in 1921. Finally, there are 230,000 children in school compared with 25,000 in 1898, while illiteracy has been reduced from about eighty-five per cent. to the still appalling, but greatly reduced, percentage of fifty-five.

It is the figures in regard to decreased illiteracy and increased school attendance that I find most encouraging. Much of the other progress would have occurred even if Porto Rico had remained apart from the United States. It would have come as a normal share of the advancement which the world in general has made during the twentieth century, and especially as part of the great commercial progress that has come to the West Indies. But the little red school-house is an indisputable American contribution. It is an extension to Porto Rico of the great system of free public education, insistence upon which has been perhaps our most individual and creditable gift to world progress.

Just as free public education has been our greatest work in Porto Rico, so has it inevitably been the great fighting-ground for the differing theories of what our aim in the island should be. The battle has centered about language. Indeed, the language question is almost the sum and substance of all the anti-American sentiment in the island. Any one even slightly familiar with history knows that language is generally the core about which custom, tradition, and ideals grow. Hence, it is the first-line trench in any fight for their preservation. For a time the experiment was tried, in so far as the teaching force made it possible, of conducting all the schools in English. This was demoralizing to pupils and disquieting to parents. Later, Spanish was made the language of instruction in the first four grades of the grammar schools, with English taught as a subject, while the upper four grades were conducted in English, with Spanish as a subject. This method would seem to preserve a fair balance between the two languages, and is the one now in vogue. I think it has the approval of most intelligent Porto-Ricans; they realize that there is every advantage in making coming generations, so far as possible, bilingual.

Unfortunately, under Governor Reily the proposal was made to return to the all-English method of instruction. Rightly or wrongly, this suggestion has been regarded as an intentional move in the direction of eliminating the Spanish language, the only tongue known to nine tenths of the population. Besides the unwisdom of any intended or fancied attack upon Spanish, the proposal to return to all-English instruction is unworkable. The pathetic aspect of the English instruction to-day is that it is given chiefly, and in the lower grades exclusively, by natives who do not more than half know it themselves. The result is that such English as is spoken by the pupils and graduates of the schools is defective in idiom and painfully so in pronunciation. Indeed the Porto-Rican schools have developed a dialect of English all their own. Continental Americans receive considerably more pay than native teachers, but even so it has been impossible to get or keep good ones in any but insignificant numbers. Among 4000 teachers in the public schools fewer than 150 are continental Americans.

The bridge at Cataño

If Porto Rico can be assured that the Spanish language is not to be suffocated in the schools, and that Washington intends to let the island work out its own destiny as its traditions, its customs, and its psychology indicate, then the dominant reason for the political ferment will disappear, and the people may be able to turn to economic problems, which are appalling in their intensity and baffling in their content. Porto Rico's primary difficulty is excessive population and deficient health. There are too many people per acre and too many hookworms per foot. The census of 1920 gave the island a population of 1,299,809 persons, or 378 to the square mile. This is a density ten times that of the

Cataño boats at the Marina

average in the United States and about twice that in France. At the same time Porto Rico has been poorly served by nature for any industry other than agriculture. Light manufacturing, dependent upon a large amount of hand labor, probably has a future, but the immediate need is the production of more food, particularly of the kinds that the natives eat.

The average Porto-Rican is wretchedly housed and miserably fed—an undersized, emaciated creature whose habits of life violate every canon of what we like to call the American standard of living. He is landless, homeless, and to a large extent jobless. He is a farm laborer who works, when he has a chance, for from fifty to seventy-five cents a day on the estates of the small class that owns the land and controls the wealth. Sometimes he and his family live in a hut which the owner of the land on which he is working allows him to occupy as long as he is in the latter's employ; sometimes he inhabits a shack which he himself is allowed to erect on the plantation. In any event, his tenure is at the mercy of the landowner, while his house at best is a temporary structure hastily bundled together with the bark of the royal palm for sides and a grass thatch as roof.

With a population always in excess of the demand for work, wide-spread unemployment is a normal condition. A job in Porto Rico is almost like an heirloom, something to be handed about alternately from one member of a family to another and passed down to succeeding generations. The farm laborer and all his family habitually go barefoot, while the younger children commonly run about with less clothing than the conventional fig-leaf of our daringly dressed ancestors. The natives' food is insufficient in amount and deficient in variety. Rice and beans,

both imported, are the staple diet when the worker has money to buy anything, with a bit of codfish as virtually the only meat. When short of money, the family subsists on bananas, sweet potatoes, and a few other native vegetables that can be had for little or nothing.

The country dweller of Porto Rico—nine tenths of the population is rural—is not only undernourished, but such vitality as he is able to develop is sucked out of him by the all-prevalent hook-worm. Ever since the coming of the Americans a fight has been going on against this scourge, but soil pollution and unsanitary conditions cause constant reinfection, so that ninety per cent. of the rural population is believed to be suffering from hook-worm to-day. There is now an agreement between the Porto-Rican Government and the Rockefeller Foundation to take up the island district by district, the foundation undertaking to treat the people, and the Government getting them to build the latrines which nine out of ten country homes lack. By this means it is hoped to make the cures permanent and exterminate the hook-worm in the island. Even so, at the present rate of progress, the commissioner of health told me that the work would probably take twenty-five years.

Responsibility for the development of Porto Rico does not rest entirely, or even mainly, upon the shoulders of the United States. Through a gradual extension of home rule the island has become largely self-governing. The military régime gave way in 1900 to a civilian government, with a measure of autonomy. That autonomy was greatly increased in 1917 by the passage of the Jones Bill, known in Porto Rico as "Bill Jones." Under that act Porto Rico has a legislature, elected by universal manhood suffrage, which is the sole law-making body of the island, with complete control over taxes and appropriations. The only control exercised by Washington is through the appointive and the veto powers. The President appoints the governor and a few other insular administrators. The governor, in turn, appoints a considerable number of insular officials, with the consent of the Porto-Rican Senate, and he has a veto over legislation. His veto is absolute if sustained by the President. About half of the department heads are natives, as is almost the entire remainder of the civil service. Virtually all of the insular judges are Porto-Ricans, together with the rank and file of the police force.

Along the waterfront

Economic, and thus human, betterment in Porto Rico lies in a more varied

and productive agriculture and a more democratic land system. The difficulty with new crops, especially foods that the people themselves need, is that they are apparently less profitable to the landowner than the old staples, sugar, tobacco, and coffee. The commissioner of agriculture and labor thinks that public aid to newer and needed crops may become advisable, coupled with government marketing. Meanwhile the farm laborer must be given some stake in the land. At present he lacks both the experience and the instinct to become an independent cultivator. His rehabilitation should be begun by enabling him to acquire at least land enough for a home, and encouraging him to plant his own garden.

Success or failure, then, which is it? I have come to the last paragraph without answering the question, and I shall reach the last sentence without anything more definite. It would be premature to characterize our first twenty-five years in Porto Rico as either success or failure. Better call it an experiment, still continuing. Our policy for a quarter of a century has been not to have any. I am glad of it. For if we had had one, it would have been wrong. We were too inexperienced in external affairs in 1898, too much the victims of an ingrowing national complacency, to chart a safe course in Porto Rico. Perhaps we have learned something in the meanwhile. The next twenty-five years will give the answer.

Reina

By Theodore Dreiser

The home from which she came was a makeshift affair at best, with a mother who was soft and placative and sentimental and with no least grasp of life, and a semi-neurotic father of Danish extraction who was little more than a left-over sprout of a decayed branch of a family tree that somewhere and at some time may have been something. Here (meaning a small town in our American Northwest) he was a locksmith, and from all accounts an erratic one. His one claim to distinction was that he was the second cousin of a celebrated Danish actress. He curled his mustachios upward, and donned a dress suit once or twice a year. He thought he could play the violin. He told vile stories and seemed to like to shock his own children. His daughters described him as a coward, a shirker, a man who browbeat his wife, where he was afraid of other men, and loafed while she made the living by keeping roomers. What would you expect from such a source?

First impressions are keenest. When I first saw her I thought she was a silly, and yet not quite. That little lavender hat pulled down over her bobbed tow-colored hair, bleached to that shade, of course, and the lavender throw that accompanied it seemed to suggest a keen sense of harmony, as did the very light gray suit reaching but an inch or two below the knees. She had a habit of standing as a boy will, legs far apart, head thrown back, and gray-blue eyes dancing with an irresistible zest for life. At least she was alive; very much so. And then the really funny stories, always vulgar, but laugh-provoking despite anything one might think, and leaving one wondering how she could have the effrontery to tell them so calmly. It seemed to imply disrespect and at times even a low estimate of oneself. And yet there was no least trace of pruriency in her stories; rather, it was a keen sense of the ridiculous which prompted her.

Rhoda, the elder sister, was a really beautiful girl, intelligent and very clever. Beautiful enough to be a figure of sorts in the movies, she was still sweet enough to retain the natural charms of temperament which were originally hers. She had not become hard and bold and pushing. She was of that disposition which craves the perpetuation of all home ties and connections, if possible. You are to remember that Rhoda had not seen Reina for nearly three years, herself having married and removed from her native city then. Since then Reina also had married.

For months before meeting her I had been hearing of the interesting, if not wonderful, Reina. She was young, pretty, bubbling with life, a good horseman. She was affectionate and sisterly, and was now married to a young managing lumberman. They

had had a little home in some interior lumber district in Washington, but Reina, accustomed as she was to the metropolitan delights of Portland and Seattle, soon grew tired of this backwoods life and fled, riding on a caboose to a main-line station some forty miles away. The husband, seemingly unable to live without her, had thrown up his connection with the lumber business, which was earning him four thousand a year, and had followed her. Twice in a married life of not more than three years she had left him in this way because the conditions surrounding the thing he chanced to be doing were not to her taste. And in both instances he had dropped everything and followed her, hoping to induce her to come back to him. Spiritually, apparently, he needed her. After knowing her for some time and realizing what a fool she was in some ways and what a pest she might prove to some men in almost every way, and knowing him, too, as I did then, I could still see how he might like her and need her. She had life and energy and humor, at least, and probably represented those qualities to him. When things were going against them, though, she could be very dour, nasty, really.

When I met Sven, he was not more than twenty-five, good-looking and ambitious. He was tactful and approachable, but without the advantages of an education. His father, a Swedish farmer and dairyman, had not believed in giving his children even a common-school education. He did his best to handicap them in this respect, and in consequence Sven, who had run away from the farm at fifteen, used such English as he had heard spoken about him. Unless cautioned, he would use "done" for "did," "learned" for "taught," "seen" for "saw," and some other of those amusing Americanisms beloved of those who constitute the rank and file. Once he learned that he was using incorrect English, he preferred to remain silent or to imitate those who were speaking correctly, which is much more than can be said for Reina. Professionally, he was a good lumberman, with a good knowledge of woods and skilled in their preparation for the market. He was also an excellent garage man, having mastered the mysteries of the automobile and being able to manage a garage when necessary. He was the type of youth who was willing to do almost anything in order to get along.

But if Sven used bad grammar, Reina used worse. Mrs. Malaprop at her zenith was n't a patch. "Say, ya know what I done yesterday? Gee, I wish ya coulda seen! I sure come near ballin' things up all right, all right. It was this way, see? Me an' Sven was walkin' along Seventh Street when who should come chasin' but—well, give a guess. Monty! Sure. The same old Monty. An' in a nobby coat, too. Gee, you oughta seen! That guy musta come into some money since I saw him last. An' it did n't make no difference to him that Sven an' me was married. He did n't get it, I guess. Ya can't learn that guy nothin'. Just grabbed me by the arm like he use to. 'Where ya goin'? Who 's yer friend?' Then I introduced him, an' Sven lookin' at me an' him all the time like he could swalla us. Can ya feature that? An' me always tellin' Sven there was n't nobody could get fresh with me! Well, I come pretty near cashin' in then, but I had to laugh afterwards. But I got away

with it. 'Here,' I says, 'do ya wanta get hurt? This ain't school-days no more. Meet my husband, Sven, see?' Then he savvies, an' gets awful' polite an' nice like. An' Sven he softens a little because I ring in that Monty's father has money an' that Monty might be lookin' fer sompin to invest in, an' in a little bit they gets to talkin'. But can ya feature that stuff? An' Sven as jealous as he is? Well, when Sven was n't lookin', ya bet I give Monty one look. 'Watcha doin'? Where ya goin'?' Ya bet I got it over to him that he 'd better can that stuff. Los Angeles ain't Seattle by a lot. But there fer a minute I thought there might be sompin' rough. I sure did. Ya know Sven when he gets hot. Gee! I sure was curled up there for a second or two. But he thinks Monty went to school with me; so it 's all right now, see?"

That was typical of much that I listened to for months and months, and despite anything and everything done to make her see the error of her ways. Grammar was not to be impressed upon Reina, via correction, example, or a stick. She could sit in upon the most perfect English spoken by as many as seventeen masters of the art and of a sudden burst in with "Whoja think me an' Sven seen?" or "Sven an' me was thinkin'—" And her sister, who because of her beauty had been able to marry a Southerner of no little position and social training, although she had since left him and had managed to place herself in a more interesting walk of life, was made restless and unhappy by the sharp realization that since leaving home she had encountered conditions which had taught her much that her sister did not know.

But what a bubbling, enthusiastic temperament! It was easy to understand why a man, if he were not too well informed as to grammar himself, might become very much attached to her. She had the pertness and inquisitiveness of a collie or a crow. And she was famishing for want of pleasures and luxuries such as others possessed, but of which she had scarcely tasted as yet. Hence sister Rhoda's quaint little apartment in Hollywood, with its balconies, its flowers, its French windows, its Persian cat and chow dog, seemed to affect her as strong drink might affect a devotee of the demon rum. "Gee!"—her favorite expression. Everything was either "classy" or "swell" or "nobby" or, occasionally, "the cat's whiskers," or even—I blush to repeat a tithe of all the amazing expressions she used—"the cat's pajamas." A reproduction of "The Pot of Basil" which ornamented one wall was "swell," but, "Gee! she 's kinda long-legged, ain't she?" and "A dress like that would n't go now. She musta lived somewhere where they wore them things." The nude figure of a woman draped about one side of a glass fish-bowl brought forth: "Didja ever see a goldfish bowl like that before? Classy, eh? But she ain't got so much of a figure. Ya can see better 'n that at Pantages any day."

"The trouble is, Reina," I suggested, "the artist lacked a suitable model. He should have had a graceful girl like you."

"Well, he oughta come with me. I could show him some that would make him leave his mother."

That Rhoda resented this brash and brassy line of comment, even while it amused her, was obvious from the first. She had been talking so much

of the interesting Reina, thinking of her as she had been a few years before, whereas Reina had never been all or any of the things she thought her. Then she had judged her with scarcely any standards for comparison, and by now she had come upon many standards that had entirely changed her. She scarcely knew what to think of Reina now, but she was still fond of her because of the blood tie and old memories. And she was greatly troubled lest I conceive all sorts of queer notions concerning her and her parents, which was only partly true.

One of the things that interested me from the first was why so sober and industrious a man as Sven should have become so interested in Reina as to want to marry her and follow her about in this way. He was practical and quiet, determined to get along and provide Reina with all she desired, while Reina had no least sense of order or responsibility. Before and for some time after marrying Sven she had been the boon companion of a girl named Bertha, who appears to have been a combination of meal-ticket and attendant. This girl possessed the double advantages of looks and charm for men, two qualities which Reina admired intensely in any woman. And I judged that Reina supplied the initiative and daring and inspired these same in her companion. Bertha, the daughter of a well-to-do laundryman, could always get money from her parents, and a goodly portion of this Reina could get from her, as well as some little from her own mother. With these several sums at their command, and because the home town from which they derived was small, and Portland and Seattle and Tacoma were within easy striking distance, they were accustomed to race back and forth between these places, where relatives were supposed to reside. Why their parents should have permitted all this is more than I could understand. Careful questioning of Reina elicited the information that her mother thought that when they went to Seattle or Portland or Tacoma she stayed with Bertha's relatives, Bertha giving the same explanation to her own parents.

For something like a year and a half, which covered Reina's contact with Sven, Bertha and Reina were almost always together. They went about with men, but, according to Reina, and in so far as she was concerned, not to do wrong, but to get automobile rides, free dinners, trinkets, and entertainment generally. For Bertha she made no claims. Often they were placed in perilous positions from which it took the greatest tact and craft to extricate themselves. The perils of *Pauline* were as nothing. One of these perils arose from entering cars of youths who would proceed to drive off and make advances that they were not willing to accept. One night during a ride from Tacoma to Seattle in a taxi, a distance of thirty miles, they were attacked at a lonely point on the road by the chauffeur and a friend who had been brought along. The ruse by which they managed to escape would not bear publication, but the genuine perils of the situation would interest any one. Once out of the car, they ran through the darkness into the woods, where in the depths they were guided to a cottage by a lighted window. The chauffeur and his friend, in search of them, passed close to the place where they were crouching, but did not see them. The girls remained

there until morning and then proceeded to Seattle.

Because of Bertha's generosity and worship of her, I think there was set up in Reina the thought that life was an easy game, or should be, and that somebody, somewhere, would always provide her with all the comforts of existence as she conceived the same. Her affection for Sven, when he came upon the scene, interrupted and finally partly destroyed this friendship, but when things were not going to her taste, it was to Bertha and the old gay days that Reina was always returning or thinking of returning. And it was Bertha whom Sven disliked and feared most of all, I think.

But as a study in *dolce far niente*, when she was not about or planning some new mischief, Reina was all that the picture required. When left alone, she might sit for hours in a comfortable chair or before her sister's three-panel mirror, twiddling her thumbs or rearranging or clipping or tinting her hair, rouging her lips and cheeks, touching up her eyebrows and eyelids, and perfecting her facial toilet generally. Sometimes she would spend hours in trying on her sister's hats or dresses and looking at herself in a tall mirror and calling to some one to see. "Swell, eh?" or, "Classy, what?" She would lie abed of a morning, regardless of what any or all others might be doing, but by late afternoon or night she would be up and ready for some form of entertainment, to be provided by Rhoda, Sven, or me. And sometimes, though not often, she would help Rhoda prepare dinner if she could find no easy way of getting out of it, but always making herself more of a hindrance than a help, so as to warn against future requests.

As a rule, however, there were no dinners prepared here. The restaurants were more interesting to Reina, as they were to Rhoda, for that matter; but it was always Reina who would suggest a restaurant whether she had a dime or not. Dinner over, though at the time neither she nor Sven had any money for such things, he having come to this new city solely because she had broken up his connection elsewhere, she would still suggest the theater or a swimming-pool or a concert, apparently with never a thought that expense might be a factor. Somebody had to pay. And she would always do her best to heighten the entertainment and the expense, thus embarrassing Sven greatly, because he was unwilling to accept invitations unless he could at least pay for his share. But that had nothing to do with Reina's calculations. She wanted to be entertained, and was prepared to blink the sources of the supply so long as the entertainment was forthcoming.

§ 2

All this by way of introduction. Once they were settled in Los Angeles,—and, by the way, Rhoda's charming apartment caused Reina instanter to become openly dissatisfied with anything Sven could offer, and he had very little to offer just then,—she made herself all but a permanent guest in her sister's home, with scarcely an invitation or a by-your-leave. But Rhoda being one who attached much to blood kinship, there was very little need of an invitation. Reina came, and was lovingly and generously treated always, which was a mistake, as I saw it. Despite the obvious lack of that perfection of beauty which made her sister acceptable to the

moving-picture grandees about the various studios, Reina at once decided that she also was cut out for that work. Why not? Did n't men like her? Was n't she as clever as any one? Of course. Rhoda was earning from two to three hundred a week when she worked; sometimes more. Why could n't she, Reina, also tap this golden dribble? The only things that stood between her and her goal were the various difficulties which Rhoda in her time had met and conquered. She would have to begin at the bottom as an extra, and that at seven and a half a day, not forty and fifty, as Rhoda now received. She would have to get up as early as six or seven, and be at the studio, made up, not later than eight-thirty. She would have to provide her own clothes and make-up and show considerable interest in and enthusiasm for the work, all of which threw a heavy wet blanket over the original fires of her ambition.

For Reina was one for whom there is never any real constructive effort. She was a parasite by nature, and for that affliction there seems to be no cure. Her mind was not constructive; there was not a trace of anything in it which related to building anything for herself or others. Things happened; they were not brought about by the efforts of any one. Luck was the great thing—luck and gifts. Never was it to be expected that one seek to make anything come to pass via the humdrum process of labor. All was to be sunshine, blue seas, waving awnings, ice-cream, balcony dinners, automobile rides, clothes in the newest mode, dancing, and cheerful friends. Anything less than this was an imposition on the part of either nature or man, but principally man. A man, if one is so gracious as to marry him, should provide all these things forthwith; otherwise he is a bonehead and worthless—solid ivory. If one has relatives of any means, they should do as much; otherwise, why relatives? Such relatives owe it to all their kith and kin, but more especially to the one holding the above views, to provide him or her with joy and plenty. Reina held such views and was just like this, albeit she could be most agreeable so long as things were provided in sufficient quantity and to her taste.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these traits, the moment she expressed the thought that she would like to enter upon this work, her sister offered to take her about and introduce her to such directors and casting directors and assistants as she knew. And to any one really earnest to enter upon the work this would have been of the greatest help. However, apart from going with her on one or two mornings when she did not have to get up early, this proffer was neglected. She was instructed that she must be prepared to endure the slights and snubs and insults and rank overtures of nearly all connected with this great industry in any official capacity, from sixth assistant door-mat up. She was told that if they were really interested, they would attempt to ingratiate themselves by all sorts of unmeant promises; but Reina was not to listen. Two visits made in this manner, with one or two side ventures of her own, were sufficient to cure her of any ambition in that direction.

"Ya bet them guys ain't goin' to pull any of that raw stuff on me, makin' me wait around all day before they 'll even letcha see anybody. An'

I told 'em who I was, too, an' who sent me. Did that get me in? It did not. That little snit over at Elite Studio gate just looked at me an' would n't even take my name. Said Mr. —— was busy. An' the same with that smart Aleck over at Durham's. I never seen such freshies in all my life, anyhow." And then came a long and pyrotechnic picture of what she would do to any of them if they really "got fresh" with her. They need n't think that because they had some squeak connection with the movies they could put anything over on her. Far from it. Of course, now, if a man was a regular fella and conducted himself as such, coming up to a girl with respect and ingratiating himself maybe by an invitation to dinner or an automobile ride —well, if he looked all right, that might be different. Sometimes a guy like that might turn out to be all right. I often sat and laughed and egged her on, just to be permitted to enjoy this ebullience; for that was what it was, sheer animal spirits and a crazy kind of imagination and zest for life running wild.

But one thing she did decide upon, and that the most unreasonable, of course. Sven must get a place in Hollywood, where rents for small apartments, furnished, ranged from seventy-five for the poorest and smallest to two and three hundred and up for the better and more spacious ones. Sven, who, I gathered, had been rather hard-pressed by her vagaries in the past, was for taking a much smaller place downtown, where rents were less, and so shaping their lives to match his salary, which was then only forty a week or thereabout. He was working as night man in a garage until he could get something better. "You wanta remember, Reina," I heard him caution her within twenty-four hours after their arrival, "that we have n't any too much money now and we 'll just have to go slow. We can't live in Hollywood on nothing." And so the place they were compelled to take was not to her taste. Why could n't Sven do better? She had caught a glimpse of Hollywood now, and regardless of means an immediate way must be found to stay there or there would be few sweet smiles for him.

Sven not being able to do better at the time, and she being in no way concerned to add to the exchequer, she took out her pique in loafing about her sister's place in Hollywood, while the latter worked and worked hard. Nightly, while Reina slept, Sven cleaned and repaired cars and looked after the garage, which was never closed. This meant that he had to sleep by day; but instead of arousing a proper sympathy for one so industrious, it seemed to irritate Reina because of what she considered either his dullness or his stubbornness. Why could n't he get a day job, anyhow? What was the use of any man working at night when there was day work to be had somewhere? He need n't work in a garage; he understood other things. In vain did he point out that because of the low state of their finances he had to take what he could get at the moment. She did not like that. Time was the essence of her contract with him. He must hurry and do better by her. Debarred from such comfort as Rhoda enjoyed, she felt outraged. Besides, at night, just when they might go out for a little fun, Sven had to go to work. And in the morning, when she wanted to sleep late, in he came fresh from his work and awak-

ened her. The fact that he was considerate enough to breakfast before he came home was nothing to the point. He chose to work at night instead of during the day, and for little enough at that. He should look about and get something that paid more. One thing he pointed out to Rhoda not long after they arrived was the fact that it was because of Reina that he had to take the work and small salary they were now living upon. She would not stay where he had been able to make big money not even long enough for him to get a real start and go into business for himself, which was his great hope.

The upshot of this was that Rhoda, sympathizing with Reina on the ground that she was young and hungry for life and had never really had anything, and yet sympathizing with Sven quite as much, was anxious to see them comfortable and hence was full of helpful suggestions. Reina ought to be more considerate of Sven. Sven ought to get day work if he could. It was n't right to leave her all alone at night. To make things a little easier for them, she first gave Reina a hundred dollars or so for her own use, and then offered to lend Sven something to go on in case he would drop what he was doing and look for day work or to find an interest in some lumber concern, which same he was fully competent to manage. Also she suggested that he get better rooms, even if she had to make up the difference. And if he found the right sort of company in which to invest, she would lend him the money to make the investment. When he got on his feet, he was to get a car, so that they could see something of the world in which they had injected themselves.

Sven, being the sort of youth he was, was all honest gratitude and anxious to make the most of this windfall. Forthwith he proceeded to spend most of his daytime sleeping hours in looking up one and another of the many advertised opportunities. Eventually he uncovered one in which, for the sum of one thousand cash invested and the sale of a certain number of shares that must be sold and the taking over of a number for himself, to be paid for piecemeal, he was to receive the title and assume the duties of secretary of the company. He was to have a polished oak desk, with his name on it, as well as his name on the door. Also a salary of sixty-five dollars, to begin at once. Rhoda approving when all this was duly laid before her, he proceeded to close the deal and to carry out the details of his part of the contract. Needless to say, Sven being cautious and careful and rather clever when it came to things of this sort, he was soon well along on the path toward a moderate competence. At once he began planning the construction of a number of small houses, to be sold for three thousand and net him or his company nearly one thousand. He and Rhoda were to make real money in the future. She would never regret having aided him. And I am sure that he meant all he said.

But I wish you might have seen Reina once these plans had passed the tentative stage and bid fair to come about, after Sven had actually assumed his duties as secretary and they had moved to three rooms farther out, where there were flowers and a lawn and a better view. The airs! The assurance and swelling superiority! Sven was now the secretary and part owner of a lumber company. And

they were living in a three-room apartment with a balcony on the borders of Hollywood. And they had a small car, a second-hand one, but not bad-looking, for Sven was a judge of bargains in that field. But instead of interesting herself in Sven and what he was doing, she was most interested to know what they could do now. At once they must motor to Santa Barbara, ditto to Big Bear, ditto to Riverside, ditto to San Francisco, ditto to Bakersfield. And would n't it be fine if they had a piano, or a new talking-machine, anyhow, and Rhoda would come and bring some of her friends, and they would dance, etc. Everything for Reina; very little for Sven. And yet I doubt if I ever saw a happier young man, for a while, anyhow. By Reina's own admission he was up early and back late, following closely the possibilities that were now before him. Within the space of a very few weeks he had been able to dispose of a large number of shares of stock. Also he was able to handle quite all the details of shipment and delivery, while others sold the lumber ordered from Northern firms. His one mistake, if it was a mistake, was his desire to clear off too quickly the cost price of the shares allotted him, so that by the next year he and Reina might have plenty to live on. His mistake, if any, was in thinking that Reina might be persuaded or prompted whole-heartedly to help him do this.

Most assuredly that dream was not well founded. I never saw a young wife do less for an ambitious husband and expect more. The garish moving-picture atmosphere of Hollywood, as well as the summery sweet-to-do-nothing mood of Los Angeles as a whole, seemed to get into her veins and make her absolutely intolerant of anything save idleness and pleasure. Her main interest was to parade the smart shops, near which she lived, or to linger at her sister's in Hollywood, where, when she was not meditating or planning outings or decorating her face before a mirror, she would sit at the piano and in an ultra and hence amusingly romantic voice give vent to exaggerations of the sentiment in "Dear Old Pal of Mine," "Old Pal, why don't you answer me?" "Avalon, Macushla," and such other romanticisms. And from here, with her sister and occasionally myself as pilots, and while her husband worked, she would joyously set forth to a swimming-pool, a horseback ride, a beach restaurant, or an automobile ride, without a thought of including her young husband, even resenting, by a gesture or a mouth, the mere mention of him, as though he were nothing at all in her young life. When taxed with this, as well as her whole attitude toward Sven and marriage, she denied it. At first she denied being indifferent to him, and later charged him with being unnecessarily grouchy wherever she was concerned, too set on a humdrum existence. He wanted to work all the time and never play. Finally she admitted that she might be changing or that he had changed. He was n't as light-hearted as he used to be. He seemed to think there was nothing in the world to do except work. He was stingy and did n't seem to think she needed to do anything but wait for him. When I pointed out that he seemed to be making a gallant fight for place, and under trying conditions, she paid a genuine tribute to his industry and rather blamed herself. She "guessed" she was n't cut out for

marriage, anyhow, that she just could not stand humdrum things. Sometimes she liked Sven very much, was even crazy about him; at other times she felt as though she hated him. He could be so nasty. Once they had quarreled, and he had threatened to strike her, or had struck her, and she had flung something at him and had cut his eye. Another time he had struck her after they had quarreled about her having gone to a place she had promised not to go to. Just now he wanted her to live just so until he got on his feet, and she did n't want to live that way.

§ 3

The pointlessness of the outsider mingling in the affectional affairs of those unhappily mated is too obvious to need comment here. I ventured no advice and made no pleas, and I was not greatly surprised when, one morning, Reina arrived at her sister's apartment with the announcement that she was n't going to stay with that old "grouch" any longer. She would pawn her rings and return to Seattle, where her mother lived and where, in company with Bertha, she was certain to find something to do. Her underlying thought was, however, that Rhoda would not let her go. And she was right. Rhoda suggested that she come there for a few days, or go to a hotel and pretend that she had left for the North and see what Sven would do. Reina was to write a letter and have it mailed in San Francisco, saying she was on her way North. A little money was given her to stay at a near-by hotel. In the meantime Sven had returned home and found a letter such as only Reina could write, a most amazing affair, concocted in Rhoda's presence, which told him that she had gone and would not return. She had taken all of her things. He need not bother Rhoda, for she was not going to Rhoda. But it seemed to me that Sven was much put upon and that Reina did not know what she wanted.

Nevertheless, Sven did bother Rhoda, and at once. He was in some ways a simple person and did not understand the woman he had married. Despite all her fantastic notions and her marked indifference to his well-being, he still cared for her—this silly, notional girl. It was enough to cause one to wag one's head in desperation.

Sven called that evening to see if Rhoda knew where Reina was. His hope, written in his eyes, was that she was there. In a straightforward way he proceeded to place before Rhoda the sum and substance of his wrongs. He loved Reina, and always had and always would, he thought, but she knew the state of his finances. She knew how hard he had tried before coming to Los Angeles and why he had n't got along better than he had. Every time he was just getting a start somewhere Reina would get dissatisfied and leave him, and here was the same thing again. He was just getting a new start, and now she had left him again. The big thing now was to get his stock paid for, so that the interest it yielded should be paid him instead of being charged off against his debts. The trouble was that he had been trying to make his salary of sixty-five dollars pay all expenses; but that was n't enough, it seemed. Reina was for spending all he made the moment he made it, and even more, while he was for saving it in case anything happened.

Personally I felt sorry for him. I

respected him, and so did Rhoda, and to my immense satisfaction she saw the point and sympathized with him. Although the blood tie pulled strongly, she wanted Sven to be helped and she wanted Reina to help him. She was for a compromise in some form, and so she and Sven, and she and Reina, entered upon long and tautological discussions. The substance of all this was that Sven should not throw up his place. Also that with her aid he might do just a little better by Reina in the matter of living, assuming that she came back. She had never had anything in her life, and he knew how that was to a girl. And she was here in Hollywood, where there were many things to make her envious and unhappy. Could n't he afford to get a better place? Sven was fond of Rhoda and admired her common sense as well as her beauty, besides being very grateful to her. He promised that if Reina would come back and be nicer to him, he would do better, too. He would get a larger place and a better car. He had seen one that he could get for two thousand dollars on time, and then he and Reina could go about more. Perhaps he had n't done as well as he should, but he had been trying to get a start so that both of them could have a better time later on. Sven left, full of hope for the future, though Rhoda still maintained that she did not know where Reina was.

He had scarcely gone, however, when in walked Reina, anxious to know what he proposed to do. She was full of bravado until she saw how Rhoda felt about it. Her one thought seemed to be that so long as Sven was amenable she could use him about as one would a door-mat.

"I 'll show him he can't treat me any old way," she began. "He need n't think he can treat me as though I was n't deserving of nothing." (" 'Any thing,' Reina!") "Well, then, anything. Nasty old rooms down there! An' eating in cafeterias! I won't do it. He 's makin' money now, an' he can just spend a little of it. He need n't think I 'm goin' to live on nothin' all my life."

But since Rhoda inclined toward Sven in this argument, and Reina really depended on her, a compromise had to be reached; otherwise Reina would have had to carry out her threat to leave Hollywood, which was exactly what she did not want to do. After some bluff and bluster, in which she sought to make it appear that she had really gone to San Francisco, but owing to the plea of Rhoda had returned to Los Angeles, she did return to Sven, who proceeded to do his best to make things more agreeable for her. They celebrated their reunion by a dinner to Rhoda at which they made a picture of loving domesticity.

But once the interest of the new place had subsided a bit, she was to be found most of the time in the apartment in Hollywood, dreaming as before. While Rhoda worked and schemed hourly as to how to advance herself, haunting the studios and practising dancing, Delsarte, elocution, make-up, and characterization, Reina was playing the piano or dreaming or waiting for her to return so that they might go somewhere. I often wondered what Sven was thinking of it all. To be sure, Rhoda, anxious for the welfare of the twain, did her best to iron out the rough places. Whenever possible, she was for having Sven to the apartment for dinner and for a drive in her car, or to distant resorts

over the week-ends, even though Sven objected most definitely to accepting that for which he could make no adequate return.

It was plain that despite what Reina thought Sven ought to do for her, and what he lacked in the way of ability to provide, and what she was entitled to as his wife, still she made no great effort to fulfil her part of the marital relation. She was much interested by the admiration of other men and what wealth in the hands of another male might do for her in case she chose to command the same. There were nights when Sven was detained at the office, and on such occasions, if Rhoda was free from her work, Reina was for persuading her to go somewhere, usually to a swimming-pool, where by reason of the large crowds that attended and the attractive bathing-suit she wore, it was possible to attract no little attention. Once there, it would not be long before she could be seen flirting with some good-looking youth or man, making the most of her golden opportunities and her figure, which was not unattractive. And unless Rhoda protested, she might even disappear for an hour or two, to loaf in some near-by restaurant or ice-cream parlor, while her sister waited. Rhoda was not inclined to quarrel with her on this account; she had the feeling that Reina might be deciding that she had made a mistake and was looking for an easy way out. But, as time proved, it did make a difference in her estimate of Reina. I think she felt that Reina was temperamentally unfitted for marriage with any one.

§ 4

Nevertheless, because of Rhoda more than anything else, I believe, her charming surroundings and possessions, her standing in the film world, and the fact that she had helped him make this latest beginning, Sven stood his ground for a time, or, rather, endured the slights that were so persistently put upon him. But after a time, and when the worm had endured all it could, it turned. Late one Saturday night there was a terrific storm in the Bergstrom household, and that very night Reina appeared at her sister's abode, much the worse nervously for the argument. "Whadaya know?" Sven had quarreled with her for coming in late, even when he was working late himself, and had told her —well, needless to say what he had told her. But among other things he had said that unless there was a change, and a drastic one, he was through. She could go where she chose, and he would go his way. He was tired of being made a fool of. He would get a divorce, or she could get it. He would n't contest it. But unless she there and then made definite promises of reform that she intended to keep, she must leave or he would. With all her memories of past victories fresh upon her, flights and reunions, there was but one thing that she could do: flee, of course, to let him see once more whether he could do without her. She had learned that he could not. He would follow and bring her back.

But this time there was no agitated and nervous Sven telephoning to know whether she was there. Complete silence in that quarter, and on the part of Rhoda dissatisfaction and a growing contempt, and on the part of Reina, for the time being, anyhow, excited cackling. Sven had said this and Sven had said that, and he had done or had not done thus and so. I

marveled that any one could have so poor a grasp of the human amenities as to think and act as she was thinking and acting and then blame another person. Fortunately, the attitude of Rhoda was different now. Blood ties or no blood ties, she had come to see that there was something to Sven's side of the story.

Rhoda did not press this conclusion just then, but after a few days, in which Reina lay about waiting for the surrender of Sven, she began to take up the matter of her future with her. Either she must think of something she would like to do and be about the business of doing it, or she must return to her mother. Everybody worked; why not she?

"You must n't think that because I 'm your sister," went on Rhoda, "and because I 'm fond of you, I can take care of you always. I can't, and I would n't if I could. I don't think it would be a good thing for you. You 're old enough now to decide what it is you want to do. If you don't want to live with Sven, you ought to decide what kind of work you can do and make a try for it. I am willing to help you get work, but I do feel that you ought to do something and not expect to idle about and do nothing while you wait to see what Sven is going to do."

Reina declared vehemently that she was not waiting for Sven and that nothing would induce her to return. She was going North. She had written to Bertha and to her mother. Nevertheless, she sat about, and still no Sven. And still Rhoda bore with her as patiently as one person could with another. She waited quite a week before she again pointed out the folly of waiting for a man who was evidently not interested to pursue. She had not treated him well and could not expect him to run after her. She must find work or arrange in some way that he do something for her, which she assumed he might do, at least until Reina could do something for herself.

And then, to my astonishment, after this conduct and her indifference in the past and her various threats, the moment Rhoda had gone I heard her calling up the North & South Lumber Company and asking if she might speak with one Sven Bergstrom. He was not in, but without caring what I might be thinking, since I was within earshot, she tried and tried, until finally she did catch him in. The burden of her message was that she wanted to see him, but by no means was this so directly conveyed. On the contrary, and in the face of small encouragement from him apparently, and after endless roundabout hints, she was compelled to say that she was going to be downtown about six o'clock, and that if he happened to be near where she was going to be, she would be glad to see him. After this telephone conversation was over, I began to rally her concerning her previous determination and all the things she had seemed to think were wrong with him. Her calm reply was that she still thought as she had, but that she needed some money and he must supply it. He was n't going to get off so easy, you bet. The very least he could do was to give her enough to live on until she found something to do.

If I were to devote one hundred pages to verbatim transcripts of conversations now held between her and Sven, which she invariably forced upon him and all of which he appeared to wish to avoid, you would gather but faintly the strangely illusive and il-

logical and almost pointless processes of her reasoning. Her persistent statement was that at bottom she did not care for Sven and that she did not want to live with him, but that she did want some money and proposed to get it if she had to sue him for divorce. But her conversations with him would have convinced any one that at bottom she really did care for him and that she was lying roundly when she said she did not. Her voice and even her manner over the telephone had a cooing, coaxing, pleading quality, which she seemed to think would have some effect on Sven. Yet even then, or immediately afterwards, she would assure me that she hated him. Also she would openly flirt with men, who appeared to be drawn to her and who would follow her in their cars and solicit her company from time to time. And betimes, and much to her sister's chagrin, she would be let off at the door by some person in a most impressive turnout, who would linger to talk. The quarrels which followed some of these adventures between her and her sister were sharp. Finally, after she had gone to her husband's office one evening and stayed away the entire night, she was ordered out, but soon readmitted, on the ground that she cared for Sven and had been with him and was going back.

And she did return to him, because it was the easiest thing to do, I presume. And he, if you will believe it, seemed to be delighted to have her back. Yes, so it was. And soon there was a new and still better apartment, and a better automobile. Indeed, there was something helplessly compulsory about many things that both of them did, as though despite his best sense and hers each found it impossible to break with the other, the matter of a little support not really being at the bottom of it. She wanted to rule him, I think, and found it hard to believe that she could not. And he was getting to the place where he did not want to be ruled, but could not break with her.

And then of a sudden came the end to all this. One day, about a week before their final separation, there was an accident. The new car in which Reina had posed, calling at least once or twice a day to show off, was crashed into by a street car and put out of commission. It was so badly damaged that not less than four hundred dollars would be required to restore it, and about four weeks must elapse before they could have it again. A smaller and cheaper car now had to be used, Sven having sunk all his spare cash in this larger one. A legal contest would have to be entered upon before any claim would be awarded, because the accident was as much Sven's fault as the motorman's. This he himself admitted. Worse still, it was only partly insured, he having been too busy to have that matter properly attended to. And so Reina, much to her dissatisfaction, was reduced to a very commonplace car once more.

§ 5

Whether this had anything to do with the final catastrophe I have often wondered. One thing is sure: Reina became most irritable in her manner toward Sven, claiming that he had not managed things right, or the accident would not have happened. Also that she would not ride or live as she was now being compelled to. Also that he

bored her. But Sven was courteous and considerate and even apologetic at times. To me he seemed a little sad as he explained how it had all come about. He had been thinking of something and had absent-mindedly swung in front of a car which was coming too fast to stop. That frank admission, even among friends, infuriated Reina. It seemed "crazy" to her. She wanted him to deny all responsibility and sue the company, as well as to play injured and exact damages on that score. But Sven would none of that, and went about his business as before.

And then one day he telephoned her that he would not be home before eleven or twelve that night. Instead of running to her sister's as usual, she decided to retire and read. But midnight came, and no Sven. In the morning, surprised and concerned at his absence, she called up the office and learned that he was not there; that he had left at five-thirty the day before. Further waiting and search revealed nothing. Sven was gone. His business affairs appeared to be in good order, except that as time went on it developed that he had recently contracted a number of debts via loans and expenditures for things bought on time—the car, furniture, dresses, and jewelry for Reina. The loans were against his salary and the stock in his possession, but not yet paid for. Also, certain cash sales of stock had not been accounted for. But, strangely enough, the other officers of the company did not seem much concerned, wishing only that he would come back. He was too good a man to lose, they said. They even explained that Sven had seemed troubled recently; also that they feared that it might be about a woman. A woman had been seen entering his office at night. This sent Reina off on a wild-goose chase, but the mysterious woman, of whom she was instantly insanely jealous, proved to be herself.

Followed such mental variations on the part of Reina as to set a casual observer whirling about like a pinwheel. Realizing, as time went on, that by her follies and indifference she had driven from her a man who was of some commercial ability and that she was now left high and dry without a penny, she was shuttled between fear and rage, a desire to weep, I think, and a desire for revenge, between the thought that he had not considered her worth even a good-by and the thought that she had miscalculated her hold over him. Another irritating and enraging thought was that both Rhoda and I looked upon her as fairly paid out for her airs and indifferences. At first she was inclined to think that an accident might have happened to Sven. But opposed to this was the fact that he had called her up so soon before disappearing. Also that on the day of his disappearance he had reassigned to the rightful owner not only the damaged car, which was partly paid for, but the smaller car that had been loaned him. Also his small bank-account had been canceled, which proved that he had really left her. His indifference to her last departure might have warned her that a change was impending, if not actually at hand.

Came now a period of brooding and mooding, coupled with such curious developments as would tax an alienist to display, the sort of thing that happens in real life and seldom if ever creeps into romance. In connection

with a hysterical after-search there appeared upon the scene a detective who fell in love with her, a queer, showy, self-opinionated dandy connected with the office of the district attorney. His chief desire seemed to be to prove Sven a criminal; not that he should be punished, but that he should not venture to return to Reina. And Reina, being in need of money, was inclined to make use of this sleuth not to the extent of favoring him in any way, but in order to have the use of his car, some cash, luncheons and dinners while she followed up clues. But all the while she was amusingly critical of him, declaring that she would throw him over when she was through with him, and expose him to his superiors if he proved obstreperous. Betimes she would play doleful melodies on the piano and seem lost in sad thoughts. Again, she would break forth into loud denunciations of her absent spouse. But she must also have realized that her attitude and her extravagance had driven him away and that she was the cause of his petty defalcations, if defalcations they might be called. The company, when appealed to by the detective, refused to make any charge.

Following the day when she finally abandoned Mr. Morello, the detective, bidding him be gone and not annoy her any more, she was at a loss as to what next to do; for some form of employment was looming straight ahead, as troublesome a promontory as she ever wished to see, you may be sure. But while she meditated, her sister was working, and this now began to weigh upon her. All at once and despite various kindly overtures on the part of Rhoda, she decided to transfer herself and effects to a room in the very heart of the city, where henceforth she would live. And she was going to get something to do, the very first thing that came to hand. She was n't going to hang around trying to get into the movies. It was too uncertain. So one day, despite an invitation to stay longer, she left, and thereafter was seen only at such times as Rhoda besought her, which was often. But she did take the first work that offered, that of elevator-starter in an office building.

And then soon we began to hear of new friendships with girls who were so far below the walk to which her sister aspired as to be disturbing, but who were no doubt suited to the mind and mood of Reina at the time. These same were of that ignorant, if not inexperienced, flapper type which looks upon sex and the conquest of men as the end and beginning of all earthly interest. Yet I was never fully convinced that Reina was very much fascinated by them or their lives. Living among these girls now, however, she busied herself for a time with them and their affairs in order to avoid boredom and to seem to be better off than she was. Returning to her sister, betimes, she was constantly describing them as sex-crazy and their male friends as snipes with a car, bootleg whisky, and a little money. But sometimes even they bored her, and she would appear at Rhoda's apartment with the thought written all over her that she would prefer to stay there, and yet refusing when she was asked. And as time wore on, she became less determined to show Rhoda that she could make her own way in the world, and more determined to be friends with her; also her rage against her late husband would subside, and sometimes

she would speak of him and admit that she had made mistakes.

"The trouble was," she once said simply, as she sat in Rhoda's boudoir and made a facial toilet with her sister's cosmetics, "I didn 't know when I was well off. Sven was n't such a bad fella. There 's lots worse 'n him, you bet, an' I see it now."

"Oh," I said, and laughed, "you see Sven in a new light now, do you?"

"Ya bet I do," was her frank admission. "Sven was n't so bad. He was a little stingy, but he was a hustler all right, an' he woulda made money up there in Washington if I 'd only helped him. An' it was the same with that garage business he had up there in Seattle. But I guess I musta been a fool then. Nothin' ever seemed to satisfy me. I just could n't bear the idea of stayin' in one place long. When I heard that Rhoda was doin' so well down here, I just made up my mind to get Sven to come down here. An' of course I did."

"And you think you could get along with him now?"

"Sure. I thought a whole lota Sven. I was crazy about him once up there in Seattle, sometimes even after we got down here. But I got to wantin' too much, an' he was too easy with me. He 'd never stand up an' fight. He 'd rather go an' get me things when he could n't afford 'em."

I looked at her, too pleased by this frank confession to wish to add anything. At last, even if too late, she saw the point. But Sven had disappeared, and so far as I ever learned he never returned.

But despite this resurrected affection, she went on in her rag-bag way, seeking to make the most of her possibilities. One day she confessed that if she ever met another "fella" as sober and industrious and ambitious as Sven, she would "nab" him, you bet. "An' ya bet I 'll know how to act the next time. I 've learned sompin'." The thought that she ought to marry had taken root in her decidedly flighty brain, or at least that she ought to attach herself in some way to some man with money or the ability to make it, and she now began to hint to her sister that she introduce her to some one of character and standing, which was of course not to be thought of. A few "we was's" and "he done's" would most certainly have frightened off the most tolerant of possibilities. When she saw that Rhoda would none of her commonplace friends and that she made no haste to introduce her to the personalities with whom she was in contact, Reina began to set her cap on her own account for such as she thought might prove of the right caliber.

"Say," she appealed to me once, "tell me the name of a book that a fella that knows sompin' would think was all right, will ya? I wanta carry sompin' that 'll make 'em think I know more 'n I do. How 's that, eh?" and she laughed. She could muster a grin that would melt ice, and it was that and her honest frankness about everything which attracted so many to her, I think.

"You 're on," I said, and offered her the best on my shelf.

"D' ya think this would make a fella that knows a lot think that I was up on good books?"

"Well, if that won't do it, nothing will. It depends on how you talk about it. Unless you understand it, you 'd better not say too much, see?"

"Leave it to me to put over the

wise stuff. I ain't givin' myself away. I 'll read it first, see, an' what I don't understand I 'll ask about." Once more that toothy grin. It was at such times that she became worth knowing, really charming.

For about a year thereafter, in which she worked first as an elevator starter, next as a telephone girl in charge of a switchboard (because "Startin' elevators is kinda common, dontcha think?") and finally as a clerk in a photographer's studio, because that was higher still, she was alive with stories of her adventures. For some reason—because of Rhoda, perhaps—she was determined to interest a man above the average, some one more interesting than Sven even, with whom she could be seen without having her friends think she was belittling herself; rather, with the thought that she was doing exceedingly well. Now it would be: "Gee, ya oughta seen the swell fella I met goin' over to Catalina last Saturday, me an' Marie. Oh, a swell guy! None of yer little snipes with their tin cars an' their talk of bootleg an' all that stuff. This was a real one—big gray overcoat an' horn glasses an' a touring-car with a California top. I saw him leave it at the garage before he come on. Even Marie saw what a fine one he was, an' she 's kinda thick. An' he was readin' a book,—not then, ya know,—he was just tellin' me about it. Didja ever hear of a book called 'Divine Comedy,' or sompin' like that? It 's a novel, ain't it?"

"That 's right, Reina. It 's a novel."

"What 's the name of the guy that wrote it—Danty?"

"Right again, Reina. Henry A. Dante. You 'll find his books in every library. He 's one of our most popular authors. Everybody reads him. Why, they 've done a lot of his stuff in the movies."

"Is that right? Ye 're not kiddin' me, are you?"

"Not for worlds. Ask any librarian. Henry A. Dante, author of 'The Divine Comedy.' "

"That 's it; that 's the one. He was tellin' me about that one. People dead an' in hell, see, an' people torturin' 'em. Gee! it was interestin'. He was tellin' me about a fella that was dead an' was—" and here followed her version of the agonies of the tortured.

Again, it was another worthy citizen in tweed and raglan riding to his office of a rainy morning. "Oh, a swell fella. An' whadaya know, he 's the general freight agent for one of these big steamship lines that runs between here an' South America. An' he was awful nice to me, too, ya bet. Wanted to know where I lived an' what I did—gee! an awful' nice man. An' me an' him—" (" 'he and I,' Reina,") "well, he an' I, then, got to talkin' about the boats an' what they carry—coffee an' hides an' wool an' sugar—oh, lotsa things. An' he was tellin' me how they bring coffee an' hides an' wool down over the mountains there in little pack-trains made up of them—ah—burros. An' how little them Indians get. Gee! it was interestin', I wanta tell ya."

"I have n't any doubt of it. I wish I could meet him myself."

"Well, anyhow, I had that last book ya gimme, see? That was the way it started. He kep' lookin' at that, an' I kep' twistin' it around so as to be sure he seen what it was—" (" 'saw,' Reina,") "well, saw, then. An' when we got downtown he ast me if he

could come around an' see me some time an' take me out to dinner. Said he thought I was a nice girl, see, an' all that bunk. But I liked him all right. A nice, big, serious fella he was. That kind 's different from the little snipes that are always chasin' after ya an' have n't got a bean. I 'm offa that bunch fer life. A guy like that can learn ya sompin'—"(" 'teach,' Reina,") "well, teach, then."

But I might present as many as thirty such casual encounters and still not exhaust the roster. She was "nuts," as she said, to find some man who really amounted to something. And at last she did find a man of at least some ability, "a, now, one of these here now efficiency experts—is that it?" According to Reina, he was fifty years of age and connected with an organization which sought to make over or improve technically and financially such firms as were not doing as well in the matter of economy and waste saving as might be. I saw him but once, and that in passing, a solid, contentious-looking person who looked to me as though his defiant and self-centered mien would tend to drive off rather than encourage intimacies of a social or affectional nature. Yet Reina became friendly with him, and in the course of time was to be seen seated at the wheel of the very elaborate car which she said was his. Beside her at times sat the master himself, in gray summer suit and cap, looking quite commercial and interesting. Later this friendship appeared to have been cemented by a number of very solid and substantial gifts: a pair of jade ear-rings, a genuine gray squirrel coat, several throws with caps to match, shoes, lingerie, gloves and—but my memory fails me. At any rate, she was suddenly most fulsomely, and yet not too loudly, outfitted with many of the things she had been craving this long while.

And then one day, reclining in this same car and looking the picture of grandeur, she came to Hollywood to announce that she was all but ready to depart on a tour of the Selkirks in northwestern Canada—Lake Louise, Banff, the totem-villages, etc. "An' not only that," she went on, "but looka here," and she proceeded to fell us by bringing forth a very fat purse from which she extracted a small thin roll of fifty- and one hundred-dollar bills. "An' what 's more, he 's crazy about me. He says if I 'll go to school an' polish up my grammar, I 'll be just as smart as anybody. An' I 'm a-goin', too. I 'm not always goin' to stick around an' be a dub, ya bet. I know sompin' already, an' ya just give me a year or two more, an' I 'll know a lot more. Anyhow, I got this much—pretty good, eh?"

"You said it, Reina. You 're the candy girl all right. They can't keep a good man down, can they?"

"Ya betcha life they can't. An' I 'm a-goin' to save my money from now on an' behave myself an' marry a real man, an' maybe in a few years I 'll be somebody."

"That 's the way to talk. But it looks to me as though you were somebody already. It is n't everybody that can go to Banff and Lake Louise in July."

"I 'll tell the world!"

There was little that Rhoda could say or do. Her attitude toward Reina is best expressed by a speech often despairingly made after some such scene as this:

"Well, I can't help it, can I? I 've

done all I can do. She 's my sister, and I can't help being fond of her, but I 'm not responsible for her. She won't listen to me, and she never gets any of the points I try to make. She 'll just have to live her own life, that 's all. I 'm sorry for her, but neither Sven nor mama could do anything, either."

But to return to this scene. Rhoda had remained silent while Reina swaggered and talked, and now Reina turned to her:

"What 's the matter? Don't ya think it 's pretty good—all this money an' these nice clothes an' this trip an' everything?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Of course I do, if you want to go and really like him. And I hope he really likes you and that it won't be just another of those silly passing adventures that you 'll be sorry for afterward. You might meet some one whom you really care for some day, you know."

"Oh, I know. But I like him, all right. An' he said he never knew anybody that interested him as much as I do. An' he 's goin' to send me to school, too, to a seminary somewhere, see? Won't that be pretty good?"

"Cemetery, Reina; cemetery," I put in.

"Oh, now, ya hush! Guess I know, don't I?" Then with a burst of pent-up emotion and affection, genuine and unchanging for all her rag-bag thoughts she stepped forward and kissed Rhoda good-by. "An' I owe it all to ya, Rhoda. Don't say I don't, 'cause I do. You 've always been good to me. If it had n't been fer you, I never woulda come down here at all, an' I would n' ta got what I've got now." A few tears, one last funny story, a burst of laughter, and then the departure, with Rhoda gazing after her more astonished than ever. And myself, wondering where she belonged in the long catalogue of the exceptions. At last it came to me: on the Orpheum circuit, or in a farce.

But Rhoda. I turned to her. She was crying.

"Forget it," was all I could advise. "You can't help it. She is as she is, and if you 're going to begin to cry over life, you 'll be crying all the time. The thing is full of tears, anyhow, if you don't laugh. Besides, you 'll ruin your make-up."

But to return to Reina. One day about six weeks before her departure she and a friend had appeared at Rhoda's apartment in search of something she had left behind. Rummaging in a box which contained some letters written by Sven to Reina and by Reina to Sven she came upon one and stopped to expatiate to her friend about the quarrels she and Sven had had and how she had left him three or four times and he had always followed. Then she asked her friend to read the letter that she had written to Sven during one of their separations. The friend reporting that she thought it a swell letter, Reina volunteered:

"Well, I thought it was myself. But I did n't send it, because afterwards I thought maybe I did n't mean it. But I coulda. Sven always fell for anything like that. That 's why I wrote it."

Myself interested by this palaver and seeing her toss the letter back in the box, I said:

"Are n't you going to take it along?"

"Sure not. It ain't no good to me now."

"But I thought you said you cared for Sven?"

"Well, I did—a little. Still, I did n't

send it. Read it, an' throw it in the waste-basket when ya 're through with it. It 'll make ya laugh, but I thought I meant it when I wrote it."

Thinking later of its illuminating character, I recovered it from the waste-box where I had thrown it, and here it is:

"Dear Sven

"As this has been such a wonderful night and I have stayed up late enjoying it I thought of you. Sven it seems as tho our 2 years of married life is a compleet failure. its to bad but you have tryed and I have tryed but its gone, what our real love for each other, and no living person can be happy if love aint there can they. I know many times you think I was all to blame but Sven you can understand why I was cross and eritabel.

"The last time we went back together was because I wasnt real sure I dident care for you and my longing to be with you I couldent understand, it was miserabel I had to have you. But now I know what I was lonesome for the Happy you use to be but I couldent find him and I was sorry and couldent live without you.

"I know I am a dissapointment in your life and Sven its for the best even if a married duty calls one he or she cant respond if there true self wont let them.

"At one time in our life together no woman could have been happier than me. I simply was wild with your love and never could such a thing as this happen. I feel sure you was the same but life acts queer sometimes. I never doubted you Sven in my life till you begun to hide things from me and lye once inawhile. But its one thing or another you have developed a different plain in life than I. or its that we are dissatisfied in one another neather of us have had a chance and now that yours has come I am still looking for mine.

"why can a person make another suffer so unless its hate or thoughtlessness. I always have tryed to make myself nasty when I was aking inside for you to be near me and for the kisses Ill never forget. Still I would rather live alone and cherish the love I had once than ever go back again and be dissapointed like we always have been. I know its hard on you too dont think Sven I have no heart at all altho it looks that way sometimes I feel for you and would help you gladly if I could I understand you better than you really know and one must be helpful to you to be appreshiated still thats alright every one expects that even me

"Im so glad your work is helping you make a big success and there is no reason why you shouldent be way up in this world other men have made it selfmade and honest thats what I am hoping for you.

"And now that your free of a married life and no its for the best theres no reason why you aint bound for the top. we are young yet and you may find some one all the world would mean to you then its time to think back we was right to quit and let our love find its mate.

"So Sven please look at this thing the same way I do and we will go on thru life just the same as we did before we met feeling there is someone who will care for everything we do.

"Tell your folks Sven when you go home just how it was and that I always thought of them as your mother and father and wish them sinseer regards

I am sure they wont condemn me at least I always feel they wont.

"So I am sure Sven all the unhappy hours you put in with me will be forgot and Ill do the same starting a new sheet from today and on. A divorce will be got as soon as I can save up the money we will erace the 2 years off our life and start at the beginning again.

"I had to write and get this problem off my mind its been hard but solved.

"So good Bye Sven its my last to you. please forgive and forget knowing and feeling its the only way we can offer one another I will close with my sinseerest wish of your bright future and your loyalship in one respect as my husband.

"May god forgive us both as ever

"REINA."

And then about five months after Reina's departure from Los Angeles, the following note arrived from Sven to Rhoda. The letter was posted from Calgary, Canada, and contained no address.

"Dear Rhoda:

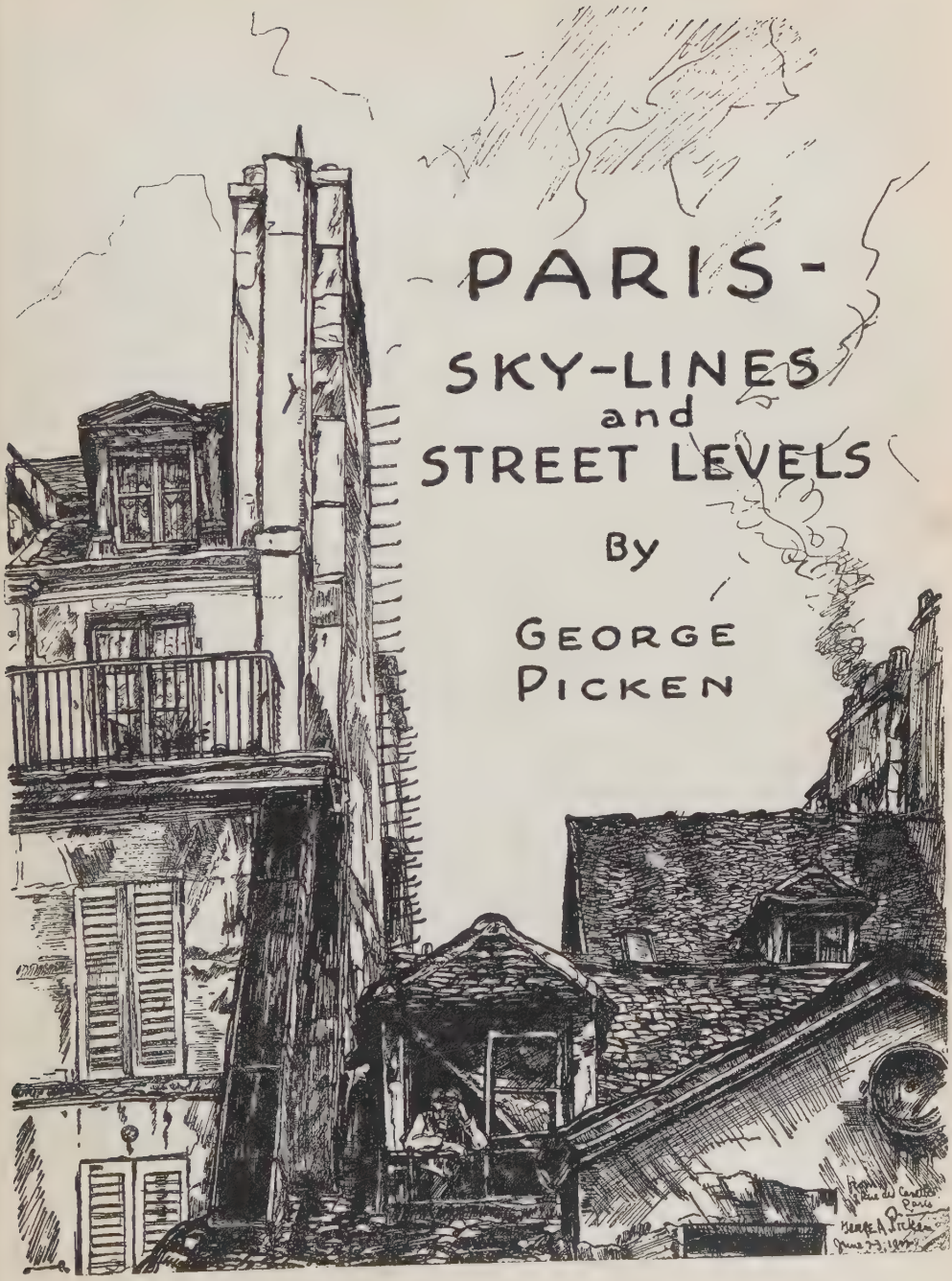
"You 'll think it 's funny to hear from me, but I owe you one thousend and here it is. Please don't tell Reina. I know you won't, anyhow, but I could n't stand it with her. I could n't make a go of it. After that automobile accident I got discouraged. It looked like things was against me and so I quit. But I have been doing fine lately. That 's why I 'm sending this. But before I had it pretty hard for a year there. I wish I could see your pretty little place again and talk with you. I could make you see how I feel. Don't think too hard of me. Reina did n't care for me any more and when I found that out I could n't see no use in sticking. But I wish you all the luck in the world and I hope Reina gets along too. She will though. And I hope I do too.

"SVEN."

My City

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

When I come down to sleep death's endless night,
The threshold of the unknown dark to cross,
What to me then will be the keenest loss,
When this bright world blurs on my fading sight?
Will it be that no more I shall see the trees
Or smell the flowers or hear the singing birds
Or watch the flashing streams or patient herds?
No, I am sure it will be none of these.
But, ah! Manhattan's sights and sounds, her smells,
Her crowds, her throbbing force, the thrill that comes
From being of her a part, her subtile spells,
Her shining towers, her avenues, her slums—
O God! the stark, unutterable pity,
To be dead, and never again behold my city!



PARIS -

SKY-LINES and STREET LEVELS

By

GEORGE PICKEN

"ON ZE BOULE – BOULEVARD,"

As the A. E. F. used to sing, walking down shadow-checkered streets. Kiosks with gay-colored posters, gray houses back of green trees, vivacious figures of Paris life, are all caught for us within this narrow strip of the Place St. Germain des Prés

UP THE HILL TO SACRÉ CŒUR

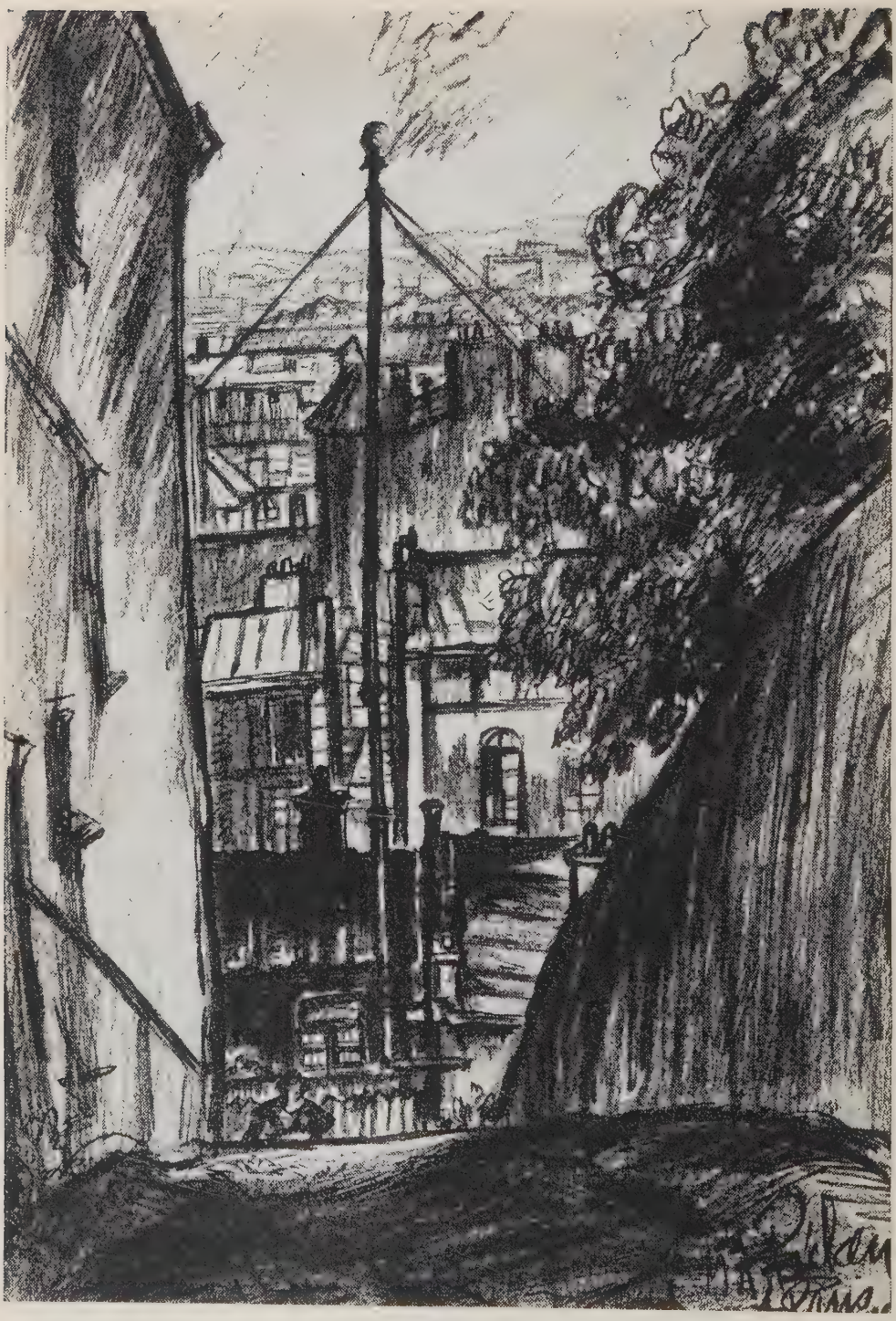
The twisting cobbled streets of Montmartre no longer echo to the hobnailed boots of all the Allies. The fine houses and walled-in gardens are, as always, inviolable; but the grim little hotels that front the street now welcome back their Bohemian clientele

ON THE BALCONY

From a balcony one may sift out the comedy and tragedy of life in the streets of the Quartier Latin: a girl artist with swinging black cape; a grocer's boy with a long loaf of bread, unwrapped, under his arm; a *mutilé* on crutches; and all the passing pageantry of youth with ideals and of age with spent emotions

"DES GOSSES"

Perhaps these little Parisians have now forgotten that they endeared themselves to the doughboy by calling out "Shewing gum," but the doughboy remembers the sidewalk *gosses* of the Rue des Canettes rather than the bit of old Paris beyond in the Place St. Sulpice



ON MONTMARTRE

From Place Pigalle to Place de Clichy tourists, on pleasure bent, make their rounds; but in the squalid tenements and homes of the side streets artists work, or on fine mornings sketch the distant views of Paris across the roof-tops

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

I — When Our Magazines Were Young

By L. Frank Tooker

Reproductions of Old Periodical Covers

One cannot dip far into the history of the magazine in America without coming to the conclusion that its traditions laid a heavy hand upon the development of a national literature. The pioneer world was at best a poor soil for the arts, and such small beginnings as might take root there were likely to spring from the seed brought overseas. English models molded the thoughts of our early writers, and if it took, as has been said, a hundred and fifty years to free our verse of the nightingale and the lark, it took even longer to free our literature from English forms and modes of expression. Even within the narrow limits of our models we circumscribed ourselves still more by a moral rigidity even straiter than that of England and by a superfinical propriety of speech all our own. Our early magazines were almost our only vehicles of literary expression. They considered themselves the upholders and guardians of the national conceptions of morality and good form, and though they were desirous of amusing and instructing their readers, they would amuse them without bringing a blush to the cheek of modesty and instruct them in such fashion as to strengthen their conviction of the rightness of the world in which they found themselves.

The difficulty with a standard like this is that it does not so much protect purity and elevate the thought as it cuts itself off from life and sincerity. Life in America a hundred and fifty years ago was a gigantic struggle to erect a new civilization and a new conception of liberty in the midst of wild nature, but no hint of its contests and tragedies found their way to the pages of the new magazines. There one read only insipid verse, love-tales even more insipid, manuals of etiquette, and moral homilies. In the last ten years there have come forth from that new pioneer region, the East Side of New York, more genuine literary sincerity and dramatic integrity than the first hundred years of American magazine writers gave to the world. The difference lies wholly in the standards of the two periods.

Between 1741 and the close of the century nearly fifty magazines were born in America, only deservedly to die. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, Boston, which had grown prosperous, and to a degree had laid aside its older form of puritanism, with true Prussian persistence had begun to will itself the intellectual center of America. In a way Philadelphia disputed the claim, and for more than fifty years the struggle

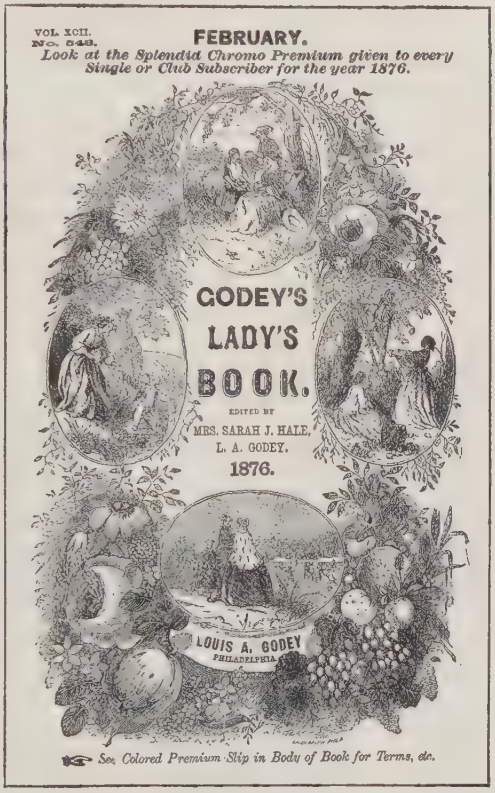
between the two cities for literary supremacy saw a long line of periodicals rise and fall. Here and there in the South and the West various journals gave voice for a brief season to local ambition, while New York lay sadly between the two leaders, with only the old "Knickerbocker" of note, though entering into the heat of the battle with Poe jumping from one editorial capacity in Philadelphia to another in New York, and then back again, spitting right and left at all his contemporaries like an angry cat.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Philadelphia, with "Graham's" and "Peterson's" and "Godey's Lady's Book," easily led in prosperity, while Boston and other less intellectual centers, with their moribund journals, sneered at the pretensions of Philadelphia, and called her great magazines insipid. Philadelphia was unmoved. "Godey's," sneering in return, had the air of being from Missouri and wanting to be shown. Did n't its elegant steel engravings and fashion-plates adorn the tables of every parlor worth entering from Maine to the Western Reserve? Was n't it the palladium of virtue and propriety, and was n't it prosperous? *Was n't* it prosperous? It came about in the end that its publisher, in the fervor of his laudation, spoke reverently of it as "The Book." Indeed, this provincial, almost parochial, pride and jealousy made a national magazine, and therefore a national literature, impossible. New York showed these traits and invited little outside talent to brighten the pages of its journals. Indeed, many aspirants in New York itself said that the contributors of "The Knickerbocker" were as carefully selected as were the members of an exclusive club. Local pride alone had fostered the magazines of the South and the West, and "the peculiar institution" of the South had further hampered its literary growth, for, keenly alive to the steadily increasing criticism of slavery, it had more and more shut itself up with the past; while the West had early shown the characteristic, surprising in a pioneer region, of being more puritanical and conventional than New England itself.

In later years the best of the New York men complained bitterly that "The Atlantic" would accept none of their work. Yet even though supreme in its own region, it was not prosperous. All Bostonians revered it and read it, but Boston was a town-meeting, book-borrowing community, where every one knew every one else worth knowing, and possibly many felt that it was scarcely worth while to subscribe for a magazine that sooner or later they could borrow from a friend or take up for a hasty perusal in some one of the many meeting-places where Bostonians were wont to congregate. It seemed far more to the point to save their money and, on dying, bequeath it to Harvard, and thus at one leap be numbered among the saints. Emerson complained of the few copies of "The Dial" that he was able to collect after the demise of that eminently Boston journal, and Higginson was astounded at the number of copies of "The Atlantic" that he had found in a small Western village. Boston had not accustomed him to so restricted a fellowship.

"Graham's" and "Godey's," as befitted their greater prosperity, and stung, perhaps, by the charge of being insipid, were kinder to notable literary men of other circles than were

their rivals, and frequently invited contributions from them; but though the great men, lured by the honorarium offered, usually accepted, they did so with much the same feeling that a traditionally haughty duke might be supposed to have on appearing at a housemaids' party. It was not the spirit that led to great literature. And nowhere was there a national consciousness.



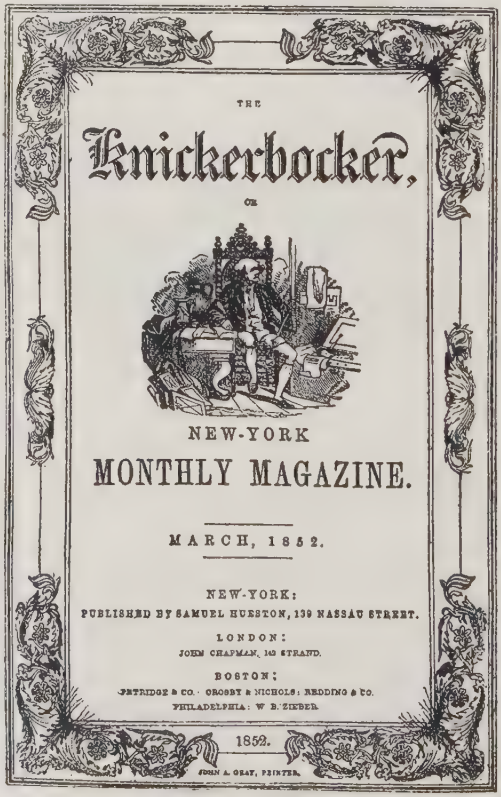
Even before the days of "Harper's" and "The Atlantic" there had suddenly risen in the minds of such men of letters as America possessed the fear that soon there would be no American literature at all. It may seem to the reader a curiously illogical statement, but undoubtedly the successful institution of regular steam traffic between Liverpool and New York in the middle of the last century well nigh brought about that result. Europe had been far away; suddenly it lay almost at our doors, its literature ours for the mere taking. At once there sprang up in New York a host of weeklies that made it their only business to spread before the American reading public the garnered treasures of European magazines at no other cost than that of buying single copies of the periodicals whose contents they wished to purloin. Naturally, in the absence of international copyright laws, they were complacently easy in conscience, and the wails of native writers they hushed in the din of their loud praises of themselves as the bearers of the culture and wisdom of Europe to a country that yet possessed neither.

Not that the material loss to American writers was great. In 1842, Lowell had exulted in the belief that he might hope to earn four hundred dollars by his pen in the coming year, and six years later Bayard Taylor had considered the offer of the editorship of "Graham's Magazine" at a thousand dollars a year as very handsome. About the same time the regular rate for all Philadelphia magazines except "Graham's" was said to be two dollars a page for prose and five dollars a poem. To its principal contributors "Graham's" was understood to pay twelve dollars a page, and though "The Knickerbocker" of New York had beaten that rate in special cases, to new writers it paid nothing at all, while the rating between the new contributor and the habitual one of merely local renown was very slight. Now, to the hosts of ambitious young writers who

gloried in seeing their names in print even at such normal prices as these it seemed wholly calamitous that soon there was likely to be no page left open for them at all.

For to most of them the material gain had not counted. If one was stricken with the fever of writing, one was stricken, and that was the end of the matter; nothing could save one. "The Knickerbocker" might touch him with the accolade of acceptance, and he went proudly evermore. "Godey's" might accept his poem or little prose essay (unpaid for until published) by printing a notice of acceptance, and after months of waiting for its appearance, the writer might find in "The Book" a devastating note by the editor that read: "We have been looking over our collection of original poetry [or prose]. Some of these articles have been on hand so long that the authors may have forgotten them or given them to some other publications. We hope the latter." And that would be the end of the matter. True, the author, still hoping, might subsequently find *disjecta membra* of his contribution appearing as parts of the editor's own wisdom in the "Editor's Table." That was only the pleasing and taking way of the editor of the time. There was nothing to do but to try again.

But with the coming of the weeklies made up of reprints of foreign magazines even this slight glory seemed doomed and American literature to be dying, and dying, as American labor was subsequently to die many times, through the advent of foreign cheap labor. Though the American authors cried out against the betrayal, the American reading public did not. They had, they felt, the inalienable right of all American citizens to the best, and in the absence of copyright laws, and with a national indifference to ethical distinctions not covered by legal limitations or inherited traditions, they saw no harm in taking their intellectual food from any table that offered it. This was Mr. Fletcher Harper's view, for subsequently he declared that, seeing an enormous reading public in America and at his disposal far more varied and attractive reading material in England than America possessed, he had determined to bring the two together, though he had added frankly that his first object in starting the magazine that was to further this aim was to make it the feeder to his business as


THE
Knickerbocker,
OR
NEW-YORK
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
MARCH, 1852.
NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL HUESTON, 139 NASSAU STREET.
LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142 STRAND.
BOSTON:
JEFFRIDGE & CO. · CROSBY & NICHOLS: REDDING & CO.
PHILADELPHIA: W. B. ZIEBER.
1852.
JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER.

a publisher of books. In this manner "Harper's" was started on the initiative of the new reprint weeklies that American authors denounced as destroyers of the literature of the country.

The new magazine took a commanding lead at once, though American authors had no cause to rejoice. The best of them rarely appeared in its pages, though in its earlier days four novels by Thackeray (together with his "Four Georges," lectures that he had delivered in the United States in 1855), six by Anthony Trollope, two by George Eliot, three by Dickens, and others by Wilkie Collins and lesser Englishmen, must have given its readers the impression of treading on alien soil. So pronounced was the leaning toward Great Britain, indeed, that on his first visit to America, Justin McCarthy, though comparatively a novice at the time, had received from the magazine a contract for forty-five short stories, all of which he delivered before returning to Europe. Even at that early period American short-story writers were generally thought to excel their British rivals, and with this unexampled favoring of McCarthy they must have recalled with extreme bitterness the proverb of the prophet and his own country.

That their feeling made itself felt is unquestioned, and for a generation at least few ambitious young Americans thought of this magazine as a possible pathway to the fame they sought. Though there was yet no national feeling of pride and reflected glory in the success of a magazine that held the repute of wide hospitality to aspiring young writers, there was in a great degree strong local love and loyalty for magazines like "The Knickerbocker" and "The Atlantic." The regard of the mere reader is less subtle, less intimate, though the phlegmatic publisher of one that has far outrun its rivals in prosperity and readers doubtless has small concern in the distinction.

Three years after the founding of "Harper's," "Putnam's" came into the field in the same city. It was to be a literary journal of the highest excellence, the publishers promised. With a century-old hopefulness that the time was now ripe for such an enterprise, they announced their high aim to be original and to pay every writer for what they published. They added the promise, new to native journals of a literary nature, to quicken the life of the community by the discussion and criticism of public affairs.

From the first the magazine was notably able; but from the first, too, it had to contend against "Harper's," which was still mainly a reprint of the best foreign writers, and the fight was an uphill one. It was even more difficult because "Harper's" permitted itself no public opinions, while even such mildly critical ones as "Putnam's" sometimes expressed were ill received by a public that had always been thin-skinned to censure.

In time, too, arose the old taunt that had been cast against "The Knickerbocker," and was later to be cast against "The Atlantic," that it was written by a clique and was local. National it never became in the eyes of the country at large, and though it contained much that was held notable in that day, it never took the place that it rightly deserved.

The statement could be made with equal truth concerning "The Galaxy," which, starting out in 1866 with the enthusiastic support of Stedman and Bayard Taylor and their New York

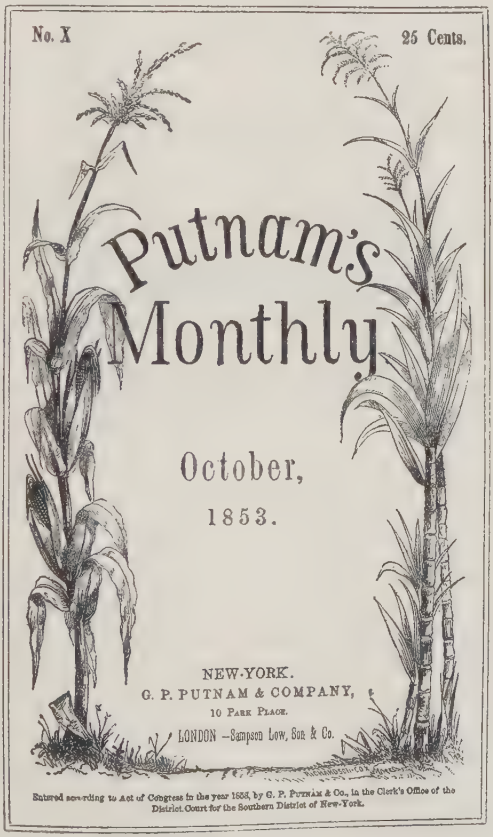
circle, lived on for a dozen years, and at the end was merged in "The Atlantic," which it had resembled in dignity and high-mindedness. I have not seen a copy for years, but I had read it eagerly as a boy, and the impression persists that it was less local than "The Atlantic" and more catholic in its aims. From it I gained my first knowledge of that poet of the South, Sidney Lanier, and of the new man from out of the West, Mark Twain. If from it I gained, too, my first knowledge of Charles Reade, in his "Put Yourself in His Place," the incident seemed part of its breadth, not a policy, as with "Harper's."

But "Harper's" flourished, steadily sending forth its reprints of British novels in undiminished volume, but gradually widening its phylacteries with a thin edging of Americanism by such innocuous purveyors of acceptable fancies as the Abbotts, Lossing, and Higginson, who never trod on one's toes or voiced an unpopular opinion. There as a boy I read serially J. S. C. Abbott's amazing life of Napoleon with the delight in the canonization of that Abbottized saint that the average American boy of the period took in the deeds of the heroes who harassed the soul of England. And if "The Atlantic," which had come into the field seven years later, could not be said to flourish in just the same manner, it was steadfast in its ideals, faithfully spreading on white paper the beautiful thoughts that sprang only from the soul of eastern Massachusetts. And they were as good as they were beautiful, and as cautious as those of "Harper's" in touching the every-day world with a breath of criticism. If that *enfant terrible* of the chosen circle, Dr. Holmes, stirred the rigidity of theological New England with the heretical audacities of his "Breakfast Table," nothing really came of it. The irresistible force had met the immovable body of the popular problem—the conscious omniscience of the Brahmin caste of Boston lightly twiddling its fingers in the rock-ribbed face of rural New England.

Thus gradually "The Atlantic" and "Harper's" became, with the wearing away of their rivals, the two chief forces in the magazine world. In a way they were typical of the communities they represented—Boston, popularly recognized as the point on the western continent most open to every intellectual wind that blew in from Europe; and New York, whose indwelling spirit was wholly of the material world. But "Harper's" was widely read, and "The Atlantic" was not. The reprints of the work of the chief novelists of England alone would have accounted for this, but "Harper's" was also illustrated. Even the irrelevant steel-engravings of "Godey's" had pleased, stirring in thousands of uncritical minds the awakening spirit of decoration that knew no higher expression than the antimacassar; but the illustrations of "Harper's" did more, crude as they were. It is the instinct of mankind to be pleased with symbols, and all readers visualize with their own mental pictures the actors and scenes depicted on the printed page. A wider inclusion of illustrations in the magazines gave great satisfaction, therefore. They gave pleasure when they satisfied the reader; when they failed, they at least gave him a comforting assurance of his own greater taste and discernment. When the use of illustrations was publically advocated for "The Atlantic,"

the horrified outcry that arose from Boston, and the continued refusal of the magazine to make the change, served to localize the adverse opinion as a typical Bostonian assumption of superior intelligence and culture. To the outer world of darkness it was as delightfully illogical as that other fetish of the neighborhood, where the use of the word "yard" at Cambridge, in distinction to the "campus" of more barbaric college communities, carried with it the same easy assurance of superior understanding and culture.

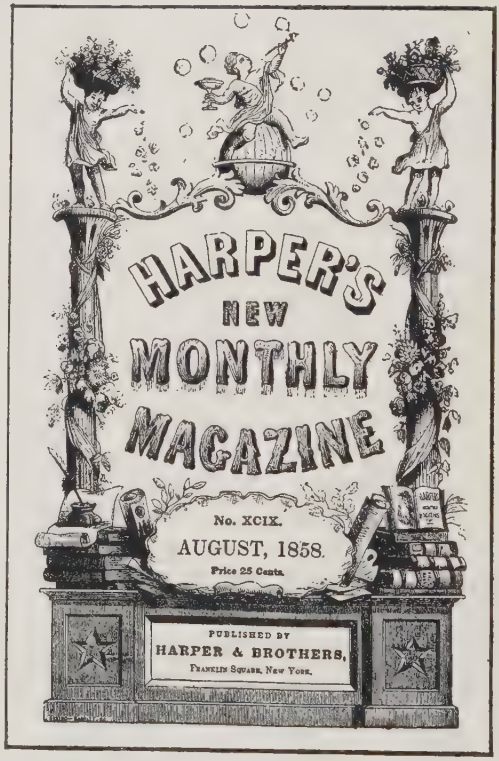
It was at this stage that a new face appeared upon the scene and revolutionized the magazine world. Mr. Roswell Smith had been born in the village of Lebanon, in the hills of eastern Connecticut. The nearest railroad lies three miles away in the valley. The main street, almost the only street, is a typical New England highway, with tall elms lining its length, and a wide common in the heart of the village. The church, or meeting-house, faces it at the north. It is of wood, plain and unadorned, colonial in type, and beautiful. A short distance away, one can see above the tree-tops the tall chimneys of the colonial home of Jonathan Trumbull, the great war governor of Connecticut and the friend and adviser of Washington, who himself had given Trumbull the national sobriquet of "Brother Jonathan." All the Trumbulls of the time were notable men, and one was the historical painter, John Trumbull. Small as it is, Lebanon is notable for its sons, and many have been distinguished in the annals of theology and statesmanship. Education has long been their aim, and I myself have heard it said in the village that since the college was founded, no catalogue of Yale has ever been issued that did not contain the name of at least one student from Lebanon.


No. X
25 Cents.
Putnam's
Monthly
October,
1853.
NEW-YORK.
G. P. PUTNAM & COMPANY,
10 Park Place.
LONDON —Sampson Low, Son & Co.
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1853, by G. P. Putnam & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

In the old Trumbull house, which his father had acquired, Roswell Smith was born and passed his boyhood. From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year he served his sole literary apprenticeship with the publishers of his uncle, Roswell Chamberlain Smith of Hartford, a schoolbook writer. Later he took up the course in English at Brown University, and at the end of it began the study of law in Hartford. As a lawyer in Lafayette, Indiana, he acquired the moderate fortune that in

1868 sent him east in middle life on his great adventure of becoming a publisher.

Characteristically, he did not hurry the matter, but at first sailed for Europe, where in the course of his wanderings he fell in with Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland. They had met casually in the West, where Dr. Holland had lectured, and in this chance meeting in Europe certain qualities of mind that were similar in each drew them together in strong friendship.



A further likeness between them was striking. Dr. Holland had also cut loose from his past, and at the time of his meeting with Mr. Roswell Smith was contemplating the founding of a monthly magazine to be devoted to American letters and art. As a poet of narrative verse and essays of a moral nature he was widely read in America, and as a popular lecturer he had likewise become a familiar figure to hosts of his admirers. Both men were afterward fond of relating the oft-told story of the night they had stood on one of the bridges that spanned the Rhone at Geneva and planned the magazine that was afterward to be known as THE CENTURY.

Influenced ineradicably by the traditional spirit of his birthplace in the heart of historical New England, Mr. Roswell Smith's long sojourn in the West had not so much modified his character as broadened his sympathies. It could safely be assumed that no enterprise to which he gave his whole heart would be in any sense narrow or provincial. If the phrase had been in vogue at the time, it might have been said by him that the magazine he purposed to found would be one hundred per cent. American, with none of the claptrap of political chicanery that usually accompanies the term. It would also be high-minded.

On returning to America the two men laid their plans before Mr. Charles Scribner, the head of the publishing house that issued Dr. Holland's own books, and promptly a corporation was formed to publish the new magazine at the earliest possible moment.

Under the name of "Scribner's Monthly" the first number appeared in November, 1870. It might not be uninteresting to compare it with the corresponding numbers of the two magazines that held the chief places in the field it was about to enter, "The Atlantic" and "Harper's."

The first article in the November

issue of "The Atlantic" was "Footpaths," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The opening footpath described was the path along the cliffs at Newport, an eminently proper beginning, since Newport had once boasted that all the contributors of the magazine were residents or frequenters of it. Then followed descriptions of paths in Worcester and other localities. And "after our footpaths are exhausted," said the author, "Memory brings back"—and Memory brings back from Chaucer, Spenser, Browning, and Sydney Dobell a sheaf of poetic descriptions of paths to crown the author's own effort and add a literary tone.

"Captain Kidd's Money," by Harriet Beecher Stowe, which followed, was sufficiently crude to prove conclusively that the editors were not blind to the appeal of the name of the "best-seller" of the period. "The Intellectual Influence of Music," "Four Months with Charles Dickens" (during his first visit to America), and a short appreciation of "Mr. Burlingame as an Orator" made up the solid contents of the number. Boston has never been strong in fiction, and Bayard Taylor had been called in to furnish the serial, and he had also furnished a three-page poem in hexameter verse. Three short stories that wandered aimlessly through a no-man's-land of literature, having neither beginning nor end nor emotion nor dramatic construction; two short poems each with a message; and eight pages of "Reviews and Literary Notes" brought the magazine to a close. The type of the magazine, though small, was good, and its appearance in make-up much as it is to-day. Under the name of the magazine, on the first page, the subtitle, "A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics," has now disappeared.

In physical appearance "Harper's" was the inferior of the two. The type was painfully small, the paper poor, and so little attention was paid to proper display that an article might end at any point in the first column of a page, and be followed by a second article, with the barest space between the two. Page after page ran solid, without the break of a paragraph. The illustrations were crude. There was a wealth of heavy material: "The Huguenots," "The Cave of Bellamar," "The Negative in Photography," "Life in Brittany," the second part of "Flora in Mythology and Religion," and the second instalment, translated from the French, of "Literary Forgeries." Glancing at the titles and the rarely paragraphed pages of minute type, one can only wonder how many stout-hearted seekers after knowledge had ever attempted to wade through those dry-as-dust Saharas of lore.

J. S. C. Abbott appeared in an instalment of the life of Frederick the Great, one of those amazing romances that disturbed the historical perspective of my early boyhood; and a lighter touch was to be found in "Down the Mississippi," a descriptive article of the type that has persisted throughout the magazine's long history. There were reprints of two English serials, and one instalment of a two-part story translated from the German; three short stories, one of them translated from the French; and four short poems that dripped with the tearful lamentations of the lovers of the period. Five editorial departments in type even more minute completed the number. If one were to personify the two magazines, one would naturally con-

ceive of "The Atlantic" as a middle-aged spinster of the best Boston traditions graciously guiding the conversation at her tea-table on a Sunday evening; but of "Harper's" as a dour, hard-working housewife bringing up coal from the cellar—another person's cellar. She borrowed it because it gave out more heat than the native firewood, she would complacently explain.

It would be pleasant to say that into the company of these drab-clothed sisters of the magazine world THE CENTURY (born "Scribner's") came like a bride. It was certainly more interesting at the first hasty glance, for its type was larger and better than that of either, and its illustrations were less casual than those of "Harper's."

It had opened with an illustrated seventeen-page poem called "Jeremy Train—His Drive," written, as the table of contents disclosed, by "An Old Fellow," though the reader must have guessed from the first that Dr. Holland himself was the author. It had his flowing narrative style and his ready application of the belief in the good that comes from a thwarted evil. An illustrated article on "The Bottom of the Sea" had followed, and this in turn was succeeded by another illustrated contribution entitled, "A Day with Dr. Brooks," an account of the New York Juvenile Asylum. THE CENTURY has never called itself a strictly literary magazine, and this, its first entrance into welfare work, was an earnest of the wide interest it was later to take in that field. Typical, too, was the next serious article, the first of a two-part criticism of "The Bondage of the Pulpit." A short appreciation of "The Writings of George Macdonald" by Samuel W. Duffield served as an introduction to Macdonald's serial story that began in the same number; for despite the new magazine's avowed Americanism, it had apparently been compelled to call upon the Scotchman for its first novel. The first instalment of a colorless three-part serial by Rebecca Harding Davis, a short story by I. I. Hayes, and two short poems completed the contributed portion. "Topics of the Time," "Books and Authors Abroad," and "Books and Authors at Home" made up the editorial departments. The fiction was colorless, and all that can be said of the verse is that it was less lugubrious than that of "Harper's" and less sentimental than that of "The Atlantic."

One cannot escape the impression that in the attitude of "The Topics of the Time" there was a conscious feeling of being about to form public opinion. It was probably sincere, though it was equally obvious that the mold was already in the minds of the possible readers, that large body of Americans whose attention had been arrested by "Bitter-Sweet," "The Mistress of the Manse," and "The Timothy Titcomb" papers, and who had filled the audience-rooms wherever Dr. Holland had lectured. Indeed, "The Topics" were alive with the spirit of popular beliefs, somewhat truculent, perhaps, but truculent with the militant morality of the great body of the people of the period. For instance, there was a short editorial on the dogma of the infallibility of the pope, then newly promulgated, that must have set the heads of thousands of deacons and elders nodding in emphatic approval of its bitter anti-Romanism. One wonders if the magazine had been hurried to the press

without careful editorial supervision, for four pages later, in the chatty department, "Books and Authors Abroad," the writer is permitted to say:

" 'When you run out of subjects,' said an old divine to a young one, 'just attack the Romanists,' and many an exhausted writer has been helped to a subject by the dogma."

Popular, too, at that period, when all America was wildly pro-German, must have been another editorial on "Republicanism in Europe," in which Dr. Holland declared:

"It is a sad and hard thing to say of any country, but it is true, that there is not enough intelligence, principle, and virtue in France to sustain a republic. A French peasant, who does not know a letter of the alphabet, and who takes his law from his priest, is a very different person from the American farmer or mechanic, who takes his newspaper and magazine, and reads and judges for himself. In America men trust each other; in France, there is no faith in men; and none, for that matter, in women. Without this faith, a republic is not possible."

Blessed be the names of the goodly prophets!

(The end of the first part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

Viennese Waltz

By Elinor Wylie

We are so tired, and perhaps to-morrow
  Will never come. Be fugitive awhile
From tears, and let the dancing drink the sorrow,
  As it has drunk the color of your smile.

Your face is like a mournful pearl, my darling;
  Go, set a rose of rouge upon its white,
And stop your ears against the tiger-snarling
  Where lightning stripes the thunder of the night.

Now falling, falling, feather after feather,
  The music spreads a softness on the ground;
Now for an instant we are held together,
  Hidden within a swinging mist of sound.

Put by these frustrate and unhappy lovers;
  Forget that he is sad and she is pale;
Come, let us dream the little death that hovers
  Pensive as heaven in a cloudy veil.

The House of Blocks

By James Boyd

Mrs. Wimpole was in the bedroom laying out clothes for her husband. Her figure, bending over the blue afghan on the bed, was soft and unemotional, her face was rosy and patient; but as she arranged Mr. Wimpole's white shirt, her strong heavy hands moved flutteringly. She placed a pair of congress boots by Mr. Wimpole's chair. She glanced at his bureau, but found that he had left the articles on it, as always, in their correct geometrical design. There was nothing more to be done.

Still, she did not leave the room.

There was nothing more to be done, indeed, for Samuel Wimpole, so careful, so precise, so self-sufficient, there was never much to be done. She should have rejoiced in a husband whose neat, unvarying domestic habits gave her so little labor, so many hours of freedom. But instead she felt held prisoner by a thin, yet tenacious, enchantment—a mathematical enchantment of some learned, soulless wizard. The room was exactly square, and she was in the exact center of it, just like the chandelier. On one side her golden-oak bureau balanced his, and on the other, the walnut scrollwork bed stood in its perfectly calculated position. Above it hung two steel engravings, framed alike, of the "Infant Samuel" and the "Stag at Bay." Half-way between them a motto, "Home is where the heart lies," was encircled by sprigs of lily of the valley done in their correct natural colors. She stood as if paralyzed by vague, yet potent forces, the dreadful forces, petty in detail, but irresistible in total effect, of absolute precision. She could wander, swinging in her little orbit, but at any time those forces could draw her back to fix her at the center of Mr. Wimpole's web. She had better not stand there too long. She breathed hard and moved to the window.

Down the street stretched the row of houses, all alike and all like hers, each a square of bilious brown, each with two staring windows up-stairs, and below them a porch, protruding like a proud and stupid upper lip. The fronts were all decorously dead, but from the backs came sounds of scuttling, slovenly life. There dwelt the hen-women of the neighborhood.

Mrs. Wimpole's face had been graven to passiveness by the years of marriage, but in her hands she sometimes showed a faint and rapid flash of wistfulness and passion. She knew that this did not escape the hen-women, forever scratching in one another's back yards in search of grubs and offal. They guessed her suffering and knew its cause. It was because she had no child, a judgment, they agreed, by God, the head of the Baptist Church.

She twined her hands distractedly. If only she had one! What had she

done to be punished? A little baby, only one. What a God! What a life! What a husband! She looked up, startled. The bald and traitorous thought struck her for the first time with all its unspent force. Never till this moment had her mind ventured anything in respect to Mr. Wimpole but acquiescence. Now she said aloud, "What a husband!" and walked slowly toward the glass. She was just the same despite her new knowledge of the truth. With a little pat of her hair, she turned away and stood frowning anxiously. She looked curiously about her with the detachment and at the same time the interest of a woman who at last saw Samuel Wimpole and herself as they really were. But there was no freedom in the new insight.

If she had a baby, it would all be different. They were so cunning, always needing something. Samuel Wimpole never needed anything; he arranged for everything. Had he been like that when he was a baby, or had he never been a baby?

Outside she heard his neat footfall on the porch. The front door opened and closed with soft precision, and an umbrella was deftly slipped into the stand. The sun was setting splendidly, but the morning had been slightly overcast.

§ 2

She felt that she must do something impulsive, rapid; if only she could rush out the back door toward the golden light and run forever or even rush down to greet him. But either would have been equally incomprehensible to Mr. Wimpole. She went to the head of the stairs and said:

"Is that you, Samuel?"

"Yes, my dear."

He ascended, and kissed her accurately; then he passed into the bedroom and inspected her preparations to see that all was correct. He took off his decorous coat, his black tie and stand-up collar, and put them away, preoccupied with each detail. He noticed that she still lingered, and he turned his stout, petty face toward her.

"The thermometer seems to be rising," he observed. "It is sixty. I noticed it as I came in. Perhaps it would be well to shut the damper in the furnace."

"I have," she said, but she left the room.

Down-stairs she sat in the kitchen lacing and unlacing her fingers. What was it? He was better than most husbands and he loved her, whatever that might mean. There was nothing against him. She had proved his virtues to herself a thousand times. But she could n't stand it any longer. How inexplicable to the hen-women, shooting forward their thin necks and small agitated heads over one another's fences! Perhaps they were right, and there was something wrong about her. But what difference did that make? She was afraid to look at the sunset; it made her feel enchained. How she could run when she was a girl! Faster than the boys. The stew was boiling over.

He came down, and she heard him descending to the furnace to make sure the draft was right.

It was the girl's night out, and he helped her set the table. He was very deft and competent; he was a master of all minor affairs.

They sat down, and he launched into an even, dogged narrative of a mistake which the junior partner had

made that morning. It seemed that, with the rashness of youth, the junior partner had attempted to file his own correspondence instead of intrusting it to the department of the chief clerk, Mr. Wimpole. There could, of course, be only one result of such temerity. A circular from the Eureka Buggy Co. had been filed under E, not cross-indexed in the subject-card catalogue under B. It is true they already had such a circular on file, properly indexed; but there you were.

"I don't see what difference it makes, then," said Mrs. Wimpole. "I guess Mr. Swinger knew you had one to start with."

"As a matter of fact, he did. My point is that if a thing is done at all, it should be done right. That is certainly clear. And I think he saw by the way I acted that something was wrong. He tried to explain, and I just looked at him."

Mr. Wimpole, in illustration, gave his wife a pale, smug stare.

"I think Mr. Swinger 's very nice," she said. "He 's got such a loud voice and swears without meaning anything."

At this remark Mr. Wimpole looked at her as before.

She felt her sight turn black with anger. All was a black haze except that pudgy, old-maidish face across the table, standing out naked in all its small precision and self-sufficiency. She twined her hands furiously beneath the table.

"I 'll clear away the things," she muttered. "You go into the sitting-room."

"Oh, no; I 'll help. In fact, I 've noticed that, in clearing away, you make unnecessary work for yourself. I 'll show you. There 's the most efficient way, of course, of doing everything."

"For God's sake: let me alone!" she cried, and ran out of the room.

Incredibly, he came paddling after. She heard him say:

"Why, Emma, this is most unusual. We have always gotten on so pleasantly. Perhaps Dr. Bromkin—"

She did not strike him, but she turned on him with the force of a thousand blows.

"Dr. Bromkin! You fool! you fool!" She stumbled to her room.

He did not follow.

Once in the night his footfalls stopped outside her locked door. He listened, tapped indecisively. She stood motionless, like the stag at bay, till she heard him retreating down the stairs. The moment while she waited as he tapped and listened at the door decided her. She must break through to freedom. But not yet, he was still awake. She heard him methodically making up his bed on the parlor sofa. Would he never finish? His steps kept moving first to one side of the sofa, then the other. She could picture him fussily, interminably, adjusting the comforter.

Silence fell; she wrote a note: "I am going away to Aunt Margaret's. If you come for me, I will run. Just let me alone." She listened till she was sure, turned the lock, noiseless, well oiled by Mr. Wimpole, crept down the back way, out the kitchen walk, and ran.

She found her Aunt Margaret, small and brown, living alone, but sustained and heartened by the memories of her husband, the late Joe Twilliger. This source of comfort surprised Mrs. Wimpole, who had girlhood recollections of her aunt's ill advised mar-

riage. Aunt Margaret, with her warm heart and two thousand dollars a year, had been something of a catch. Conceive, then, the family circle's forebodings when she threw herself away on Mr. Twilliger, a man who from earliest youth bore all the indefinable, but convincing, marks of perpetual ill success.

Nor did Mr. Twilliger belie the omens; his life had been a good-natured progress from one slow, but inevitable, failure to another. He had run a grocery-store, a steam laundry, a lunch-room, a cigar-stand, while death overtook him as he was on the point of losing the exclusive agency for the Echo Electric mangle.

Aunt Margaret's friends had looked on his descent through the economic scale with grim relish, viewing it as retribution on her for her lack of matrimonial acumen. If retribution was intended, however, something had gone wrong with the decrees of Providence. For, to the exasperation of the right minded, Aunt Margaret reaped nothing but satisfaction from her life with her futile husband, and now that he was dead, drew nothing but solace from the recollection of his ineptitude. She told Emma with pitying amusement of Mr. Twilliger's incurable habit of buttoning his waistcoat crooked, so that an extra buttonhole remained at the top, an extra button at the bottom, of how, while engrossed in schemes for the capture of a splendid mangle prospect, he forgot an appointment with the "prospect" herself; she recounted delightedly a hundred instances of the generous optimism with which he frittered away her income each year, of the childish faith with which he relied on her to extricate him from each new *impasse*. Emma, at first contemptuous, then entertained, grew to feel a peculiar warmth for this hopeless ne'er-do-well. She could not respect him, as she did the competent Samuel, yet despite its incredible absurdity, the picture of him stirred a new corner of her heart and drew out a protecting affection as alive and thrilling as it was undeserved.

§ 3

From time to time she received his letters, kind, lucid, the letters of an imbecile. With all his little pattering heart he wanted her to come back, but his letters made her laugh with an insane rage. Otherwise, she was happier than before.

After a time she heard in roundabout ways that he had sold the house. He had given up, like the sensible chief clerk that he was; she was forever rid of that stupid box and him. Life was very gay. Just to go down to breakfast knowing that he would not be there filled her with the desire to perform fantastic dances. She did, in fact, execute a few steps before her mirror, murmuring a discarded popular tune. At least she thought it was a popular tune till she reached the chorus. Then she recognized it as a gospel hymn with the refrain,

Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?

She thought of Samuel Wimpole and of Samuel Wimpole's singing. She thought of Samuel Wimpole's god, that pompous whiskers in a voluminous green robe who lent his guidance to Mr. Wimpole. It was remarkable that this dignitary, with the wisdom of the years beneath his ponderous halo, should in the end have adopted views coinciding exactly with Mr.

Wimpole's. It strengthened Mr. Wimpole's position tremendously. She smiled at her own acuteness, and made a vulgar gesture toward the west in the general direction of Samuel Wimpole.

If for her Mr. Wimpole had become a figure of the past, contemptible, exasperating, and soon no doubt to fade, for Aunt Margaret he seemed non-existent. She never referred to him, but it was not easy to read in her friendly eyes whether she judiciously ignored Mr. Wimpole in deference to Emma's feelings, or whether there was merely no room for him on a horizon filled by Joe. For she never tired of recalling incidents in the life of the unlucky Mr. Twilliger.

"Joe just had no idea of looking out for himself," she said. "Honestly, I don't know what would have become of Joe if it had n't been for me. Did I ever tell you about Joe and the umbrella? Well, Joe was always terrible on umbrellas: he used them just like they were paper drinking-cups. And once I got after him to make him promise to hang on to the new one. So what did he do but hold up the train at Potter's Falls for five minutes looking for it, till he found it under the seat. At least he thought it was his, but it belonged to one of the Steers girls from Lakeside. He 'd checked his in the parcel-room before he left. Then, my land! if he did n't loose Louise Steer's umbrella on the way home and have to buy her a new one that cost twice as much as his, because naturally I always bought him the cheapest kind. But hers was silk. Only I 'll say this much for Joe, they both had cherry handles. But did you ever hear of any one so silly?" Aunt Margaret's face was softly glowing.

"You know," she murmured, "he was a perfect baby—a perfect baby."

Emma raised her hands to her breast. Could any one say that of Mr. Wimpole?

The figure of Mr. Wimpole, so admirable in each detail, had in the teeth of logic and the laws of justice shrunk to pitiable proportions by contrast with the worthless Joe. So much, that Emma, who, when with other women, used to assume and half feel a pride in her husband's qualities and achievements, now looked on him as a source of shame, unworthy to be named in the same breath with the defunct scapegrace who had brought such happiness to Aunt Margaret. And yet she must name him. It was as impossible to avoid mentioning him as it was to live with him.

"Samuel," she said, "is not that way. Mr. Swinger says he 's the most careful man they ever had in the bookkeeping department. And at home he 's just the same. He can do everything around the house better than I can. And he has the umbrella I gave him when we were engaged. He 's not a baby at all; he 's the most manly,—well, not manly exactly,—but the most grown-up, capable person I ever saw."

"Nonsense! There is n't any such man. They 're all alike; only some pretend they 're grown up and some don't. Now, Joe always knew he was a kid and did n't try to act any different. Whenever he made a sale or got a new idea, and Joe had some wonderful ideas, he 'd come in hollering for me and tracking dirt all over the house, and, whatever I was doing I had to stop and listen to the whole story. He was an awful noisy man, Joe was."

"My goodness! you 'd never know Samuel was in the house."

"Well, of course some of them are

like noisy kids, and some are like quiet kids, but they 're all like kids just the same."

"You don't know Samuel," Emma said, with unexpected bitterness.

But now and again her mind flashed back to her aunt's words and to Samuel Wimpole. She had left him and was glad, but after the first relief her happiness had been less than it should. How was he taking it now, how was he getting on? She would like to see him again; it would ease her to fortify herself with new evidences of his intolerable self-sufficiency.

§ 4

After the surprise of his wife's incredible departure, Mr. Wimpole had found himself, for the first time in his life, somewhat at a loss. Her conduct had been peculiar, and peculiarity, as all men knew, was the unforgivable quality. It was really a good thing she had left.

And yet when he came home at night and found no one,—no one to hear of his latest triumph of exactitude,—well, it might be advisable to write her. With his mastery of precise language he could write a letter which, while not in the least receding from his obviously correct position, would in a delicate manner leave the way open for her return.

He did write such a letter, many of them. Her replies were brief and painfully inconsequential. His letters became increasingly rational and convincing; hers grew more flippant, then suddenly angry. That, of course, could not be tolerated; Mr. Wimpole wrote no more.

But the walk home from the office and the moment waiting for him at the end of it when he clicked open his front door became no easier to face. On the contrary. Besides, the hired girl grew contemptuous of him on account of that very efficiency, apparently, which he possessed in domestic affairs. He decided to sell the house and emancipate himself from woman's eccentricity.

At Miss Tittmin's boarding-house, however, he failed to find new freedom. Miss Tittmin was illogical, and the place a rendezvous for the hen-women of the neighborhood. His mind kept wandering back to Emma, how he had come to lose her, how he could get her back.

It occurred to him that here was a problem where the hen-women might be of use; he began to consult them diffidently, and to note their answers with care.

In the course of time the facts emerged from their circuitous clucking. Emma's conduct was held indefensible. To that extent the hen-women agreed with Mr. Wimpole, and had he heard their view when she first left, he would have drawn no small satisfaction from it. But now he was beyond caring for indorsement; he only wanted Emma. And here the hen-women in devious reiterations contributed valuable advice. It appeared that, added to Emma's own eccentricity, the cause of his disaster was the house in which they had lived. It had only a ten-gallon hot-water boiler; it had only one laundry tub; the linen closet was small. But, more than that, it stood at the end of a street assigned to shop foremen, freight conductors, and possibly draftsmen. Chief clerks should live on a hill.

Mr. Wimpole was struck by the soundness of this view. He noticed

that most women were contented if their homes were comfortable and in a location of sufficient dignity; that is, unless their men ran around too much. He had never run around, never even looked around. It must be the house.

He determined to build a house which would bring Emma back, and to build it as a surprise. He bought a little lot on the hill. He hired a youth from the drafting-room to come in evenings and draw the plans. He spent months incorporating every convenience of every known house in his design. It was to be a house without defects.

When spring came, he got two carpenters to start the framing, and by early summer the roof and siding were on. He felt vaguely that the exterior was more eccentric than he had thought. However, it only reflected the perfections of the arrangements within.

He used to go up in the evening and work on the interior with a set of tools that he had bought. He knew that every morning the carpenters, who were hired by the day, blandly corrected his mistakes of the night before, but he could not bring himself to desist; and when it came to nailing down the sheathing for the floors, he did, in fact, attain some proficiency.

He was thus engaged after supper one evening, hammering in quick little taps, breathing in quick little puffs, looking up now and then out the door and across the valley, where the last wisps of smoke floated up from the dying furnaces and the mill-hand houses huddled in slattern rows.

He took a nail out of his pursed mouth and hammered again. A shadow slid along the floor, and he looked up testily. It was Emma.

He stumbled stiffly to his feet.

"Why, Samuel," she said, "what are you doing?"

"I am building a house."

"What for?"

"For you. But it was to be a surprise."

"For me?"

"Yes, I realize that our old house was not adequate. I thought that if I could have a house which would be suitable—that perhaps—"

She gave him a queer little smile.

Mr. Wimpole felt his knees trembling and his eyes filling.

"Come back!" he whispered.

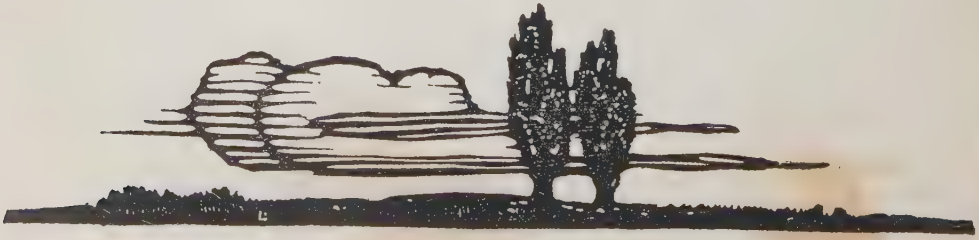
He gazed at her. She sat down on a box and looked away.

"The house will be nice," he murmured. "I can show you."

She turned her face toward him. It was tender and amused.

He stumbled forward and knelt grotesquely before her, with his head on her knee. He felt her quick, strong hands come to rest lightly on his head as his mother's used to do.

"My funny little boy!" he heard her say.



A Voyager's Log

By Rockwell Kent

Drawings by the Author

HIDDEN among the mountains of Tierra del Fuego, sheltered by their barriers and kept inviolate against the devastations of human enterprise, even against the facile beholding of its loveliness, lies Lake Fognano. Scarcely a hundred men have ever seen it.

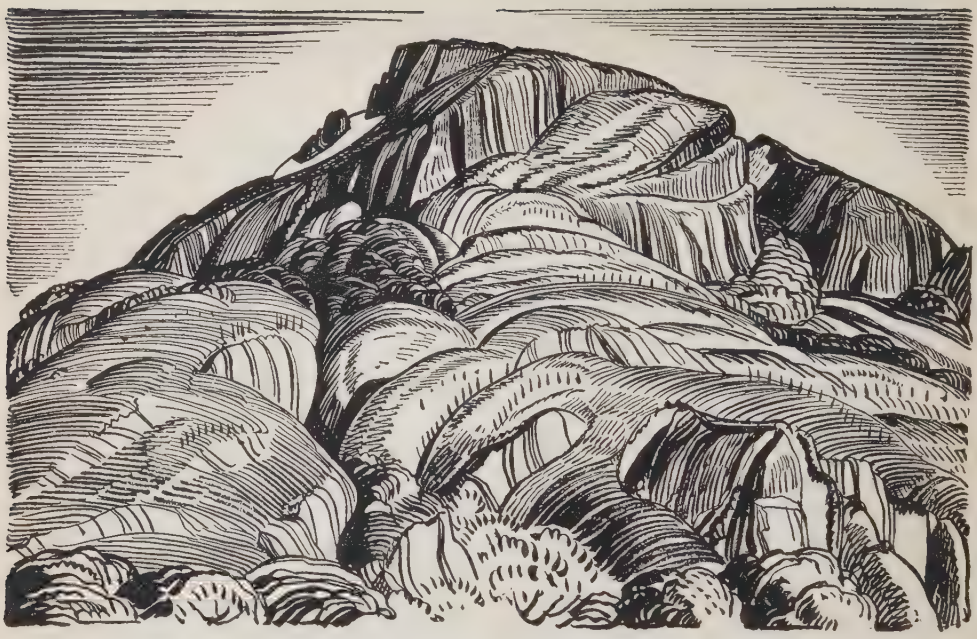
We stood upon a little grassy knoll, and from our feet far eastward stretched the lake unbroken to its own horizon. The peaks of mountains sixty miles away marked its far end. It was the hour of noon, and the sun stood high in the cloudless northern sky. Calm and silent was the hour but for the faintest far-off roaring of the west wind in the forests of the mountain-sides. Waves of silver swept over the grass-lands, silver and gold were the wild marshes, and gold was the sunlit shore, blue the lake, and tender green the budding forest-tops; and the high mountain peaks stood dazzling white against the profound deeps of space. There are moments of experience whose ecstasy transcends all memory and dreams of happiness, whose fleeting present is a complete, immeasurable stellar lifetime.

"Hello!" a man's voice called behind us, and, turning, we saw a big fellow armed with a rifle and belted with cartridges striding toward us out of the forest. "Did you see them? Where? God! there they go!" and dropping on one knee, he took careful aim high up the mountain-side. Making their way across an open knoll were three or four guanacos.

The hunter fired to his heart's content and shouted that he 'd struck one, and rushed up the mountain-side, and got tired and sick of it, and came back. And meanwhile the pretty creatures, quite unconcerned, had picked their dainty way across the clearing and disappeared in a wooded ravine. And so, the great hunt being over, the hunter came and greeted us and shook our hands.

This was a big, hearty, red-faced, boisterous fellow, a German, generous and kind, and almost childlike in his joy at meeting us. You 've never known the friendliness and warmth of human beings until you 've met them in the wilderness.

And we went home with him, five miles away across the lake, the only settlement in the whole region of Fognano. In a little creek we pulled the boat ashore. A very pretty, red-cheeked, blue-eyed, sweet-voiced little boy came running gleefully to meet his father. We crossed a field and reached the house that was hidden by a grove of trees. The wife, surprised and eager, met us at the door, and we all entered the warm kitchen. And in almost no time we were feasting on the most delicious currant bread and tea.



The mountain at the head of Lake Fognano

"This," our host said, mumbling through a mouthful, "is free-and-easy place. Make yourselves at home and stay as long as you can."

Here where this farm was struggling to exist were thousands of acres of dry fertile land, the uncleared forest floor. In spots the half-burned giant trees towered over a wilderness of fallen trunks and piles of brush. The German, with a madman's frenzy, heaped the brush and logs and burned, and heaped again and burned.

One day at evening twilight he kindled a great accumulation of rubbish that lay on the border of the forest near the farm-yard clearing. A strong wind was blowing; within ten minutes a full acre was ablaze. The fire leaped the tallest growing trees, and these flamed to the sky like burning oil-tanks. The whole region of the ancient forest, encumbered with fallen trunks and inflammable brush, and dry bogs and meadows of long grass, lay in the fire's path as fuel for its flames; the stock, the sheep, the bridge, the pasture fences, everything above the ground to no one knew what limits to the east, were threatened with destruction. The sense of imminent disaster, the furnace heat, the roaring of the flames, and their lurid glare in the oncoming darkness, struck terror in us. The German rushed about in wild excitement, a demon figure against the flames. "It 's going, is n't it? The whole damned thing!" he shouted.

Together we circled through the forest. Only the flames now lit the darkness there, throwing their light far down the gloomy aisles. Small fires were starting all about us. "Nothing to be done," said the German, hopelessly; and suddenly, right there in the fire's track, in heat almost too great to bear, he began breaking off sprays of the orange-flowering

Oak-trees at the lakeside

califata-bush for a bouquet—"Before they burn," he said. The fate of the farm and the wilderness having passed into the control of destiny, we went to supper and ate with almost unconcern.

The flames raged fiercely for three hours. They swept through the dry rubbish of the nearest clearings, destroyed some lengths of timber fence, penetrated a distance into the living forest, and then, in struggle with the dampness there, miraculously died.

Every morning first of all I ran down to the shore and scanned the water and the sky, and every night at bedtime with the same thought I looked aloft and speculated on what change of wind the dawn might bring; and ever, day and night but for an hour's calm, the wind was west, a light wind in the early morning, a gale all afternoon, calm for a little while at sunset, and then the wind again. We timed our stay by that. What use to sail again with such a wind to beat against! And that the changes of the moon would change the wind we knew by every rule of experience.

We passed the days in excursions on horseback or afoot about the "camp," as the outlying pastures and timber tracts are called, or in the mountains. One morning I rowed with the German and one of his two Chileno Gauchos across the lake to explore, with an eye for pasturage, a plain that opened inland from the water. As we neared the shore several guanacos appeared on the sandy beach and watched us curiously. The hunter's lust was up. As the boat grounded, the two men sprang ashore in pursuit of the animals. One of these still lingered, approaching us a few steps at a time with timid curiosity. He fled. The men disappeared in the underbrush, and for an hour I was left alone.

Meanwhile the hunt went on. Now

and again a shot rang out. The Chileno returned to conduct me to an animal that he had bagged. Our path lay through a forest of the lofty Southern evergreen, the coigue, and the so-called oak, the roble. It was a vaulted, dense-roofed forest, dark and cool within, clean floored and dry, and softly carpeted with grass and moss. And through the numberless aisles, crossing and recrossing, leading everywhere and nowhere, were the smooth guanaco paths. We came to a broad, swiftly flowing, sunlight-flooded river where the brown pebbles glistened like precious stones through the clear water, and the califata drooped its flowering branches in the stream. It was the paradise of the guanacos, and the gentle creatures by centuries of unmolested living there had impressed upon the wilderness the tranquillity of their own natures.

"There!" said the Chileno.

In the shallow water against the far bank of the stream crouched a wounded guanaco. It held its long neck erect and looked at us, quietly. The Chileno threw a stone that thumped its ribs. It struggled desperately to climb the bank, sank back, and then again looked at us, quietly. I told the man to shoot it. The bullet struck behind the ear. The guanaco leaped again, fell back. The long neck, swan-like, slowly arched toward the water. The mouth, touching the water, tried to drink. The arched neck dropped, and a great flood of crimson blood flowed from the mouth and dyed the river red.

The German shot another two miles up the stream, and for hours the wilderness was rent with shouting and splashing and plunging and crashing as we worked to navigate the carcasses through the shoals and rapids and snaring obstructions of the current to the lake. And as we left the dry meadows we fired them behind us, till the smoke of a huge conflagration hung over everything; so that our retreat with flames and corpses partook of the glory of a military progress.

At the lake the bedraggled carcasses were pulled ashore, and, with the heroes posing over them against the distant mountains and the sky, I photographed that sportsman's tableau.

Two weeks passed by. The moon went through its phases, but the wind blew unconcerned, unchangingly. It was November; the snow was disappearing from the mountain-tops, the leaves were budding, summer was at hand. And while we reckoned four hundred miles of sailing to Cape Horn, our time to do it in and to return was told in weeks. Restless under the prolonged delay, we decided to return to our boat and be at least that much more ready to avail ourselves of the first favorable change.

Where two or three are the whole world, a parting is pathetic. No wanderers had ever met more kindness than we had found. Sadly we bade farewell and, loaded with gifts of butter and eggs and bread and mutton and skins, rode off into the forest. Our host came with us, for we were to follow the horse-track that lay to the north of Mount Hope.

One who has not ridden through that Southern wilderness can scarcely know the powers of a horse. In the virgin forest, through densest brush and over fallen trees, through marsh and bog, on shaly mountain-sides and giddy trails, the little horses are a miracle of sense and energy. Several times on that last three-hour ride a horse was mired to the belly, only to exert him-

self a little and plunge through it. On a boggy hillside my horse floundered, sank in deeper, lost his balance, and rolled over down the hill, and brought up, wedged between the hillside and his pack, with four legs kicking in the air. Yet the horses have an instinct for safe footing, and will often balk at treacherous ground that to human eyes seems dry and firm.

Leaving our horses at the northern port, we scrambled around the steep face of Mount Hope to the Azapardo River, on the southern side; and there we found the *Kathleen*, and were home again.

Now for days the west wind raked our anchorage and held us here. The glass stood low, at twenty-nine or thereabouts. The ocean tide and river current swirled about us. Even in that landlocked place the swell beat in and rocked us heavily. We could n't sail.

At last, one day at noon, it calmed, and then—could we believe it!—a gentle breeze, ever so faint, came from the east. The day was overcast and ominous of change. We weighed anchor, and on the swift current of the river swept out through the narrow channel to the sound.

We were sailing westward and we lived again. The land receded, the river's mouth was lost to view; a moment's memory of the friends we left, and the wide future claimed us.

An hour passed. There was not a ripple on the surface of the sound. There was not a breath of wind; our sails hung slack. For hours it lasted like this; we drifted about not two miles from the river's mouth. Then came the wind, not east, but west again. It blew in squalls from a black sky, and in a rising storm we made the scanty shelter of the northern port.

We chafed at this inaction. The mountains lost their splendor in our eyes, the wilderness its charm; the unrelenting fury of the wind enraged us. Down the long stretch of Admiralty Sound, between its mountain walls and cliffs, it blew with an accumulated violence; and if aloft it veered a few points off, the cañon walls deflected it and held it in the groove. And it was not a steady wind; moments of almost calm would be followed by outbursts of concentrated fury as the congested gale was released to fall upon us from the mountain faces.

Our boat, moreover, was not adapted to fine sailing. She made leeway and was slow in coming about. So we were often discouraged by losing in stays all that we had gained by half an hour's sailing. The tides were swift, and while not strong enough to help us much against a wind of any violence, could, when contrary, more than check our progress.

However, there 's an end to everything. "Mate," I said one dreary night as we turned in, "I need a new chapter for my book. To-morrow we sail, no matter what happens."

And we did. It was overcast, and there was a light, uncertain breeze. The barometer stood at 29.07, very low.

"We 'd better reef," I ventured.

"Not a bit of it!" cried my mad mate. "Reef when we have to."

And so, unreefed, we sailed, for from the beginning it had been our rule that the more incautious should prevail.

The mate had more courage, blinder courage, careless, reckless, stubborn nerve, than any man that I have ever seen or heard of. He was gifted to maintain this undiluted by any lessons of experience. He forgot yesterday.

Sea legs become land legs

And he was closed against to-morrow. He was untroubled by imagination or by any doubt of the comprehensiveness and finality of the rules of practice he had learned. And that his knowledge of seamanship and navigation had been acquired in the sailing of big ships on the open sea only made him contemptuous of the temperament of narrow waters and of little boats, and of the counsel of men whose experience was limited to these.

His rule of sailing and of life was contained in the old sailing days' expression, "carry on"; and if some day, bearing full sail on sea or land, he does n't founder, then there 's a special providence over the folly of men.

Once, long ago, I had said to him, "The thing is not to carry sail, but to get there," and then let it go at that and not concerned myself again; for, after all, it was an adventure.

We were an hour beating out of the cove. The entrance is narrow, and on one side beset with islands, and the tide was against us. And in that hour's time the breeze died out, and it grew ominously dark. Then the wind freshened, blackening the water as it came. It takes no time to make a sea; white-caps were flying, and the spray broke over us. The barometer had dropped to 28.80.

The northern coast of Admiralty Sound is an immense sheer mountain wall of rock. Between its towered and buttressed summits the glaciers hang suspended, and the water of their melting snows pours in cascades and rivulets down a thousand feet to the sea. You are as nothing in a little boat beneath those lowering heights.

As the wind increased, we worked for the shelter of Three Hummock Island, which lay some miles farther to windward. We still carried all sail but the jib, and the frequent squalls made necessary the most careful watchfulness in the handling of the boat.

We had come about on our last tack; I was below cooking supper. Suddenly there was a terrific howling and clatter on deck, and from the shelves of the cabin everything came pitching out. As I fell into a corner, the whole place hurled itself upon me, table and stools and tins of food, the clock, the steaming supper. Somehow out of the hurtling confusion I laid hands upon the bucket of the greatest mess of all, the sour dough, and held it upright, safe. For what seemed ages long we lay that way, far over on our side; and then she slowly righted.

We lowered the mainsail in the howling squall, and double reefed it; then we limped toward land. The deck had been swept clear of every unlashed thing.

"She 's a good boat," said the mate.

"What do you do," I asked ingenuously a little later, when we 'd made the shelter of the island, "when you 're steering and a squall strikes you?"

"*You keep her off*," answered the mate.

And as I now, a living man, sit here in the dry-land security of a Vermont hillside and record that answer of the mate, I *know* that there's a providence for fools.

The change of anchorage relieved the exasperation of delay. There were the island's groves and meadows to explore; they proved as varied as a little universe. It was the nesting-time for birds, and the sea-fowl rose and flew about in noisy panic when we neared their broods among the pebbles of the shore. Across the water the north coast stood in forms mag-

nificent as Gothic towers, and more vast. But for our quest, the Horn, we might have lingered here for months. But in a day or two we sailed, and beat our way at last to Parry Harbor, and lay again in Stanley Cove, where we had lain the night a few weeks earlier.

With a light fair wind we sailed from there and steered southeast to cross six miles to Bahia Blanca. Oh, what winds! A light breeze and a sunny sky favored our starting; less than an hour passed, and with lowered mainsail we drove like the hurricane itself through dark water smoking with the wind-blown spray. There was a little port on the southwest shore barely sheltered by an island. Near the shore were the wooden buildings of a small sawmill. A man stood in shelter from the wind, peeping out at us. We made a glorious entrance. Riding high on a foaming sea, through streaming kelp and driving spray, with a rush and a glide in the teeth of the wind we were there. The plunge of the anchor; calm. We looked at each other and laughed, and the whole galleried wilderness of forests tossed their caps and roared.

If I had donned an admiral's uniform and, with the stars and stripes floating at the cutter's stern, been rowed ashore in state, the two men living at the mill might have destroyed themselves to honor us. As it was, from the moment of our landing through two weeks and more until we left, we were shown such good-will, respect, and kindness as in our cold Northern hemisphere we might not experience in a lifetime.

Two Chileno lumberjacks, Don Antonio and "Curly,"—it was all we ever learned to call him,—revealed to us that gentlemen, in the most perfect and romantic sense, do appear in life outside the reach of education and all the traditions of culture. These men knew very little of the world; they were illiterate and superstitious.

One night, they told us, the devil

The glacier gleaming green and pink

had set going the machinery of the mill and sawed some lumber.

"Did he do good work?" I asked.

"Lovely work," they answered. They were not bigoted.

Perhaps only a painter knows to what annoying lengths of impertinent curiosity folk will go. It was a new experience to have men studiously avoid the spot where I sat with my canvas, painting. And yet, although I worked most of every day within sight of the mill, and our friends were consumed with interest in the miracle of painting, no one approached or even asked to see the picture.

There came to be a pretty formality about our calls upon each other and the extending of invitations. Going ashore to dine, we 'd find the house made scrupulously clean and the table set with the choice *china* plates and cups for the guests.

The one luxury of the mate's equipment on the *Kathleen* was a cheap portable phonograph, with a broken mainspring and three cracked disks. The records were beyond repair; but I spliced and riveted the spring of the machine, made needles out of nails, and tempered them, and so the thing was made to emit an enjoyable, fragmentary, ghastly kind of music. We always carried the machine ashore—that and my flute.

I 'd play the flute awhile, while every one, it seemed, sat spellbound; played the slow movements of Beethoven sonatas, the Andante Cantabile of Tschaikovsky, and the like classical selections. And at the conclusion they 'd release their suppressed coughs and say, "*Lindo, muy lindo,*" which means, "very lovely." And then, on the phonograph, we 'd have the undamaged last half of "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary," and to that they would say, "*Lindo.*" So we were

very happy. We 'd eat heartily of good roast mutton, have more music, and some conversation, and with mutually repeated expressions of appropriate pleasure and regret be escorted to the shore.

Between festivities and work the days slid by. And the west wind either blew like fury or blew moderately, or there was no wind at all, and the mountains stood upon their heads, reflected in the breathless calm of the jade-green water of the bay. Sometimes our watchful eyes discovered that the clouds had changed their course. In wild excitement we would bid our friends good-by, heave up the anchor, and sail out. But whatever currents might prevail among the clouds, down in that cañon of the sound there was no wind but west. We 'd beat and drift and make a mile or two, and then, discouraged at such waste of time, turn tail and sheepishly come home.

At the head of Bahia Blanca are the broad gravel flats of a glacial moraine, and back of these the great glacier pours down from a region that appears the very desolation of antarctic winter. The mountain that flanks the glacier on the east is an immense flat dome of rock covered with ice and spotless snow. Between this ice-capped dome and the nearer mountains of the northeast shore of Bahia Blanca is a broad valley bearing southeasterly. No barrier of mountains appears beyond the low horizon of this valley, and the imagination pictures it a highway leading through into a region of fertile, sun-lit plains.

From the first moment of beholding it the promise of that virgin highway laid on us the spell of a command. Wind-bound we lay, and walled about with mountains, and that smiling valley more and more appeared the gateway for escape from our enforced inaction, the true road toward the goal of our ambition. At last we formed our plans to take this road and cross somehow by land to Beagle Channel, and somehow find our way to Ushuaia, and there, somehow, penniless as we were, to find another boat and sail and reach the Horn.

So when the last day came that we 'd allowed the wind for changing, and it still blew west, we chose our gear,—a tent and blankets, an ax, and food and kettles, paints and brushes, and necessary odds and ends, and my silver flute,—and made of it two packs, each weighing sixty pounds: and then at dawn next day, Monday, November 25, we started.

To the two Chilenos, accustomed to the imprisonment of the wilderness, this seemed a mad adventure we were starting on. We looked ahead and felt only the exhilaration and confidence of men released to follow on a quest that difficulties had exalted to a passion. And if at first our untrained bodies staggered under their unaccustomed loads, our hearts were light, and we were careless of fatigue and of the unknown trials that might confront us.

The two men ferried us across the bay to the eastern side. There we shouldered our packs and, with our devoted friends as guides, struggled along the slippery rocks for half a mile or so and then struck inland. We floundered through broad bogs that made the first miles seem interminable, and then we reached the woods and rested in their cool green shade, and drank the water of a little stream, and picked the yellow violets that starred

the forest floor. Emerging from the woods, we climbed a mounting succession of little hills until, on the summit of these, we stopped again and rested; for behind us were to be seen the bay that we had left and the far mountains of the sound, and before us, almost at our feet, the green cliffs of the glacier.

The scarred rock faces of the glacier's channel marked what its depth, not many years ago, had been; and still it was immense. White clouds shrouded the mountain-ranges from which it came, so that the ice-field's own horizon touched the sky, and it itself appeared a mountain.

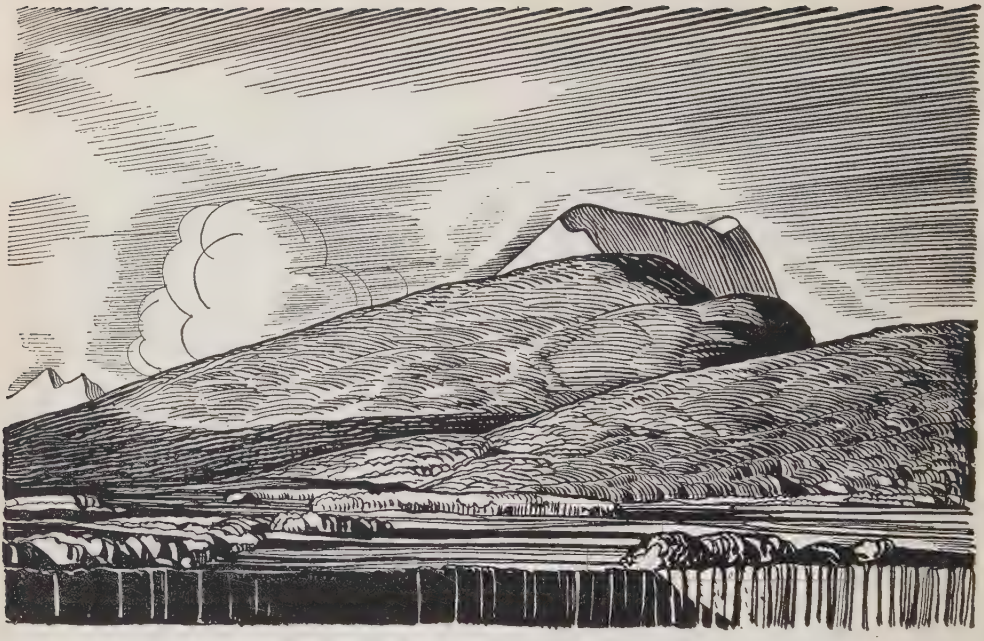
A guanaco, browsing across the open plain, took fright at us and dashed away. Over our heads a condor soared with motionless wings, slowly, in great circles, passing and repassing so close that we could count the outspread feathers of his wing-tips. And as he turned, the sun glanced blindingly from his sleek sides.

Then down we plunged to the level of the moraine again, and crossed a stream and followed it, and entered the forest of the valley. But here were guanaco paths that led our way, so that we traveled almost at a trot. Up hill and down we went, for the river now flowed through a gorge impossible to follow. And when after some hours we had mounted to the top of a high wooded hill, we saw below us an extensive grassy plain almost surrounded by mountains, and on its southern side a sheer rock wall maybe a thousand feet in height. But at the far end opened the gap of our valley, still leading on. Descending to this plain, —it was three-hundred feet above sea-level,—we stopped for lunch. And having eaten, we affectionately embraced our two friends and parted from them.

Out of the basin of the plain the way was steep and difficult. We lost the smooth guanaco trail and had to struggle up through dense and thorny underbrush and a copse of matted wind-dwarfed trees. And it began to rain. Hill after hill we climbed up sides so steep at times that we drew ourselves up by laying hold of roots and bushes. And every hill, which from below had seemed the last, revealed another over it.

At thirteen-hundred feet we reached the top. Here, above the timber-line, the crowding of the mountains pinched the valley, and the overflowing ice-cap of the northern ranges hung like a threat suspended over us. Yet here at our feet was the most peaceful, verdant little flat of meadow-land, with a winding stream, and a pond with wild geese swimming on it; and at the river's source was the jewel of a glacier, gleaming green and pink against the somber earth tones of the rocks and shrubbery. Here we sat and rested, and I played the flute, and thought that only once throughout the million years' duration of these mountains and this spot of meadow-land would sound among them the sweet tones of a silver flute.

Beyond this meadow we climbed a little ridge to fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and stood upon the watershed. The long, descending valley lay southeasterly, one even breadth between high mountain-ranges. The day had changed; a cold wind blew on our backs, and snow was falling. It was mid-afternoon, or later, for the days were long, and we began to think of camp. Yet, if we were tired, we forgot it in the exhilara-



The camp of the *estancia* of Yendegaia

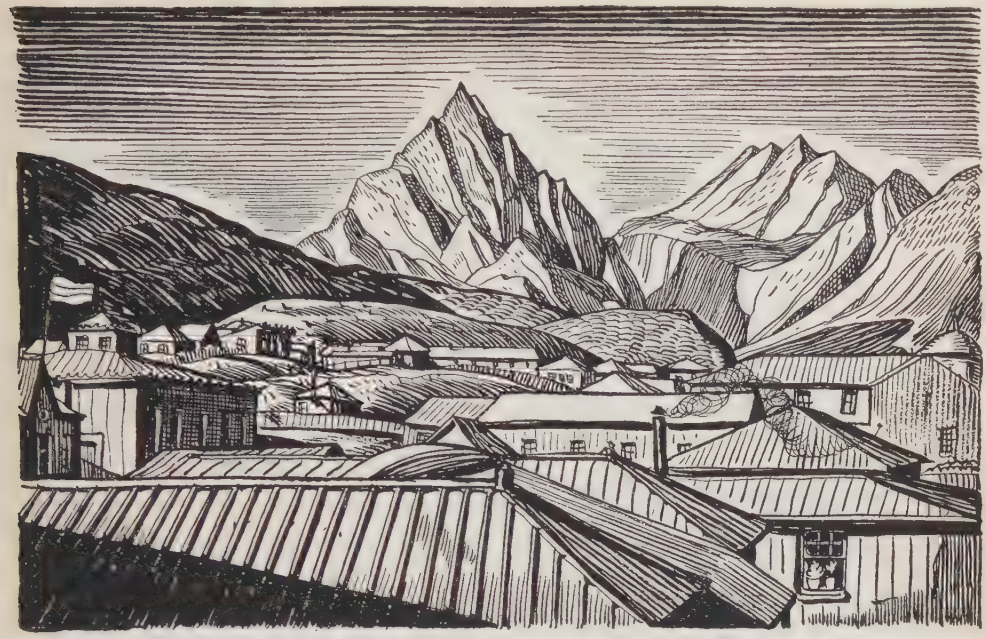
tion of having passed the summit and of beholding this fair valley that no white man's eyes had ever seen before. And so with freshened spirits we jogged on.

It was rolling country, with a long, gravelly and grassy down-hill plain in the foreground. Guanacos in many little herds were all about; we counted them until they neared a hundred. Such gentle, timid creatures! One came to look us over; close he came and closer, step by step; and then in sudden fright he bounded off. But curiosity was stronger than fear, and he returned nearer than ever. We stood still and watched him. At last he reached a little knoll not fifty yards away, where, tired of standing to observe us, he lay down.

As we descended, the difficulties increased. We followed the right bank of a stream that grew in volume with the miles, and soon became a torrent flowing between steep shores. Soon bog and matted underbrush hampered our progress; ravines and precipitous hillsides stood across the way; and then, as always when the going 's bad, the other side looked better. So at a narrow spot we crossed, leaping on rocks round which the rapids seethed. It was no better there.

We came to where, through forest-land, the river flowed in many channels over a broad gravel bed: and there, on the river-bank, we made our camp. It was almost dark, and raining steadily. We roasted a goose that we had shot, had a great supper, and turned in.

Why, why, why, I asked myself as my ancient limbs shivered miserably in bed that night, and I lay enviously listening to my mate's contented snores—why did I ever leave the warmth and comfort of my bed at home? Yet now, without the written record of hardships, I would have no



The little tin-roofed town of Ushuaia

memory but for the happiness of those days. We are most wonderfully made to keep on living.

At dawn we rose, at seven we were off again upon our way. It was hard going almost from the start, through tangled woods and over broken land, with rivers every now and then to cross. But soon we reached a hilltop, and from there, farther than we had seen before, the valley with its rolling slopes and little hills and streams and gorges and open grass-lands patched with forest lay before our eyes. Far off it broadened, and was hid in the blue haze of the lowlands. Presently we crossed the river, making a bridge of tree-trunks: then, on its right side, we let it follow its winding course alone, climbed a steep precipice, and struck straight down the valley.

It was late afternoon when we reached the river again. Descending a steep and thickly wooded hillside, we came upon it flowing over broad gravel flats. We stopped for tea and rested well, for it had been a hard day's work. Wading the river, we followed its left shore on smooth guanaco paths between the shrubbery. Then, where broad marshes barred our way, we entered the great open forest of the lower mountain-side. Here, too, the trail was made for us; and but for fallen trees and an occasional declivity, it might have been a park with man-made paths that we were treading.

Down in the jungle of the marsh we heard guanacos calling, a strange, liquid, quacking whinny that, to my joy, I found that I could imitate. I called them to me, and from different spots they came, answering at intervals, closer and closer until, breaking through the brush, they saw us there and leaped away in fright.

We camped that night in the woods near the river.

Again at seven we were off. Soon we left the woods and traveled easily across a hard, dry mossy plain until we reached what seemed a prairie, broad and firm. "How wonderful!" we cried, and struck across it.

What miserable bog! On, on it drew us with always hope that there, beyond where we were wallowing, was firmer land. At last, up to the knees in soaking moss, disheartened, tired, we turned and struggled back and out of it, and, leaping on grass tussocks, crossed a swamp and reached the forest and dry land.

Before a fire we took off our wet clothes and dried them; but a more serious trouble than wet clothes now occupied us. The mate had strained the arch of his foot and since noon of the day before had endured pain at every step. I now made a wooden splint and bound it to his foot, and this afforded some relief. Rested and dried and bandaged up, we started off again.

Our way was rather difficult all day. We kept mostly to the woods, but it was hilly and more tangled than before and more obstructed with fallen trees; so that now and again we were led by the promise of some pretty path to leave the hillside for the valley plain. Yet always we encountered bog and marsh, and were driven to regain the slopes that we had left.

It was the third day of our journey. What distance we had come or where we were, what speed we made an hour on that varied trail, we could only guess. And the uncertainty of these things troubled us not a bit. On our backs were two weeks' food, wild game abounded everywhere; we packed a house and beds, and where each night we stopped was home.

So, marching gaily on, not even hoping for the journey's end, suddenly, like *Robinson Crusoe* discovering the footprints in the sand, we saw on the forest turf that we were treading the print of horses' feet. And with that sign the wilderness was changed, for man was somewhere.

And not an hour later, upon crossing a turbulent stream, we came upon four horses in a wooded glade. We tried to catch one; but the herd eluded us, and with thundering hoofs stampeded through the forest.

We hurried on, not knowing what new revelations the near miles might unfold. A deep stream flowing at the mountain's base forced us to travel on the slope, and this was steep and rough. Mosquitos bothered us, and it was hot. But it was many hours, and the sun was low, and we were tired before our eyes were gladdened by new signs.

We were high up the mountain-slope, and looked across the tree-tops of the valley to the other side, where the forest cast long evening shadows over hillside pastures. On those green pastures white spots moved! And faintly over the stillness came the bleating of the sheep.

There was no way to cross, and so we staggered on till almost dark, and camped on the steep mountain-side, and slept, while the bleating of sheep and the lowing of herds carried on into our dreams.

Then, with the reckless energy the new day brought, we crossed the nearest stream, and then the bog. We sank waist-deep that day in crossing; and we waded the broad, swift river, and on the other side undressed and dried our clothes, and warmed our naked bodies after the icy bath.

And presently, when we had climbed the pasture hillside, we saw a rider far away following the river-bank. I yodled, and the echoes reached him, and he stopped, amazed, and turned his horse and came and found us, Francisco was his name, a big Chileno. And when we told him whence we came, there came into his face such wonder as if we had been God's angels come from heaven.

He told us that we were at a camp of the *estancia* of Yendegaia, on Beagle Channel, and not far from Lapataia Bay. Then we guessed, what was subsequently confirmed, that we were the first white men ever to have crossed Brecknock Peninsula. And there are no words to express our pride.

What matters how we traveled on bypaths that other men had worn! At sundown of another day, very weary, we neared Ushuaia, and at last, from some miles away, beheld the little tin-roofed town beneath the towering barrier of mountains and Ushuaia's bay, serene and broad, and vessels anchored in the port.

It was almost dark and we were on the outskirts of the town. The mate could scarcely walk, for his foot pained him.

"Let 's rest a bit," he said, "because we must blow in in style."

In a few minutes he could stand it. With heads thrown back and swinging arms we marched to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The dogs announced us, the folk came out and stared.

"Where are you from?" asks a fellow.

"Admiralty Sound."

"God! Where are you going?"

"Cape Horn!"

(End of the third part of "A Voyager's Log.")

Do We Need a New Religion?

By Mary Austin

In the present state of the public mind it is no longer an offense, even to the orthodox, to say that Christianity has failed of what was most expected of it. It has failed to produce a society that is satisfactory to the Christ-minded or that can even be described as Christian in its social operations. Everybody admits this. And apparently nobody has thought to ask why we expect the religion of Jesus to effect a complete social reorganization of the world, or if we are actually, by anything Jesus Himself said, justified in such an expectation.

Jesus taught that the personal relation of man to God should be reorganized, should be reborn, in fact, and that the result of such rebirth of the individual soul would profoundly affect the living procedure and the ultimate destiny of the reborn; but nowhere is there any suggestion of the pattern of social or political reformation which might be expected to follow on alterations of the personal factors.

Where, then, do we get this widespread conviction that a Christianized people must necessarily produce a new and more acceptable pattern of social organization? Why do even orthodox Christians accept the notion of a reborn society as an item of their faith so essential that they feel abashed and rebuked by the present world crisis? Has such an idea any deeper foundation than the general notion that "good" people must necessarily arrange themselves in "good" social pattern, that is to say, in a pattern that is conducive to a sustained quality of goodness? Nothing is clearer today than that good social intentions do not inevitably operate to bring about satisfactory social arrangements. You cannot make a Christian society by the simple process of adding good Christians together. How, then, did the idea arise that a complete acceptance of the teachings of Jesus by everybody implies, and can be expected to bring about, a changed society?

Jesus came to a time very much like ours. Governments had crumbled; culture had decayed; the law no longer ran with power; whole populations were either enslaved or deprived of a voice in their own government. Men were utterly dislocated in their universe, frightened, hopeless. Jesus came flaming with the conviction of power, accessible to man and competent for all his emergencies. He came to a people who had always expected a divinely appointed leader and a handmade heaven. Undoubtedly they read something of this expectation into His teaching. Jesus, as they believed, attested His power by triumphing over death, and left them with a promise to return with power equal to the political and economic oppression which they suffered. There can be no doubt that Jesus, as His own revela-

tion progressed in Him, came toward the last days to a realization that something more than individual rebirth was required for the complete liberation of man. He seems to have believed that the revelation of this something more would be made promptly, probably in His person. It is difficult to say from the Scriptures how far He expected social regeneration as a spiritual force working from within, and how far He was influenced by the prevailing Hebrew belief in catastrophic revolution; but He had the same assurance that His disciples had that it would come speedily. In that assurance He left them. Thus the initial push of Christianity was the expectation of a new society for which the Christians themselves were not responsible.

For three hundred years Christians generally believed that all they had to do was to reorganize their personal behavior after the pattern of Jesus, and wait patiently for something that would probably happen in their lifetime. Then insensibly this expectation was shifted to the life beyond this life. For a while the idea of a reorganized human society crystallized around the end of the first thousand years after Christ, but as that date also passed without any alteration of the political pattern, otherworldliness gained complete control of Christian expectation. Not here and now, but after death, the happy state was to be attained. About the fifteenth century a slowly widening suspicion that Christians ought to charge themselves with the creation of a new society began to make itself felt. It has today reached the point at which organized Christians feel themselves more or less culpable in not having made conspicuous progress in that direction. But with two centuries of social inertia behind them, it is doubtful if much could be accomplished by organized Christianity even if anybody knew what was necessary to be done.

It is curious to observe how this early Christian notion of a second coming, in which society should suddenly be changed without the necessity of human kind doing anything about it, has laid hold on the imagination of the world. It has cropped up in such fantasies as the "general strike," the "social revolution," the "revolution absolute," reluctantly abandoned in the face of recent world events. We have all smiled at the Millerites, with their end-of-the-world assumptions and their long ascension robes with draw-strings at the bottom in order that the decencies might be preserved while the saved were being caught up into heaven. But is this any more fantastic than the visit of central European radicals to Mexico, following the Carranzista outbreak, and their solemn conclusion that this was not, after all, *the* revolution, because *the* revolution was to be an orderly and beautiful procedure, while the Mexican revolution was nothing if not messy. Was the disappointment of the simple expectation of the disciples at Jerusalem any more pathetic than the equally simple and as inevitably disappointed ecstasy of the Russian revolutionists? Are we not justified in concluding that this two-thousand-year-old dream of social salvation arriving on the wings of the morning is simply, on the social scale, a fairy-tale of wish fulfilment? Is it not peculiarly the fairy-tale of the dark-whites, whose racial seat is around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, a

people with no natural gift, and therefore no zest for the mastery of the material environment? Weary of their rôle of predestined middlemen, they comforted themselves with a dream of a miraculous rescue, the perfect society which they are inherently unable to produce by coöperative evolution.

But if the successful and widely satisfactory society is only to be thought of as attainable through a long process of evolution, why do we still charge Christianity with the responsibility of bringing it about? Is this anything more than our lively human disposition to blame somebody else for not doing things that obviously ought to be done? Or is it because we are still under the impression that the teachings of Jesus, rightly interpreted, can be proved adequate for all human emergencies?

§ 2

So little fresh reading of the recorded sayings of Jesus is made by the groups who have accepted Jesus as the complete exponent of the personal life that many will be shocked by the assertion here made that Jesus Himself never offered His teaching as the complete and finished word. Yet what other conclusion can we come to after a careful reading of the last phase of His ministry than that Jesus not only realized that further revelation was required, but Himself prophesied it. There is nothing that so lifts Jesus in the ranks of the world's great thinkers as this slightly, but definitely indicated, perception of His that the reorganization of the psyche is not of itself sufficient to set up the necessary reactions of organic social change. Buddha and Mohammed missed it altogether. Neither Plato nor Aristotle suspected that the operations of group-mindedness are of another sort than individual thinking, or that the pooled cognition of the socially coördinated group is something other than the sum of private cerebrations. So far as our own thinking goes, the idea is so new that though the operation of the group mind is generally conceded by psychologists as constituting a new field of inquiry, we have as yet no adequate terminology under which group-mindedness may be discussed. Nor did Jesus supply us with even a phrase more definite than "behold, the kingdom of God is within you," which, though it surely places the hope of social regeneration in the field of group psychology, where after two thousand years we have discovered it to be, maps out no line of procedure by which it may certainly be realized. The superiority of Jesus to all ancient thinkers lies in the certainty with which He located the seat of possible realization of the kingdom, and in the simplicity with which He accepted the idea of progressive revelation, as His own notion of the scope of His teaching broadened, first to include the gentiles and then all the nations of the earth.

Although it seems certain that He at first expected the social revolution to come within the years of His ministry, Jesus was never disconcerted by delay, finding always the necessary illumination a little in advance of the event, and satisfied to refer His disciples not to any pattern of His own making, but to that same source from which they were to draw all that was necessary for the "greater things" they were to do after Him. In this He differed immortally from Plato and Marx and the rest of the utopians, who, assuming that enough is already

known of man to insure a successful arrangement of his interests, offered us set patterns that experience and instinct widely reject.

Still, anticipating as He did all our sociology, Jesus provided nothing that can be called a technic of social regeneration. He seems not to have been interested at all in organization. His selection of twelve apostles had no more pertinence than the sentimental and sacred Hebrew associations with the number twelve, and as little political significance as our selection of thirteen stripes for our flag. His choice of a personal following was most humanly fallible, since one of them betrayed Him and only two or three showed any special aptitude for carrying on His work after His death. Experience has shown Christians everywhere that such personal teachings as "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," cannot, because of the limitations of our social knowledge, be carried over successfully into the large civic and economic fields. What we would have done to us is so often exactly what the other party would hate, and frequently turns out later to be what we would n't have wanted had we known all that it implied.

In view of this total lack of social technic, or even of social direction, it seems neither fair nor sensible to keep on charging the whole body of Christians with failure to produce a Christian society. There is not only no evidence that the founder of Christianity Himself expected it of them, but some reason to believe that He, too, expected the change to come, as the Russian revolutionists expected it, in some kind of a soul-storm.

This is a phase of the teaching of Jesus that has had too little attention. His lack of interest in organization must not be taken, any more than His refusal of the rôle of healer, to be wholly temperamental. Jesus believed that health was within the reach of any man who cared enough to make the gesture of seizing and holding it. He also taught that a man might be freed from the bondage of his past errors by a like spiritual gesture on the part of some other man. Tardily, our science of mental healing and psychoanalysis is confirming His teaching in this direction. There is no doubt, too, that Jesus taught that economic satisfaction lay somewhere in the same region, and that man might legitimately expect to be clothed and fed by exercise of the same powers that saved and healed him. If, therefore, there is more than a hint in the New Testament that Jesus believed that social change might come to the whole world in a manner similar to conversion in the individual man, we ought to give it the utmost serious consideration. We all know persons who have passed through the phenomenon known as conversion with such completeness that they not only no longer did the old objectionable things, but no longer desired to do them. Some of us know people who have attained the same result by psychoanalysis. If, then, we could conceive of something similar happening to the group mind, so that it instantly and completely sickened, say, of the taking of excess profits; if the people turned away from profit-taking as they would from poison, possibly because they had been smitten through and through with the conviction that excess profits are poisonous, we should probably be

in something the same mind that was in Jesus about the nature of social regeneration. Such a thing is not inconceivable. There are millions of people in the world to-day who have sickened of war almost to that extent. It is quite possible that universal peace will come suddenly some day through the discovery on the part of governments that the people just simply are n't going to fight.

Something of this sort seems to be indicated in the teachings of Jesus, deserving far more study than has been given to it, but nevertheless so slightly indicated that there is no reason why one group of people more than another should be blamed for not having worked out the missing technic. Christians have no easier access to the teachings of Jesus than non-Christians, and except for the mystical testimony of individual experience, no more illumination. And yet the Christian church is being blamed, and by its uneasiness admits itself somehow culpable.

§ 3

What is the basis of this wide-spread conviction that religion should charge itself with the responsibility for producing a more satisfactory society?

Is it not to be found in a still more widely spread and steadily deepening conviction that society can be right, and therefore satisfactory, only in proportion as it is in harmony with the flow of the divine intention?

No matter what the implications of their intellectual lives compel them to say about it, the number of people who utterly disbelieve in some kind of divine intention in the universe is probably negligible. They may not be willing to personalize this belief to the extent of admitting a divine being; they may see the movement of human destiny as a stream of tendency, or reduce it to a mechanical process of social evolution. But everybody more or less recognizes some sort of unfoldment of life, and virtually everybody is aware of a present loss of the sense of social direction and a consequent check in evolution. Social harmony is everywhere admitted to be impossible unless there is a general social movement along a true stream of tendency, and nobody is particularly confident of either the goal of the stream, its present direction, or even the immediate curve of its turn. So far as our general sense of the situation goes, we are either weltering in a back water or going round and round in an inextricable whirl. There is just enough of unformulated faith in some kind of directing force in the general mind for us to feel that the people who profess to be closest to the source of such direction, closest, that is, to God, ought to know more than the rest of us about where we are expected to go from here, and how or why. If religion is the organized knowledge of God, then it is to religion we must look in the present crisis. On this assumption we do well to hold up the church to question, and the church is likewise justified in its uneasy sense of blame.

And if the Christian church has nothing explicit to offer us either in the teaching of its prophet or in any subsequent revelation, what then? Do we look for a new prophet? Are we in need of a new religion which will do for the group consciousness what Christianity does for the individual man? Has the Christian church done all it can for society on the strength

of the revelation it has, and must it, as now constituted, make way for that newer knowledge which Jesus prophesied?

I pass over here the number of earnest souls who blindly insist that all we need is to "live up to" the teachings of Jesus, or the smaller number who imagine there can be a new interpretation of the old sayings that will make them answer for all the exigencies in which they now conspicuously fail. Whatever our misunderstandings of the sayings of Jesus, one thing is certain, they offer us no new technic, no way of getting things done socially which are necessary to be done to produce a new society. It would be helpful at this juncture if some one would write a history of the Christian experiment, setting forth all the ways that have been tried and abandoned in the search for an adequate social expression of the teachings of Jesus. Most people would be surprised at the immense variety, as well as the serious intensity, of those experiments. They begin with the communism of primitive Christianity, include the great religious orders, the hermitic adventure, innumerable societies and colonies and associations, down to the very latest Christian coöperative and the community church. And they would invariably show one or two weaknesses; either they were inconsistent with the ingrained necessities of human nature, or they had failed to take into account the stream of social change. The people who still insist that by some hook or crook a way is going to be found to make a new society out of the old revelation are the people who make no use of history in arriving at their conclusions. There does not appear to be any possible interpretation which can be tortured out of the text of the New, or Old, Testament that has not had its due experiment.

§ 4

What the world and the church both need is a new revelation. It seems to be generally agreed that the teaching of Jesus is adequate for personal salvation. It is equally agreed, though not so openly admitted, that in respect to both the nature and method of social salvation some new light is indispensable. Now, in the history of human kind, whenever new light has been strongly called, it arrives, and almost always by way of some transcendent personality. Occasionally a group of minor prophets will light a little flame which they blow upon with their united breath until it kindles a great matter. But the greatest truths seem to pierce our darkness through the crevice of one mind at a time, carrying always something of the quality of the medium by means of which they are translated to his time. It is not, therefore, unnatural to expect, now when we so much need him, the arrival of a new prophet of the social order. It is within bounds to venture a guess as to that quarter of the horizon in which his appearance is most likely.

No people can hear an absolutely new thing. The prophet whose message is not an answer to questions already in the hearts of his listeners will prophesy largely in vain. And what question is more important in our time than the second half of the question that the world was asking at the close of the Roman Empire two thousand years ago? Only then men asked, "What shall *I* do to be saved?" And

now they ask, "What shall *we* do to save society?"

It has been borne in upon us during the last eight years that we have no way of saving from the devastations of war and revolution such civilization as we have created. We Americans in particular are confronted with the disconcerting admission that there is no certain way by which we can get across to the rest of the world with our social ideal. We had such an ideal, and were prepared to go to considerable lengths of suffering and effort to express it in enduring world terms. Yet every method by which we confidently hope to make it known and felt failed us. The expression of our highest ideal of national conduct does not come spontaneously out of our national life. It does not come efficaciously by way of the representative men we put in public office. As a people, we are committed to the faith that social salvation is to be found in the democratic consciousness. But when groups of us do get into psychological states in which there is anything like a unified consciousness, we are shocked and horrified at what does come out—lynchings, burnings at the stake, race war, Mer Rouge and Herrin massacres. As a matter of fact, the only word we have to express states of common consciousness, "mob-minded," is a term of contempt. The closer we get together, psychically, the lower the plane of our conduct. And when we get together by intellectual assent, without the psychic bond, we are, to a shaming and irritating degree, ineffectual. In this we are probably no worse than the rest of the world, but because we are less distracted than the rest of the world by immediate concerns of food and safety, we are more aware of our state and deeply uneasy about it.

Where is the prophet who will tell us how, when we get together in a common emotion, to act on a plane as high as the highest ideal we are able to form of how an enlightened people ought to act? This question is more importunate in the minds of modern men than the old cry for personal salvation was in the mind of the decadent Roman Empire. No special penetration is required to arrive at the conclusion that it is in answer to this question that a new prophet must arise.

And why a prophet? Why not a political leader, or a sociologist sitting in the seats of learning? Because when people get to the point of desperately recognizing their lost condition, they are not going to accept leadership unless it comes certified as being in harmony with the everlasting trend of things. We have followed men before now who had nothing but the stamp of political astuteness, men whose only authority was their idealism. To secure a world-wide following to-day, a prophet must have something that passes current with us as being derived from the source of power, the divine intent, the stream of tendency—God. Jesus certified Himself to His time by being able to heal the sick and triumph over death. These were the things men believed about Him, and in this belief accepted what else He taught. It is not likely that the certification of the expected—expected because deeply demanded—new prophet will be of that obvious sort. Possibly he will be recognized by that instinct for its own right way, which seems to be natural to every creature in extremity. Cattle in a drought will sense water much farther than they

can smell it. The homing pigeon travels securely in the dark. Society, once it realizes its utterly lost condition, will probably rediscover its trail by some native instinct for social direction such as you cannot imagine it being without.

But if there is a sign demanded, surely this will be the sign: the followers of the new prophet when they function in a group will be able to act from a higher initiative than has ever been possible to group activity before. In other words, the new religion is logically bound to be a demonstration of the mystical principle involved in the teaching of Jesus when He said, "where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Christians in group communion have emotional flashes of that principle, but so far as it applies to banking and industry and politics, it is still "mystical" to them. That is to say, it is still a mystery. Once flying was a mystery, something the principle of which could be understood by a few, but the practice of which was the stuff of fairy-tales. What we want now is to have the making of a satisfactory society rendered as practicable as flying.

One of the outstanding features of Christian conversion has always been that the converted are suddenly made equal to emergencies before which they formerly failed. They endured crucifixion, head downward, with equanimity, and at roasting on gridirons they smiled. They stood before princes without cringing and—this is more difficult for modern man to appreciate at its full value—they stood free from the intolerable bonds of current superstition. Something like that which happened to man as an individual item must happen to man as a member of a group. It must send him out from group association with an ever fresh sense of group contact, and a group impulse which does not wither in the light of private interest. There is no political and no intellectual contact which does that. It can be effected only by the kind of impulse which is called religious.

§ 5

It is the movement of subconscious currents of conviction such as I have just described which is responsible for the uneasiness of the church, disposing it to accept without protest the general verdict that the church ought to produce a new society whether it knows how or not. If the church at this juncture had the courage to retort that it had n't anything in the way of a social program, never had had anything, the way would be cleared to a restatement of something that the body of Christian believers everywhere seem to have forgotten, that it at least has a promise of something still to come.

Of course the second coming may be pure myth, a poetic way of admitting that in Christianity people had n't really got what they wanted. What men really wanted two thousand years ago was a new world to live in. All they had got was a new rule to live by—a rule which, lived by sincerely, profoundly, affects the personal equation, but leaves the social problem virtually untouched.

It must not be overlooked that the difficulty of living the Christian life in any one of the last twenty centuries has been a potent factor in the growing realization of the need of social change, just as the ideal of Christianity has

become the world criterion for the quality of such a change. What is still recognizably lacking is the technic of change. More remotely still, but definitely above our intellectual horizon, is an understanding of the nature of group-mindedness as differentiated from an aggregation of individual minds.

It is difficult to state this simply without any touch of that mysticism which the plain man is himself touched by, but always shrinks from acknowledging. We do know now that individual men can be related psychically in a great many ways. There is the psychology of the ant-heap and the bee-swarm. There is the psychology of the herd and the pack and the flock. Then there is the psychology of the tribe, which to one who, like the writer, has had opportunity to study it closely, shows a great number of subtle variations.

Once the intelligence is alive to these distinctions in the ways in which men are related psychologically, any community will offer examples. There will be one way in which the fraternal brotherhoods are combined, and another for the religious sects. It is easy to see, for instance, how the masons are related to one another; but that Christians may be related to the church, sometimes only to its corporeal organization, at other times to the mystical body of Christ, without ever attaining any psychic relation directly among themselves. There is also a common alikeness among similarly educated groups which is capable of producing group motion, but is unable to overcome difference of capacity.

Finally, there is the kind of union secured in a following group, under the dominance of the personality of the leader. But this, the prevailing political combination of men, is even more despaired of than education as a means of raising the plane of group activity. The politically coördinated group, coördinated, I mean, by the personal quality of the leader, can go almost as far as the natural capacity of that leader to take it; but it goes in a psychic state similar to hypnotism, which leaves the group, when the leader's grip finally relaxes in death or defeat, more than ever unfit for self-initiated activity.

All these states are recognizably higher than the state known as "mob-mindedness," in which the most intelligent is reduced to the level of the least intelligent. But these are not states in which the resulting activities represent the sum of maximum capacity derived from the persons making up that group. Whether it comes as an extension of Christian teaching as prophesied by Jesus, or as a schism with the existing church as complete as the teaching of the modern church was with ancient Judaism and paganism, the one hope of successful reorganization of society rests upon the discovery of a method of so combining men that, instead of being reduced to the least common denominator, they will be raised to a common multiple. If somebody would only teach us the trick!

But such a factor in our lives would have to be more profound than a political principle, broader than a scheme of organization, having a more powerful drive than a philosophical conclusion. It would, in short, have to be made of the stuff that religions are made of. And because the religion we have now has not anything in this field to give us, does it not follow that we need, and therefore will shortly have, a new revelation?

From the House of Gauguin

By Robert Keable

Reproduction of a woodcut by Paul Gauguin

It was beauty of situation and not knowledge of association that led me first, in December of last year, to the house in which Paul Gauguin lived during his six final years in Tahiti; for among the bourgeois French and half-castes who constitute nine tenths of the inhabitants of the island to-day art and literature are alike unknown, and the greatest modern master of the art of "L'homme primitif suprême," to quote Mallarmé, is remembered only by the devastating fact that they once refused to buy for a song in the open market pictures and carvings which to-day would be worth a fortune. Unaware of the repetition, I was enchanted, as he had been. Here, where a blunt and rounded point of rather high beach projects itself toward the reef, which, broken by the strong flow of fresh water from the Punaroo River, half a kilometer away, curves in to meet the land; where, eight miles away, due west, the dream island of Moorea, fantastic with crags and pinnacles, is stained purple and red and gold and colors paradisical, not to be named, every night by the setting sun; where a little stream meanders through the tall cocoanut-palms to reach the lagoon, its mouth a bathing-place where nude bronze forms are silhouetted in the gloaming against the fires of the sunset; where the green thickets of tropical vegetation bank up behind to the bold slopes of the Diadème and Mount Orohena; where, to the south, a headland hides even the suggestion of terrible Papeete, and, to the north, another gives a view of a sweep of white sand beach so unusual, despite

the fairy-stories, in these volcanic islands—here, it seemed to me, I should find all that Tahiti had to offer. Nor has the aspect of nature changed since 1895. For such reasons Paul Gauguin also settled himself here.

Thus I had virtually taken the place when I was informed casually by the owner, for the usual reason, that it had been the great painter's home. My landlord bought the land from Gauguin when he left, in 1901, for the Marquesas, and he himself burned a cart-load of carvings and God knows what else. But otherwise time has moved slowly here. The main portion of the little house is as the master left it, and I write with my eyes upon those colors of land and sky and sea that were his inspiration. His greatest friend in Tahiti, M. Teissier, an old French farmer, born in the island, of a charming simplicity and kindliness of character, still lives across the road, and drops in now for an egg-nog or a rum-punch with me about eleven of the morning, even as he did then with Paul Gauguin. In a small native house across the stream, screened by palms, still lives Paura, the master's last Tahitian *vahiné*, who figures in many of his pictures and is the nude in "Nevermore." And the valley of the Punaroo is as haunted by the spirit of the old gods that have passed as when he wandered there and learned the bitter truth that he afterward engraved about the base of a statue:

"Les Dieux sont morts et Atuana meurt de leur mort."

The circumstance has been one of great good fortune to me. Not only is it possible here, as perhaps nowhere else, to enter into the spirit of the man, for Gauguin's other merely temporary residences in Tahiti are unknown, and that of his two years in the Marquesas has been destroyed, but also it has brought me into association with those who are keenly interested in him. Of these, one, Mme. Claude Rivière, the well known French critic, lately editor in New York of "La France," has recently had, while staying here, the happiness of discovering a new manuscript. Readers of Charles Morice's "Paul Gauguin" may remember that he quotes a letter of September 10, 1897, to M. Daniel de Montfreid, whose house in Paris to-day is almost a private museum of the great painter's pictures and possessions, as follows:

"P. S. Si j'en ai la force, je recopierai et t'enverrai un travail qui j'ai fait, ces derniers temps (depuis six mois, je ne peins plus), sur L'Art, l'Eglise catholique et l'Esprit moderne. C'est peut-être au point de vue philosophique ce que j'ai exprimé de mieux dans ma vie.'

It is this work which has now been found. Bought privately at the auction of his effects in Tahiti, the owner had realized neither its worth nor its importance. By chance he met Mme. Rivière, and the world will shortly be able to read this second of Gauguin's books. The interest of what the artist finally entitled "L'Esprit Moderne et le Catholicisme" is as great as that of *"Noa-Noa,"* of which the first complete and faithful edition is to be published by Crès et Cie, in Paris this year, but the point of view is by no means the same. *"Noa-Noa"* belongs to the period of the first visit to Tahiti in 1891; *"L'Esprit Moderne,"* to the second and final residence. The two books illustrate the development of his mind as nothing else can do. For the first time it is possible to see his

life as a whole, to understand the trend of his thought, to realize the singular unity of his revolt, the total weight of the charge that he brought against "civilization."

For Paul Gauguin was driven by the spirit into the wilderness, if ever man was driven, only to find that in the twentieth century there is no wilderness left. The story of his fidelity to the ideal of primitive life ought to be a voice among us. It is true that it has a twofold message. It does proclaim the impossibility, the futility, of any attempt to push back the years; for the effort to reconstruct the primitive in modern days must always be artificial, and doomed for that very reason to failure. But it does also, in an age of commercialism, emphasize the truth we tend to forget—the truth that there are treasures gold cannot buy which we stand in grave danger of losing forever, the while it points out to us the glory of primitive color, the essential mysticism of human life.

§ 2

For this purpose the French artist's life falls into four phases, each a revolt, each an attempt to be free and to express himself, each a leap further and yet further back to the primitive. The first centers itself in Paris, the second in Martinique, the third in Tahiti, the fourth in the Marquesas. Each was attended by sacrifice, each was marked in a sense by failure. The restless spirit never attained, never saw itself justified. Yet at least he never faltered, and in his persistent fearlessness he succeeded where, by a strange paradox, had he succeeded, he would have failed.

The first centers in Paris, where Paul Gauguin, a young financier, married, with a family, surrounded by friends, was comfortably off and rising in his profession. But, occupied all the week at the bourse, on Sundays he painted and modeled. He says that he amused himself, but it was in that amusement that he really lived. An artist to the deep heart's core, the call of his art was persistent even amid the roar of the Paris pavements. He was attached to the Impressionist school, and his biographer, M. Charles Morice, records with detail the breaking of his commercial chain. In 1880, at the fifth Impressionist exhibition, he was heard to say that he would soon devote himself wholly to art. In 1881 he exhibited a female nude "the realism of which enchanted Huysmans." In 1882 he found it increasingly impossible spiritually to be a painter on Sunday and a business man all the week. In 1883, at thirty-five, he threw over forever all other allegiances and gave himself solely to his art.

By this he shortly discovered that he could not live. Truly he had not yet found himself, but in any case the world was deaf to the new message of his genius. With a wife and large family the outlook grew ever more serious. The domestic conflict may be imagined, for Mme. Gauguin lacked her husband's faith. Poverty drove him ultimately to his wife's relatives in Denmark, to their separation, to her taking the children and making a home for them. Back in Paris, the formerly well-to-do financier was reduced to any temporary job for a living, even to that of bill-posting. As with Francis Thompson in the cobbler's shop, the pitiless civilization of the West had no use for his dreams, and less than ever since Paul Gauguin could not plainly say yet of what he dreamed.

Some secret star cast flickering light in the dark recesses of his mind; he sought to see it rise from the mystic simplicity of Breton peasants, as at first among the Impressionists of Paris; but neither sufficed for the revelation. He remained unsatisfied, but neither in poverty nor disappointment did his resolution fail.

The second period centers about Martinique. The painter left Paris for that island in 1887 and returned in 1888; but it was not merely despair that drove him from Paris or ill health that brought him back. He was beginning to feel that the tropics might offer, in their color and passion, the secret of his search. From the bourse he had turned to the studios of the capital, but not in France was there hope of recovering the inspiration of the beauty and passion of primitive life. Yet Martinique, though truly Nature paints there with lavish brush, had equally ceased long since to breathe a primitive spirit. There was no freedom, no real pagan love of untrammeled beauty, there. And thus, though sick, it was not sickness merely that sent him back—back to his first exhibition, chiefly of ceramics, back to the society of artists at Pont-Aven, back to friends in Paris for a while. It was that he began to understand what he sought. He turned away from the Impressionist school, with its false lights. He rejected an art springing from minds fundamentally modern. And thus, in 1891, aided by an article in "L'Echo de Paris" and a sale on the strength of it, Paul Gauguin sailed for Tahiti on a "mission artistique," which, indeed, carried no remuneration, but the promise of the purchase of work on its conclusion. He conceived of a return to nature somewhere where nature was still unspoiled by the touch of commercialism and civilization; where the vivid hues he loved would be flung like a scarf of beauty across primitive life; where men and women would still live in the freedom of the Homeric age, and poise unconsciously among the palms and at the springs with the grace of the world's golden dawn.

And in Tahiti Paul Gauguin lived from 1891 to 1893, and from 1895 to 1901. In a word, he suffered there progressive disillusionment while never swerving from the object of his search. It is of this period and the next that I wish chiefly to write, but it is convenient first of all to dismiss them chronologically in a few sentences. The artist spent then, first, a little while in Papeete, but shortly sought the seclusion of a country district thirty kilometers away. Of his experiences there, he writes, mystically and parabolically to a great extent, in "Noa-Noa," painting and carving the while. His life was certainly primitive, but not yet what it was to be. Colonial officialism at once welcomed and hampered him as a man on a mission from the Beaux-Arts, but on his return to France he met with yet more defeat and disappointment. The director of the Beaux-Arts had been changed, and one had arisen who knew not Joseph. There was no official purchase of his work. His exhibition in November, 1893, was a total failure, and did not pay expenses; a second was worse. A few friends could not make up for the indifference and hostility of Paris. The sudden death of an uncle left him a small fortune, and with it he again sailed for Tahiti, determined to live wholly for his own peculiar art and never to return.

From 1895 to 1901, at this house in Punaauia, thirteen kilometers from Papeete, and from 1901 to his death in May, 1903, Gauguin sought consistently to live closely and wholeheartedly in touch with the primitive that he might interpret its spirit and wrest its secret. In him there burned a genius which sought that expression and needed that *milieu*. It was the fourth and final revolt which took him to the Marquesas in one last desperate attempt to escape from the growing civilization of Tahiti and its narrow-minded, misunderstanding, intolerant bourgeois officialdom; and it was there, at the end of the world, in "un vaste atelier, avec un petit coin pour coucher," that he was finally beaten. For he had been forestalled.

"L'Esprit Moderne et le Catholicisme," though written here in Punaauia, is nevertheless the testament of the Marquesan period, where indeed the manuscript was finally copied. It was the two foes named there that were in at the death. As he lay alone, dying, he was actually under sentence of fine and imprisonment for aiding the natives against officialdom in a case of which the Protestant missionary, who was his nearest and naturally scarcely sympathetic neighbor, wrote that he seemed to have right and justice on his side; and he was barely dead when the Catholic bishop appeared and claimed for Christian burial one who all his days had been in opposition to the church. These two authorities, moreover, made a bonfire of the majority of his pictures and sculptures as obscene and blasphemous. Nor at that time had he the world's recognition. MM. Morillot and Cochyn, then young officers who chanced to be on the French gunboat in Papeete when, a little later, the rest of the dead artist's goods were sold by public auction, clubbed their available funds together and bought for one hundred and fifty francs a picture that recently changed hands at eighty thousand. The governor appropriated the manuscript, "Noa-Noa," which was not considered to be worth offering for sale. Only in far Hivaoa was one cry raised at his death. As once in Samoa, so there in the Marquesas, natives cried as they mourned, "*Ua mate Gauguin, ua pete enata!*" ("Gauguin is dead, and we are lost!")

§ 3

It is a misfortune that the biographers and friends of Paul Gauguin have not been able to make researches into his life here where it was principally lived. Without that, judging chiefly from letters that are the writing of a genuis and at once supremely truthful and amazingly misleading, as such letters always are, it is hardly possible to understand what was his triumph and what his defeat. For Paul Gauguin triumphed inasmuch as he saw instantly the truth about Tahiti and captured for us the essential spirit of primitive Polynesia when, already doomed and passing, there were few who could have seen it at all. To realize this it is necessary to know his friends here, and his enemies. It is necessary to tear aside the false veil of sentimental absurdity which such writers as O'Brien have cast over the eastern Pacific. His pictures are unique and supremely great in that they fasten upon something which twenty years ago there were few enough still living who had seen, and which no man will see again. He him-

self came too late for his own happiness, but he came in the nick of time to snatch for us a heritage which otherwise had been wholly lost.

By an arrestingly interesting coincidence, in June, 1891, Gauguin, in yellow shoes, red cravat, and immense green hat-band, landed in Tahiti. The French Republic had at that date appointed a negro governor, Lacascade, over this land in which men and women of Aryan stock had attained to physical perfection and beauty of life not perhaps known in Europe since the days of ancient Greece, and in that month died Pomare, the last king of Tahiti, whose very monument on the beach at Arue is at this moment falling into unheeded decay. He lay a-dying as the artist first walked the streets of Papeete, instantly arrested by the grief of the Tahitians and the indifference of the half-castes and French. "Tous les Européens," he says in "Noa-Noa," "commerçants, fonctionnaires, officiers et soldats, continuaient à rire et à chanter dans les rues, tandis que les naturels, avec des airs graves, s'entretenaient à voix basse autour du palais." It is of little moment that Pomare had been but petty king of a valley or two, whom the French had acclaimed as paramount in order to create a claim upon the whole island on his surrender. At least he was the sole remaining figure of the ancient régime. Gauguin arrived in time to see him die and to hear the official diplomatic speeches which civilization offered the last Tahitian at the grave in place of the fervor and poetry of his ancestors. Their true value was apparent even on the road home. "Sur la route, à la débandade, l'indifférence des Français dommant le ton, tout ce peuple, si grave depuis plusieurs jours, recommençait à rire. Les vahinés [the women] reprenaient le bras de leurs tanés [men], parlaient haut, dodelinaient des fesses, tandis que leurs larges pieds nus foulaient lourdement la poussière du chemin." And he concludes rightly: "Avec lui disparaissaient les derniers vestiges des traditions anciennes. Avec lui se fermait l'histoire maorie. C'était bien fini. La civilisation, hélas!—soldatesque, négoce et fonctionnarisme,—triomphant."

There are in that incident all the elements of the Polynesian tragedy which Gauguin was just in time to see. To-day it is not so tragic; the triumph of the West is so complete; the very signs of conflict have disappeared. Tahiti is dead. But Gauguin was still able to see, as it were, at least the lovely shadow of the past; he was able to interpret aright the incredible pathos of the situation; he could judge of the arid soullessness of what was to be.

He is at first all delight with the beauty of primitive life. He describes his first morning, a canoe afloat on a sun-lit lagoon in which a nude woman dressed her black hair with primitive grace, the bronze of her man on the shore arranging his nets under the shade of a cocoa-palm; evening, the dying sun over Moorea, the mountains crenellated like some ancient battlement; night, when through bamboo walls and pandanus roof he could see the stars and hear the song of the moon. "Une case maorie ne retranche point l'homme de la vie, de l'espace, de l'infini."

But there was little of the primitive left, and that passing as he seized upon it. The tragedy is that these Polynesians, simple and unsuspecting, welcomed with open hands the official, the

trader, the missionary. Like children, unaware of their own riches and beauty, they copied the grown-ups. The official broke to pieces a literal and natural communism, for in it he would have had no place; the trader offered for mysterious "money," which one could obtain with lands and pearls and copra, the divine concertina, the celestial canned-beef, the magic glass-bottled rum, the Olympian trousers; the missionary, incredibly learned and mysterious messenger of the gods, drew their attention to their nakedness and taught them it was shame. Gauguin saw it happen before his eyes. The woman was nude in the canoe only because she did not know that he was watching, and as yet the motor-car had not brought gendarmerie into every district. He slept under pandanus thatch because as yet corrugated iron was still dear. He could wander up the valley of the Punaroo at will only because the surviving Tahitians, under the land laws, were too few to fence it in.

And "the gods were dead" or dying. The truly native dance and song and decoration had ceased or were ceasing to be. It had been spontaneous, instinctive, natural; there had been about it a primitive inspiration. Child of resplendent color, of dominant nature, of rich imagination, the Polynesian had been that supreme primitive art that his soul longed for and that he would give his life to represent. But it was vanishing like a morning mist before the artificialities of the law and the prophets. The savage was bludgeoned out of it, the beauty prostituted, the imagination laughed out of court. Furiously, desperately, Paul Gauguin fought against that irresistible approach here of the old enemies of art. His fury betrayed him into follies; his despair, into bitter words. All that was in vain, as it must be in vain. There is no return. It is for the artist to convert the new into more lovely channels, not to attempt to dam it and reassert the old, for the new has in it more of material power and knowledge, and these are the gods men worship. There is one pathetic little story, told me by M. Teissier, nothing in itself, which is a parable of Gauguin's failure that he himself could not read. He returned one day from Papeete triumphant: he had heard that in the Marquesas you could still buy a girl model for a handful of sweets! He ordered a sackful, and sought with that honeyed "trade" the last corner of Atuana's realm.

§4

But a legend has been constructed in France of the life of Gauguin here which is not wholly true. He is represented as lonely, poverty-stricken, and despairing, and so represented largely for the reasons given above. As a matter of fact, he had friends; if embarrassed, he was never so poor as when bill-sticking in Paris; and he was happy in that he was in time to wrest something from the grip of advancing civilization.

His manner of life did not, of course, make friendship with the whites and half-castes possible even in Tahiti. It was little that he had a Tahitian wife, but it was monstrous that he went naked. M. Teissier, his neighbor, would find him in his studio completely nude, engaged furiously, for a week or so at a time, upon a picture or statue that represented all those elements of old Polynesia that the French bourgeoisie of Tahiti naturally enough

had been taught to detest. Or, wrapped about the loins in a *pareu*, he would recline on a couch smoking perpetually and absorbing the beauty around him that those same bourgeois could not really see. An excellent Catholic lady of Papeete still remembers being warned as a child to go nowhere near the studio of Gauguin. But M. Teissier himself, with that charm and candor which is still his to-day, loved the essential man; and there were others. Three of them, and the homely touch arrests one, used to walk once a week and seek out a friend who could make supremely that *omelette baveuse* which in this strange land reminded them of Brittany and of France.

Nor did he starve. One does not even to-day starve in Tahiti. There are no slums in the tropics where there are no cities. Cocoanuts, bananas, fish, and a shelter—even twenty years ago these could be had almost for nothing in the islands. Besides, M. Daniel de Montfried was his great and indefatigable friend in Paris. He acted as the painter's agent, and if the prices he obtained for his works were small compared with their value now, a few hundred francs out here went far. Doubtless he was often temporarily embarrassed and in debt, but what artist is not? Doubtless he worried himself from time to time, but what artist troubles over such matters for more than an occasional half-hour?

Moreover, M. Teissier insists that he was not permanently unhappy. It is true that he was grievously ill and grew worse, and that often he was in extreme pain; but even from the Marquesas, when he was at death's door, comes the testimony, "il oubliait sa douleur pour parler de l'Art." And if sick in body, disappointment and sorrow also entered deeply into his soul. Nevertheless, Paul Gauguin was just in time. He had that consolation. Let that be understood. He sensed rather than saw, perhaps, but still he sensed, "l'homme primitif suprême." He was able to fulfil his own formula: "Glorifier l'homme en lui asservissant la nature par l'Art." In the Marquesas especially he got down among the dying members of an expiring race in time to leave as a legacy to us a just appreciation of their spirit. And he must have known that he alone could do it. His sacrifice had not been in vain. The world may perhaps know another Gauguin, but if so, he will have been born for Polynesia too late.

Yet there was enough of sacrifice. No man, however devoted even to the supreme mistresses, Art or Religion, ever wholly forgets his own blood and his native land. Nor did Paul Gauguin, whose art was his religion. They found among his few possessions at his death a faded photograph of his children; and the last picture that he painted among the vivid hues and under the blazing sun of the Marquesas was of the roofs of a Breton village huddling under snow.

Fourways

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Drawings by Elmer Hader

"Most men lead lives of quiet desperation," wrote Thoreau. "They pine because they breathe their own breath over and over again. We should come home often from far adventures and perils and discoveries."

Wherefore, agreeing with him, six of us middle-aged adventurers, on a day in October all frost and gold, escaped from the city and set forth for Fourways Lodge, hidden in the heart of the Barrens. As we crossed the Camden ferry the sky was all smoke and gold, and, beyond, our road led through woods aflame with frost-fire. The black-jack oaks were a blaze of copper-red, the post-oaks, ox-blood, while the leaves of the willow-oaks drifted down in sheaves of russet arrowheads. Even the fleshy leaves of the common poke-berry were carmine-lake above and Tyrian rose beneath. In the sandy fields there were green-white, brown-yellow masses of fragrant everlasting, thickets of bottle-green bay-bushes, and everywhere fierce steel-sharp clot-burs, like the many-pointed colters scattered over Flodden Field. Once a painted-lady alighted on a spray of sunshine-yellow asters and waved her wings of velvety black, tipped with white and barred with burnt orange. At times they would close, and she would change into a gray withered leaf, only to be flaunting her beauty again a moment later in the face of the smiling flowers. Then she deserted them, and danced away through the air over a marsh which sprawled across the farm-lands. Now and again the little wanton stopped at the pink lanterns that the rose-mallows still swung against jade-green rushes or lingered before the frosted white of the silver-rod or the dull amethyst of the climbing boneset. Only before one flower she made no pause. Midnight blue, a spray of closed gentian thrust itself up from the yellowing grass. Closed, lonely, lovely flowers unvisited by butterfly, bee, or the dim moths of the dark, not even to the sun himself would they open.

Beyond the woodlands we came to Mantua Creek, guarded by Mantua Oak, which stands on a little knoll overlooking the stream. There are three great white oaks in New Jersey; namely, Basking-Ridge Oak, Salem Oak, and Mantua Oak, and the greatest of these is Mantua. A few years ago Tatem Oak was a fourth, but men burning brush in the field in which it stood, with rare intelligence, allowed the flames to spread to the tree, and destroyed in a few hours a monument which it had taken half a thousand years to build.

Stopping at the creek, we measured the old monarch. Five feet from the

ground its gnarled trunk was over twenty feet in circumference. Although not a tall tree, it had a spread of a hundred and fifteen feet, while its huge squat girth gave it an appearance of incredible age. As a matter of fact, it was well over four hundred years old. We found this out by measuring the interval between the bud-scars on the end twigs of its first branch, which gave the distance which that bough grew in a year, and then dividing the total length of the branch by that as a unit. It was a large tree before Nova Cæsarea, as New Jersey was first christened, was ever visited by a white man, and a sizable sapling when Columbus discovered the New World.

In the grass beyond the oak we found that little orchid, the lady's-tresses, or wild hyacinth (*Gyrostachis cernua*), with its faint scent of bitter almonds and woven stalk of waxen-white flowers growing out of a pale-green sheath. Near it, on dryer ground, the withered grass was rosy with purple gerardia, whose stems, like square green wires, were crowned by exquisite flowers, each with five lovely crumpled petals, which flared like tiny trumpets and were of a pale-rose color, deepening to a more vivid tint within their curved depths. Across the cup of each stretched a faint fine fleece, as if a strand of gossamer had floated between the curved lips. Beyond the gerardia grew a mass of sabbattia, that pink cousin of the gentian, with heart-shaped leaves and flat blossoms with a perfume like sandalwood.

The sun had gone when at last we reached Fourways, and the west was all flame-red, amber, and lune-green, with a shoal of tiny violet clouds drifting across the afterglow. The lodge itself, built of imperishable white-cedar logs, stood on the bank of Great Egg Harbor River, whose surface showed like black panne velvet, stained here and there a violet-crimson by the sunset, while along its banks rows of black-green pines were etched sharply against a sky of pale gold. Little by little the light faded, and as we entered the woods in which the lodge lay hidden, stars were tangled here and there in the black boughs, and the light of the rising moon lay across the shadows like a pool of dream. As the dark strode through the twisted trees, the soft air suddenly tingled with frost, and inside the lodge we welcomed the crackle of the fire in the vast, half-moon fireplace built of red, brown, and orange sandstone dug up in lumps from just under the white sand which carpets the Barrens.

After a wonderful supper, the botanist and I followed a black path through the woods to a bluff above the little river, which showed dusky silver among the deep lavender shadows. The white mist rose up to meet us like a ghost, and, below, we could hear the faint splashing of the deer crossing the stream. Then, so distant that it sounded like a pin-

point of sound pricked through the stillness, came the hoot of a great horned owl, with its doubled second note, as he hunted here and there for rabbits among the scrub-oaks.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a perfectly appalling scream. Although I recognized what it was, my muscles jerked and twitched at the sound, and when it was repeated, my companion, even though a veteran naturalist, gripped me so tightly that his finger-prints showed black on my arm the next morning. It was the scream of a fox, probably the most sinister, unearthly wild-animal note that can be heard in North America. The howl of the wolf and the screech of the wildcat, or bay lynx, are all weird sounds, to say nothing of the frightful shriek which the horned owl sometimes gives, but none of them begins to be as fearful as the scream of a dog-fox. Usually he barks like a dog that is just learning how, and the vixen squalls and squawks like a heron; but none of these sounds can ever be confounded with his scream, as rare and dreadful as that screech of the wounded horse which frightened even *Hawkeye* and *Chingachgook*.

A fox-scream is not usually heard more than a few times in a lifetime. My first experience with the sound was on Cream Hill, up in Cornwall, Connecticut, one dark night when I was a boy—it was several years ago. I was passing the Half Moon Lot, whose thirty acres include a number of fox-dens, and just as I reached Boundary Elm, a vast tree which marked the corners of four farms, I heard a fearful scream in the darkness close at hand which I instantly recognized as the screech of a black panther. Not having with me a rifle, a tomahawk, or even the long, keen hunting-knife with which all the heroes of Harry Castleman and Mayne Reid, my authorities on panthers, black and blond, were always armed, I was somewhat at a disadvantage. In fact, a hurried examination of my pockets showed no more deadly weapon than a slate pencil. However, I did not lose my presence of mind. Realizing instantly that flight was what the emergency required, I flew. At least I do not remember touching the ground until I crossed the bridge over the brook at the foot of the hill half a mile away. At the time I felt that it was a very narrow escape and that I probably owed my life to the cool daring with which I had met the situation. In later years, however, since I learned that my black panther was really a red fox, I have had my doubts.

The next time I heard that sound was again in Cornwall, thirty years later, one frosty evening in the fall of 1919. Although I was indoors at the time, the scream brought me to my feet with every muscle tense before I recognized what it was that I had heard.

It was bedtime when at last the botanist and I came back to the lodge and crept into our bunks to sleep as only those can who breathe all night long the clean, far

air of the Barrens, blown over miles and millions of scented pines. Outside our window a single white tree-cricket, last of a lost army, sang to us in high triads, like the tinkling of clear crystals, and I fell asleep with the icy sweetness of his notes throbbing in my ears.

The next morning the artist rose betimes and tried to persuade the botanist to get up by the direct method of poking him with a long stick through the open window. He found that eminent scientist ware and waking, and was driven back with great slaughter by a well directed pitcher of water.

After an icy dip in the stream, we adjourned to the breakfast-table, where we absorbed huge quantities of eggs and bacon, buttered toast, waffles with honey, and steaming coffee, which our host, who had a pretty taste in cookery, had prepared.

Then came one of those treasure-days of life whose memories sift through the years like many-colored jewels. Around sudden curves, through twisted channels, and down gleaming vistas the botanist and I canoed across the Whirl Hole and along Great Egg Harbor River, whose banks were a blaze of color. The blueberries were waves of wine, while the leaves of the Southern smilax, which is unarmed, and whose berries are coral-red instead of blue, had been stained scarlet by the frost, the only leaf in the woods to attain that color. The leaves of the post-oaks, whose rounded lobes made a Druid cross, were honey-yellow, and those of the Spanish oaks floated raspberry-red against the cobalt water. The claret-colored sour-gums, or pepperidges, as we call them in Connecticut, were covered with blue berries and made feeding-stations for hungry robins, cardinals, blue-jays, and goldfinches, which fluttered among their stiff, right-angled branches. Once a flock of red-breasted nuthatches passed us, traveling through the tops of the trees like monkeys and chattering to one another, "Eh, eh, eh," as they fed on tiny insects hidden in the bark. Their alarm-note sounded much like the "zee-zee" of one of the hot-weather locusts that drones through blazing August days. At times a pair would bicker with sudden little scolding notes, and, dropping their wings, would peck at each other furiously, only to stop a moment later and go on feeding with the rest. Once we came across a red-bellied terrapin on the bank, the size of a large soup-plate, with a dingy brown back blotched with red. The botanist nearly caught it. He said afterward that I splashed with my paddle, while I was equally positive that the terrapin escaped because of his senile slowness. At any rate, this I know: the red-belly remained in his river.

Beyond the terrapin, a red-squirrel suddenly dashed through the boughs of a Spanish oak that hung far out over the river and nearly touched the twigs of a tree on the opposite bank. The arched branches were evidently one of his suspension-bridges, for he leaped six feet through the air and, hooking his little bent fore paws across a limb, swung like a pendulum above the

water and then disappeared in the depths of the farther tree. At first sight we had taken it for a weasel, and the botanist told me of once seeing one of those red killers catch a catbird. Locating the bird's nest, with its grape-vine bark rim, which held a treasure of malachite-blue eggs, the weasel crouched beneath it and apparently went to sleep, paying no attention to the screaming mother bird fluttering about him, until for one unwary second she circled too close. Then, like the uncoiling of a steel spring, the little demon shot up four feet and gripped the bird in mid-air in its deadly jaws.

As we paddled along there sounded everywhere the lisping, whispering notes of a flock of Carolinian chickadees, dear, tame, gentle little birds that hung head downward from the trees all about us and said, "Tys-is-is, dee-dee-dee," and had a song of four whistled notes instead of the fluted double whistle of the Northern chickadee. Moreover, the Carolinian is a trifle smaller, and the white edging of his wings is much narrower. Once the architect and I found the nest of one in a dead stub down at Birdsnest, Virginia, and he was able to secure a wonderful photograph of six little chickadees perched on my hand to have their picture taken. Another time the banker and I discovered in Canada the nest of the larger brown-headed, or Hudsonian, chickadee inside a decayed stump. It was lined with rabbit's fur and contained eight little chickadees. When we turned on a flash-light to look at them, each one promptly opened his mouth wide, evidently convinced that this, the first light they had ever seen, meant food. Now and then the sharp chip of the myrtle warbler was heard, and we could see them flitting here and there among the trees, showing the telltale patch of yellow at the base of the tail which gave them the name of the yellow-rumped warbler among the older ornithologists. When the gray waxen berries of the bay are plentiful, the myrtle warbler will often stay in southern New Jersey all winter instead of migrating with the rest of his clan.

At last we reached Dead River, a smooth stretch of water without any current, the third of the streams which ringed Fourways around. It was guarded by a great blue heron, which flapped up in front of us from the shallows and looked as large as a roc.

The motionless stream reflected everything like a Claude Lorraine mirror, and we canoed through forests of trees growing upside-down in the sepia and silver water as full of gleams as a black opal. Once across a mirrored sky of midnight-blue a buzzard sailed on motionless wings and seemed to disappear in a fringe of tow-colored grass in

the water at the edge of the bank.

For long we drifted over this underwater country, strange as the drowned land of lost Lyonesse. Then we paddled back to the landing-place to join the rest of the party in the pine-woods, which stretched away for unexplored miles on every side. The bank where we landed was carpeted with snowy sandwort (*Arenaria Caroliniana*) and beyond showed the fine white sprays of the polygonella, and, although it was October, the botanist discovered with great joy a few sporadic flowers of the sand-myrtle, with fluffy white petals and pink centers and a dry white five-petaled blossom of the pyxie, the first flower to bloom in the spring in the Barrens. Altogether the botanist found that day twenty-six species and subspecies of flowers still in bloom, whose sonorous scientific names rolled trippingly from his learned tongue. Personally, I was not able to contradict him, although firmly convinced that no living man could correctly remember so many Greek and Latin titles.

Soon after we joined the others, the architect suddenly fell on his knees, and a moment later arose from this devotional attitude with a small seven-inch, silver-gray snake wriggling in his hand. It had a brick-red belly, copper-colored eyes, and a yellowish band around its neck.

"*Storeria occipito-maculata*," joyfully proclaimed the architect, who specializes in snakes. "It has never been reported so far south as this before."

His statement was confirmed by the naturalist, who is an authority on everything which swims, flies, crawls, or runs in this country, and the two gloated over that snake like men who had suddenly come upon some unbelievable treasure. Verily, there is more joy among naturalists over one creature who wanders out of his range than over ninety and nine who stay at home. The *Storeria* seemed to me to show very little appreciation of the honor which had been thrust upon him, and rudely thrusting out his olive-brown tongue several times, he squirmed ungratefully out of the architect's silver cigarette-case before the lid could finally be closed upon him.

The climax of the discovery came that evening when the banker, who had not been present at the capture, demanded a cigarette from the architect. When he opened the case, the long-suffering *Storeria occipito-maculata* made a burst for liberty, whereupon ensued tumult and wild shoutings from the startled banker, who hates snakes, the architect, who feared to lose his treasure, and from the rest of us on general principles to follow the crowd spirit.

As we walked through the woods that morning, from overhead fell, like drops of molten silver, the liquid alto notes of a bluebird, with the sky color on his back and the earth color over his brave heart. There are few bird-notes that I like to hear more than that "Far-away, far-away," call of the bluebird.

Following a path made by forgotten feet a century ago, we came at last to

old Cohanzie Road, which ran straight through the woods to a deserted harbor in the bay. Although the old road had been abandoned for over a hundred years and was overgrown in places, its course could still be traced through the forest. Here and there along its length were fallen and crumbling bridges built in the days when the road was full of Conestoga wagons and ox-wains hauling merchandise to Philadelphia. That day the only traveler we met was a magnificent fox, all silver-gray and tawny-red. He was crossing the road scarcely twenty feet away just as we rounded a bend. As is the habit of the fox-folk, after the first quick glance he gave no sign of recognition of our presence. With inscrutable, downcast eyes and wrinkled face he seemed to be pondering some important matter until he disappeared in a thicket on the other side of the road. Once out of sight, he must have sprinted away at top speed, for when we reached the bushes a few seconds later, there was no trace of him anywhere.

Farther on we came to an oak-tree where twenty feet from the ground an iron bar showed, half-buried in the wood. This sign-bar was all that was left of the old George Washington Inn, which was older than Cape May Landing itself. From it, in 1790, swung a portrait of the father of our country; but the sign, the tavern, and even the clearing in which they stood have been gone for more than a hundred years.

A little later, in the very heart of the forest, we came to another noted tree, the famous Conference Oak where three hundred years ago the tribes of the Lenni-Lenape used to meet before they were nearly wiped out by the fierce confederacy of the Five Nations. Several inches deep in the living wood was cut the totem of the snake, carved in four loops, with the curves as clear and symmetrical as could be cut to-day by a wood-carver with modern tools. Long after the Lenape had gone, the settlers for many miles around used to hold their town meetings in a clearing under this tree. To-day it stands in the midst of dense pitch-pine woods.

Beyond this assembly tree we came to an open space covered with tangles of scrub-oak, sheep-laurel, and blueberry-bushes. As the naturalist stood there tolerantly watching the botanist fill a tin box with specimens of the pine-barren flora, what looked like a small dark butterfly wavered uncertainly past him through the air. At the sight he seemed suddenly to lose his mind. Bounding like a mountain-goat, he followed the flying insect, hat in hand. Back and forth he zigzagged, while we cheered him from the side lines. Finally, just as his breath was nearly gone, a fortunate swoop of his hat secured the prize.

"*Hemileuka maia*," he puffed, holding up a smoky-black moth whose wings were eyed with yellow and whose tail and feet were tipped with red. Then relapsing into English, he explained that his captive was the rare buck-moth, which breeds in the pine-barrens and flies only a few days in

October. Only five had ever been reported up to that time from New Jersey. Personally, I had never heard of the *Hemileuka*, nor was I particularly prepossessed with its appearance, and it seemed to be of a wavering, uncertain character, not at all the kind of insect I would select for a friend. Yet the enthusiasm of the naturalist soon had its wonted effect. Ten minutes later a group of more or less respectable, middle-aged citizens might have been seen running, leaping, and shouting across the landscape, waving their hats like lunatics, each following a will-o'-the-wisp in the shape of a buck-moth. Each wretched insect seemed always to be just on the point of being caught, yet would often disappear even when it was apparently safely captured, leaving its pursuer bogged in patches of marsh or bound in bands of barbed cat-brier. After an hour of this strenuous work we were all exhausted, covered with mud, and our clothes ripped beyond repair; but we had a total bag of eight buck-moths. One of my two was carefully mailed the next day to a dear lady fourscore years young who collects butterflies in the White Mountains during the summer and in Florida throughout the winter, and has, perhaps, the largest private collection of the *Lepidoptera* in this country. A week later she wrote that the *Hemileuka* had hitherto been lacking in her collection and that she would rather have had one than a million dollars.

I hoped that the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, to which I sent my remaining specimen, would feel the same way, but so far it has kept both the moth and its million.

At long last it was time for lunch, and we sat down on a dry bank near where an icy trickle of clear water had cut its way through the wood-mold to the pure white sand below. As we ate, a blue-headed vireo passed by in the tree-tops and sang, "See-ee, me-ee. *You, you,*" and a yellow palm-warbler, with maroon head, golden breast, and twitching tail, flitted through the brush. As we started on after lunch, the banker and I suddenly seized the botanist and began to push him toward a pale-gray bush covered with dangling bunches of greenish-white berries, whereupon that noted scientist kicked and struggled mightily until we released him; for one of the few things which the botanist fears in this world is poison-sumac. Not fewer than thirty times has he related to us at great length the story of that long-ago day of his innocent childhood when he made a hockey-stick out of one of those venomous shrubs and what happened to him all the rest of that winter every time there was skating. Later in the afternoon we had sat down on a log to rest when suddenly the botanist arose profanely. Back of him was a clump of arrow-wood, and through its scalloped leaves, almost touching his face, were thrust the blistering fingers of a hidden sumac.

"If there is a *Rhus Vernix* within ten miles, I 'm always the one who has to find it," he complained bitterly as he crept cautiously out of his bower, and for the next half-hour described to us all the symptoms and sufferings of his last attack of sumac-poisoning. Since that day he claims to have found cures which I hasten to chronicle for the benefit of the twenty-five per cent. of humanity who are not naturally immune to ivy- and sumac-poisoning. They are as follows: a saturated solution of hot water and salt for light cases, an application of oil of goldenrod for those which are more severe.

Late in the afternoon we missed our host, and found him at last sitting on the bank of a brown stream where in the spring great masses of pitcher-plant bloom, all gold and green and crimson. He had little to say, and soon wandered away from us again to the spot where years before he had first found mistletoe growing on a great swamp maple which overhung Dead River. At the end of the afternoon I found him again by himself, seated against a great white cedar, which towered alone on the high bank of the Whirl Hole, his favorite tree of all those which grew around the lodge. Not until long afterward did we realize that he was saying good-by to all the long-loved places crowded with memories of little past happinesses and comradeship, since even then he was under sentence of death; for the doctors had given him but a few scant months to live. Brave, loyal, lonely spirit! After he was gone, our Round Table, who had foregathered with him in many places, found that he had left to each one of us, all unknowing, a parting gift of some little special kindness wrought. How often have I wished the old, old wish—that I had known that this was to be our last adventure together! How many things I might have said, how much of my affection and sympathy I would have expressed to him! And yet, would I? Perhaps, after all, his way was the better, mercifully to hide the future from us and to leave us unknowing to the last of death and parting and sorrow, as is God's way, too, with His friends.

Tribute

By A. E. Coppard

Two honest young men lived in Braddle, worked together at the spinning-mills of Braddle, and courted the same girl in the town of Braddle—a girl named Patience, who was poor and pretty. One of them, Nathan Regent, who wore cloth uppers to his best boots, was steady, silent, and dignified; but Tony Vassall, the other, was such a happy-go-lucky fellow that he soon carried the good-will of Patience in his heart, in his handsome face, in his pocket, at the end of his nickel watch-chain, or wherever the sign of requited love is carried by the happy lover. The virtue of steadiness, you see, can be measured only by the years, and this Tony had put such a hurry into the tender bosom of Patience. Silence may very well be golden, but it is a currency not easy to negotiate in the kingdom of courtship; dignity is so much less than simple faith that it is unable to move even one mountain. It charms the hearts only of bank managers and bishops.

So Patience married Tony Vassall, and Nathan turned his attention to other things, among them to a girl who had a neat little fortune; and Nathan married that.

Braddle is a large, gaunt hill covered with dull little houses, and it has flowing from its side a stream which feeds a gigantic and beneficent mill. Without that mill, as everybody in Braddle knew, for it was there that everybody in Braddle worked, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat. Tony went on working at the mill. So did Nathan in a way; but he had a cute, ambitious wife, and what with her money and influence he was soon made a manager of one of the departments. Tony went on working at the mill. In a few more years Nathan's steadiness so increased his opportunities that he became joint manager of the whole works. Then his colleague died; he was appointed sole manager, and his wealth became so great that eventually Nathan and Nathan's wife bought the entire concern. Tony went on working at the mill. He now had two sons and a daughter Nancy, as well as his wife Patience, so that even his possessions may be said to have increased, although his position was no different from what it had been for twenty years.

The Regents, now living just outside Braddle, had one child, a daughter named Olive, of the same age as Nancy. She was very beautiful, and had been educated at a school to which she rode on a bicycle until she was eighteen.

About that time, you must know, the country embarked upon a disastrous campaign, a war so calamitous that every sacrifice was demanded of Braddle. The Braddle mills were worn from their very bearings by their

colossal efforts, unceasing by day or by night, to provide what were called the sinews of war. Almost everybody in Braddle grew white and thin and sullen with the strain of constant labor. Not quite everybody, for the Regents received such a vast increase of wealth that their eyes sparkled; they scarcely knew what to do with it; their faces were neither white nor sullen.

"In times like these," declared Nathan's wife, "we must help our country still more; still more we must help. Let us lend our money to the country."

"Yes," said Nathan.

So they lent their money to their country. The country paid them tribute, and therefore, as the Regent wealth continued to flow in, they helped their country more and more; they even lent the tribute back to the country and received yet more tribute for that.

"In times like these," said the country, "we must have more men; more men we must have." So Nathan went and sat upon a tribunal; for, as every one in Braddle knew, if the mills of Braddle ceased to grind, the heart of Braddle would cease to beat.

"What can we do to help our country?" asked Tony Vassall of his master. "We have no money to lend."

"No," was the reply; "but you can give your strong son Dan."

Tony gave his son Dan to the country.

"Good-by, dear son," said his father, and his brother and his sister Nancy said, "Good-by." His mother kissed him.

Dan was killed in battle; his sister Nancy took his place at the mill.

In a little while the neighbors said to Tony Vassall:

"What a fine strong son is your young Albert Edward!"

And Tony gave his son Albert Edward to the country.

"Good-by, dear son," said his father; his sister kissed him, his mother wept on his breast.

Albert Edward was killed in battle; his mother took his place at the mill.

But the war did not cease; though friend and foe alike were almost drowned in blood, it seemed as powerful as eternity, and in time Tony Vassall, too, went to battle and was killed. The country gave Patience a widow's pension, as well as a touching inducement to marry some other man who had not yet gone to the war. But Mrs. Vassall did not care to marry again; she died of grief. Many people died in those days; it was not strange at all. Nathan and his wife got so rich that after the war they died of overeating, and their daughter Olive came into a vast fortune and had a trustee.

The trustee went on lending the Braddle money to the country, the country went on sending large sums of interest to Olive,—which was the country's tribute to her because of her parents' unforgotten and, indeed, unforgetable kindness,—while Braddle went on with its work of enabling the country to do this. For when the war came to an end, the country told Braddle that those who had not given their lives must now turn to and really work, work harder than before the war, much, much harder, or the tribute could not be paid, and the heart of Braddle would therefore cease to beat. Braddle folk saw that this was true, only too true, and they did as they were told.

The Vassall girl, Nancy, married

a man who had done deeds of valor in the war. He was a mill-hand, like her father, and they had two sons, Daniel and Albert Edward. Olive married a grand man, though it is true he was not very grand to look at. He had a small, sharp nose, but that did not matter very much, because when you looked at him in profile his bouncing red cheeks quite hid the small, sharp nose as completely as two hills hide a little barn in a valley. Olive lived in a grand mansion with numerous servants, who helped her to rear a little family of one, a girl named Mercy, who also had a small, sharp nose and round, red cheeks.

Every year after the survivors' return from the war Olive gave a supper to her work-people and their families, hundreds of them; for six hours there would be feasting and toys, music and dancing. Every year Olive would make a little speech to them all, reminding them all of their duty to Braddle and Braddle's duty to the country, although, indeed, she did not remind them of the country's tribute to Olive. That was perhaps a theme unfitting to touch upon; it would have been boastful and quite unbecoming.

"These are grave times for our country," Olive would declare year after year; "her responsibilities are enormous. We must all put our shoulders to the wheel."

Every year one of the workmen would make a little speech in reply, thanking Olive for enabling the heart of Braddle to continue its beats, calling down the spiritual blessings of heaven and the golden blessings of the world upon Olive's golden head. One year the honor of replying fell to the husband of Nancy, and he was more than usually eloquent, for on that very day their two sons had begun to doff bobbins at the mill. No one applauded louder than Nancy's little Dan or Nancy's Albert Edward, unless it was Nancy herself. Olive was always much moved on these occasions. She felt that she did not really know these people, that she would never know them; she wanted to go on seeing them, being with them, and living with rapture in their workaday world. But she did not do this.

"How beautiful it all is!" she would sigh to her daughter Mercy, who accompanied her. "I am so happy! All these dear people are being cared for by us, just simply us. God's scheme of creation—you see—the Almighty—we are His agents—we must always remember that. It goes on for years; years upon years it goes on. It will go on, of course, yes, forever; the heart of Braddle will not cease to beat. The old ones die, the young grow old, the children mature and marry and keep the mill going. When I am dead—"

"Mama! Mama!"

"Oh, yes, indeed, one day. Then *you* will have to look after all these things, Mercy, and you will talk to them—just like me. Yes, to own the mill is a grave and difficult thing,—only those who own mills know how grave and difficult,—it calls forth all one's deepest and rarest qualities. But it is a divine position, a noble responsibility. And the people really love me—I think."

Educational Notes

By Lawton Mackall

Three more professors have resigned from Rockbound College following the accusation that they had insinuated to students that the stork theory was open to doubt.

Professor Seedy of Holysmoke Seminary, attending summer school in New York, was seen visiting the monkey house at the Bronx Zoo. He will not be on the faculty at Holysmoke this autumn.

Alonzo Mibble, professor of physics and applied farming at Blueberry University, has been found guilty of signing a memorandum alleging the existence of sex in plant life. His salary of thirteen hundred dollars, which he has been drawing for the last nineteen years, has been ordered stopped.

The situation at Mount Mump is considerably cleared by the dropping of professors Grind and Digger, the first for absent-mindedly appearing in class without his muzzle, and the second for permitting an undergraduate to think.

Simeon Carboy, professor of chemistry at Narrow Gage Institute, pleads his humble regret that two substances heated together in a test tube combined into a new substance before the consent of the trustees could be obtained. He has promised never to discover anything again.

"Crampus," the student publication of Deadham University, comments with satisfaction on the stirring event that this year is to replace the big foot-ball game, when a mass meeting will be held in the stadium at which President Moribund and Dean Fossil will deliver a splendid arraignment, entitled "The Menace of Knowledge, and how to Stamp It out." There is promise of loud support by the jeering section. Prominent alumni are so enthusiastic over the prospect that already they have raised a fund toward a sand pile for the student body, and it is hoped that the gymnasium may soon be considerably enlarged for the accommodation of more dumb-bells.

Flame and Slag

Carl Sandburg: Poet with Both Fists

By Carl Van Doren

Drawing by Harry Turner

The older stocks of the United States have in their imaginations one picture of the country and its inhabitants; the newer stocks have another. In the first there is the persistent image of the pioneer advancing from the seaboard, by forest trail and waterway, across lush prairie and naked plain, contending mightily, romantically, victoriously with aboriginal men and beasts, in the end settling peacefully down in farm, village, or thriving city to enjoy the Canaan he has thus won for himself and his children's children. The air of this picture is fresh and pure, the earth green with grass, the roads fouled with nothing worse than mud; food may be had for the taking, shelter for the building, land for the seeking. If there are hardships, they are relatively brief, yielding to enterprise and thrift in a decade or two at most. If there are ugly aspects, they are largely unpreventable, like frontier violence or ignorance, and they yield to solid contentment and popular enlightenment. Ultimately these stocks inherit the earth, in the picture, though increasingly their descendants look with irritation and some anger upon the later stocks who are arriving among them and beside them. The new-comers, beginning anew the old process, have other images for it. Their pioneer is set down in shop or mill or mine, herded with others of his race in a slum, exploited at every turn by the lucky older stocks, forced to carry the double burden of making his way in a hostile world and of remaking himself into the pattern of man which that world requires. He breathes air which is black with smoke or smutted with the grime of cities. He finds no welcoming land for his house or garden. Wherever he turns, others have been there before him and erected obstacles more difficult or at least more complicated than the first settlers had to level in their war with stubborn nature. He has not been long enough on the continent to cherish that epic sense of the American past which even the dullest members of the older stocks have picked up in some degree or other from the little history they know; he is sustained, instead, by that sense of a radiant American future which helped draw him from his native soil. He rarely has the easy humor which has arisen in part from the free and open lives of the older stocks; he has, instead, the darker irony which springs from his discovery of the contrast between the vision which drew him hither and the facts which awaited him. By his

hopefulness he is made more naïve, by his irony more sophisticated than, the average older American.

§ 2

Carl Sandburg, a genius, not an average man, speaks out of the sentiments of the new order of Americans. The son of a Swedish immigrant, he himself in his youth belonged to the ranks of unskilled labor, drifting about the Middle West at odd jobs and into a volunteer company as a private during the war with Spain. His subsequent career in college and in journalism but gave him words for emotions which had been beating within him in his inarticulate years. He too, like the typical immigrant pioneer, flames with the future, though in Mr. Sandburg the flame leaps higher than it has done in any other poet of his order. With what fervor, in "Prayers and Steel," he voices the aspiration not only of steel, but of men to give themselves to a great cause:

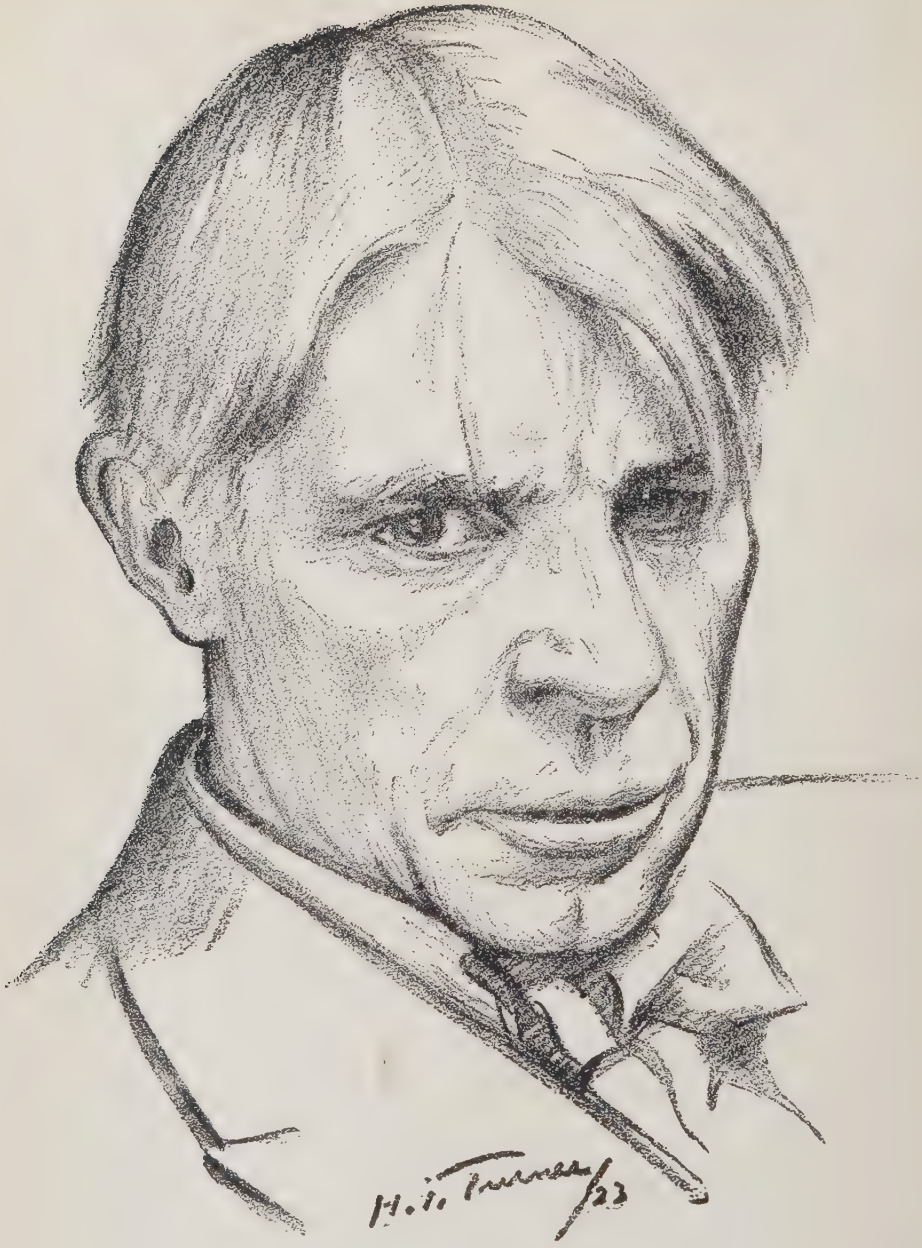
"Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.
Let me pry loose old walls.
Let me lift and loosen old foundations.
Lay me on an anvil, O God.
Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.
Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.
Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.
Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars."

A poet of the older order might have put some such prayer into the mouth of a plow or of an ax or of a tree or of a stone, eager each of them to be used at no matter what cost to themselves; for a poet of the new order steel has taken the place of these things among the images of ardor and devotion. The immigrants—how many of them! —live by steel, within sight of it melting in furnaces, within sound of it clanging into place in structures that crowd the earth and shut out the sun. They have found that steel, long symbol for a warrior, may be symbol as well for a martyr or a saint.

Yet Mr. Sandburg, thus close to the world of steel and smoke around him, is not buried in it, but sees it under the long light of irony, as in the poem which he slyly calls "Limited":

"I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack trains of the nation.
Hurtling across the prairie into blue haze and dark air go fifteen all-steel coaches holding a thousand people.
(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all the men and women laughing in the diners and sleepers shall pass to ashes.)
I ask a man in the smoker where he is going and he answers: 'Omaha.' "

With infinite destiny ahead of him, the man in the smoker, the poet learns, sees no further than one undistinguished town. The artist in Mr. Sandburg, thus viewing the life of an industrial society around him, employs it passionately for his art; the thinker, no less than in any simpler age, understands that the things which seem most solid among the works of man will flow into other forms, as clouds and mountains do, and that nothing



Carl Sandburg

holds the long span of human time together but the flexible links of change running through the generations.

From this irony, mated with this rapture, springs the tenderness which barely misses being Mr. Sandburg's most distinctive trait. He writes exquisitely of children, in the brooding, reverent, whimsical tone of a father speaking to his little daughters, touched by the coolness in them, aware of the fire there, thinking how soon both shall do their work and go:

"There are dreams in your eyes, Helga.
Tall reaches of wind sweep the clear blue.
The winter is young yet, so young.
Only a little cupful of winter has touched your lips."

So abundant is his tenderness for children that he has taken the trouble to create, in "Rootabaga Stories," a sort of nonsense idiom, based upon the America vernacular in which to tell stories to children about the world which he enters when he talks to them—a roguish, mad, grotesque, edifying world where all the fancies of childhood come to life and frolic with the gestures of slang. He writes tenderly of old people remembering, of fragile souls driven into paths too steep for them, of the hulks of broken men, of the pity that lies near the heart of friendship and love, near the sense of beauty, near the willingness to forgive life for being no better than it is because it is as good as it is. Among all the recent American poets Mr. Sandburg speaks most naturally with the accents of pity.

§ 3

Pity, indeed, carries him now and then to the point of bathos, as in that often cited line in "Chicago Poems" in which he makes Truth boast:

"I dabble in the blood and guts of the terrible."

Or, rather, pity for many things ordinarily unconsidered or trodden under foot carries his sympathy to a point beyond the reach of his imagination, so that, as Whitman did before him, he runs into long lists of objects which he declares are beautiful or moving, but which, if they are so to him, are so to him only, for the reason that he has not an imaginative power over them sufficient to bring them into any universal language. To go back now, however, after seven years to Mr. Sandburg's first book of verse is to observe how much which seemed unassimilated then in his poetry now seems to fit into the general pattern, as it fits into the pattern of the poetic idiom of the century. Not for many years can Chicago occur to the mind of any reader of poetry without some reminiscence, direct or indirect, of the loud words with which its chief poet has saluted or characterized it:

"Hog Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders: . . .
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;
. . .

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter
laughs who has never lost a
battle,
Bragging and laughing that under
his wrist is the pulse, and un-
der his ribs the heart of the
people,
Laughing!"

"Go to it and remember this city
fished from its depths a text:
'independent as a hog on ice.'
Venice is a dream of soft waters,
Vienna and Bagdad recollec-
tions of dark spears and wild
turbans; Paris is a thought in
Monet gray on scabbards, fab-
rics, façades; London is a fact
in a fog filled with the moaning
of transatlantic whistles; Ber-
lin sits amid white scrubbed
quadrangles and torn arithme-
tics and testaments; Moscow
brandishes a flag and repeats a
dance figure of a man who walks
like a bear.
Chicago fished from its depths a text:
'Independent as a hog on ice.' "

Chicago, the windy, insolent city, was of all themes the one most likely to excite this poet whom it has helped to shape. He found in it a spectacle grandiose enough for his taste, yet not enough in the grand style, since it lacks the traditional and the ceremonial, to amuse the satirist in him. He found, as he goes on finding, the city enormous, unformed, moving in a direction not yet determined, but obviously started on a long road with momentum sufficient to take it almost any distance. Here innumerable races have come together, immigrant stocks, to hack out their own new Canaan on their own new model. If their task is a hard one, at least they do not have the task of destroying elaborate hierarchies, for Chicago is still, in comparison with New York or with European or Asiatic cities, the village of villages, sprawling and neighborly, innocent of the compact organization of older societies. Here common men and common women and common children swirl as in Mr. Sandburg's vision of life, modestly attending to their business, robustly elbowing their way to their desires. What for another poet might be distasteful in the noise and disorder of Chicago is for Mr. Sandburg inspiriting, because it seems to him the symptom of power and freedom. For power and freedom to him are most impressive in their shirt-sleeves. He is not stirred by the king or the bishop on his throne, by the premier or the capitalist at his desk, by the general or the admiral at the head of disciplined forces; these men to him are but pictures of power, not power itself, because they merely guide, and that at second hand, concerted energies which have already lost their prime vigor in the process of being regimented. His imagination insists on turning to the raw materials of existence, on being lifted by the sight of human elements not yet civilized. Such materials and elements he has found in unmatched bulk in his stormy, husky, brawling city.

§ 4

Mr. Sandburg's language ranges freely from the fine, pure speech of his too few lyrics to the boisterous vernacular with which he plays on the trombone and the horse fiddle. He can write, as in these lines from "Cornhuskers":

"Bees and a honeycomb in the dried
head of a horse in a pasture
corner—a skull in the tall
grass and a buzz and a buzz
of the yellow honey-hunters
And I ask no better a winding sheet
(over the earth and under the sun.)
Let the bees go honey-hunting with
yellow blur of wings in the
dome of my head, in the
rumbling, singing arch of my
skull.
Let there be wings and yellow dust
and the drone of dreams of
honey—who loses and remem-
bers?—who keeps and forgets?
In a blue sheen of moon over the
bones and under the hanging
honeycomb the bees come
home and the bees sleep."

He can write as curtly and sardonically as in these lines from "Smoke and Steel":

"Five geese deploy mysteriously.
Onward proudly with flagstaffs,
Hearses with silver bugles,
Bushels of plum-blossoms dropping
For ten mystic web-feet—
Each his own drum major,
Each charged with the honor
Of the ancient goose nation,
Each with a nose-length surpassing
The nose-length of rival nations.
Somberly, slowly, unimpeachably,
Five geese deeply, mysteriously."

He can explode in a guffaw of disgust at persons who seem to him to tangle the skeins of life:

"The work of a bricklayer goes to the
blue.
The knack of a mason outlasts a
moon.
The hand of a plasterer holds a room
together.
The land of a farmer wishes him back
again.
Singers of songs and dreamers of
plays
Build a house no wind blows over
The lawyers—tell me why a hearse
horse snickers hauling a law-
yer's bones."

He was perhaps never more thoroughly himself as a poet than when, on the occasion of the burial of the Unknown Soldier, he disturbed the universal chorus of solemn eloquence with his terrible picture, in "And So To-day," of a skeleton army riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, unseen by the official orators, and yet mocking them as they go about the rites.

"The honorable orators,
Always the honorable orators,
Buttoning the buttons on their prinz
alberts,
Pronouncing the syllables 'sac-ri-
fice,'
Juggling those bitter sal-soaked syl-
lables—
Do they ever gag with hot ashes in
their mouths?
Do their tongues shrivel with a pain
of fire
Across those simple syllables 'sac-
ri-fice?' "

To Mr. Sandburg the ceremony seemed a kind of blasphemy. As he saw it, the "buck private" thus chosen for symbolic honors had not died as a symbol, but as an actual man, burned by disease or torn by gunshot, racked by the solitary agony which goes with death in no matter what cause. Nor was it certain that the unknown soldier had loved or even approved this cause. How, then, as long as there was this doubt, could he be paid in the coin of this show? It meant nothing

to Mr. Sandburg to be told that the survivors had no other coin, and that they were doing what they could to discharge their sense of obligation. The dead had belonged to the primary material of human life. He had died not while going about his own affairs of work or love, but while doing what others had commanded him to do for their sake as well as his. If now, when his senses were stopped, they were smothering him with words and roses, it was with roses for them to smell, with words for them to hear. At such a spectacle Mr. Sandburg could feel no mood but a brooding, savage irony, and could find no outlet but to burst forth in his rough, powerful language, hooting lest he weep, reminding the mourners of the skeleton orator who stood by, almost silent:

"And he had nothing to say, nothing easy—
He mentioned ten million men, mentioned them as having gone west, mentioned them as shoving up the daisies.
We could write it all on a postage stamp, what he said."

Mr. Sandburg has trouble as well as luck with the raw materials of life which he handles and with the raw materials of language which he uses in handling them. Both his trouble and his luck come from his unwillingness, possibly his inability, to accept any help whatever. He will not see with the majority, and thus take advantage of audiences already prepared to thrill with him. He will not touch customary themes, and thus take advantage of the failures or successes of other poets with those themes. He will not select his language from among the tried and prosperous words of poetry, but insists on grabbing up any or all words and hammering them into the shape he chooses. The consequences of his method are that he often strikes off sparks of a peculiar vividness and that he often throws off cinders of no vividness at all, much as their weight may be. To go through his books is to stumble again and again upon heaps of slag, ore never quite melted or ore in some way burned past any use, spread about in a large disorder. Yet here and there from these piles of slag emerge objects of a strangely authentic beauty and grace and tenderness. And over the whole field, what hot, what blue flames leap and dance!

William Jennings Bryan

A Mind Divided against Itself

By Glenn Frank

Any one who is at all concerned about the intellectual and spiritual future of American life is obligated to try to understand the present activities of William Jennings Bryan in the field of religion. Mr. Bryan has always had an almost clairvoyant instinct for sensing the fundamental conflicts of his time, something like a Hebrew prophet's ability for gathering up a mass of latent discontents and dimly felt purposes into a clarified and coherent protest, and a soldier's passion for resolving every conflict into a sharply fought war along a clearly drawn battle-line. Mr. Bryan has always been a representative man, always the voice of some basic protest, always the incarnation of some movement. Biographers may never bother much with Mr. Bryan as a man or a mind, but as a vessel, a voice, a vision, he will always haunt the student who wants to understand this generation.

There is one land of which Mr. Bryan can never be a contented citizen, and that is no-man's land. He was born for the trenches. He is incapable of neutrality. His whole life has been lived in terms of battles in which, as he seemed to believe, all the right was on one side and all the wrong on the other. He thinks in terms of very black black and very white white. The cleansing wind of the critical spirit never blows through his mind. No antiseptic doubts come to him to counteract the poisonous dogmatism that infects all but the most vigilant minds. The word "alternative" is not in his dictionary. In religion his creed is a closed case. He will argue for it, but not about it. He seems to feel that his business is not to hunt for truth, but to defend it. Truth, to him, is a deposit to be guarded, not a growing something to be discovered.

Here, then, are the two reasons why Mr. Bryan is a significant figure to any one who wants to understand the contemporary American scene. He is the authentic voice of a widespread body of current opinion which we must understand if we are to understand our time. And his doubtless dogmatism, his closed creed, his military method of drawing a clear cut battle-line through the religious thought of the day, enable us to isolate the body of religious thought he represents as cleanly and as clearly as a bacteriologist isolates a germ. We can study the phenomenon of Fundamentalism, we can hold its motives and its mental processes up in the light and attempt to understand them without burrowing our way through tons of theological literature and threading our way through the

mazes of ecclesiastical politics. Mr. Bryan *is* Fundamentalism. If we can understand him, we can understand Fundamentalism.

Any careful analysis of Mr. Bryan's significance must, I think, begin with the observation that he is a puzzling paradox, a bundle of irreconcilable contradictions. Perhaps there is no better way to study Mr. Bryan than in terms of these contradictions. Let me suggest six elements of the Bryan paradox and discuss them in turn.

First, Mr. Bryan is a liberal in politics, but a conservative in religion.

Second, Mr. Bryan thinks realistically in politics, but emotionally in religion.

Third, Mr. Bryan trusts human nature in politics, but distrusts it in religion.

Fourth, Mr. Bryan exalts freedom in politics, but defends authority in religion.

Fifth, Mr. Bryan makes righteous action the test in politics, but sets up rightness of belief as the test in religion.

Sixth, Mr. Bryan is most religious when he is discussing politics and least religious when he is discussing religion.

Certain of these statements overlap. They are not as separate as they sound. They do not join neatly like flagstones; they blend as colors do. I have stated them as six distinct elements for the sake of emphasis. Let us see just what these statements imply.

First, *Mr. Bryan is a liberal in politics, but a conservative in religion.* He drives economic radicalism and theological reaction abreast, and apparently does not think they make an ill matched team. Of course Mr. Bryan is not the first man to fall victim to this sort of dualism. In New England, for instance, theological radicalism and social conservatism have often been found under the same hat. This is always likely to happen when theology is divorced from life. And, we must not forget, a liberal theology can be just as remote from life as the most rigid orthodoxy. Theology can become a mere intellectual chess game in the hands of the Modernists as well as in the hands of the Traditionalists. And when that happens, there is little to choose between the two. Not long ago I listened to a medievally orthodox sermon, and left the church intellectually disgusted. Shortly afterward I listened to a liberal preacher, but left the church spiritually hungry. The Traditionalist seemed to me intellectually wrong, the Modernist intellectually right, but to both theology seemed to be only an adventure in intellectual gymnastics. I wanted light, but I was given logic. A search for bread unearthed only a stone. Political liberalism and religious conservatism or theological radicalism and social conservatism when found side by side in the same mind invariably means that theology has become for that mind a lifeless adventure among syllogisms, utterly devoid of any religious significance.

But I am wandering from Mr. Bryan as a specific case in which political liberalism and religious conservatism function in the same mind. In Mr. Bryan's case this can be explained in part, I think, by the fact that Mr. Bryan has always been dominated by an audience. He is essentially an orator. He must have an audience. An audience is to Mr.

Bryan what air is to the lungs. He cannot function without it. Now, the getting and holding of his audience has, I think, unconsciously determined his program and his principles both in politics and in religion. I want to emphasize the word "unconsciously" in that sentence. Mr. Bryan is, I think, wholly sincere. I do not believe that Mr. Bryan would consciously dot an "i" or cross a "t" in a deliberate effort to gain either office or applause. I do not say that his political career has been entirely innocent of compromise. But if such mistakes can be found in his record, I think he would be the first to confess that they were mistakes, and I doubt that he could be prevailed upon to repeat them. Nevertheless, I think he has *unconsciously* gravitated to those principles that, at the moment, best served to get and hold his audience.

But, it may be asked, if liberalism recruited his political audience, why would not liberalism recruit his religious audience? Why, when he enters the field of religion, does he switch to conservatism? There is, I think, an obvious explanation of this paradoxical procedure. Mr. Bryan's political liberalism gathered an audience because it seemed to offer the masses something for nothing. His liberal crusade meant to those who listened to him that something was to be taken away from the "predatory interests" and given to them; it meant to those who heard Mr. Bryan in campaign halls and under Chautauqua tents that money or power was to be transferred from the big business men to the little business men, to the workmen, and to the farmers. And political liberalism is usually preached in terms so general that the masses do not see the price they might have to pay for the proposed reforms. Had Mr. Bryan's liberalism gone, let us say, to the lengths of communism, he would have lost his audience, and his hearers, despite their discontent, would have fled to the conservative camp. For the men in the audience would have said, "That 's all right, if the dividing up is to apply only to the big business men, but we don't want to share what *we* have." As long as liberalism, progressivism, or radicalism means, to the listener, the relatively easy recovery of a "lost birthright," it has and holds an eager audience. That is to say, a political liberalism that seems to be bringing comfort and gifts to the masses will always have a large following; but a political liberalism that comes as a challenge to arduous and expensive adventure into untried fields that may or may not turn out profitably must long content itself with the lonely task of crying in the wilderness.

The reason religious liberalism will not gather the audience that political liberalism gathers is just this: religious liberalism brings to the people a Christianity that has as much challenge in it as it has comfort. Religious conservatism, for all its stern terminology of divine anger, narrow ways, and straight gates, presents Christianity primarily as a comfort, as a means of getting off rather cheaply by the simple device of being sorry and believing something. Religious liberalism challenges men to an adventurous quest for the ultimate realities of life. Religious liberalism does not settle everything nicely and finally for the man in the street. It is religious conservatism that "settles" things

and leaves the man in the street with the feeling that a hearty "Yes, Sir, I believe that," is the extent of the price he has to pay. Had Mr. Bryan become the prophet of religious liberalism, he would have become a voice crying in the wilderness, a thing he has never been, despite the fact that he has been so described for more than half a generation. Mr. Bryan has always been carried on a ground-swell of revolt or a wave of growing popular desire. He has been checked and thwarted year after year in many of his battles by small cliques of men and interests in control of the political and economic machine, thus giving him the appearance of a premature prophet, but he has always preached to rounds of ringing applause.

Thus we see Mr. Bryan holding his audience, always holding his audience, now by liberalism in politics, now by conservatism in religion, but always holding his audience. And, let me repeat, alternating between liberalism and conservatism in these fields more or less unconsciously, never deliberately doing the thing that will hold his audience, acting in perfect sincerity, but simply giving an authentic illustration of the oratorical temperament running true to type.

Second, *Mr. Bryan thinks realistically in politics, but emotionally in religion.* And he makes no bones about it. He uses his head in politics, but his head abdicates in favor of his heart when he enters the field of religion. "The conflict that rages between the mind and the heart," he says, "is the one great conflict in every life. Reason vs. faith is the great issue to-day as in Eden. Faith says obey; reason asks, Why?" He contends that "the heart of mankind is sound," but that "the mind is a machine; it has no morals." Again, he says that "religion is a matter of the heart, and the impulses of the heart often seem foolish to the mind."

Here, again, the inveterate dualism of Mr. Bryan's mind, his tendency to split life into air-tight compartments, comes into play. Now, every such blow at the unity of life only adds to the intellectual confusion and religious perplexity of mankind. No religion can be real that thus sentences to silence and condemns to inactivity one half of a man's nature, and that the half with which, in all other matters, he finds his way about.

This, however, must be said. It has been possible for men like Mr. Bryan to stage this shadow warfare between the head and the heart because of the absurd claims that have been made in behalf of logic. There is a kind of "rationalism" against which Mr. Bryan does well to fight, for it sterilizes and materializes life. No one has, I think, spoken more clearly on this issue of the head *versus* the heart than L. P. Jacks in his little book on "Religious Perplexities." I cannot do better here than to quote him at some length.

"If," says Mr. Jacks, "we limit the word 'rational' to the processes of thought which issue in demonstrations after the manner of mathematical arguments, and if all behaviour is to be termed irrational which involves the taking of a risk, I see no escape from the conclusion that human life is infected with irrationality at its very core. . . . But for my own part, I am not prepared to put these limitations on the word 'rational.' The traditional logic of the schools, on which this notion of rationality is founded, turns out on examination to

cover no more than a departmental activity of the human mind. The type of conclusion to which it leads us is determined in advance by the rules it lays down for its own procedure, in the one department where such procedure is possible. . . .

"The logic in question may be compared to a locomotive engine which can move only on the rails that have been laid down for it; and the philosopher who would apprehend the things of the spirit by the means which it affords him is like a man who rides an engine rather than a horse when he goes to hunt a fox. Logical machinery cannot follow the movement of the live spirit, nor arrest it even for a moment's inspection. Within its own province the rule of the traditional logic is, indeed, absolute. But to make that province co-extensive with the realm of truth, to extend the laws which govern it into the universal laws of spirit is a fatal pedantry. . . . This procedure has no claim whatever to usurp the name of 'reason,' but rather stands condemned as the very type of what is unreasonable."

That this is something far different from Mr. Bryan's wholesale condemnation of reason as a religious instrument becomes clear as Mr. Jacks goes on to say: "There is a coward and a hero in the breast of every man. Each of the pair has a 'logic' of his own adapted to his particular purpose and aim—which is safety for the coward and victory for the hero. . . . Everything the hero proposes is unreasonable to the coward. Everything the coward proposes is detestable to the hero. The hero would pour spikenard on the head of his beloved—that would be victorious. The coward would sell it and give the money to the poor—that would be 'safer.' The coward sees a danger in having children and limits his family. The hero would have many sons. On all such points the coward, judged by the standard of what passes muster as logic, is a better reasoner than the hero. But the hero, though he has less to say for himself, when brought before the seat of judgment, is nearer the fountain head of Reason.

"Religion is a power which develops the hero in a man at the expense of the coward in a man. As the change proceeds there comes a moment when the cowardly method of reasoning, with its eye on safety, ceases to dominate the soul. . . . Thenceforward the man's reason becomes the organ of the new spirit that is in him. . . . His powers as a reasoner are enriched, his survey of the facts more comprehensive, his insight into their significance more penetrating. . . .

"Faith is neither a substitute for reason nor an addition to it. Faith is nothing else than reason grown courageous—reason raised to its highest power, expanded to its widest vision. Its advent marks the point where the hero within the man is getting the better of the coward. . . . A new birth which, while changing all the rest of the man, left his reason unchanged, which turned all the rest of him into a hero, but kept him still reasoning with a coward's logic, would not amount to very much. Unless I am mistaken the new birth must begin in the seat of reason if it is to begin at all."

But aside from all this, as a purely practical matter of effective technic for religious leadership, it is a bootless adventure to try to get the modern man to check his mind at the church

door, as he checks his hat at the door of the dining-room.

Third, *Mr. Bryan trusts human nature in politics, but distrusts it in religion.* His whole political career has been spent in an effort to shift the control of the political and economic life of the country more and more into the hands of the masses. Evidently he believes that human nature can be trusted to do the right thing in politics. Otherwise his whole philosophy of democracy goes to pieces. But the moment he crosses the frontier between politics and religion, he seems to assume that human nature is naturally depraved and cannot, therefore, be trusted to sift evidence and, by the grace of courageous spiritual experimentation, arrive at right conclusions. It is a little difficult to understand how a man can preach the initiative and referendum in politics and natural depravity in religion at one and the same time. But so departmentalized is Mr. Bryan's mind that he seems to manage it without ever sensing the essential contradiction.

Fourth, *Mr. Bryan exalts freedom in politics, but defends authority in religion.* He is a libertarian in politics, but a thoroughgoing authoritarian in religion. As Dr. T. V. Smith says, in an illuminating discussion of "Bases of Bryanism" in a recent issue of "The Scientific Monthly," religious authoritarianism is "a strange doctrine to be enunciated in a democracy by a leading democrat. All philosophers of democracy since de Tocqueville have noted the incompatibility between democracy and any extraneous authority." Clearly there is a fundamental contradiction between Mr. Bryan's religious philosophy of dominance and his political theory of democracy. If natural depravity must be reckoned with at the altar, it must be reckoned with at the ballot-box. Self-depreciation in religion and self-government in politics are mutually contradictory. Any such attempt at a division of human nature is the product of intellectual confusion and spiritual shortsightedness.

Mr. Bryan's easy entertainment of these contradictory conceptions is made possible in part, it seems to me, by the fact that, in religion, he leans so heavily on that "logic" which he affects to distrust as a means of finding the truth in the realm of the spirit. In fact, theology has, through the centuries, been the product of logicians rather than the report of spiritual seers. And to-day it is the instinct as well as the intelligence of the modern man that is revolting against many of its inadequate and unworthy conceptions.

As Dr. Smith has suggested, in his study from which I have already quoted, it is perhaps not without significance that Mr. Bryan's zealous preoccupation with religious authority has increased as his political authority has declined. I have no stomach for the too often strained and fanciful explanations of the motives of public men in which interpreters with a smattering of psychoanalysis like to indulge, but it is an amply verified observation that failure and fatigue frequently turn men to the worship of outside authority. In the deeper sense of the word Mr. Bryan's career has been conspicuously successful. Many, indeed, of his political and economic preachments have been adopted into the law and life of the American people. But in the surface meaning of the word "success" Mr. Bryan's career

has been a failure. That is to say, he has not achieved office and been invested with the authority that would have enabled him personally to carry out his program. It may well be that he feels a certain compensation for this exile from political authority in his ardent advocacy of a religious authority that is, in his theory, exempt from human analysis and assessment. If you cannot win the battle, there is some satisfaction in living above the battle.

Fifth, *Mr. Bryan makes righteous action the test in politics, but sets up rightness of belief as the test in religion.* That is a rather clumsy and inaccurate way of saying what I mean. Of course I do not mean that Mr. Bryan thinks it is not important that men believe the right things in politics and do the right things in religion. I want only to suggest that the theological mind tends to make Christianity a set of doctrines to be believed rather than a way of life. This, it seems to me, means the death of valid religion. There is no spiritual gain when the mind is bullied into the acceptance of a dogma by the threat of authority or the fear of damnation, even if the dogma is true. The mere intellectual assent to a doctrine is no more a spiritual act than getting the right answer to a problem in geometry. For me to convince myself of the "divinity of Jesus" by logical argument does me exactly the spiritual good that extracting the cube root of twenty-seven would do. Truth, as some one has said, is not arrived at in the conflicts of creeds, but in the conflicts of life. "There is," says Mr. Jacks, "only one way in which the truth or falsity of any creed can be demonstrated—that is, by trying whether we can live up to it and observing what happens." The defenders of the faith have never been the stimulators of faith. They have, throughout history, seemed more concerned with the heresies of the mind than with the heresies of morals. I do not have Mr. Bryan especially in mind when I say this, for he is a good man deeply concerned with goodness, but his present theological crusade, like all theological crusades, tends to divert men's minds from creative spirituality to the sterilities of debate. Neither the souls of men nor the institutions of society can be saved by ecclesiastical pettifogging.

As I suggested last month, it was *after* his associates had been with him for many months that Jesus questioned them to find out who they thought he was. He did not make them sign a declaration of assent to any doctrine about himself before accepting them as his fellow-workers; he let them find out who and what manner of person he was by the only method possible, by living and working with him. This, it is needless to point out, is the exact opposite of the theological method of distinguishing between believers and disbelievers. Mr. Bryan would nail a declaration of "fundamental" doctrines on the front of every pulpit, so that congregations might check every sermon against the declaration; and he would demand that the minister who deviated from the declaration resign. Mr. Bryan spoke approvingly of such procedure in a recent magazine article. He was speaking figuratively when he referred to the nailing of a doctrinal declaration on the pulpit, but his purpose was clear. Such a plan, it seems to me, would inevitably substitute the art of spying for the act of worship. And it is, I submit, an utter apostasy

from the spirit and method of the founder of Christianity. It is true that the founder of Christianity challenged men to believe in him, to trust their lives to him, to follow him, and told them that that way lay the abundant life. That challenge, as he uttered it, was a challenge to spiritual adventure, not the challenge to doctrinal definition that it has been made by men who insist that the standardization of beliefs is the only foundation for a spiritual life. Christianity to-day stands in need of apostles rather than apologists. Christianity is a crusade; it is being turned into a debate.

Sixth, *Mr. Bryan is most religious when he is discussing politics and least religious when he is discussing religion.* He has been for a quarter of a century a flaming evangelist of the religion of Jesus. But his evangelism has expressed itself in his political rather than in his theological activities. His "secular" crusade for a more valid democracy and finer justice in our common life has been an authentic preachment of the principles of Jesus. In his battles for political righteousness and economic justice he has preached the gospel *of* Jesus rather than the gospel *about* Jesus with which he has lately concerned himself. Since he has more or less specialized on religious issues, Mr. Bryan has, I think, ceased to be a dynamic religious force and has become simply the special pleader for a paganized Christianity that is not the religion of Jesus, but an apostasy from it, a theological Christianity which, to paraphrase Gibbon, is considered true by the masses, false by the philosophers, and useful by the interests. The spiritual tragedy of Mr. Bryan's life lies, it seems to me, in the fact that a prophet has turned controversialist.

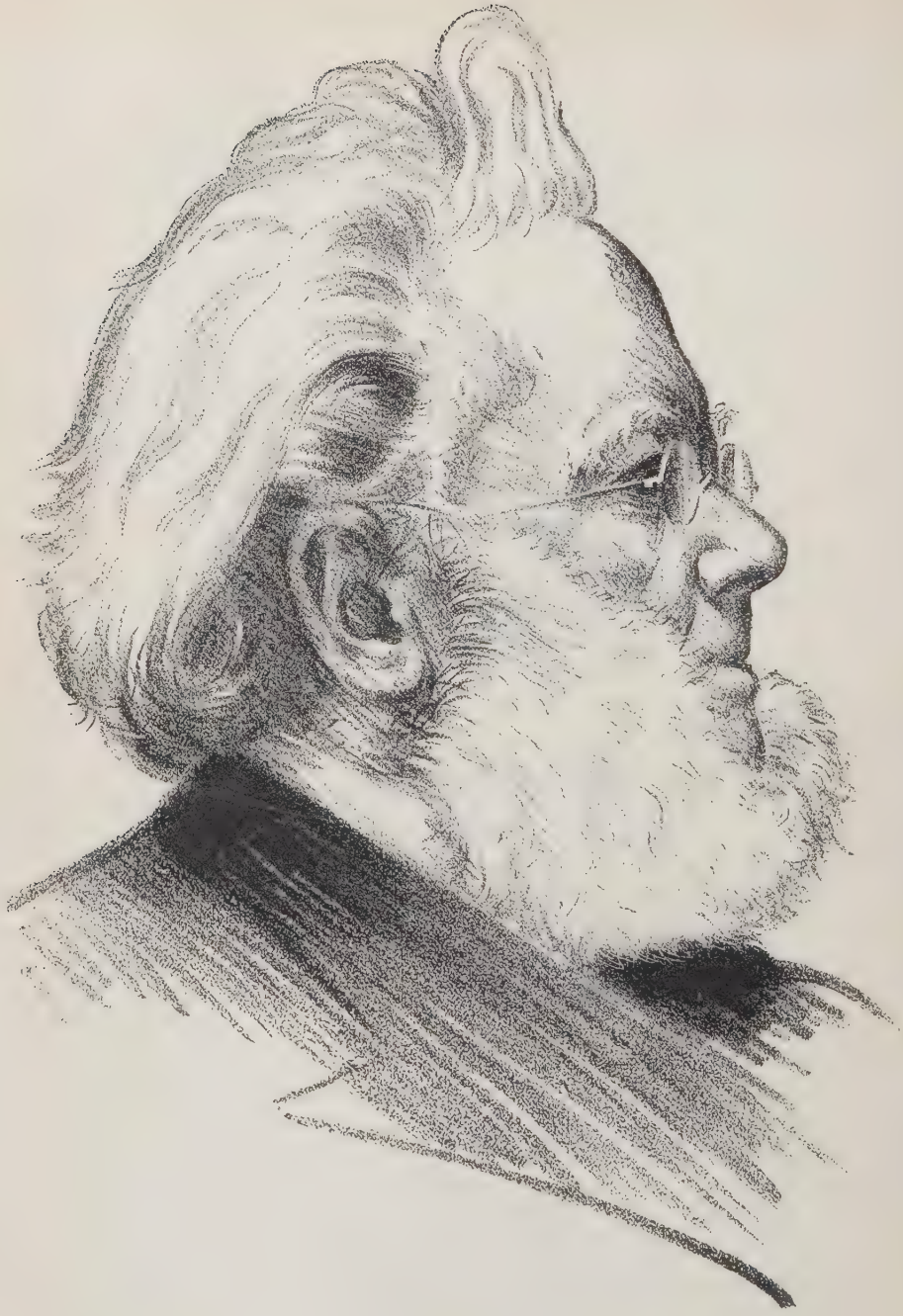
I have said enough to indicate that I think the present crusade for the establishment and enforcement of doctrinal tests throughout the church is in reality an anti-Christian movement running counter to the spirit of Jesus. But, it must be admitted, that the Modernists are in no small measure to blame for the present Fundamentalist movement. The net impression one gains from many liberal sermons is that it is the function of the ministry to harmonize Christianity year by year with the transient doubts of succeeding crops of college graduates, to harmonize Christianity with whatever happens to be the current mode in politics, economics, science, or philosophy. There is a type of Modernist who spends so much energy "adjusting" his religion that he has no energy left to apply it. Now, it is true that Christianity must talk in the vernacular of each succeeding generation, but this does not mean that Christianity must one day be made a sort of pious democracy, the next day a sort of mystical socialism, and the next day a mere sales talk for the latest results of biological research.

Modernism, if it is to be a vital force in contemporary life, must do more than reconstruct theology; it must rediscover the religion of Jesus. It is paganized theology that we must keep adjusting to contemporary thought. If we were wise enough to dispense with it, we should, I think, find a timelessness and a universality about the religion of Jesus that would forever lift it above the sterile controversies on which the Fundamentalists and Modernists alike are wasting so much precious energy.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1923



Henrik Ibsen

The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 106 *October*, 1923 No. 6

Ibsen and Emilie Bardach

Part I—A Drama from the Life of a Dramatist

By Basil King

Drawings by Harry Turner

At Dublin, New Hampshire, in the year 1908, I read the works of Ibsen in the edition at that time recently translated by William Archer for the English-speaking public. In connection with this I read the brief biography of the dramatist by Edmund Gosse. In Gosse's "Life" my curiosity was particularly stirred by the romantic episode in which Fräulein Emilie Bardach has one of the two parts.

With some animation we discussed it in the family. Some of us saw more in it than Gosse had ventured to hint at; some of us saw less; to the best of my recollection none of us took the incident as exactly what it was. But, surprisingly enough, by the autumn of that year we had come to know Emilie Bardach on terms of friendship, and had heard the story from herself.

Its scene was Gossensass, in the Austrian Tyrol. Its importance lay in the fact that it changed the current of Ibsen's thought and the nature of his output. "He was overwhelmed with a passion," writes Gosse, "and yet made it serve as material for his plays. From this time onwards every dramatic work of his bears the stamp of the hours spent among the roses at Gossensass."

Except for the brief account in Gosse's "Life," this episode has never yet been given to the public. Even Gosse could narrate it but partly, for the reason that he had not the full information. Emilie Bardach has now, however, placed in my hands not only the twelve letters written to her by Ibsen, but the diary she kept during the months in which the intimacy between herself and him began, developed, and, without dying, passed away into the spirit. Many small details, too, she has given me both by letter and by word of mouth, putting me in a position in which, I think, I can tell the tale with as much understanding as any third person could

Copyright, 1923, by The Century Co. All rights reserved.

bring to it. But before doing that I must explain a little more at length how it was that I, so remote from all the circumstances, came to be given this authority.

§ 2

Leaving Dublin, New Hampshire, in September, 1908, I proceeded with my family to Munich. Here we spent the winter at the Hotel Continental, which many Americans will remember as a quiet old establishment with what I suppose would be called an aristocratic clientele. Year after year the same people spent the winter there. They came from the near-by castles in Bavaria, from Vienna, from St. Petersburg, from Budapest, from London, from New York. People of means and position, they loved Munich because of its music or its galleries or its quietness. A few like ourselves were there for the education of their children. Within the hotel we formed a society not unlike that in an American summer hotel, or during a long voyage on board ship. One could not lunch and dine, and sit about in the public rooms, day in and day out for six or eight months, with the same set of people, without breaking the ice between oneself and one's fellow-creatures any more than one could do it on a liner's deck.

So it fell out that I found myself addressed one evening by a lady speaking English with the soft, crisp foreign accent which gives to our tongue an exceptional charm. What was odd about the incident was that I held in my hand the very volume of Gosse's "Life of Ibsen" from which I had been reading in the previous summer in New Hampshire. Ibsen, in 1908, was not only a topic of discussion everywhere, and especially in America, where he was a relatively new discovery, but a cycle of his plays was at that minute being given in Munich. To two strangers, meeting in such fashion, with nothing in common to talk about, he was one of the readiest subjects.

My own interest in him was keen. With the exception of "Ghosts," which I had seen on the stage in Boston, his work was new to me that year; his career and personality were quite unknown to me. The lady talked of him with so much knowledge that a door in the blank wall of my ignorance was thrown wide open. After she had risen and, with her peculiar gentle dignity, said good night, my curiosity was such that I went to the concierge to ask who she was. He wheeled round his book, which stood on a revolving-desk, pointing to her name: "Fräulein Emilie Bardach, Wien." I had met the lady about whom the book in my hand had already told me, and whose heart history had been so much in my mind for the last three months.

Little by little we became friendly, and finally almost intimate. I have said that she told us the story of her friendship with Ibsen, by which I mean she told us what had already been given to the public, but not much more. That anything at all should be given to the public of a secret supposed to be sealed within two hearts, one of which had ceased to beat in 1906, cannot but seem altogether strange.

But secrets sealed between two hearts have a way of seeping out of them. It will be seen later that Ibsen himself was not wholly discreet. To a man, a friend of Edmund Gosse, and

to a woman, a professor's wife at Gossensass, he, partly at least, betrayed himself. Another woman had surprised something, we do not know what, but enough to call forth her comments. In a small summer resort, where people have little to do, gossip, especially about persons of importance, runs like wild-fire. We may take it for granted that the secret supposed to be sealed within two hearts was shared by a good many.

It is certain that at the time of Ibsen's death in May, 1906, the existence of a correspondence was suspected. When, in September of that year, the letters were actually published, there was consternation among Ibsen's friends. That such an episode could have marked the experience of an elderly man whose previous life had been so austere seemed to them incredible. Gosse says of it in a footnote, "It was quite unknown until the correspondence—which has not been translated into English—was published by Georg Brandes at the desire of the lady herself."

As to the last statement there is some disagreement and confusion, but with that the American reader has little concern. The letters did appear. Half of the tale was told. It has been told now for nearly twenty years. The main incident is a generation behind us, in a world condition that seems to have existed before a great flood. More and more Ibsen takes his place as one of the classic figures of the world. He belongs to time. The public has a right to any detail which reveals him. The episode in question has the greater significance in that it is the single glimpse we ever get into a burning, raging inner life which on the outside was as cold and stern as the glaciers of his native mountains. The whole tale can surely now be told without indiscretion. It is too far past for the rifling of any of those holy places all men keep locked and barred.

§ 3

At the time I met Emilie Bardach she was in the habit of spending her winters in the little Munich coterie I have already spoken of, going later to Paris for the spring, to London for the season, and often to Scotland for country-house gatherings. In other words, she was a woman of the world. She was also a musician and a linguist. Gentle in manner, soft of voice, dressed with the distinction of which Viennese women have long possessed the art, she had about her that something intriguing to curiosity of which Ibsen had felt the spell.

He called it enigmatic, the puzzling quality which defied that fury of his to probe to the depths of motives and happenings and discover what they were. Here, apparently, he found himself baffled, the baffling adding to the charm. Had he been able to read at a glance, or even after many glances, the girl whom he met at Gossensass, the passion which shook him as a whirlwind shakes a tree would probably never have arisen. But the secret behind the calm gaze of her eyes, behind a self-possession too withdrawn and unconscious to seem wholly of this world, appears to have eluded him to the very end.

The only daughter of a Viennese gentleman of means, Emilie Bardach moved in the best social life of Vienna till both her parents had died. Being then left free and independent, with

an only brother resident in England, much of her time was spent out of Austria. In this way the years followed each other till the breaking out of war brought, as it did to the majority of Austrians, an overthrow of fortune unexpected and appalling.

War caught her at Bern, in Switzerland, as safe a place as possible for a woman unused to hardship and no pressing ties. The situation of her brother was what disturbed her most. An Englishman in all but legal nationality, "it broke his heart," she wrote me from Bern, "to find himself a foe in the country he adored. When he joined me here at the Bernerhof he found, living in the hotel, the English attaché, as well as Colonel Picot, the French attaché, with his wife and daughter, all old friends of his. He told me then that he must leave Bern at once, so as not to embarrass them. As diplomats they were not allowed to stay under the same roof with an enemy, and he was anxious not to put them in a false position. Withdrawing to Zurich, he died there within a few weeks. This is my tragedy. Nothing can ever hurt me any more."

But she was not let off so easily. Little by little money began to come from Vienna less frequently, and with the exchange increasingly against it when it came. In time it was virtually worthless. Then it ceased. Work became a necessity. The situation of an upper-class woman, suddenly obliged to earn her bread after a lifetime in the enjoyment of a comfortable income, alone in a foreign country crowded with refugees in the same unhappy plight, would move us more had it not become a commonplace.

In the summer of 1889 Emilie Bardach accompanied her mother to Gossensass, a small resort between Innsbruck and Botzen, in the Austrian Tyrol. For five years previously Ibsen had made this picturesque mountain village, close to the Brenner Pass, and so on the direct line of his journeys between Italy and Germany, his summer headquarters. A world figure by this time, he was naturally the great man of the town. Each season an Ibsen fête was organized by residents and tourists, while the principal open place had received the name of the Ibsen-Platz.

§ 4

The poet was now sixty-one years of age. He had weathered most of the storms of his tempestuous career. What was before him was to be, outwardly at least, a continuous advance from a high peak of fame to a higher one. Not only in the Scandinavian countries, but in Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy, he was recognized as the most daring and original dramatist of the nineteenth century. In France and England he had his following among the intellectual, though in America he was scarcely known, as among the rank and file of Americans he is little known to-day.

At the time he met Emilie Bardach he had written all but two or three of his great successes, and on one of them, "Hedda Gabler," he was mentally at work. "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "Ghosts," "The Doll's House," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," with other works less well known to the American reader, were all behind him. Stone by stone he had built up his fame through the struggle and the suffering

of a Titan. He had been alone against the world with a desolating loneliness such as few of the world's conquerors have ever had to endure. Most of them have had some degree of backing, some friend or relative, some teacher or disciple, to have confidence in their gifts. Ibsen had no one, or no one who could be of use to him. Jeanne d'Arc riding forth from Domremy to deliver France was a less solitary figure than Ibsen coming up from the bleak Norwegian village where for six years he had been behind an apothecary's counter, with his poor little play, "The Warrior's Barrow," in his pocket. Jeanne d'Arc at least rode into a country which knew its need of a savior. Norway knew of no need of an Ibsen, and still less did the world.

The fact of Ibsen's isolation in an isolated part of Europe explains to some degree the flooding of his being with youth and charm when the dam which the years had erected suddenly gave way. He had never had time for youth and charm. To do his work, to deliver his soul, against the dead weight of his country's pressure crushing him back, he had been obliged to shut out of his life all but the grimmest bracing of his efforts. It must be remembered that at the time he came forth Norway was scarcely a country, had scarcely a language or a consciousness of nationality. Long subject to Denmark, she was now in essence subject to Sweden, and had but little will to assert herself. All that was suave and civilized in manners, in literature, and on the stage was Danish. Nominally independent, she was still at heart colonial. Except for a handful of radicals, she asked for no Ibsen, no literature, no language of her own. She was less articulate than Scotland before there was a Burns or a Walter Scott. The upper classes, conservative, provincial, and narrow, as Ibsen has portrayed them, spoke their own dialect while they were at home, but Danish when they went abroad. Resenting a prophet of their own tongue and blood, they bent all their strength to dishonor him.

But by 1889 the battle was at an end, the victory remaining with the Titan. The older men and women who had opposed him were in their dotage or their graves. In as far as he had had help, he had got it from the young. The eager, the hot-headed, the rebellious, impatient of sham, hypocrisy, and obscurantism in social and religious life, had found in him their spokeman. Youth had hailed him, had fought for him, had crowned him, and now at sixty-one, for the first time in his life, he had leisure to pause and consider what youth was.

He had never been young himself. The son of poor seafaring people, he had had little education, and few of the companionships of school. Those who could recall him as he was in his adolescent days remembered only an uncouth lad tramping the wild shores in solitude. In his happiest period he had not much capacity for friendship, and none at all for general society. Bitter, silent, aloof, he gave out as little of his heart as possible, receiving little from any other heart in consequence.

Of romance in his life there had scarcely been a trace. A young girl had once thrown some wild-flowers in his face, and run away laughing, the incident being so rare with him in type that it left behind it a long, long memory. His marriage to Susannah

Thoreson appears to have been one of those sensible Teutonic marriages in which a man who has personal needs to be looked after secures a faithful person to look after them. It was what was known in Scandinavia as a happy marriage, in that the wife stayed at home with her domestic cares while the husband went alone before the world.

As a matter of fact, great geniuses seem to have two strongly contrasting attitudes toward personal romance. In one group, represented, let us say, by Shakspere and Goethe, romance is active; in the other, of which we may take Dante and Ruskin as the first haphazard types, romance is a phase of the imaginative life, and hardly comes out of it. Dante's romance was with Beatrice, whom he saw but once in his life and never addressed, though he lived a married life of varied experience with Gemma Donati. Ruskin's romance was in brick and stone, in mountain and lake, so that he could see his Euphemia pass over to John Millais almost without a regret. Ibsen may be classed in this second group. Of heart and passion not much remained over from his work. Except for this single flash of extraordinary violence struck out of him by a girl of eighteen, no woman seems ever to have given Susannah Thoreson a minute's disquietude. In the urgency of what he had to do there was no time for women except as elements in the human comedy, as men were. He studied women, no man ever more closely; but only as he had studied his drugs and herbs at Grimstad, to grind them with mortar and pestle.

The revenge came unexpectedly: it was curious; it was lasting. According to his English biographer, writing of the end of Ibsen's life, "the profound wound that his heart had received so long before at Gossensass was unhealed to his last moment of consciousness." It is difficult to think of another case in which romance was stemmed so long, but swept in so overwhelmingly when once the dike had given way.

§ 5

Ibsen was late that year at Gossensass, but he came in time for the Ibsen fête, which took the form of a concert.

"The weather is very bad," Emilie Bardach enters in her diary, under the date of August 5, "and we cannot make any excursions. The day of the Ibsen fête has been the only fine one; but I washed my hair and could not go. After the concert, however, I made his acquaintance in a way quite delightful."

After the concert he seems to have gone to walk in the Pflerschthal, a valley on the outskirts of the town, with a stream flowing through it, and a view of mountains and glaciers. Here he saw a girl with a book seated on a bench. He had seen her there before, turning on her that penetrating, short-sighted gaze he brought to bear on every one. His habit of bending slightly forward, as if the person under inspection were of special interest and importance, called for attention in response. The man of sixty-one and the girl of eighteen had more than once examined each other with that mutual gaze which breaks down barriers and forms introductions.

He saw a child, a woman; young girl was scarcely the term. A child's innocence and wonder, a child's air of inexperience and yet of timeless experience, were in her soft eyes, in her

Emilie Bardach

soft expression, in the dignified poise of her head. There were also a child's self-possession and absence of self-consciousness. At the same time there was a woman's presence, at least some of a woman's knowledge of the world, and a woman's awareness that a very great man was passing by.

The very great man was little of stature, with little hands and little feet, but a huge lion-like head, with a shock of iron-gray hair. He had a hard, tight-lipped mouth, Victorian mutton-chop whiskers, and was tightly buttoned into a Victorian frock-coat. He was not prepossessing, except in so far as fame and the air of being famous carry prepossession in themselves.

The girl knew that she was looking at one of the few great men of the world. She knew that this special great man, every time he passed her, bent on her a keen, investigating look, as if searching in her face for something he had lost or never found. On this day, "after the concert," she answered that look, involuntarily and without coquetry, with a little smile.

He came and sat beside her on the bench, taking a liberty easily granted to the monarch of the country-side. He learned her name, her parentage, her home residence, and the fact that in Gossensass they lived so near together that his windows looked into hers. As he was never very easy in his manner, she writes him down as shy.

That further meetings had had some little significance we judge from the next entry in the diary, which says simply, "His wife and son being here now we meet very seldom." But a boresome birthday party a few days later had this mitigation that "at least it brought me near Ibsen again, who introduced me to his wife. It is a pity that German gives him so much difficulty, as apart from that we understand each other so well."

After a few days of illness, which confined her to the house, Ibsen came to see her, climbing over the garden gate to do so. "He remained with me a long while, and was both kind and sympathetic." A little later: "We talk a great deal together. His ardor ought to make me proud."

On each side a feeling was beginning to spring up which neither had reason to suspect, and so to forestall. It was assumed that the difference in age and position would put the deeper emotions out of the question. It is she who is first afraid of them.

"Ibsen has begun to talk to me quite seriously about myself. He stayed a long time with me on Saturday, and also again this evening. Our being so much together cannot but have some powerful influence over me. He puts such strong feeling into what he says to me. His words often give me a sensation of terror and cold. He talks about the most serious things in life, and believes in me so much. He expects from me much, much, more than, I am afraid, he will ever find. Never in his whole life, he says, has he felt so much joy in knowing any one. He never admired any one as he admires me. But all in him is truly good and noble. What a pity it is that I cannot remember all his words! He begs me so intensely to talk to him freely, to be absolutely frank with him, so that we may become fellow-workers together."

The effect on the girl was evident. She was pleased, awed, frightened, gratified, in a measure overwhelmed; but one may doubt if she was in love.

For love there were plenty of younger men, with a stronger appeal to youth. Rather, she was like some mortal maiden to whom a god unexpectedly comes down, veiling his passion beneath wise counsels and lofty sentiments. She was both happy and bewildered, hardly knowing what to make of anything but the honor.

For the poet it was wonder and delight. For the first time in his life he had discovered youth, charm, and loveliness. What would have come simply in the twenties is at sixty-one a marvel and a mystery. He was a *Faust* grown magically young again in heart, if not in outward form. The outward form makes the difference and the tragedy. "Oh, you can always love," he said about this time to a friend of Edmund Gosse; "but I am happier than the happiest, for I am beloved." He believed it. No doubt she believed it, too. But the gulf of forty-three years is a deep and wide one to cross.

By the middle of September things had gone so far that she writes: "Mama has just gone out, so that I have the room to myself. At last I am free to put down the incredible things of these recent days. How poor and insufficient are the words! Tears say these things better. Passion has come when it cannot lead to anything, when both of us are bound by so many ties. Eternal obstacles! Are they in my will? Or are they in the circumstances?"

Everything else she had known as loved paled in contrast with the convulsion she now saw shaking her world.

"How could I compare anything else that has happened to an outpouring like this? It could never go so far, and then . . . !"

The break is her own. The thought was in her mind, but she dared not utter it. She swung off to Baron A——, the only lover who afforded a standard of comparison.

"But how much calmer he was!—how inarticulate!—beside this volcano, so terribly beautiful! Yesterday afternoon we were alone together at last. Oh, the words!—if they could only have stamped themselves on my heart more deeply and distinctly! All that has been offered me before was only the pretense at love. This is the true love, the ideal, he says, to which without knowing it he gave himself in his art. At last he is a real poet through pain and renunciation. And yet he is glad of having known me—the most beautiful! the most wonderful! Too late! How small I seem to myself that I cannot spring to him!"

Prudence and the obvious facts had to be considered. Good Fru Ibsen, so sure of her mate, knew nothing of what was happening in the Pflerschthal, or in a certain big embrasured window, filled with plants, and convenient for tête-à-tête conversations. Even Frau Bardach seems not to have divined her child. The long dormant volcano had burst into violent eruption, overwhelming the village nestling at its feet, but no human eye had as yet caught a glimpse of it.

"The obstacles!—how they grow more numerous, the more I think of them! The difference of age!—his wife!—his son!—all that there is to keep us apart! Must it have come? Could I have foreseen it? Could I have prevented it? When he talks to me as he does I often feel that I must go away from here—far away!—and yet I suffer at the thought of leaving

him. I suffer most from his impatience, his restlessness. I begin to feel it now even when we are in the salon, quite apart from each other."

It is not strange that she should examine her conscience, and yet she must acquit herself of having led him on. She herself was the fascinated one, a child amazed at a flame.

"It all came to me so suddenly! I noticed first how he began to change his regular ways of life, but I did n't know what it meant. Of course I was flattered at his sympathy, at being distinguished among the many who surround him, eager for a word."

But this natural sense of being honored is all the guilt of which she can accuse herself. The village at the foot of the volcano cannot be to blame because the mountain breaks into fire.

The days went on. Gossensass is high among the eastern Alps. There was an early snow-storm. The guests began to leave. We have the first hint of separation.

"And I have nothing to give him, not even my picture, when he is giving me so much. But we both feel that it is best to remain outwardly as strangers."

Remaining outwardly as strangers, there were no family suspicions.

"His wife shows me much attention. Yesterday I had a long talk with his son." There might have been some of the dramatist's own symbolism in the next brief entry: "I am reading Ibsen's *Love's Comedy*, but if any one comes I am seen holding Beaconsfield's *Endymion* in my hands. Nearly every one has gone. The days we have still to spend here can now be counted. I don't think about the future. The present is too much. We had a long talk together in the forenoon, and after lunch he came again and sat with me. What am I to think? He says it is to be my life's aim to work with him. We are to write to each other often; but what am I to write?"

If Fru Ibsen and Frau Bardach saw nothing, other guests in Gossensass were more perspicacious. The Titan began to let himself go. One sensitive lady in whom he confided was so overcome at sight of a god's passion that she fainted. A younger and calmer woman, whose eyes were opened at last, spoke to Emilie Bardach of whatever incident she had witnessed as "beautiful and terrible as an Alpine thunderstorm. She wonders that I do not lose my head. She says that she herself would have been absolutely overcome. This consoles me. I do not seem so weak."

We reach the middle of September. I cannot but guess that on the nineteenth of that month something of a special nature must have happened. In "The Master Builder," where this whole episode is transmuted into a dramatic song, *Hilda* reminds *Solness* that it was on the nineteenth of September that he had come to her when she was a child, taken her in his arms, bent back her head, kissed her many times, and promised her a kingdom of joy and triumph with himself. Twice in this play, based on what happened at Gossensass, the date is oddly stressed. On the following day, the twentieth, he summed up the whole situation in a cry which uttered not only his own personal tragedy, but all that is most poignant in the tragedy of man. In her album he wrote:

"High, unhappy happiness, to strive for the unattainable—*Hohes, schmerzliches Gluck um das Unerreichbare zu ringen!*"

To strive for the unattainable was a high, unhappy happiness—true; but he could n't give up so striving. The only goal he could take as a goal was the impossible. The more obviously impossible an aim appeared, the more he was driven by that *dæmon* which the Norsemen call a troll to struggle toward it.

"Have you never noticed, Hilda," *Solness*, who more than any other character in his plays was Ibsen himself, asks in "The Master Builder," "how the Impossible seems to beckon and cry aloud to one?"

It was the temptation of these autumn days in the Alps, to achieve the impossible, to reach the unattainable. Madly and blindly this man, outwardly so cold and self-centered, was urged to it, as his own *Solness* was urged to it, by a spirit stronger than himself.

§ 6

But we approach the beginning of the end. It is the forenoon of September the 27.

"Our last day at Gossensass. Then nothing but memory will remain. Two weeks ago memory seemed to Ibsen so beautiful, and now. . . ."

Once more the break is her own. Now, apparently, memory was not enough.

"He says that to-morrow he will stand on the ruins of his happiness. These last two months are more important in his life than everything that has gone before. Am I not reasonable to be so terribly quiet and normal?"

"Terribly quiet and normal!" I must ask the reader to observe that in the records of this girl there is nothing morbid or hysterical. If there was anything hysterical or morbid in her nature, it would have betrayed itself here. We have had enough of the diaries of girls in the stress of emotion, the Marie Bashkirtseffs of the race, to know that in this secret confessional they pour out everything. But all Emilie Bardach's statements were honest and matter-of-fact. She was not an over-romantic young creature making much out of little. Still less was she a baleful young *Vivien* weaving her spells about *Merlin* in his old age. I lay some stress on this, because there is another version of the story, accredited to Ibsen himself, which gives another color to the incident. It is told by William Archer in his preface to "The Master Builder," and that the reader may be aware of it I repeat it here.

In February, 1891, Ibsen was waiting for a train at Berlin, and while waiting lunched with Dr. Julius Elias. "An expansive mood descended upon Ibsen, and chuckling over his champagne glass, he said: 'Do you know, my next play is already hovering before me—of course in vague outline. But of one thing I have got firm hold; an experience; a woman's figure. Very interesting, very interesting indeed. Again a spice of deviltry in it.' Then he related how he had met in the Tyrol a Viennese girl of very remarkable character. She had at once made him her confidant. The gist of her confessions was that she did not care a bit about one day marrying a well brought up young man—most likely she would never marry. What tempted and charmed and delighted her was to lure other women's husbands away from them. She was a little demonic wrecker; she often appeared to him like a little bird of prey,

that would fain have made him too her booty. He had studied her very, very closely. For the rest she had no great success with him. 'She did not get hold of me, but I got hold of her—for my play. Then I fancy she consoled herself with someone else.'"

It is not my object to defend Emilie Bardach. In her story I am trying to find nothing but its literary and dramatic value. But I am obliged to say that of the "demonic wrecker," of the "bird of prey," there is no more trace in her diary than in her personality. Of the diary I am giving every line in which Ibsen is mentioned, except for some occasional reference to trivial happenings. I repeat again that it is an honest little diary, much more like that of a child than of the lurid temptress of the German scholar's tale, and with much more of amazement in it than of satisfied feminine vanity.

"These things are very complex," Edmund Gosse observes, in connection with Dr. Elias's anecdote, "and not to be readily dismissed, especially on the rough and ready English system. There would be give and take in such a complicated situation, when the object was, as Ibsen says, out of reach, *unversichtbar*. There was no question that for every pang Hilda made her ancient lover suffer, he would enrich his imagination with a dozen points of experience. There is no paradox in saying that the poet was overwhelmed with a passion, and yet made it serve as material for his plays."

It is the poet's passion we are now considering, reserving his use of it till we come to his letters on the subject, and so we return to that twenty-seventh of September, 1889, at Gossensass.

"Last evening when mama went to talk to his wife he came over and sat at our table. We were quite alone. He talked about his plans. I alone am in them—I, and I again. I feel quieter because he is quieter, though yesterday he was terrible."

That was still in the forenoon. During the day the poet must have descried more clearly the end to which he was so recklessly rushing on. As we get his side of the story, guardedly as he tells it, we find it referred to again. The impossible was to be achieved at all costs. The entry is late at night.

"He means to possess me. This is his absolute will. He intends to overcome all obstacles. I do what I can to keep him from feeling this, and yet I listen as he describes what is to lie before us—going from one country to another—I with him—enjoying his triumphs together."

In my own reading of this entry the pathos lies in the fact that while the older heart was very nearly breaking, the younger remained essentially untouched. The imagination was aflame, as how should it not be? and at eighteen heart and imagination lie so near together that they often cannot be told apart. The man, for one wild moment at least, was ready to go all lengths, while the girl remained sweet, virginal, remote, hardly comprehending the depths within the words she was writing in her diary. As a woman she knew what they implied; but as a child they were outside her range. In her very next sentences, without a change of paragraph, as if all were on the same level of emotion, she goes on to state that Dr. T—— had amused them much with his high spirits, and mama had been afraid

to stay in the dining-room because of the mice.

It is precisely this virginal inscrutability which he, who had penetrated all other masks, could not see behind, that enraged him to something like frenzy. From coquetry he would have fled. The return of his love by one already a woman of the world would have satisfied him quickly. But here was the one thing whose defiance led him on and maddened him, the pure enigma.

"Our parting was easier than I had feared."

The express from Verona to Vienna passed through Gossensass about three in the morning. When about half past two the ladies emerged from the hotel, they found him standing at the door. He went with them to the station.

The details of departure were prosaic. A few officials; a porter or two; the puffing of the locomotive in the brief wait at the little mountain town. It was all over quickly, the lamps of the engine alone lighting their good-by.

(The end of the first part of "Ibsen and Emilie Bardach.")

"Cottage." Woodcut by W. H. Esherick

The Single Crop

Its Social Consequence in the South

By Frank Tannenbaum

The beautiful, sunny South is afflicted with a plague, a white plague—cotton. This is the outstanding fact about the South, especially the rural South, and it is mainly rural. Indeed, cotton, instead of being a blessing, a beneficent, fortunate thing, is almost a curse. It certainly is a burden and a drag upon the life and spirit of the people in the South. Cotton is not only king; it is tyrant, and the people of the South, old and young, are its slaves. I say this deliberately, purposefully, and say it despite the fact that cotton has been the pride and the boast, almost the worship, of the people whom it has taxed beyond mercy.

To the cotton crop is to be charged not only the poverty of the rural community, not only much of the difficulty of the race problem, not only the spoliation of one of the richest soils in America, not only farm tenancy, not only the low standards of living and the small money income, but the eternal friction between debtor and creditor, the laziness, near-peonage, monotonous diet and its influence upon health, the lack of proper schooling,—really the impossibility of maintaining schools,—the constant migration of the farmer, the lack of civic interest and of civic pride, the neglect of politics, the migration to the mills, the absence of attractive homes, the lack of cattle, and the shortage of milk for growing children. All of these evils are chargeable to the cotton crop, directly or indirectly.

The list is not complete. One must add another thing—spiritual stagnation. Cotton-growing limits interest, limits technic, limits spiritual growth, makes people narrow, single-grooved, helpless, and subjects them to what one man has called "the new slavery"—a slavery of whites as well as of colored.

The cotton-grower of the South is not a farmer. He thinks he is; but this is mainly a delusion—a delusion shared by other people. The fact of the matter is that the cotton-producer is either a petty speculator staking his fortunes upon the price of cotton, or a laborer working for a meager and indefinite money income. The majority of cotton-growers are tenants, and a tenant is a laborer who has sold his heritage for the doubtful privilege of being "run" by another human being, a more fortunate one.

We think of the American farmer as an independent, upstanding, self-sufficient person. We picture a family unit living on its own land and asking favors from no man, except that of being let alone. This picture is not descriptive of the cotton tenant.

He does not own the soil he tills. He does not work for himself. He does not own the house that shelters him. He does not raise sufficient food for his family. He frequently does not keep cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, chickens, ducks, pigeons, or geese. He does not plant an orchard and watch it come to fruition. He does not stock his barns with feed and fodder. He does not live in the same county for generations. He does not raise a family of stalwart sons who settle on the ancestral home and improve their heritage. He does not have a cellar stocked with manifold preserves, canned fruits, and salted meats, with barrels of cider to sweeten the winter evenings. There is no pride in the home, no pride in the fruits of the earth, no self-sufficiency, no independence, no true citizenship. He is a kept man. He is "run" by the local merchant. Even the owner too frequently depends upon the local merchant to supply him with food for his family, with tools for his farm, with work animals, and with seed for his crop.

Southern tenancy is a white man's problem. Two thirds of the tenants in this region belong to the race that claims the best of the world's traditions for itself. But they have become propertyless, homeless migrants. The tenant farmer in the United States moves, on the average, every two years. In the single-crop areas, cotton and tobacco, restlessness seems more insistent, and he moves more frequently; in many instances every year, sometimes every six months. They carry their few belongings with them; their children, a little bedding, an occasional cow, a mule, a dog. They seek another farm, a more fruitful one, while the landlord scrutinizes prospective tenants, on the lookout for one better than the last. The cropper, of whom this transiency is most true, forms one fourth of the tenant class, 225,000 in number. "The cropper owns nothing but the simple things in and around the cabin. Usually he owns no work-stock and no farm implements, or not enough to count in the year's bargain with the landlord—land, dwelling, fire-wood, work-stock, implements, and from time to time small advances of money and pantry supplies to help him produce the crop are supplied by the landlord."

The single crop demands two things that are beyond the farmer's reach—extensive credit and elaborate marketing machinery. He needs much credit, because his crop compels him to live on a money economy. His farm ceases to be a self-sufficing unit, raising almost all of its vegetable food and depending upon its home-grown animals for meat.

Tenancy is increasing in all cotton areas. The farmer wants money, the tenant wants money, the cropper wants money, and in their efforts to get it, each of them increases his burden of debt.

The single crop makes the farmer dependent upon a money income. His money, however, comes but once a year, and so he has to borrow against his crop. The failure of a crop or the over-production of the crop leaves him in debt. To escape his indebtedness he increases his money-crop acreage and neglects his subsidiary crops' food, animal fodder, and other things that would ease the burden of indebtedness by making him less dependent upon the creditor, the local bank,

the local merchant. What he needs is money, and in his effort to increase his money income he places himself in a position where he has to purchase for cash many of the things that he could easily raise for himself if he were not so anxious to escape his indebtedness. His attempt to escape the money-lender enmeshes him more securely in his clutches.

This lure of the money crop has led to the path that thousands have followed from ownership to tenancy. What is true of the owner is still truer of the tenant. He is in greater want. He has less security to offer. He is a poorer man, and he needs the money more. His interest charges are likely to be heavier, sometimes twenty per cent. heavier, his purchase greater in proportion, his indebtedness more cumulative. Instead of coming out even at the end of the year, he is a little behind. He must begin borrowing for the next year as soon as his crops are sold. This eternal penury is still more characteristic of the cropper. The cotton-grower has ceased to be a free man. He is a dependent, a humble subject of the creditor.

§ 2

The local creditor is a consequential personage in the community. He has accumulated much land in the years since the Civil War. Some of it accrued to him by foreclosure, some of it cheaply when the overtaxed farmer sold out and departed for the city, or gave up the struggle and became a tenant. The creditor usually lives in a neighboring town. He is the important local merchant and banker. He is the master of the destinies of the community. In some counties there are forty or more, in others, according to close students of the situation, only two or three such men. The acceptance of credit by the cotton-grower is synonymous with the renunciation of freedom. The creditor becomes the dictator of the farming operations. He has to do it. He must know how much cotton his debtor will grow, for cotton is the money crop. His reimbursement depends upon the amount of cotton grown. He therefore stipulates for an excessive acreage of cotton. In extending credit, he takes into consideration the number of hands (children) that there are to do the work. He decides the extent, the kind, and the amount of crops to be grown. He supervises the planting, the cultivating, and the harvesting. He prods the negligent and pats the industrious. Cotton is a precarious crop, and he has to protect himself against possible loss. Neglect, disease, climatic influences, sickness, idleness on the part of the debtor, the possibility of a poor crop—any of the thousand vicissitudes of the single crop may interfere. He has to charge a heavy interest. He does that to defend himself. It is the only condition that makes credit extension possible. But this situation increases the speed with which a single-crop area is forced into tenancy, into dependence upon the creditor, into dislike of the creditor, into viewing the creditor as the great and conspiring enemy of the farmer. If the crop fails, the farmer has to pay. If the crop is a bumper one, then he has to pay again. He has overproduced, and his product is a drug upon the market.

The creditor has been accused of

being rapacious. The charge is probably undeserved. He has simply protected himself in a hazardous undertaking. He had to be business-like; for cotton-growing is a business, a commercial, not a farming, operation. The debtor, too, is often lazy. People have said that he is in debt because he is lazy. But that is again unfair. He is lazy because he is in debt. Hard work seems to make things worse rather than better.

The local merchant is frequently the creditor. He sells to the tenant his implements, his food, his seed, his mules, his wagon. Everything that the debtor requires is purchased from the same source. It has to be. These things are sold on time and at great risk. This makes prices disproportionate. The cash purchaser may save as much as twenty per cent. The cumulative effect of all these factors drives the community to an ever-increasing excess of cotton-growing. And the increasing cotton acreage strengthens the hold of the creditor upon the cotton-planters.

The creditor class dominates the rural community. They own the fertilizer-plants, the oil-mills, the banks, the warehouses. They dictate what shall be grown and by whom. They are the politicians, and control the political destinies of the community. They dictate the election of the sheriff, who sees to it that the lien laws are enforced to their satisfaction. The local judge, the member of the legislature, the district congressman, are their protégés. They are masters of the community politically as well as economically.

This is the first of the important consequences of the cotton crop. It leads to a concentration of land, of economic power, and of political influence in the hands of a small group of creditors, and reduces the actual growers of cotton to a state of dependence upon them not unlike that of the worker upon that of his employer.

The facts of the tenancy in the single-crop area are startling. Their spiritual and social consequences are deplorable in the last degree. They are socially disintegrating and morally perverting. Cotton and tobacco are ideal tenant crops. They can be produced by untutored labor. They are cash crops. They are not perishable. They cannot be eaten by man or beast. They are easily stored and shipped. They can be held against a poor market. They are largely hand cultivated and hand harvested and need the use of little machinery. They have all the qualities which fit them for the reduction of large portions of the Southern community to a slave status, under the dominance of the single crop. The census report states prosaically, "In the South there are large numbers of tenants who do not look forward to ownership and for whom tenancy is a normal economic situation." The report ought to add that these numbers are increasing and that they are increasing because escape from tenancy is almost, if not entirely, impossible.

Here are some facts to ponder upon. Forty years ago a little over one third of all the farms in the sixteen Southern States were worked by tenants. To-day one half of all the farms, in the cotton and tobacco area nearly three fourths, are occupied by tenants. These farms number 1,591,059, and the bulk of them are to be found in the eighteen hundred cotton- and tobacco-producing countries.

The following comparative figures give the relative position of owners and renters: North Carolina, 43.5 per cent. are tenants; South Carolina, 64.5 per cent.; Georgia, 66.6 per cent.; Mississippi, 66.0 per cent.; Alabama, 57.9 per cent.; Louisiana, 57.1 per cent.; Texas, 53.3 per cent.; Arkansas, 51.3 per cent. These facts but barely suggest the significance of the situation. To understand just what it means, one must realize that in the thirteen States producing cotton as a cash crop, 61.5 per cent. of all tenants are white, and only 38.5 per cent. are colored. In other words, it is not true, as is frequently assumed, that tenancy is a racial matter in the South, that it is a part of the negro problem. It is a problem largely arising out of the growing of cotton to the exclusion of feed and food crops. The negro complicates the situation, but is not responsible for it. The fact is that the colored farmer is purchasing land and becoming an owner more rapidly than the white. In the last forty years, while the white farmer has been retrograding to tenancy, the negro has, in large numbers, become a landowner. If one add the figures for the three other Southern States, the ratio of white to negro tenants is even higher. There are 154,348 more white than negro farm tenants in the South, and with their families they outnumber the negro farm tenant population by 800,000. There are more white than negro tenants in eleven Southern States; and in Texas, which is the greatest cotton-producing State, four fifths of all the farm tenants are white.

Tenants operate more than fifty per cent. of the improved land in Georgia and South Carolina, and over forty per cent. in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama. These figures mean that there are thousands upon thousands of men who do not own an inch of the soil they till; that in many cases their fathers did not own the farms upon which they were reared, and their own children are seemingly predestined to toil upon other peoples' land—landless men unto the fourth generation and longer.

The second consequence of the cotton crop is thus tenancy—landlessness for those who till and toil to enrich the South.

§ 3

The tenant is a migrant. He is a wanderer and a homeless one. This is the impressive fact about tenancy. It drives its victims from farm to farm, from community to community, always with the vain promise of better fortune, but always at a greater social cost and increasing individual deterioration. It is estimated that three hundred thousand farm tenants move every year in the United States. In the South they move more frequently than in areas with more diversified crops. In some instances they move every six months. The contract is a yearly one. It is generally oral, and comes to an end as it began, with a nod of the head. This constant migration in the cotton and tobacco area plays havoc with schools, with civic interests, with home life, with the church, and with responsibility. It is a constant running after the will-o'-the-wisp. The tenants become a reckless, roving people who ever so often collect their "trifling" belongings and move to another place. Before they have had

time to make friends, before the children have become acquainted with their new teachers, before the sense of home has developed, they are on the move again, wandering over dusty roads, hauling a refractory pig along, and belaboring a balky mule.

This vagrancy is an eternal tragedy. It makes a home impossible. It explains the poor, unkempt shacks that disfigure the country-sides, the unpainted, the unplastered hovels, with insufficient cleared ground, destitute of an orchard, a garden, a fence. Their habitation is frequently a two-room affair, with a lean-to for a kitchen stuck on as an afterthought. Occasionally all the children sleep on the floor, in a pile of cotton, burrowing deeper when cold.

The household equipment is meager: a bed, a table, a stove, a skillet, a few chairs, some dishes (often cleaned and scrubbed till they shine), some poor trinkets, a fly-blown picture of George Washington or Robert E. Lee, possibly, on the unplastered wall. Professor Branson, describing such homes, says, "In more than half of these it is possible to study astronomy through holes in the roof and geology through cracks in the floor." Joseph T. Holleman laments, "They build no homes, they live in rude huts, no flowers about their dwellings, no trees to shade them from the sun—consumed by the summer's heat and chilled by the winter's cold—no lawns about their houses, no garden fences; and with the accursed cotton plant crowding the very threshold of their rude dwelling and thrusting its limbs into their very windows, their lot is pitiable indeed."

The conclusion is inevitable: cotton has pauperized the rural South. I hardly dare leave this statement in my own words. I beg the reader to turn to a short study entitled, "How Farm Tenants Live," written by Professor E. C. Branson and J. A. Dickey. There he will learn that the average cash income of the cotton farmer in two counties in North Carolina is as follows:

	Cents per person per day
White farm-owners	34
Black farm-owners	32
Black renters	16
White renters	14
Black croppers	10
White croppers	8

These figures have been arrived at as a result of a house-to-house study under the auspices of the University of North Carolina. It is only the beneficent climate and the merciful creditor who extends a few "pantry" supplies that makes life possible in these circumstances. The meager existence that these figures imply is all that the toil of the whole family makes possible. Father, mother, and all of the children contribute to the making of the money crop.

Such poverty is deadening. It places books, music, art, all cultural things, beyond reach. Conveniences, necessities even, decent clothing, shoes, proper tools, the services of doctors and dentists, are frequently not within the tenant families' possibilities.

Material poverty is wedded to spiritual numbness. To be a cotton farmer, especially to be a cotton tenant, means not only that you are poor, but that the onerous burden of earning a living deprives your children of the fullness of life that comes from proper schooling and sufficient play. The cotton tenant pits the labor of his

children against the owner's lands and goods. This explains the concurrence of tenancy and illiteracy. Invariably, tenancy and illiteracy crowd the same counties. The tenant moves at the beginning of the year. Before the children have picked up the threads of the new school, the short term comes to an end. Frequently, indeed, he does not start his children in school in the fall if he plans to move at the end of the year. He needs their labor to help him make the money crop. In an investigation of rural school attendance in Tennessee it was found that seventy per cent. of farm tenants gave this as a reason for not sending their children to school regularly. These findings check with studies in other Southern States. The scholastic attainments for nine tenths of the croppers' children seems to extend only to the fourth reader. Their parents, on the other hand, lack books, newspapers, magazines, interest in the world beyond, and knowledge of new and better things.

The single crop apparently destroys interest even for the owners. It was shown is one investigation that as against fifty books per family of owners in diversified-crop areas, there were only twenty-one per family in single-crop areas. Sixty tenant families out of a hundred and twenty-nine in this latter area had no books at all. What is true of books, is also true of newspapers and magazines. Out of a hundred and ninety-one owner families and one hundred and seventy-seven tenant families, thirty-seven owners and one hundred and thirty-nine tenants took no newspaper; eighty owners and one hundred and twenty-six tenants, no farm papers; and a hundred and eleven owners and one hundred and fifty-three tenants no current magazines.

This illiteracy, this lack of reading matter, this seclusion from the world of ideas and information, contribute to the monotony of the cotton farmer's and cotton tenant's life. Theirs is an almost empty existence. Cotton-growing is a meager spiritual resource. The farm lacks cattle, horses, sheep, and chickens. It lacks the variation of interest and effort that comes from the upkeep of a rounded farm property, from that of cutting the hedge or painting the barn to looking after the heavy-laden cow with her promise of calf and milk, or the young colt that heeds no fence and swaggers with pride in the face of even the most coaxing attention. All of this is absent. Nor is there any interest in the scientific upbuilding of the soil, rotation of crops, or the cultivation of legumes.

Tenancy depletes the soil. Millions of acres in the South give eloquent testimony to this. These acres have been despoiled and left to lie idle. The tenant is not a conserving, constructive, upbuilding person. It is not his soil. He has neither the patience nor the time nor the interest nor the means to preserve and improve the riches of the land that feeds him. He is a laborer working upon another's ground. He is anxious to get what he can out of it and to move away to a new and possibly a better land. He does not concern himself with the rotation of crops. That is a long-range program, and the tenant lives both on short rations and on short notice, a yearly contract. He does not grow legumes, alfalfa, beans, and such other enriching crops. He does not keep cattle; he needs no

fodder; he has no manure. The things that farms are conserved with and the things that come from such conservation are beyond the ken of the tenant.

Studies in tenancy show that in one place out of a hundred and ninety owners, one hundred and twenty-four were interested in legumes; but out of one hundred and seventy-three tenants, only fifteen showed any such interest. Most important and significant of all, out of one hundred and ninety owners, eighty-two were interested in live stock, while only thirteen tenants out of one hundred and seventy-six were so interested. The tenant cannot be interested in cattle. He moves so often that farm animals are a hindrance and a nuisance. It is thus that the rich lands of the South have to so large an extent become "cowless, sowless, and henless" farms.

§ 4

Such an economic background is a poor stimulus to social life in an agricultural community. First of all, there is visibly a distinction of social status between the tenants and the owners, which contributes to the continuance of the old opprobrious term, "pore white trash." The tenants, especially the croppers, are left out of the local activities of the community. They are strangers in the neighborhood. They have no friends and are looked upon as outsiders. The memories of the good times, the dancing and the card parties, the community gatherings, the "log-rollings," and the house raisings of long ago are remembered with a sigh by the older inhabitants, who regret the coming of these stringent days in which dancing and singing have been banned by the unlettered rural preacher. The "frolic" of older days has been outlawed. It has, however, been replaced by the more secretive and less innocent pastime of "craps," at least in many regions.

Studies of rural social life in single-crop areas have shown that there are few parties, few picnics, few dances, and fewer public meetings. In one locality over seventy per cent. of the people had not attended a party during the year, over ninety per cent. had not been to a dance, over eighty per cent. had neither participated in nor attended an athletic exhibition, and over seventy per cent. had not been to a public meeting.

And in one county only one family had seen a moving-picture show during the year. The tenants hardly ever go out of their district except when they move, and moving has not exactly the flavor of a recreational interest. The weekly visit to the nearest town is the only break in the monotony of life. This monotony is so great that a public hanging has been known to attract mothers, with children in their arms, who have come trooping for miles to get some contact with other people. Tenancy is a blight upon the only center of social life in the rural community—the church. In counties where tenancy prevails the church is rapidly deteriorating. The tenant is both a stranger and a poor man. He lacks Sunday clothing, and on occasion he lacks the penny to put in the collection-box, and is often too proud to go where he cannot pay.

The only agency still left to the rural-cotton community is the protracted

meeting, with its frenzied religious excitement. Every one goes to that. Some go to get religion, others for the thrill and the joy of the shouting and the singing. Even the doubting souls gather; many who come to "scoff remain to pray." Religious intensity in Southern rural communities is in part a compensation for all the long and weary hours that strain the nerves and dull the imagination.

It is significant to note that illiteracy goes with tenancy. And also that it is in the illiterate counties that lynchings most frequently occur, and crime is most prevalent. A study of the rural South shows that there is a remarkable correlation between illiteracy, tenancy, and lynching. The lynching party is an escape from a dull monotonous world at the other extreme from that of the protracted meeting. But the two things serve a similar end—release, excitement, and emotional outlet.

To all of this one must add another evil—poor health and the drabness that comes from a meager and unsatisfactory diet. Corn-bread and salt dried pork are the staple foods. Occasionally the cotton tenant may have field peas, beans, sweet potatoes, cabbages, collards, or turnip greens. The diet is thus characterized by excessive starches, fats, oils, and sweets, with a minimum of eggs and lean meats. It was shown in one investigation of a single-crop area that tenants bought ninety-eight per cent. of their flour, and that they consumed half as many chickens, eggs, and only half as much milk as the landlords' families of the same size. Frequently they had not milk enough for growing children.

This deficiency of diet in the rural South contributes materially to the scourges of pellagra, tuberculosis, and hook-worm. A considerable proportion of those rejected by Southern draft boards in the late war suffered from one of these three diseases.

This deficiency of diet is a serious matter. The three great scourges of the South, pellagra, tuberculosis, and hook-worm are materially identified with a disproportionate and ill balanced diet. It is now a well established fact that pellagra patients are benefited, especially when not too far advanced, when supplied with a well balanced food ration. It is also a matter of common knowledge that tuberculosis lends itself to much curative treatment through a sufficiency of proper food. While it is more doubtful whether hook-worm is as much dependent upon proper diet as the other two diseases mentioned, it is yet claimed that the nutritive values of the food eaten are a factor both in the development and in the treatment of the disease. One is in fact compelled to ask whether another aspect of the influence of the excessive cultivation of cotton in the South is, in addition to tenancy, poverty, debt, and intellectual stagnation, the ruination of the health of a considerable proportion of those who spend their lives in its production.

This essay is written to raise a question rather than to point a moral. What happens to an agricultural community when it concentrates upon the cultivation of a single crop?

I am here concerned with cotton. But the question raised applies equally to tobacco, wheat, sugar, corn. The simple fact that nine tenths of all the tenancy is in single-crop areas, cotton, corn, tobacco, and that the greatest

increase in tenancy during the last decade has been in the wheat area, suggests the significance of the question I am asking.

What does occur is apparently the following: a single crop develops tenancy; it causes migration of the farmer; it reduces the farmer to the status of a city worker; it depletes the soil; it places the producer of the crop at the mercy of the creditor; it affects the literacy and the schooling of the community; it destroys civic interest; it fosters local political bossism; it stimulates agrarian discontent; it affects the social life of the rural community; it destroys the traditional stability of the farmer; it hastens removal of the farmer to the city; it kills, or nearly kills, the local church. To put it in a single sentence, it seems to industrialize the farming community and to make of the farm an outdoor factory.

What is obvious is this: the single crop is an essential to the modern world. We need cotton, tobacco, sugar, wheat, corn, henequen. We need these things because we are an industrial community. The production of these crops tends to set in motion certain factors which at least to date have led to the destruction of the farm, the cherished, self-sufficient, independent farm community upon the traditions of which we have been reared. Industrialization of the world leads to the single crop, and the single crop to the industrialization of the farm. Build a factory community, and it will gradually make a factory of the farm as well—a factory without walls, but suffering many of the evils of factory life. When one glances over the single-crop area with this analysis in mind, the situation seems significant. In Mexico, Morelos and Yucatan, the two single-crop areas, had the greatest slavery and the most bitter revolution and are now the most radical. In Yucatan the Government, in its attempt to escape the consequence of the creditor essential to the single crop, has taken upon itself the financing and selling of henequen, governmental control of a farming process in an attempt to escape the economic consequences of the single crop. This, too, seems to be the ideal aimed at in Morelos, to control sugar and its effects upon the community. This makes the attempt to build state elevators in North Dakota seem to belong to the same kind of process—to escape the creditor and the merchant who had become the controlling factor in the wheat belt. The Non-Partizan League is a political attempt to escape the economic consequences of the single crop. And perhaps the traditional radicalism of Kansas may be found to reside in the same factor; and the "Farm Bloc," too. I have gone to all this length to raise the question because it would be misleading to discuss the cotton crop and its consequences without pointing to the fact that it is a particular instance of the influence which a single-crop economy exerts in changing the character of an agricultural community. It ought to be added that in each case the cultural situation, the climatic and the racial factor, as well as the nature of the crop itself, modify the character of this influence—an influence which is bound to have far-reaching consequences.

Pecos Bill

The Saga of Pecos Bill

By Edward O'Reilly

Drawings by Elmer Hader

It is highly probable that Paul Bunyon, whose exploits were told in a recent number of The Century Magazine, and Pecos Bill, mythical cow-boy hero of the Southwest, were blood brothers. At all events, they can meet on one common ground: they were both fathered by a liar.

Pecos Bill is not a new-comer in the Southwest. His mighty deeds have been sung for generations by the men of the range. In my boyhood days in west Texas I first heard of Bill, and in later years I have often listened to chapters of his history told around the chuck-wagon by gravely mendacious cow-boys.

"'I am a varmint'"

The stranger in cattle-land usually hears of Bill if he shows an incautious curiosity about the cow business. Some old-timer is sure to remark mournfully:

"Ranchin' ain't what it was in the days Bill staked out New Mexico."

If the visitor walks into the trap and inquires further about Bill, he is sure to receive an assortment of misinformation that every cow-hand delights in unloading on the unwary.

Although Bill has been quoted in a number of Western stories, the real history of his wondrous deeds has never been printed. I have here col-

"Spinnin' it in short loops at the Gila monsters"

lected a few of the tales about him which will doubtless be familiar to cow-men, but deserve to be passed on to a larger audience.

Bill invented most of the things connected with the cow business. He was a mighty man of valor, the king killer of the bad men, and it was Bill who taught the broncho how to buck. It is a matter of record that he dug the Rio Grande one dry year when he grew tired of packin' water from the Gulf of Mexico.

According to the most veracious historians, Bill was born about the time Sam Houston discovered Texas. His mother was a sturdy pioneer woman who once killed forty-five Indians with a broom-handle, and weaned him on moonshine liquor when he was three days old. He cut his teeth on a bowie-knife, and his earliest playfellows were the bears and catamounts of east Texas.

When Bill was about a year old, another family moved into the country, and located about fifty miles down the river. His father decided the place was gettin' too crowded, and packed his family in a wagon and headed west.

One day after they crossed the Pecos River, Bill fell out of the wagon. As there were sixteen or seventeen other children in the family, his parents did n't miss him for four or five weeks, and then it was too late to try to find him.

That 's how Bill came to grow up with the coyotes along the Pecos. He soon learned the coyote language, and used to hunt with them and sit on the hills and howl at night. Being so young when he got lost, he always thought he was a coyote. That 's where he learned to kill deer by runnin' them to death.

One day when he was about ten years old a cow-boy came along just when Bill had matched a fight with two grizzly bears. Bill hugged the bears to death, tore off a hind leg, and was just settin' down to breakfast when this cow-boy loped up and asked him what he meant by runnin' around naked that way among the varmints.

"Why, because I am a varmint," Bill told him. "I 'm a coyote."

The cow-boy argued with him that he was a human, but Bill would n't believe him.

"Ain't I got fleas?" he insisted. "And don't I howl around all night, like a respectable coyote should do?"

"That don't prove nothin'," the cow-boy answered. "All Texans have

fleas, and most of them howl. Did you ever see a coyote that did n't have a tail? Well, you ain't got no tail; so that proves you ain't a varmint."

Bill looked, and, sure enough, he did n't have a tail.

"You sure' got me out on a limb," says Bill. "I never noticed that before. It shows what higher education will do for a man. I believe you 're right. Lead me to them humans, and I 'll throw in with them."

Bill went to town with this cowhand, and in due time he got to enjoyin' all the pleasant vices of mankind, and decided that he certainly was a human. He got to runnin' with the wild bunch, and sunk lower and lower, until finally he became a cow-boy.

It was n't long until he was famous as a bad man. He invented the six-shooter and train-robbin' and most of the crimes popular in the old days of the West. He did n't invent cow-stealin'. That was discovered by King David in the Bible, but Bill improved on it.

There is no way of tellin' just how many men Bill did kill. Deep down he had a tender heart, however, and never killed women or children, or tourists out of season. He never scalped his victims; he was too civilized for that. He used to skin them gently and tan their hides.

It was n't long before Bill had killed all the bad men in west Texas, massacred all the Indians, and eat all the buffalo. So he decided to migrate to a new country where hard men still thrived and a man could pass the time away.

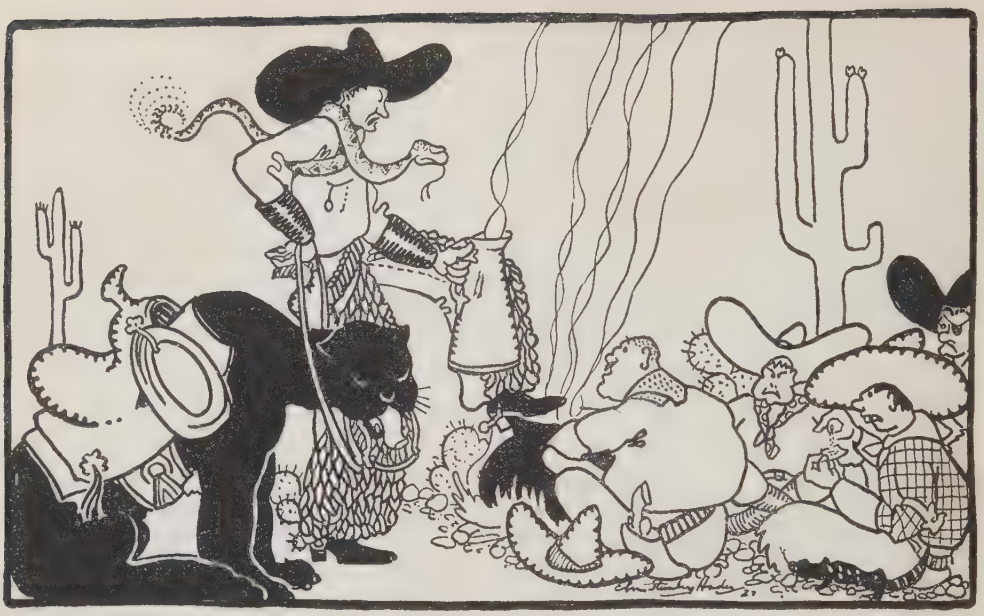
He saddled up his horse and hit for the West. One day he met an old trapper and told him what he was lookin' for.

"I want the hardest cow outfit in the world," he says. "Not one of these ordinary cow-stealin', Mexican-shootin' bunches of amateurs, but a real hard herd of hand-picked hellions that make murder a fine art and take some proper pride in their slaughter."

"Stranger, you 're headed in the right direction," answers the trapper. "Keep right on down this draw for a couple of hundred miles, and you 'll find that very outfit. They 're so hard they can kick fire out of a flint rock with their bare toes."

Bill single-footed down that draw for about a hundred miles that afternoon; then he met with an accident. His horse stubbed his toe on a moun-

"Ridin' that lion a hundred feet at a jump, and quirtin' him down the flank with the rattlesnake"



"A real hard herd of hand-picked hellions"

tain and broke his leg, leavin' Bill afoot.

He slung his saddle over his shoulder and set off hikin' down that draw, cussin' and a-swearin'. Profanity was a gift with Bill.

All at once a big ten-foot rattlesnake quiled up in his path, set his tail to singin', and allowed he 'd like to match a fight. Bill laid down his saddle, and just to be fair about it, he gave the snake the first three bites. Then he waded into that reptile and everlastingly frailed the pizen out of him.

By and by that old rattler yelled for mercy, and admitted that when it came to fightin', Bill started where he left off. So Bill picked up his saddle and started on, carryin' the snake in his hand and spinnin' it in short loops at the Gila monsters.

About fifty miles further on, a big old mountain-lion jumped off a cliff and lit all spraddled out on Bill's neck. This was no ordinary lion. It weighed more than three steers and a yearlin', and was the very same lion the State of Nuevo León was named after down in old Mexico.

Kind of chucklin' to himself, Bill laid down his saddle and his snake and went into action. In a minute the fur was flyin' down the cañon until it darkened the sun. The way Bill knocked the animosity out of that lion was a shame. In about three minutes that lion hollered:

"I 'll give up, Bill. Can't you take a joke?"

Bill let him up, and then he cinched the saddle on him and went down that cañon whoopin' and yellin', ridin' that lion a hundred feet at a jump, and quirtin' him down the flank with the rattlesnake.

It was n't long before he saw a chuck-wagon, with a bunch of cowboys squattin' around it. He rode up to that wagon, splittin' the air with

his war-whoops, with that old lion a screechin', and that snake singin' his rattles.

When he came to the fire he grabbed the old cougar by the ear, jerked him back on his haunches, stepped off him, hung his snake around his neck, and looked the outfit over. Them cow-boys sat there sayin' less than nothin'.

Bill was hungry, and seein' a boiler-ful of beans cookin' on the fire, he scooped up a few handfuls and swallowed them, washin' them down with a few gallons of boilin' coffee out of the pot. Wipin' his mouth on a hand-ful of prickly-pear cactus, Bill turned to the cow-boys and asked:

"Who the hell is boss around here?"

A big fellow about eight feet tall, with seven pistols and nine bowie-knives in his belt, rose up and, takin' off his hat, said:

"Stranger, I was; but you be."

Bill had many adventures with this outfit. It was about this time he staked out New Mexico, and used Arizona for a calf-pasture. It was here that he found his noted horse Widow-Maker. He raised him from a colt on nitroglycerin and dynamite, and Bill was the only man that could throw a leg over him.

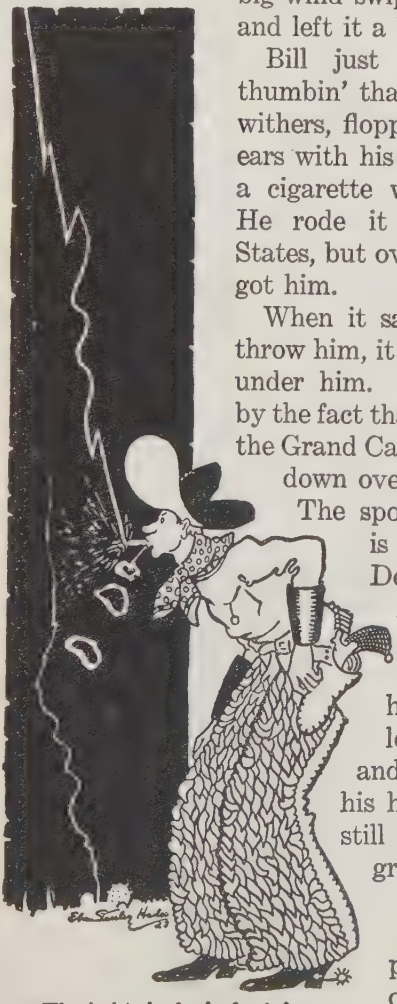
There was n't anythin' that Bill could n't ride, although I have heard of one occasion when he was thrown. He made a bet that he could ride an Oklahoma cyclone slick-heeled, without a saddle.

He met the cyclone, the worst that was ever known, up on the Kansas line. Bill eared that tornado down and climbed on its back. That cyclone did some pitchin' that is unbelievable, if it were not vouched for by many reliable witnesses.

Down across Texas it went sunfishin', back-flippin', side-windin', knockin' down mountains, blowin' the holes out of the ground, and tyin' rivers into knots. The Staked Plains used to be heavily timbered until that big wind swiped the trees off and left it a bare prairie.

Bill just sat up there, thumbin' that cyclone in the withers, floppin' it across the ears with his hat, and rollin' a cigarette with one hand. He rode it through three States, but over in Arizona it got him.

When it saw it could n't throw him, it rained out from under him. This is proved by the fact that it washed out the Grand Cañon. Bill came down over in California. The spot where he lit is now known as Death Valley, a hole in the ground more than one hundred feet below sea-level, and the print of his hip-pockets can still be seen in the granite.



"The habit he had of usin' one to light his cigarette"

I have heard this story disputed in some of its details. Some historians

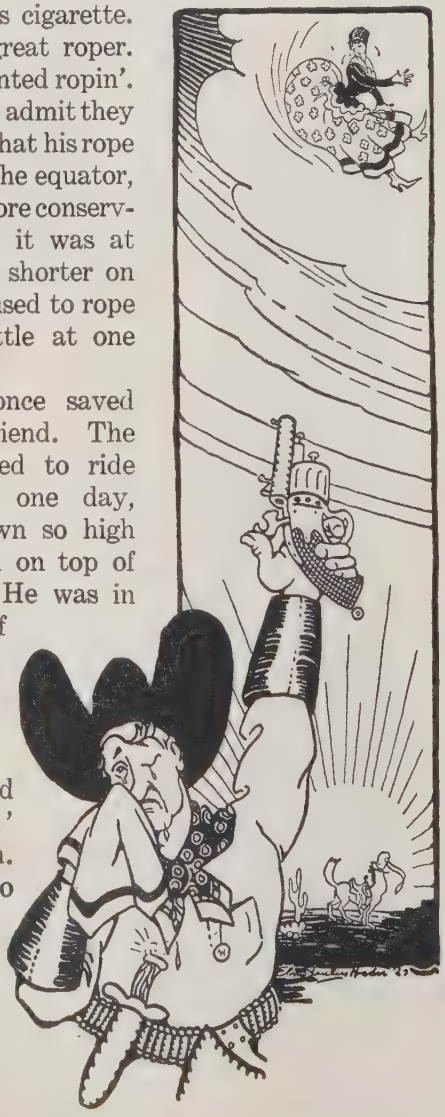
claim that Bill was n't thrown; that he slid down on a streak of lightnin' without knockin' the ashes off his cigarette. It is also claimed that the Grand Cañon was dug by Bill one week when he went prospectin'; but the best authorities insist on the first version. They argue that that streak of lightnin' story comes from the habit he always had of usin' one to light his cigarette.

Bill was a great roper. In fact, he invented ropin'. Old-timers who admit they knew him say that his rope was as long as the equator, although the more conservative say that it was at least two feet shorter on one end. He used to rope a herd of cattle at one throw.

This skill once saved the life of a friend. The friend had tried to ride Widow-Maker one day, and was thrown so high he came down on top of Pike's Peak. He was in the middle of a bad fix, because he could n't get down, and seemed doomed to a lingerin' death on high.

Bill came to the rescue, and usin' only a short calf-loop, he roped his friend around the neck and jerked him down to safety in the valley, twenty thousand feet below. This man was always grateful, and became Bill's horse-wrangler at the time he staked out New Mexico.

In his idle moments in New Mexico Bill amused himself puttin' thorns on the trees and horns on the toads. It was on this ranch he dug the Rio Grande and invented the centiped and the tarantula as a joke on his friends.



"Bill finally had to shoot her to keep her from starvin' to death"

When the cow business was dull, Pecos Bill occasionally embarked in other ventures; for instance, at one time he took a contract to supply the S. P. Railroad with wood. He hired a few hundred Mexicans to chop and haul the wood to the railroad line. As pay for the job, Bill gave each Mexican one fourth of the wood he hauled.

These Mexicans are funny people. After they received their share of the wood they did n't know what to do with it; so Bill took it off their hands and never charged them a cent.

On another occasion Bill took the job of buildin' the line fence that forms the boundary from El Paso across to the Pacific. He rounded up a herd of prairie-dogs and set them to dig holes, which by nature a prairie-dog likes to do.

Whenever one of them

finished a nice hole and settled down to live in it, Bill evicted him and stuck a fence-post in the hole. Everybody admired his foresight except the prairie-dogs, and who cares what a prairie-dog thinks?

Old Bill was always a very truthful man. To prove this, the cow-boys repeat one of his stories, which Bill claimed happened to him. Nobody ever disputed him; that is, no one who is alive now.

He threw in with a bunch of Kiowa Indians one time on a little huntin'-trip. It was about the time the buffalo were getting scarce, and Bill was huntin' with his famous squatter-hound named Norther.

Norther would run down a buffalo and hold him by the ear until Bill came up and skinned him alive. Then he would turn it loose to grow a new hide. The scheme worked all right in the summer, but in the winter most of them caught colds and died.

The stories of Bill's love-affairs are especially numerous. One of them may be told. It is the sad tale of the fate of his bride, a winsome little maiden called Slue-Foot Sue. She was a famous rider herself, and Bill lost his heart when he saw her riding a catfish down the Rio Grande with only a surcingle. You must remember that the catfish in the Rio Grande are bigger than whales and twice as active.

Sue made a sad mistake, however, when she insisted on ridin' Widow-Maker on her weddin'-day. The old horse threw her so high she had to duck her head to let the moon go by. Unfortunately, she was wearin' her weddin'-gown, and in those days the women wore those big steel-spring bustles.

Well, when Sue lit, she naturally bounced, and every time she came down she bounced again. It was an awful' sad sight to see Bill implorin' her to quit her bouncin' and not be so nervous; but Sue kept right on, up and down, weepin', and throwin' kisses to her distracted lover, and carryin' on as a bride naturally would do under those circumstances.

She bounced for three days and four nights, and Bill finally had to shoot her to keep her from starvin' to death. It was mighty tragic. Bill never got over it. Of course he married lots of women after that. In fact, it was one of his weaknesses; but none of them filled the place in his heart once held by Slue-Foot Sue, his bouncin' bride.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the manner of Bill's demise. Many claim that it was his drinkin' habits that killed him. You see, Bill got so that liquor did n't have any kick for him, and he fell into the habit of drinkin' strychnine and other forms of wolf pisen.

Even the wolf bait lost its effect, and he got to puttin' fish-hooks and barbed wire in his toddy. It was the barbed wire that finally killed him. It rusted his interior and gave him indigestion. He wasted away to a mere skeleton, weighin' not more than two tons; then up and died, and went to his infernal reward.

Many of the border bards who knew Pecos Bill at his best have a different account of his death.

They say that he met a man from Boston one day, wearing a mail-order cow-boy outfit, and askin' fool questions about the West; and poor old Bill laid down and laughed himself to death.

The Gifts of the Fourth Goddess

By Floyd Dell

I. The Three Goddesses. In Philistia, which means, according to its wisest scholars, the place of Christian fellowship, there long existed, in one shape or another, and under various names, three supernatural pagan beings. They had been goddesses at one time in their dim past, before Philistia was discovered; but more recently they had been fairies in Merrie England, where they were best known as Mab and Mop and Tib, and it was as fairies that they came over in the *Mayflower* to see what the land of promise was like.

Some little while later, after listening to a sermon by the Rev. Cotton Mather against witches, a sermon that they felt might be misunderstood by the populace, they decided to go South. In the South they remained for a long time, and were held in great honor and respect by the black people from Africa as voodoo goddesses, their names at this period being Ana, Thema, and Maranatha. Tiring of this crude worship, they came back North, arriving in Boston in time to put on red caps and participate in a rather wild masquerade tea party given by the younger set. Their names at this time were Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

But things after a while grew dull, and the three goddesses, realizing that they were not popular any more, assumed the shapes of old women and set up housekeeping in a quiet cottage in the Catskills. The truth was that there seemed to be no place for them in Philistia. They, who had been honored and loved and feared by great nations in the past, were simply not wanted here, in any shape, or under any name. In fact, ever since that sermon of the Rev. Cotton Mather, they had been a little like hunted criminals who must go about in disguise.

It was a sympathetic gentleman by the name of Washington Irving, a story-teller, stopping at their cottage while on one of his rambles, who, hearing their troubles, suggested that they had perhaps better adapt themselves to circumstances, and take up some useful employment, like everybody else in Philistia. They decided accordingly to adapt themselves, and went to New York City to look for work.

But what could three old women do? They tried plain sewing, they tried scrubbing floors in office buildings, they tried selling newspapers on the street; but none of these occupations was quite satisfactory. They kept hoping for some position which, if it lacked authority, had at least some dignity. They realized that they were old; they had lived on, through many civilizations, into one which had no use for them; all they wanted was a little respect to console them in their old age.

The search for such a position seemed hopeless enough; but one day the youngest of them came hurrying home to the others with a really brilliant idea.

A court-house was being erected in a provincial town in Philistia, and the contractor was in trouble. The plans called for four statues at the steps of the court-house, two standing and two sitting, emblematic of Justice and Wisdom, Truth, and Mercy. The contractor had gone to a sculptor, and had been shocked to learn that he wanted a hundred dollars apiece for making these statues, the contractor to furnish the marble. Four hundred dollars, in addition to the cost of the marble, would unfortunately cut down the contractor's profit on the whole court-house job to something less than three thousand per cent., and that seemed to him unreasonable. So he had gone to a stone-cutter and mortuary-monument-maker; but the stone-cutters and mortuary-monument-makers had just formed a union, and asked more for making these statues than the sculptor had asked.

"Here," said the youngest goddess, "is our opportunity, girls. We will take the place of those statues, and nobody except the contractor will ever know the difference. It is certainly a genteel kind of employment, which is more than can be said for scrubbing floors."

"But there are only three of us," they protested.

"We 'll have to find another," she said. "In fact," she added, "I 've heard of one already." And she whispered a name which was once known in Babylon.

"What!" they exclaimed, "that horrid old thing! We 've never associated with *her*. We are surprised at you, sister."

"But she 's reformed," said the goddess, apologetically. "She 's terribly respectable now. In fact, she 's been the dean at a girls' college for the last seventy or eighty years. She 's got to change her job soon, just for that reason. And we don't have to *speak* to her."

To make a long story short, the fourth goddess was willing to join them, the contractor gladly accepted their offer, they took their places at the court-house steps, and there they stayed—except for one night which they took off to go to a christening a little more than a quarter of a century ago.

II. The Christening. There was a school-teacher in that town who married just to escape the embarrassment of being looked up to and disliked by children for her alleged wisdom. She was embarrassed, because she was really just a child herself; so much so that she still read fairy-stories. She had often seen the statues at the steps of the court-house, and had noticed the resemblance of three of them, Truth, Mercy, and Wisdom, to the personages with whom she was familiar in her favorite fairy-tales. After thinking it over she decided they were Titania and Melusina and Psyche. She whispered to them as she went past on her way to school: "Hello, Titania! Hello, Melusina! Hello, Psyche!" And since these were among the many names which they had borne in their immemorial past, they were obliged to acknowledge the greeting, and nodded their heads slightly as she went by. They also smiled, because they were really quite pleased to come across some one who knew them. And one day, shortly after she was married, she said to them: "When I have a son, I shall name him Pat, and you shall be invited to the christening. And you must bring gifts."

Talking it over afterward, they agreed that it would be a jolly thing to do. It reminded them of old times in Merrie England, when they used to be invited to christenings quite regularly. But the fourth goddess, beneath her marble dignity, felt hurt and aggrieved because she had been ignored. She was not used to being ignored.

The young wife, whose name was Mrs. Flower, had been puzzled by that fourth statue, the one of Justice, which also reminded her of some one she had known, but not pleasantly. Suddenly, however, staring into the stern countenance of the statue, she remembered, and said, "Why, how do you do, Miss Wilkinson!"

And the statue nodded and smiled very stonily, thinking, "It 's about time she recognized me."

Miss Wilkinson had been the dean at the girls' college from which Mrs. Flower had been expelled in her stormy youth.

Presently the child was born, and turned out to be a girl. So Mrs. Flower called her Pat, anyway. And then she remembered the fairies one night in the hospital just before she fell asleep, and whispered, "Dear fairies, come and have a christening party!"

The goddesses heard, and it being a dark night, when no one would notice their absence from the court-house steps, they felt quite justified in taking a short leave. They had been on duty steadily for seven years, and they considered that they were entitled to a little pleasure.

"I do not feel quite certain," said Miss Wilkinson, stiffly, "that she meant to include me in her invitation to her son's christening."

"Why, of course," said Titania.

"Why not?" said Psyche.

"And you can give him gifts that we can't," said Melusina.

"Yes," said Miss Wilkinson, "I believe that I can give him some really valuable gifts. So I suppose she must have intended to ask me. But she might have been a trifle less casual about it!"

So Miss Wilkinson came along with the others, and they entered silently through the panes of glass into the little room at the hospital where the mother lay asleep.

"But where 's the baby?" asked Titania.

"In the ward with the other new babies, doubtless," said Miss Wilkinson. "This makes our errand almost ridiculous, don't you think? A christening party without any child!" She was very much put out.

"Oh, well," said Psyche, "now we 're here, let 's just go ahead."

"His name is Pat," said Melusina, "and the name 's enough for us. What we give to 'Pat,' he 'll get. So it 's all right."

"I feel that we are perhaps being derelict in our municipal duty," said Miss Wilkinson, "in leaving our posts for a mere private engagement."

"We 'll hurry," said Titania. "Shall I begin? I 'm the youngest. I have forgotten just how it ought to go. Pat, I too give thee thy name and take thee as my godchild. And with thy name I give such gifts as I can—the power to change the shapes of all things, so that what was commonplace shall be wonderful, and what was sublime shall be ridiculous; and I give thee the gift of changing thine own shape, so that thou shalt be to any one whatever thou pleasest to seem; and I give thee the gift of laughter."

"And I," said Psyche, "give thee the

gift of curiosity. As I was curious, so shalt thou be curious about everything, and especially about those things which are forbidden thee to know. And with this gift I must perforce thee another—the gift of suffering."

"And I," said Melusina, "give thee my own gift. As I am a creature of the sea, so shalt thou be, my child. And as I strove to be human and to know mortal love, so shalt thou strive—without ever quite succeeding. And I give thee my secret, which no mortal should know, and which, if any rash mortal lover learn it from thee, will bring a swift end to the mortal happiness you have shared." And she whispered—into her own two hands cupped as if to a baby's ear.

"Fine gifts, those are, if you will permit me to say so!" exclaimed Miss Wilkinson, ironically. "Where would that poor child be with your gifts, and without mine, if I might ask? Fortunately, I can make those gifts comparatively harmless, and even useful in their way, by giving him a proper sense of his social responsibilities, a respect for custom, and a fear of making himself ridiculous. With your gifts *and* mine, he may go far; he may become a senator. But without my gifts, what would he become? A starveling mountebank, I dare say!"

"Well, hurry up and give him your gifts, then," said Titania.

But Miss Wilkinson had seen, on a little table at the head of the bed where Mrs. Flower lay sleeping, a letter which Mrs. Flower had been writing. Miss Wilkinson had acquired the habit of reading the private letters of her pupils whenever opportunity offered, not in vulgar curiosity, of course, but from a deep sense of her custodianship over their behavior. And so, from old habit, she had read the exposed lines of writing. They were upside down, but she had learned to read handwriting upside down, and at a glance. And what she read made her start, and taking up the letter, she read aloud to the others with cold emphasis this passage:

"I hoped he would be a boy, but she 's a girl, and I 'm going to call her Pat just the same."

"It seems that we have been mistaken, and I think I may say deliberately deceived, as to the sex of our godchild," she said sternly.

"What of it?" asked Titania.

"What *of* it? Well, really! If you don't know, I must point out that your gifts—all of them—are, considering the sex of the child, most inappropriate. You should realize that mine are the only gifts proper for a girl child."

"It 's too late now," said Titania.

"We can't take back our gifts," said Psyche, "and you know it. What 's given, is given."

"Moreover," said Melusina, maliciously, "you must give her *your* gifts, too. You accepted the invitation to the christening, so you can't get out of it! I 'm not so old but that I can remember the rules and regulations for fairy-godmothers."

But Miss Wilkinson had been treated much too inconsiderately. Always a stickler for form, her sense of the proprieties had been deeply outraged by these irregular proceedings. And now they were attempting to force her to connive at, and to participate in, their mistake! She drew herself up very haughtily.

"Very well," she said. "I give this child *my* gifts also, but as a bequest, to come into effect at my death. As it

happens, I also know the rules and regulations concerning fairy gifts." And drawing her robe about her with a magnificent gesture, she swept out through the window.

It is well known that fairies and such-like supernatural pagan beings do not die natural deaths, though they can be destroyed by violent means, such as fire or gunpowder. But who would shoot a dignified old lady, especially since she looked like a marble statue of Justice as she stood at the court-house steps? Miss Wilkinson's expectations of life were several hundred thousand times greater than this baby's. Except by some very unlikely accident, Pat Flower would never inherit her gifts at all.

"Well, that 's that!" said Psyche.

"I wonder what she *will* be like," said Melusina, a little awed at what they had done. For, after all, it *was* unusual to give a girl child all these gifts. They had n't been given to very many, ever: just to Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots and Nell Gwynne and some others—a few actresses and queens.

"Wait and see," said Titania, who did n't care what happened.

And so they all flew back to the court-house steps.

And there, in the only place of dignity left them in the civilization of Philistia, they remained, motionless, silent, thinking of old times.

III. The Bomb. Pat Flower grew up.

Limitations of space, good manners, and, failing everything else, the libel laws, forbid a detailed account of her career. Suffice it to say that she became the girl poet whom you all admire and love and wonder about. She grew up lacking in any proper sense of her social responsibilities, without any respect for custom, and without any fear of making herself ridiculous. And she had the power to change the shapes of all things, so that what had been vulgar became beautiful when she celebrated it in a poem; and what had been holy became, when she mocked at it, absurd. And she herself seemed whatever she chose to seem; and she chose to seem many different things to many different people. And, as not the least of Titania's gifts, she could turn her lovers into asses with long ears; she could do that by a look. Moreover, she had Psyche's gift of curiosity. She was curious about everything—especially about those things which it was forbidden to know. And with this gift there came perforce another—the gift of suffering. And being Melusina's godchild, she was not quite human, being a creature of the salt and changing sea; and yet, like Melusina, she must strive to be human, and to know mortal love—and not quite succeed. And she had Melusina's whispered secret, which no mortal should know, and which, if any rash mortal lover wrested from her, brought a swift end to the mortal happiness they had shared. And, because she was a poet, she was sometimes behind in her rent for her little room in Greenwich Village. But, being under compulsion by reason of those fairy gifts, she could n't stop being a poet.

And then one night a private detective, who had been hired to watch the Reds and circumvent their plots, having discovered that there were no plots to circumvent, and being in great fear of losing his job, and wishing to convince his employers that the republic was in danger, accordingly

planted a picric-acid bomb under the steps of the court-house in a provincial town in which an editor of an obscure radical paper had been sentenced to ninety-nine years' imprisonment for criticizing the Government. The statues of Justice, Wisdom, Truth, and Mercy were blown to bits.

High explosives can destroy anything—custom, learning, beauty, love, civilization itself.

And so the goddesses ceased to exist. That is to say, they existed now only in so far as they existed in Pat, in whom their gifts were incarnate. She was at the same time freed from the compulsion of these gifts, being now herself a demi-goddess. As such, she was free, and could use her gifts or not, as she chose. Moreover, to the other gifts at her command were now added those of the fourth goddess—a sense of social responsibility, respect for custom, and the fear of making herself ridiculous.

Pat, of course, did not know all this. But the fairy spell which had been cast over her was dissolved. She could do just as she pleased now. She could keep on being a poet if she really wanted to, or she could become a perfectly respectable young lady.

IV. The Engagement. The next morning Pat Flower remembered that she had become engaged last night. To be sure, she had been engaged many times before; but this was different. This time she was in love. (To be sure, she had been in love many times before; but this was different.)

She was really going to marry him. His name was John. She adored him. (To be sure—but this was different.)

He worshiped her. Naturally! And he did n't mind her keeping on writing love-poems after they were married. "Because," he said, "people will know they 're written to your husband. And it will make people realize that married lovers can be just as happy as the other kind."

The idea rather pleased her—writing the poetry of married lovers.

He had discovered the real truth about her—that underneath her airs of gay cynicism and bravado she was a shy, helpless, hurt child, an idealist who believed in the things at which she mocked, vastly weary of the pretenses which she had made so beautiful and so convincing in her poems. He really understood her.

(To be sure—but this was different.)

She had *wanted* to believe in love before, and now she did believe in it. Yes, she really meant it this time. She loved John with all her heart. And she knew—she knew profoundly—that she was going to be a good wife to him. Oh, terribly good! She would darn his socks, and everything.

It almost scared her, this prospect of voluntary, contented goodness.

"John," she said to him, "give me a month to have my fling in. Then I 'll marry you."

"All right, darling. Go ahead and have your fling," he said indulgently. "I know you won't do anything I would n't want you to do."

"I 'm afraid I won't," she said, and sighed. "But—you 're to stay away all the month. You 're not to come to see me at all."

That was a hard bargain, he thought, but he had to accept it.

And all that month, up to the last day, she sat at home and darned socks. She bought the socks at a sock-store, and cut holes in the toes with her manicure scissors, and darned the

holes neatly. She was pretending they were John's socks.

She had bought thirty pairs of socks, but the month had thirty-one days in it; on the last day she had no socks to darn. She moped all morning. She wrote a little poem in the afternoon—a love-poem, entitled "Married Love." It began:

> *"Soft brown wool*
> *From soft brown sheep,*
> *You shall make comfortable*
> *His darling feet!"*

She did not even notice at the time that *feet* did n't rhyme very well with *sheep*. Love had never affected her like that before. No madness had ever been so transcendent—and she had known some madnesses in her young life—as to make her forget the principles of her art, which shows that this was true love at last.

There still remained the evening to be got through somehow. To-morrow they would be married. But to-night— No, she must *not* call him up and tell him he could come to see her. She had to stick it out somehow.

She put on her little hat and went out.

V. The Fortune-Teller. As she went along the street, she saw a new sign that said: "Fortunes told—25 cents." She felt in her purse. She had just twenty-five cents. She went in.

There sat an old man with a long white beard, looking at least a hundred years old.

"Please tell my fortune," she said, and laid down her quarter.

"Let me see your hand," said the old man, gravely.

She gave him her hand, the left one. The old man looked thoughtfully at her engagement-ring, John's solitaire.

"You are going to be married," he said.

"Why, that 's true!" she said in great surprise. Evidently there was something to fortune-telling, after all. She settled herself trustfully in her chair. "Tell me some more," she said.

"You are going to be very happy," he told her.

"Ah!" she said.

"This is the first time you have ever been in love," he told her, with a glance at her ingenuous countenance, so like a child's. "You have never known what love meant before."

(True, perfectly true!)

"You have wondered if you were in love before; but you soon found out that it was n't so."

(Why, this was uncanny!)

"And this is to be the great love of your life," he told her.

"Will it last forever?" she asked wistfully.

He peered closely into her palm.

"Yes, forever," he said. "I must tell you the truth. I see here the signs of an absolutely happy and absolutely perfect marriage."

"That 's just what I 'm afraid of," she said a little sadly.

"Afraid? Why?" he asked in surprise.

"I don't know why; but that 's just how I feel."

"Your fear," he said, "draws my attention to this curious little cross at the base of the index-finger. That cross indicates that you are,—" he glanced at the calendar on the wall, and spoke with some excitement,— "yes, this very day, in some grave danger!"

"Really!" she said. "What danger?"

He shook his head gravely at this. "In order to know that, I shall have to cast your horoscope, and that costs twenty-five cents more."

"That was all the money I had with me," she said. "Could n't you trust me till to-morrow? I live right down the street here. My name 's Pat Flower." She hoped he *might* know who she was.

He did, it seemed.

"Are you—" he stared at her—"Pat Flower!"

"Yes," she admitted.

"I 've always wanted to meet you," he said, and took off his white beard. He was n't a day over twenty-five.

"But—you really are n't going to get married, are you?" he demanded.

"Are n't I? You said I was!"

"Well, I take it back. You—you must n't!"

"Why not?"

"I 'll tell you why not," he said earnestly. "But first let me tell you who I am. I 'm a newspaper man, and I 'm doing this as an assignment—Greenwich Village Has Its Fortune Told. I 've only been in New York a few weeks. I 've worked on newspapers all over the country, and everywhere I 've gone, people are reading you and talking about you. Young people, I mean."

"What do they say about me?" she asked.

"That 's just it. They say awful things about you—or things that would be awful if they were said about anybody else. But—they love you for it."

"That 's curious," she said.

"In Philistia," he said, "the pagan spirit has been pretty well stamped out. But still it 's there—in the young people. They read your poetry. It means something to them. It 's beauty, it 's joy, it 's freedom. And here you want to go and spoil it—by getting married! Why, you *can't* get married! You 're our pagan goddess, if you only knew it. All the beautiful things we want to do, and can't, because we live in Philistia, you do them for us, and write about them for us, and we worship you for them."

"How do you know I do the things I write about?" she asked.

"That makes no difference, so long as we believe it. But if you get married—why, everybody will think those love-poems are written to your *husband!*"

She was struck by that. It was exactly what John had said. People *would* think just that.

"Don't you see?" he exclaimed. "A goddess can't sit at home and darn her husband's socks!"

Well, there might be something to that.

"You can't belong to just one person. You belong to us all—the boys and girls of the younger generation."

"I see," said Pat. "I 've a certain—you might call it social responsibility in this matter."

"Exactly!" said the young man. "You have a tremendous social responsibility."

"And if I 'm a pagan goddess, I suppose I must behave as one," she went on reflectively.

"Of course. You can't defy the custom of the centuries just to please some man."

"True; one must respect old and established custom. But—still—" She did love poor John. It would be a pity—

The fortune-teller saw her waver.

"Why," he said, "it would be perfectly *ridiculous* for you to be married."

She flushed.

"I suppose it would be rather ridiculous," she said slowly, "for *me* to be married—"

He rose triumphantly.

"You won't," he said.

"No—I guess I won't. Poor John!"

"Oh, forget poor John!" said the young man. "Let 's go somewhere for dinner."

Indeed, he *was* rather handsome.

VI. Apotheosis

Some time that night Pat Flower wrote the poem—you know the one I mean—which most endears her to the hearts of all young people who believe in beauty and joy and freedom. She sent it to John next morning by messenger-boy, by way of breaking her engagement.

And thus it was that Pat Flower, the girl poet, made use of the gifts of the fourth goddess.

Shepherd's Holiday

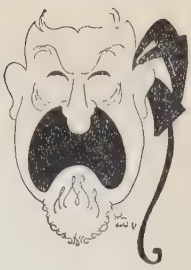
By Elinor Wylie

Too honest for a Gipsy, too lazy for a farmer,
What should you be but a shepherd on the hills,
Herding sheep with sad faces
Over grass-grown places,
High above a web of streams and willow-trees and mills?

Too tame for a Gipsy, too wild for a dairy-maid,
What could I be but a silly goose-girl,
Tending hissing white snakes
By weed-green lakes,
Crying in the dew-fall with my hair out of curl?

Too silent for the neighbors, too simple for the townspeople,
What shall we do who love each other so?
I 'll teach your gray sheep
To guard you from the steep,
You 'll catch me back from drowning where my dark lake lies deep,
I 'll pluck a feather pillow that shall sing you to sleep
Up among the rocks where the blueberries grow.

The Adolescent Guild



By Oliver M. Sayler

THE Theater Guild is the lustiest, most promising, and most aggravating of our American adventures in the institutional theater. It is like a precocious child who won't do what you wish it to do, insists on following its own bent, and then wrings from you reluctant, but unequivocal, commendation for the way it carries off its perverse escapades. Ever since it emerged from the war-gutted wreckage of the Washington Square Players early in 1919, this group of young mutineers against the established theater has steered a path far off the course mapped out for it by benevolent friends.

Sponsorship for American drama, the watch-cry of the group's nursery days at the Bandbox and the Comedy? The guild has produced in five seasons four native plays, twenty-one foreign.

Discovery and development of its own producers, stage directors? Crux, here, of the theater as an art, unified, effective, adult. The guild reaches outside its own staff for Robert Milton, Frank Reicher, the Lewisohn sisters, Agnes Morgan; goes abroad at home for Emanuel Reicher, and actually abroad for the Russian Kommissarzhevsky.

A permanent company, a guild company? Artists through long and mutually revealing association developing a sensitive and eloquent ensemble? The guild company is a pleasant fiction. Its "guest"—artists, able, unselfish, eager as persons—far outnumber the home guard. Circles drawn and dissolved; bubbles blown and broken; designs carved and shattered.

Repertory, not the sham repertory of the stock company or of half a dozen plays running simultaneously in different theaters or of the occasional revival of past successes, but genuine repertory, with a shifting pattern of contrasting plays, keeping patron and performer fresh, eager, alert? Repertory has been in the promises of the Washington Square Players and their inheritors, the Theater Guild, for nine years. And it is still only a promise.

A permanent home, a guild theater, as contrasted with a theater guild? That prospect seems at last to be on the verge of realization, along with the conceivably simultaneous achievement of several of the other goals, but at what jeopardy to financial, artistic, and spiritual independence time alone can tell.

And yet, despite the frustrated promises of this group in its dual incarnation, despite its headstrong disregard of patent fact and patient advice, it still commands the respect due to earnest adolescence. Ridiculing and making sport of a youngster dissipates all hope of influencing him. Overpraising him and taking him too

seriously turns his head. Leave him alone. Or, better still, show him what he would look like if he could see himself.

Attributing adolescence to the Theater Guild to-day may seem to some like a temporal error. Was n't that awkward age suffered, endured, and passed on the guild's earlier stage? Rather, the Washington Square Players were kindergartners to the restless, assertive youth at the Garrick. Precocious artistic childhood has been succeeded by the self-conscious pugnacity of the middle years: delight in bravado; ambition to be seen, heard, recognized; desire to achieve here and now at a minimum of preparation, self-counsel, experience; belief in the ability to go out and buy whatever is lacking.

But adolescence passes. Maturity lies ahead. If the Theater Guild persists,—and there can be no doubt that it will or that it will become adult without the need of a third incarnation,—the broader lines of that maturity should be possible to forecast from a careful survey of the formative years.

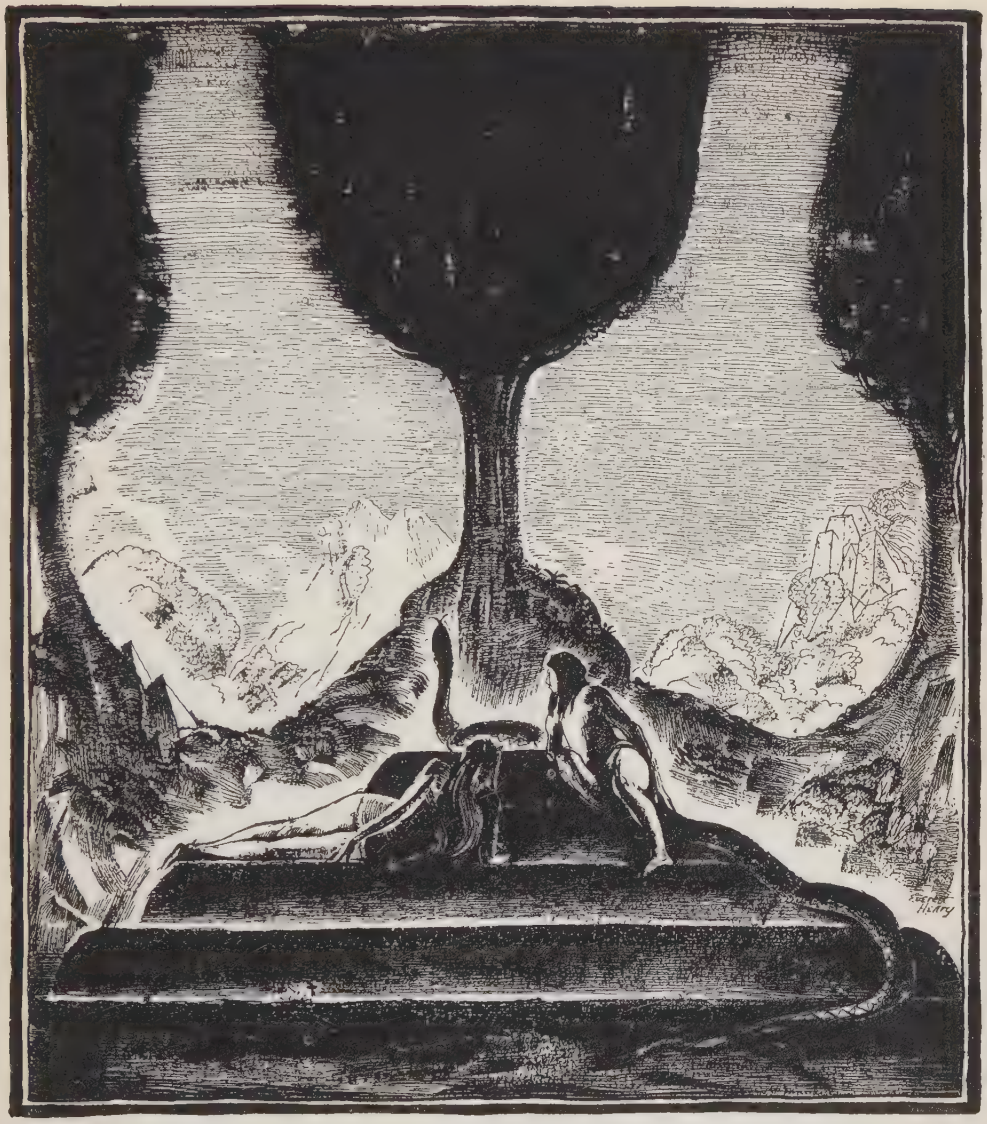
The Washington Square Players were born spontaneously, just as children don the long skirts and tall hats of their elders and pretend grown-up. There are various versions of the nativity, but the one which is truest in spirit, if not in fact, discloses in a Greenwich Village studio a cross section of the village the newspapers and the slummers never discovered. Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate" was at hand. So were Robert Edmond Jones, Edward Goodman, Philip Moeller, Samuel A. Eliot, Jr., Helen Westley, and others. Some one suggested impromptu performance. Jones forthwith made eternity's walls out of window-curtains. The rest as promptly became the two thieves, the rocks, the audience.

Shortly after, in the Washington Square Bookshop, then in Macdougall Street, the fact that a new theater had been founded at that impromptu performance was recognized by the participants just named as well as by Ralph Roeder, Josephine A. Meyer, Dudley G. Tucker, Holland Hudson, William Pennington, Albert Boni, Ida Rauh, Lawrence Langner, and Lucy Huffaker. Amateur playwrights, amateur actors, amateur producers, impatient of Broadway's standards, but even more of its standing lines and outer offices. A theater of their own! But where? None in the village. The Bandbox was available at Fifty-seventh Street and Third Avenue at thirty-five dollars weekly for Friday and Saturday nights.

There, therefore, on February 19, 1915, the first public performance was given: Maeterlinck's "Interior"; a gastronomic pantomime arranged by Ralph Roeder, "Another Interior"; "Licensed," by Basil Lawrence (Lawrence Langner); and "Eugenically Speaking," by Edward Goodman. The one-act play not only for its own sake, but as first aid to ambitious dramatists.

"We have only one policy," said the first program, "in regard to the plays which we will produce—they must have artistic merit. Preference will be given to American plays, but we shall also include in our repertory the works of well-known European authors which have been ignored by the commercial managers."

Friday and Saturday soon proved insufficient. A third performance was



The Garden of Eden, scene in "Back to Methuselah," by Edward Everett Henry

added weekly, and a fourth. By June forty-three performances of three programs and a review bill had been given, each to 299 spectators, the limit beyond which fire and license strictures became operative. The announced preference for American works was respected by a score of fourteen native to three foreign plays.

The second season there was further expansion, the same nursery used more intensively. Nightly performances. Admission advanced from fifty cents to a dollar to permit payment of twenty-five dollars weekly to the actors, two hundred and fifty dollars weekly for the theater, and a budget for the house staff in charge of Grace

Griswold. Zoë Akins's "The Magical City," Lewis Beach's "The Clod," Alice Gerstenberg's "Overtones," and

A Robot from "R. U. R.," by W. D. Slager

Philip Moeller's irreverent clownings of history and literature, "Helena's Husbands" and "The Roadhouse in Arden"—all classics now in Little Theater repertories—emerged to encourage faith.

The third season, 1916–1917, there was still further expansion—over-expansion, as outcome proves. From the Bandbox to the Comedy, from the byways to Broadway, from spiritual freedom hampered by material bondage to material freedom hampered by spiritual bondage. Nevertheless, out of the unequal struggle to play Broadway's game came a rudimentary school of the theater under Clare Tree Major and still other play candidates for amateur favor, authentic contributions to native tragedy and comedy in miniature, such as Susan Glaspell's "Trifles," Edward Massey's "Plots and Playwrights," and Bosworth Crocker's "The Last Straw," as well as the Oriental accident in the Occident, the discovery of the Japanese "Bushido," a one-act play-gem set in the interminable reaches of Izumo's "The Pine Tree."

The native playwright began to languish, though. Feeble wings, attenuated imagination. At the end of three seasons the score stood twenty-seven native, twenty-three foreign, stirring Waldo Frank to protest in "The Seven Arts":

"These spirits of revolt—Andreieff, Wedekind, Maeterlinck—are not true for us. They have not reached up through labored fields that are our own. Absorption in them is a natural growth for their countrymen; for the American it is a dangerous trick. And its consequence must be to cleave us from reality as completely as it intensifies reality for the European.

"We have our own fields to plough; our own reality to explore and flush with vision. Let us do this first; humbly and doggedly as lowly toilers must."

At the cross-roads, then, in the fall of 1917: financial difficulties, the exhaustion of the one-act play, thwarted longing for longer forms, the war; demoralization, discouragement, dissolution.

And yet of the Washington Square Players there was residue, leaven, the full worth of which has been obvious only in recent seasons. Of actors, schooled, heartened, encouraged: Roland Young, Katherine Cornell, Rollo Peters, Jose Ruben, Margaret Mower,

Marjorie Vonnegut, Elinor Cox, Frank Conroy, and Glenn Hunter, not to mention those like Helen Westley, whom the guild salvaged and held fast. Of stage designers: Lee Simonson, Rollo Peters, Robert Edmond Jones. Of playwrights who have moved out into ampler expression: Zoë Akins, Eugene O'Neill, Lewis Beach, Philip Moeller, Susan Glaspell, and Ben Hecht.

Chief residue of the Washington Square Players, though, is the chip of the old block, the Theater Guild. Conceive, if you can, of the one without the other, of adolescence without childhood, of achievement without experience, of experience without the chance to make mistakes. Out of the adolescent guild, too, by the same process of mistakes, experience, achievement, should grow a mature guild.

A poster drawn for the Liliom production

In the spring of 1919, when, as Walter Lippmann points out, no one believed in anything, the leading spirits of the Washington Square Players, minus Edward Goodman, who had held the whip-hand over the players for their welfare, if not for his own popularity, organized the Theater Guild. Among them were Lawrence Langner, Philip Moeller, Helen Westley, Josephine A. Meyer, Rollo Peters, Justus Sheffield, and Lee Simonson, around whom was gathered an acting company, including in addition Augustin Duncan, Helen Freeman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Dudley Digges, and Henry Herbert.

With capital of five hundred dollars and a generous lease from Otto H. Kahn to the Garrick, one-time home of Mansfield, "Zaza," "The Little Minister," "Sherlock Holmes," "Captain Jinks," and the French Copeau, the guild spoke the fragile lines of Benavente's "The Bonds of Interest" as its salutatory April 14, 1919. Six weeks later, with as much timidity as that of the youthful Moscow Art Theater in reviving Tchehoff's "The Sea Gull," the guild put on St. John Ervine's dour tragedy of cowardice, "John Ferguson." And, like "The Sea Gull," it established the name, fame, and fortune of its sponsors.

Four full seasons have passed since then. Langner, Moeller, Simonson, and Mrs. Westley remain on the board of managers—a patent lawyer, a playwright, a painter, and an actress. An early recruit, and a faithful, is

Maurice Wertheim of Broadway—the lower Broadway of stocks and bonds. And another is Theresa Helburn, shrewd, taciturn, matter-of-fact, who is properly placed as executive director. At the hands of these, of the divers directors they have hired, of acting company after acting company hurriedly grouped round Helen Westley as resident player, twenty-three other plays have been presented, four American and nineteen from overseas, and all of them originally at the Garrick, although the success of nine of them took them to uptown theaters to continue their run and permit the guild to fulfil its obligations of six productions a year to its subscribers. Those subscribers have grown from 150 in 1919 to 600 in 1920, 1300 in 1921, 2800 in 1922, and 6000 to-day, a sound indication of a problem met and a service fulfilled.

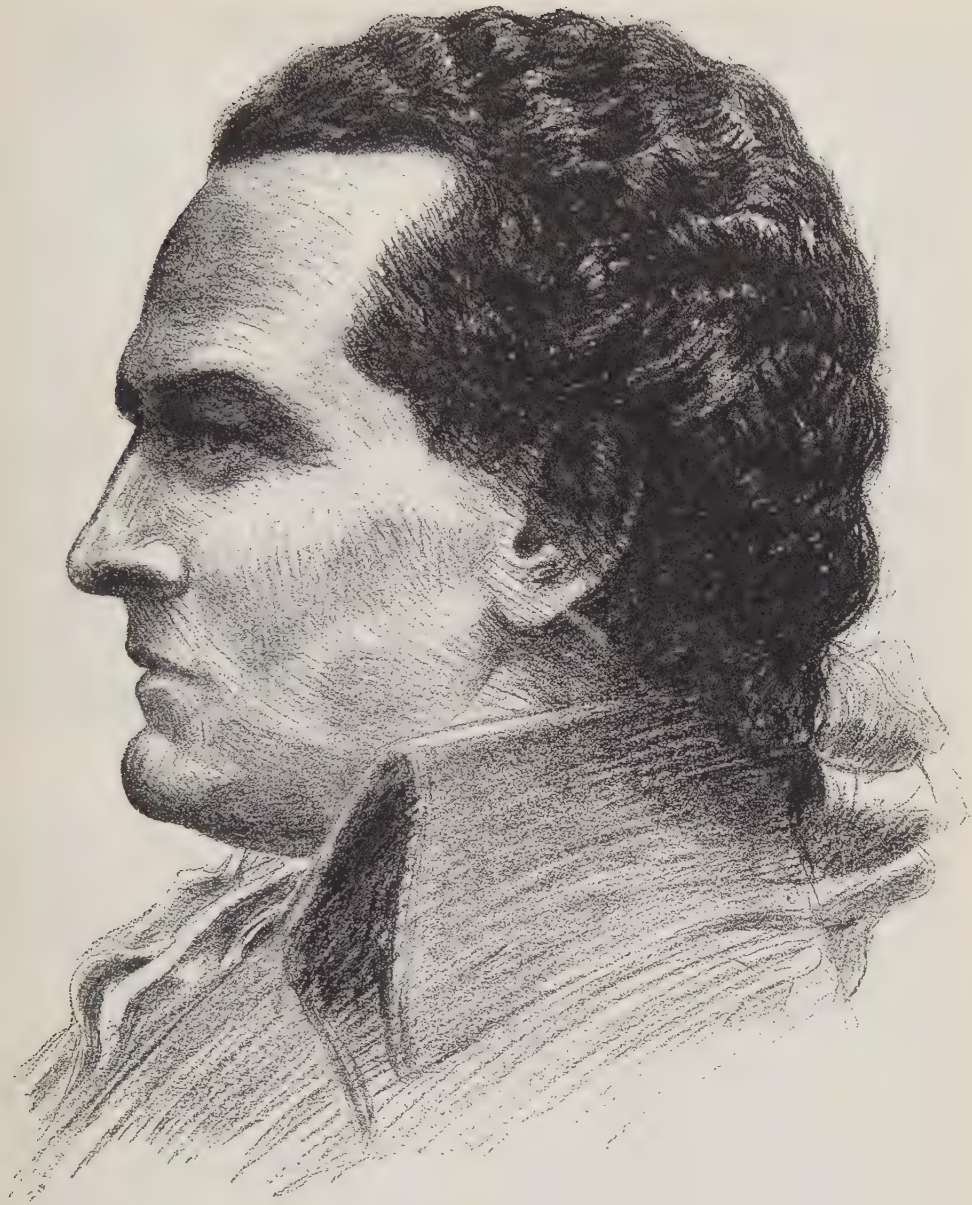
Outstanding achievements of the guild in these four and a half seasons have been Ervine's "John Ferguson," his even more taut and human bit of middle-class realism, "Jane Clegg"; Bernard Shaw's symbolic fable of war and after, "Heartbreak House," his mastodonic and wearying pentateuch, "Back to Methuselah," and the ironic melodrama of his creative youth, "The Devil's Disciple"; A. A. Milne's fantastic farce, "Mr. Pim Passes By"; Franz Molnar's disillusioning, but picturesque, "Liliom"; Arthur Richman's plodding and sometimes penetrating "Ambush"; Andreieff's half-mood and elusive "He Who Gets Slapped," interpreted gratuitously by the guild as romantic melodrama and attaining undreamed popular favor thereby; Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight," anemic partner of O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" in introducing expressionism to the American stage; and Karel Capek's mordant challenge to our industrial civilization, "R. U. R."

And yet, despite achievement, despite geometrically progressing subscription list,—perhaps, rather, because of them,—the guild was not satisfied. It wished a home of its own, "a Guild Theater for the Theater Guild." And so, quite simply, just as with everything else it had really wished to do, it went out last spring and got one. At least the promise of one in the form of a bond subscription generously in excess of half a million dollars.

The ease with which the guild sold its bonds and assured itself a home prompts inquiry into its influence, its motives, its methods, its prospects. What sort of youth is this who at a gesture can command a castle? Who are its friends? What has it done to justify such confidence? What does it purpose to do to fulfil that confidence? In short, what is the Theater Guild, and what is it not?

Whatever it may hope to accomplish with more elaborate equipment, the guild on its record is not an experimental theater. It has taken no more chances than the average earnest Broadway producer, not so many as Arthur Hopkins, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Provincetown Players, or its own earlier self, the Washington Square Players. Shaw, Milne, Molnar, Ibsen, Mansfield, Daly, Belasco, Mrs. Fiske, were pioneers for most of these years ago. To-day they are names on the cover of the theater's "Cosmopolitan," its "Saturday Evening Post."

Nor is the guild non-commercial, whatever may be the merits of that



Basil Sydney as *Dick Dudgeon* in "The Devil's Disciple," by Gordon Bryant

Peer Gynt in the mountains, by Edward Everett Henry

estate. It has paid its way from the start without gift or charity. It has paid its working staff a living wage. It has paid its actors less, perhaps, than the market price, since actors relish its prestige. True, it has turned back into the theater all its profits; but wherein have Hopkins, Belasco, Ames, Gest, Tyler, and numerous others done less?

In what, then, does its prestige consist? How has it won the right to special favor? To call it, as Ervine does, the leading art theater in the world to-day is absurd. Ervine is simply paying a just debt rather awkwardly. The Theater Guild is not an art theater at all, at least not yet. It is too young, too inexperienced, too much a creature of changing personnel, of makeshift equipment, of an audience that is only beginning to be exacting, mutually stimulating. Thus far in its progress toward becoming ultimately an art theater it is the epitome of the highest common denominator of the theater that can "get by." Miss Helburn, for the guild, has admitted as much, and it is no damaging admission. Rather, it is encouraging augury. A youth who has no exaggerated illusions concerning his own importance can be much more safely intrusted with a castle.

The guild, therefore, in its exalted pretensions is the victim of its friends. Sometimes that has been to its advantage. These young men and women are shrewd enough to be coy in the face of the flattery of the press. They have let the critics "discover" them, boast of the discovery, and make it

their own child who can do no wrong. Thereby the guild's subscription list grows, and with it the power to persist and proceed. Sometimes, however, adulation becomes ironic, embarrassing. Witness Ervine or Walter Prichard Eaton. In "The American Magazine" for July 1916, Eaton wrote: "The Washington Square Theatre started in poverty, and it is comparatively poor yet—thank heaven. We hope it always will be. Then the workers in it will always be its lovers. We don't want them to work for nothing; but better for nothing than for great riches." And yet it was Eaton as chairman who managed the half-million bond campaign!

The Theater Guild probably deserves its new castle, if only for the reason that in this phenomenally affluent land of ours the arts should be treated at least as prodigally as our rivers and harbors and sports. In its castle the guild purposes: "(1) To improve the Guild standards of play production; (2) To improve the Guild standards of acting; (3) To experiment to a greater extent than heretofore, especially with the works of American dramatists; (4) To develop a permanent ensemble acting company; (5) To maintain a repertory of fine plays which shall be presented from year to year; (6) To establish a Studio for all branches of the Art of the Theatre, in which young people of talent may study as an inherent part of the life of the theatre."

An ambitious program, a right program; a program that might inspire more confidence if the guild in the past had manifested a greater determination to pursue it as far as its resources would permit. By foresight in choosing and rehearsing plays, instead of rushing a production through to fill a gap, it could have improved its standards both of staging and of acting, besides retaining from one bill to the next a larger resident acting nucleus, willing, by virtue of permanent occupation, to devote more than the union limit of four weeks to rehearsal. With a little more alertness, patience, and unselfishness, producing talent might have been found, developed, and added to the inner circle of the board of managers.

And finally, solicitude for American drama comes a bit tardily. It will not do for the guild to insist that it is interested in good plays wherever they come from. A policy of come-one-come-all is a tacit admission of preference for foreign product. On even terms, the latter will still crowd out the native ten times to one. What did the guild do to help O'Neill to his feet? What effort has it made to obtain his work since he reached that posture? Has the guild finally, after four years and a half, awakened to the fact that production of a foreign play can at best be only an approximation of success, that our knowledge of other civilizations is surprisingly limited, and that confidence in place of knowledge is a poor priest in art?

Then, there are those bonds. Is the future mortgaged thereby? Artistic independence in entail? Is n't it possible, on the contrary, that the sense of financial responsibility will make an energetic, headstrong, adolescent guild into an efficient, far-sighted, mature guild? The bondholders, after all, are n't the ordinary sort. Let them be a bit stern on occasion, like a wise parent, and their ward may become the pride of our awakening stage.

The Politics of Mary

By Alfred E. Zimmern

A few years ago two well known personalities arrived in London from opposite ends of the earth. The one, Rabindranath Tagore, poet, philosopher, and educator, was the greatest living exponent of the quality and tradition of his own Bengali people and of the India of which they are beginning to form a conscious part. The other, Mary Pickford, needs no introduction to American readers. Walking quietly along the Strand shortly after his arrival, the Hindu found his way blocked by a large and tumultuous crowd. It had come to pay homage to the movie star in front of her hotel, while true greatness was jostled in the gutter.

There could hardly be a more striking contrast than that between Mary Pickford in her balcony and the Indian philosopher below. The screen actress represents the uniformities of modern large-scale life in their most insidious and disintegrating form. She is a Martha posturing in the guise of Mary, a cog in the vast mechanism of a business that is usurping and prostituting the name of art. American by birth and no doubt also by sentiment, what does she bring of the spirit of America to her admirers in five continents? What is she doing to break down the inveterate European prejudice according to which to be American is to be less than human and "Americanism" is used to signify a mechanical hustle and bustle rather than a true and deep-felt expression of national life and personality? Featuring for millions in an empty studio cold imitation of an art that is remote from life, what passion, what individuality and nationality, can she convey through the camera to those who flock to her ghost for stimulus or relief for their jaded spirits?

The cinema is indeed the most conspicuous example in our modern society of power and intellect misapplied, of gifts that belong as of natural right to the realm of Mary cheapened and degraded by exposure in the market-places of the world, of the application of the ruthless processes of standardization to the intimacies of personality. And just because it has coarsened the methods and blunted the sensibilities of its human instruments for the sake of a world-wide popular market, it has sacrificed the power which all true art exercises over men's souls and become a devitalizing element among us, a mere drug and narcotic.

For if the things of Martha are rooted in the common life of man in society, the "better things" that Mary cared for are rooted in the inner life of the human soul. And the chief characteristic of the human soul, what constitutes its humanity, is its individuality. Certain popular cars have common measurements, and

screen close-ups are devised according to a common pattern; but no two trees are alike, no two dogs or horses are alike, and still less are two human beings alike. This hoary platitude, with which stone-age man was already familiar, would not be worth repeating were it not constantly being ignored in practice. But in a society which "tests" human beings as though they were standard pieces of mechanism, which loves to create frames and pigeon-holes and then to fit its human material into them, which has constructed for the use of its citizens sets of orthodox trappings for use in this or that walk or groove of life and is indignant when men and women prefer to walk along God's highway of earthly existence in the gait and guise that pleases them, it is well worth while to emphasize the glory of human uniqueness.

If men and women cannot be made to a pattern, neither can nations. If diversity is the glory of human beings as human beings, it is also the glory of nations as nations. The greatest men that the world has seen were also the most completely individual, the most different from all other men. Jesus was a Jew, and every one who knows the Jewish soul can recognize the Jewish quality in his personality. But he achieved his supremacy not by remaining true to the Jewish type, but by being himself, by becoming himself. The same is true of all the greatest human figures. "What really interests me in Plato," a distinguished philosopher once told me, "is that part of his work for the understanding of which no knowledge of Greek civilization is required." The remark scandalized me at the time, entangled as I still was in excessive preoccupation with externalities; but now I understand that its paradox conceals an element of vital truth. True, my friend, who had been brought up on the classics, did not realize how his own knowledge of Greece enabled him to rise with Plato above the general Hellenic level to the philosophic altitudes above. You cannot think away something that you have never thought. Really to understand Plato, you must begin your journey by the olives of the Ilissus and among the inquisitive crowd of the Athenian market-place, and work steadily upward, past the shepherds' huts and the mountain pastures, till you emerge on the high peak, with its serene survey over land and sea. But the mountain itself, like the spirit of those who win their way thither, is far above the common life below. Plato is an Athenian transfigured; Shakspere an Englishman, and yet more than an Englishman; Goethe a German, yet not a typical German; Dante an Italian, yet a miracle of human power and passion for all time. Their greatness is built up on their nationality and cannot be disjoined from it; but it is distinct and unique in itself. Of all the four it may indeed be said that every line that they have left us is pure autobiography. They had so completely individualized themselves that every outpouring of their spirit has the same personal note.

And the same, if in a lesser degree, is true of the achievement of nations. If Athens and Florence, England, France, and Flanders, have won international fame for the production of their national cultures, it is not because they strove to be national, to drill their people according to a

standardized preconception of the time, but because they gave Athenians and Florentines, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Flemings, the occasion and inspiration to be themselves. The nationality in their work which we now admire springs straight out of their personality, and it is this nationality which has made their work international and immortal. Devised according to an international pattern, it would have been lifeless; devised according to a national pattern, it would have remained on a common conventional level. Allowed to spring up out of the uniqueness of individual living and thinking, it has become a permanent power in the civilization of mankind. If America is disappointed with her national culture and its representatives, it is not to systems and programs that she must look for her salvation.

§ 2

Let us now set side by side and contrast the two kinds of forces of influences with which we have been dealing in this and the foregoing article. On the one hand we have the realm of Martha, the world of politics or common affairs, a world of public spirit and efficiency, of organization and standardization, always tending to a larger and larger scale, and now becoming increasingly international. On the other we have the realm of Mary, the world of the individual human soul, a world personal and intimate, intense in its feelings and attachments, and capable of inspiring not the duty-bound activities of public spirit, but by the all-pervading and integrating passion, alike unreasonable and unfathomable, which we call love.

If men realized the difference between these two realms and between the motives and impulses which operate within them, half the political problems of the world would be quickly solved. For the greater part of these so-called "problems," including those which seem most hopeless and intractable, arises simply from an overlapping of the two realms and from a failure on each side to realize that the two parties are dwelling on different planes and speaking different languages. All strictly political problems are relatively easy to solve: they are simply problems in applied science, whether it be economics or medicine or engineering or political science in the narrower sense of the term. As Sidney Well, that prince in the study of externalities, once remarked, "patriotism is simply a problem of administrative areas." If it were, if this were all that the statesman was concerned with in Ireland and India, in Haiti, Liberia, or east-central Europe, his task would be simple. Draw scientific frontiers, establish an efficient government within them, with or without a show of democracy, and man in his threefold character, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb see him, man the producer, man the consumer, and man the citizen and defender of his home, will be duly satisfied.

But, unfortunately, men and women are not fashioned on this simple threefold pattern, nor are they gifted, as a rule, with a power of analysis enabling them to distinguish between the various elements in their thought about nations and commonwealths. And it is just from this confused thinking, this entanglement between the common and the individual, between the outer and the inner, that

the most obstinate political and national problems arise. The Irish question is a good example. In its essence it was a struggle between the advocates of the two different realms, between the English, the political people *par excellence*, who sought to "politicize" it, as against the Irish, for whom the mystical Ireland of the heart is so much nearer and more real than the visible island, with its highways and railroads, its creameries and fisheries, as an object of government. The English solution of the Irish question was to kill Irish nationality with kindness; in other words, with good government. To the Englishman, dwelling in the realm of Martha, the break-up of the United Kingdom seems, or seemed until he was harried out of his common-sense habits, a crime against the uniformities which make for prosperity and good government. "Was there ever such lunacy proposed by anybody?" cried Mr. Lloyd George at Carnarvon in October, 1920, in reference to the details of a dominion home-rule scheme for Ireland; and the solution which the same statesman later carried through pushed the lunacy still further, because it partitioned the island and built up a customs barrier through her green lands from sea to sea. To a British audience the inconveniences of separate industrial legislation, separate rates of taxation, a separate fiscal system, seemed unanswerable arguments for the maintenance of the union. But the Irishman, dwelling in another realm, never saw these arguments, still less tried to meet them. For him it was enough to know that the union, and the English garrison, maintained in his beloved country an element disturbing to his spiritual peace; and having decided to be "free," and that inner freedom was dependent upon certain external arrangements, he faced the practical consequences with unflinching patriotic faith, but without the businesslike calculation of statesmanship. Now that the free state is in being, Irishmen in their turn are facing the responsibilities of Martha, and when they heed the scriptural injunction as to the duty to Cæsar and the duty to God, they must sometimes ruefully reflect that the wisest of all teachers left it to each group of His pupils, in each particular case, to decide *how much* of duty and devotion should be apportioned to each sphere.

There is indeed only one solution of the Irish question, as of the many other questions in which the two realms overlap. It is to draw them asunder and set each on its proper plane. It is to *depoliticize* nationality and to *de-emotionalize* politics, to take nationality and its intimacies clean out of the world of state-housekeeping and efficiency, and to rescue politics, in its turn, from the rhetoric and rhodomontade, the emotional suggestions and confusions which impede the exercise of the statesman's sober judgment and public spirit. When politics become reasonable, and when men become as responsible in the discussion of political issues as in dealing with their own practical private concerns, we can look forward to a world set free from the fear of war. But just so long as passion runs riot on public issues, whether it be the sentimentalism of the pacifist, the so-called loyalty of the patriot, or the sheer emotional debauchery of the demagogue, conflict will be an ever-

present possibility. For emotions do not confer: they collide, and under the impact of a collision they are apt to turn into their opposites. How often have we seen the peace fanatic in one cause become the war fanatic in another! There is no room in politics for emotion unballasted by reason, and it is one of the peculiar dangers of modern democracy that it affords an avenue to cheap success for men who, discontented, maybe, in their own intimate life, seek emotional relief in impassioned appeals to mass prejudice. The affairs of the republic are not a narcotic or an anodyne, to be turned to in the stress of dissatisfaction and *malaise;* still less a spectacle or a pastime, a contest in which victory goes to the quickest wits or the readiest tongue.

Americans seem, to the outside observer at any rate, to be particularly susceptible to the temptation unduly to emotionalize their politics. American history originates from the victory of a political dogma which has now almost become an inherited mode of feeling, and thus reason seems to find less easy an entry into the world of American political discussion than in communities where an older tradition and a wider background afford more emotional outlets in other directions. But as America comes of age and as Americans grow into their environment and imprint their own intimate and integrated personality upon it, this difficulty will diminish; and it should not be long before the mood evoked by the stars and stripes becomes predominantly one not simply of buoyant enthusiasm and almost mystical reverence, but also of serious and meditative responsibility.

If the Irish question is an example of Mary impinging on the realm of Martha, there are other current controversies in which we can plainly watch the opposite process. A typical instance is that of the struggle for survival among languages. The tendency of the present-day world is to concentrate human intercourse more and more upon relatively few world media and to allow the large-scale forces of modern life to crush the less widely spoken languages, what are called in India the vernaculars, out of existence. Some have even gone so far as to construct new languages in the name of progress, tongues fit to be spoken by the *Robots* of "R. U. R." Yet every student of literature and every lover of human nature must realize that language is the magic casket of nationality and that a people which has lost or bartered away the tongue of its ancestors has surrendered with it a large part of its soul. Only the strongest peoples, such as the Scotch, can win their way to self-expression in an alien medium, adapting it to their nature rather than being adapted by it.

§ 3

Here, too, it is a question of how much is to be rendered to Cæsar. That all Welshmen and Irishmen should speak English is a necessary concession to Martha, but it is too often forgotten that bilingualism, the ability to speak two languages currently and fluently, is not an inconvenience, but an enrichment. Nor need the older ancestral language be relegated to Sunday and to sacred and traditional usages. No one who has ever seen a Welshman converse in English, and then, turning to a

compatriot, unbotton his very soul, as it were, in his own tongue can doubt that the "vernaculars" so much despised by the practical man have a rich future before them if men will but have the courage to be true to their deepest instincts. It is not for an outsider to make practical suggestions to American educationists on this subject, but he may be permitted to draw attention to the splendid and varied endowment of inherited cultures and qualities with which America has become enriched during the last century—an endowment which makes her the natural center of internationalism and of the processes of mutual understanding between nations, and to deplore that so much of precious quality has been allowed to run to waste, and even to perish in contempt, through the ignorance and shortsightedness of sons of Martha in high places. But happily the exponents of the newer school have realized the harm that has been done, and are exerting themselves manfully to repair it.

§ 4

A struggle of the same kind as that which we have observed in the life of society is being waged incessantly within the mind and spirit of the individual modern man and woman. On what principle is he to choose his mode of livelihood? Shall he aim at outward success or at inner satisfaction and harmony? And when he has chosen the better alternative and dedicated himself to an employment that is also truly a vocation, how far is he to carry his indifference to external standards and his sacrifice of worldly success? To what extent is he justified in allowing the form or quality of his work to be affected by the demand of the popular market? How many a potential poet and artist, philosopher, historian, and essayist, endowed with the ability to leave behind him first-rate and enduring work, has been tempted away by the sons of Martha into that modern city labyrinth where high purposes are diluted into trivial achievements, where the daily output of chatter with pen or pencil takes the place of the considered utterance to which men might have listened in after years! When we compare our unparalleled opportunities for first-rate achievement with the relative leanness of what the modern world has to show for its pretended efforts, we do not sufficiently reflect on the manifold ways in which ardent aspiration and budding genius are constantly being thwarted and stifled by the very mechanism which purports to exist for their service. How often has the cold indifference or wilful opposition of society led genius to suicide! And how much oftener to a life of concession and compromise, which, being a living extinction, is worse than the incident of death itself!

And yet the externalities remain, solid, inexorable, unavoidable, as real as the body itself, against the limitations of which our souls often chafe. Even the loyalest servant of the Muse, even the most absent-minded philosopher, must have his dinner and the wherewithal to procure it. Even the community of anarchists, retiring from an over-regimented world to seek serenity in the backwoods, must have its humble highway and levy the rates for its upkeep. And Jesus himself, when He gently rebuked Martha for being "cumbered with much serv-

ing," neither condemned her activities nor refused to partake of their achievement. The practical decision, here as always in this world of sun and shadow, of body and soul, of urgent necessities and abiding eternities, involves a working adjustment between the forces and influences of the two realms. How is that adjustment to be made? That question each modern man and woman must decide for themselves. But two guiding considerations suggest themselves.

In the first place, we make our adjustment best when we make it consciously and deliberately. To flee from the modern world because it is full of machinery is to repeat the error of monasticism. Let us live boldly and freely in it, using what our environment has to offer us, but not allowing it to use us. The world about us is full of men and women who, like a globe-trotter's baggage, are continually being plastered afresh with new labels: every incident, every idea, every article and conversation, leaves its impact on the yielding surface of their nature. This is not to live, but simply, in the words of the poet, to be

> "Whirled round in earth's diurnal course,
> With rocks and stones and trees."

Others, seeking to be "practical," form a hard shell of resistance against outward influences and become assimilated, in their inner nature as in their daily habits, to the machine or organization which they are paid to serve. Either way lies suicide and the disintegration of personality. You cannot serve both God and Mammon: neither can you serve both the God within you and the machine without. To serve a machine is to become a machine.

Secondly, the aim of the adjustment must be to attain to unity, to a twofold unity, a unity in the outer realm as in the inner. No serious-minded modern man, however clamant the call of his inner life, can afford to dispense with the duties of citizenship or with the responsibilities of international adjustment. The task still remains before us of making this world a fit place to live in for the children of men. Invention and organization, both in natural science and in the arts of government, have shown us the possibilities which, for the first time in the planet's history, lie before us in this endeavor; and we dare not neglect them.

But to this outward unity of the statesman's dream there must be an inner unity to correspond. If we rest satisfied with the ideal of "a world set free for democracy," we may but have pointed the way to a world commonwealth fated, like imperial Rome, to perish of inward inanition. Leagues and commonwealths are made for man, not he for them. If Cæsar's affairs are ever to be set in true order, it will be because the generation which has done its duty by them has also done its duty to God; because there is at last a world of men and women who are masters both of their destiny and their environment, who have learned how best to employ the many treasures of their personal and national inheritance, to draw all that is best and finest in the world about them into the broad, flowing stream of a personal life and a national culture, and to say with renewed thankfulness every day, as they survey the diversity of human gifts and obligations, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

CHARACTERIZATIONS

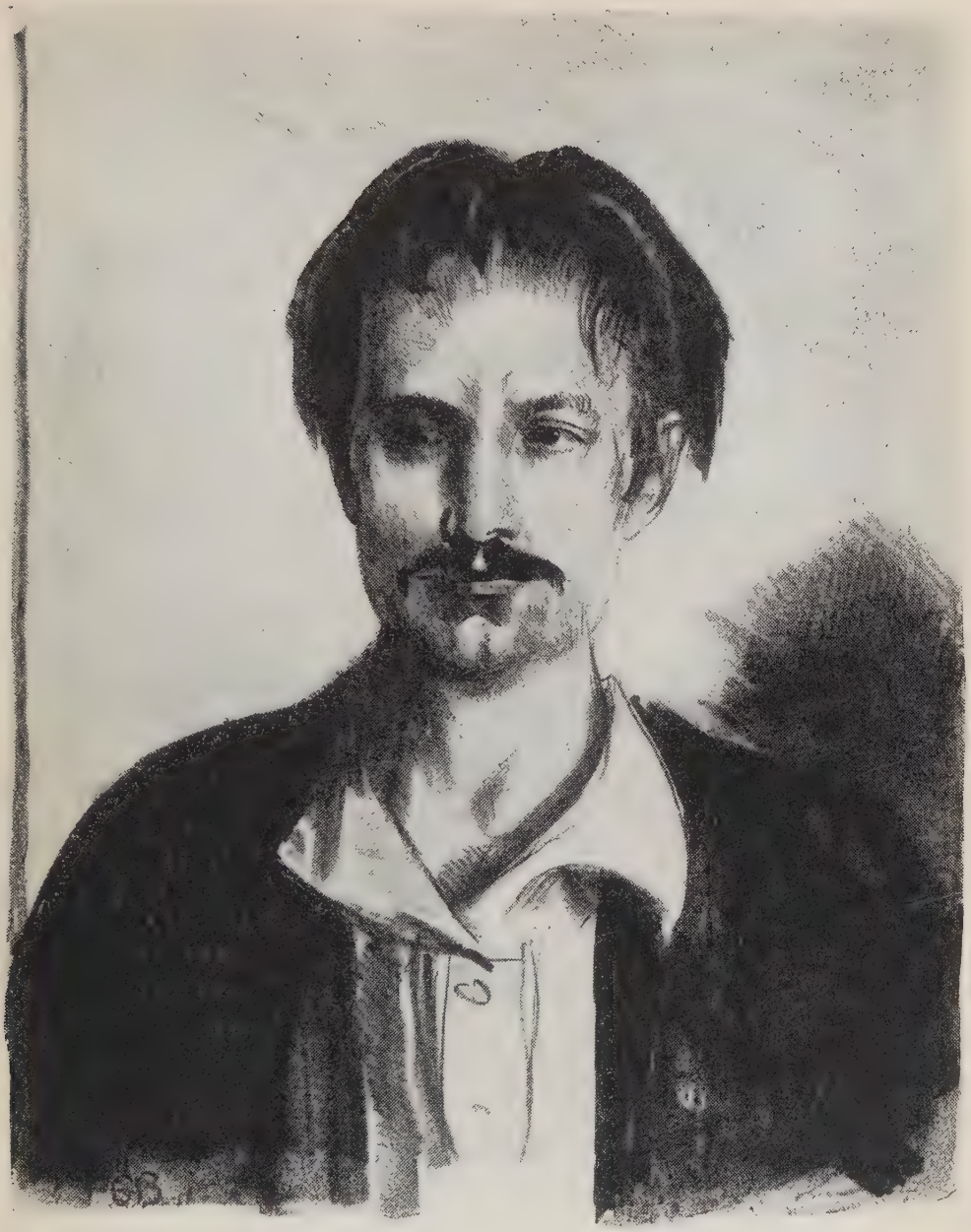
From LITHOGRAPHS by

GEORGE BELLOWS

JEAN–1923

PORTRAIT OF JULIAN BONES

MARY



PORTRAIT OF JOHN CARROLL

"THE COLONEL'S LADY AN' JUDY O'GRADY"

The Mixer and the Mutant

By Lois Seyster Montross

Judge Beverly had promised his friend Biggers, president of the Continental and Union Bank of Chicago, to see his son at the old grad celebration.

"I wish you would look him up, Frank," Biggers had said, "and see just how he is making it. His letters are so indefinite! I should like to know just how he is situated."

Beverly had only one day to spend at his alma mater, the state university, and that day would be very crowded. As he stepped from the train it occurred to him that he might forget to look up Biggers's son. He paused and made a hasty note of it in his little red memorandum book: "Be sure see yng. Biggers."

Only the night before Judge Beverly had decided to cancel his numerous engagements in the city and play truant. He was very glad no one knew of his arrival, pleased that no dean or dignitary met him this once. He enjoyed mingling with the college crowds at the station, and as he threaded his way to a taxicab he smiled in his exuberance at the students. Many nodded at the robust, ruddy stranger, not recognizing the famous Beverly smile, but responding to its friendliness.

Even the taxicab driver grinned as he held the door open for this unmistakable personage, faultlessly groomed and quietly confident. Judge Beverly gave the address of the executive dean's office, knowing that Abrams would not be in later in the afternoon. The cab swerved dangerously around the corners, cleverly avoiding reckless cars flaunting the college colors and filled with excited students. The houses along Fraternity Row bore the colors in bunting and impromptu adornments: shields, huge pennants, and mottos spelled out in electric bulbs that would flare buoyantly that evening after the football game. Beverly leaned out of the window as the cab passed his fraternity house, chuckling at the sight of a youngster, coatless and shirtless, astride a gable, where he was intently fastening a huge flash-light.

Beverly lit a cigarette, flourishing his match jauntily with a thick, white hand. When the first campus building loomed up, however, he quickly tossed his cigarette away, respecting the local tradition that men immolate nicotine for the gods of the higher learning.

As he entered the executive dean's inner office, Beverly referred to the little incident in his opening words: "I came near smoking on the campus, Harry!" It was a manner Frank Beverly had of waiving greetings and beginning conversation while he shook hands. He and Abrams had been

freshmen here together, but Abrams looked many years the older—a weary-eyed wisp of a man who passed and repassed his hand over his eyes, as if the thousands of students he was reputed to recognize at sight had bedazed his vision.

Beverly's well proportioned bulk seemed to crowd the office. As if aware of towering too obviously over the smaller man, the judge sat down at once. Some of his exuberance seemed gone now, and as he faced the rather limp, remote-eyed dean, lines became apparent in Beverly's face that had not accented it before.

The remarks of the pair were ashy and subdued. Long years of public phrase-making had extinguished the crackling spontaneity of their undergraduate chatter.

"Big crowds out there, are there?" Dean Abrams nodded at the window, a gesture of detachment that made his office seem aloof and unrelated.

"Yes, big crowds. Fine celebration."

"We always have fine celebrations. They are not so noisy, so abandoned, as they were in our day. But with the increase in the student body we have had to exercise some jurisdiction."

"Very wise, certainly," said Beverly. "There is a great deal of poppycoddle being talked about the younger generation—"

"This talk about bootlegging and improper dancing,—" Abrams leaned forward, his eyes alight now, his body more alert,—" 'petting,' women smoking! We don't have much trouble with it."

"None whatever, I hope." Beverly smoothed his nose, thoughtfully. It was a fine, straight nose and kept very lean and shapely by his little habit of stroking it. "The younger generation is sadly maligned, especially by these damnably impertinent newspapers. They are as wholesome and temperate as we could desire."

"Of course they are," said Abrams, gratefully. "By the way, Frank, you must see Beverly Hall during your stay. They 've begun work on it."

"I 'm afraid I won't have time." Beverly modestly evaded the subject of the dormitory he was financing. "Hang it! Harry, I like to just be an old grad to-day. Just one of 'em."

"Well, you *are* one of 'em," began the dean, warmly. "Always were loyal." Then he enlarged upon the theme, looking impersonally at his friend as if he were a large audience. "You gave the university wholehearted service in all its activities when you were here, and to-day you derive dividends of gratitude and recognition from it. What did we use to call you? 'Sunshine' Beverly!"

The judge laughed, a loud boyish laugh of hearty gusto.

"Yes, sir, I guess you did! 'Sunshine'—" again his laugh shattered the startled silences of the room. After such a laugh he always grew abruptly silent, and his face took on a deeper gravity, as if purged for the moment of all mirth. "My word, Harry, it 's later than I thought! I want to drop in at the Old Grad luncheon. Oh, tell me, Harry, do you happen to know anything of a—let 's see—a junior, called Andrew Biggers?"

The dean gazed at the ceiling a moment as if scanning innumerable portraits, sifting and sorting them. Then he said with quiet assurance:

"Yes, I know him. Blond, blue-eyed, well built chap. His father is the president of the Continental and Union Bank of Chicago."

"Biggers is a friend of mine. He wanted me to find out just how his son stood. Between you and me, quite frankly, how is he making it?"

"Very well, I believe," said Abrams; but his eyes seemed to guard some dissatisfaction. "He is—uh—is not what one might call *actively* interested in the university. That is to say, he seems a bit one-sided, a bit blind to the splendid opportunities of social development offered by such an institution. You yourself found the great value of a broad, full life here where so many cross-roads of endeavor meet. I have tried to suggest—tried to convey to young Biggers—" The dean broke off, glancing at Beverly.

"He is not amenable—"

"Exactly. He seems to feel no necessity for subordinating his aims to the regulations and routine of the institution. I suggest these things for his own good, you realize. He 's not troublesome,—I don't mean that,—at least about nothing but his courses. He 's continually dropping and re-electing them, I understand, and I dare say his credits are in bad shape."

"H-m-m," murmured Beverly, "h-m-m. Well, give *me* the broad, well informed student, the mixer every time! Now, I rather expected—his father, you know, is emphatically all-round, broad, marvelously well informed on all subjects. And the son is a bit—uh—eccentric, is he?"

"I should say," replied Dean Abrams, carefully, "that he is."

§ 2

The rows of long tables traversing the great room were marked at intervals with maroon class numerals from '81 to '22.

There was a little stir as Judge Beverly entered. Hat and stick in hand, he strode across the floor to the nearest empty chair, ignoring the toastmaster's beckoning entreaty at the far end of the hall. He looked about at the sea of old and young faces. Impossible to recognize one's friends! He turned to the girl at his left.

"Say, I 've missed the chicken patties!" he whispered. On the opposite side of the huge hall somebody was giving a toast. As the faint laughter of the small group who could hear the words penetrated to the larger body of graduates, these smiled appreciatively at the inaudible joke. "What is this, Waldorf salad?"

For some reason all the diners at that table had been staring in silence at the salad; now as Beverly began to eat, the others took up their forks. The girl at his left ate a bit of the lettuce and then said:

"Yes—yes, I think it *is* Waldorf salad."

"Now, it 's against my principles," said the judge, in a light, gay tone, "to eat an alumni luncheon with a young lady I don't know. So—"

"Oh, my name is Weirs. Iva Weirs," she said breathlessly. "I—I heard you give the address at commencement last year."

"You got your sheepskin last year, Miss Weirs? Do I have the name right—'Weirs'?"

"Yes, that 's right. No, I graduated in '19. I 'm teaching in Willerton, Indiana. And it makes it awfully nice; I can get back so often." Through her bone-rimmed glasses her eyes looked wistful. "It 's funny; I 'm the only one of that class here at this luncheon."

"Well now, Miss Weirs, I sha'n't

tell you *my* class. I 'm not frank enough to stand—I mean sit—by my numerals!" Beverly gave his loud shout of laughter.

A sad-faced, fat man and his neighbor, a stern-faced, gray-haired woman wearing a college arm-band, stared at Beverly with annoyance. Not having been introduced, they had cherished their silence through two courses.

There was an empty chair at the judge's right. He turned again to Miss Weirs, who was nervously adjusting the collar of her georgette blouse. "I see you wear the Phi Beta Kappa key. You must have been a good student."

Pleased, she said: "I worked pretty hard—psychology. I never cared about the social life like a lot of students."

"Miss Weirs," said the judge, earnestly, "this is an age of specialization. Yes, sir, an age of specialization. Show me the man who narrows down his interests, and I will show you the man who succeeds. You were interested in psychology; you had no time to fritter away. The younger generation is unwholesome and intemperate, bad-mannered numskulls. It 's a real pleasure to meet a young woman like you who has some outstanding aim."

Her thin chest rose and fell quickly. She glanced up at him with grateful, misty eyes.

When the judge's laugh again drenched the tepid atmosphere like a warm, sudden shower, the stern, gray-haired woman spoke abruptly to the fat man.

"Who *is* he?"

"Oh, he 's that big judge from Chicago." The fat man groped laboriously out of silence into speech. "Did n't you read in the papers where he sent up six I.W.W.'s last week?"

"Well," said the stern woman, "he seems to be enjoying himself."

"Oh, he 's a mixer," said the fat man, enviously, "a born mixer."

§ 3

Judge Beverly arrived at the young journalists' luncheon in time for the coffee. He was an honorary member of this organization of student newspaper men, and always enjoyed addressing them when he visited the campus. His dignity and air of authentic aristocracy fell off him like a cloak as he seated himself among these informal youngsters. Even his erect shoulders relaxed into an easy slouch, and he spoke conversationally between slow, luxurious puffs at a cigar.

"I like this gang," he told them; "I 'm one *of* you. Give me the young newspaper men of a university every time. They are the group that preserve the good fellowship and vital spirit that characterized the university when I knew it. I 'll tell you, fellows, my stomach turns at the sight of these pale-faced, anemic mollycoddles that have n't guts enough to hold a decent celebration after a big game! Why, when I was a sophomore, we used to tear down the old Orpheum and build it up again in one night.

"Don't be afraid to give expression to your youthful spontaneity. That 's what you 're here for. I don't know where we can expect to find any more enthusiasm and spirit than among our young journalists. Out in the world it 's the same way. Where do we find fresh impulse and vigorous activity? In the newspaper office. Where do we find keen observation, sense of romance, true ethics? In the newspaper office. And there we find the mixers—the men who can adapt themselves

to any new stratum of human society.

"You are here in this journalism college to learn how to give the public its rightful due, that great commodity—*news*. And in order to do that you must study human nature. Your laboratory is as wide as the human race. That 's why I always say, 'Give me the young newspaper men of a university or a nation.' There you will find the fresh, courageous minds ready to grapple with old traditions and customs, and eager to infuse new life into the muscle-bound limbs of the old, lethargic thought!"

The applause was uproarious.

On leaving the young journalists, the judge suddenly remembered his promise to Biggers. Beverly never broke a promise. He felt, however, as he hurried to a telephone, that his principle was proving rather a nuisance.

§ 4

If Harry Abrams was a dean of an ancient régime, remote, weary-eyed, playing in his unrelated office with sentimental abstractions, Horace McLaren was a president of the new order: crisp, shrewd, a man of the world, a disciple of material progress and practical advancement. He manipulated projects for vast appropriations and nation-wide publicity. He desired fiercely to achieve for the state university a reputation for bigness: the most books, the hugest stadium, the largest grounds, an American behemoth of education, fabulously proportioned and equipped with superlative jaws and digestive tract for the fastest mastication and assimilation of the largest fodder of students.

Short, rotund, somewhat choleric and abrupt, he was scarcely good company for men he suspected of "nonsense." He was on excellent terms with Frank Beverly, and the pair found each other's conciseness and clipped thought very grateful in a world of maundering visionaries.

As they stepped from the president's car and took their tardy way along the packed bleachers to their reserved seats, they appeared deep in important conversation, oblivious to the thousands who pointed them out and to the struggling foot-ball men on the green field.

"First game I 've seen in years," McLaren said briskly. "Fine stadium, is n't it?"

"Finest in the country," replied Judge Beverly. His face and manner had undergone another change: his jaw seemed more square and aggressive, his eyes were piercing, his shoulders flung back confidently, his steps adapted to McLaren's quick, sure pace. They settled themselves in the concrete seats of the stadium's great bowl. Below, the foot-ball men looked like tumbling red and green beetles. The October sun was stationed over the field to watch the conflict. The tiny cheer-leaders cavorting tirelessly before the bleachers seemed to hold the vast, barking crowd in leash like a mighty mastiff. Upon the blue sea of the sky floated an airplane, as graceful as a small, black skiff.

"Glad to hear of your action in regard to those Reds, Frank. Nation needs to be swept clear of propagandists. University is fostering the men who are strong enough to do it."

"Damned newspapers made a sensational yarn out of that radical business. I presume that story about bootlegging students up here was merely a newspaper distortion? De-

plorable if these wholesome young fellows—"

McLaren shook his head.

"Unfortunate distortion. We were rather upset about that story. Just at the time our appropriations bill was being introduced—"

"Naturally! But nobody believes the newspapers these days—"

Beverly broke off to watch the little, darting, green beetles vainly pursue a red beetle that scuttled triumphantly between two tooth-picks with a tiny, brown pellet.

"Looks like our game, Horace."

"M'mph. By George! it 's cold. I have a touch of bronchitis. Would you mind—"

"No, my stomach feels heavy. I need a little exercise."

As they retraced their steps in front of the wildly cheering rooters, facetious voices called, "Stick! Stick!"

President McLaren frowned, but Frank Beverly turned and lifted his hat, waving his stick airily at the impertinent youths. At once scattered voices united in a tribute to his friendliness: *"Yea! Frank! Frank! Frank!"*

The glow of the reddening sun suffused the handsome, florid face and lent an added brightness to the famous Beverly smile.

§ 5

Prepared as he had been for young Biggers's eccentricity, Judge Beverly felt this vivarium business a bit too annoying. He had been informed over the telephone that he might find Andrew Biggers here in the vivarium all afternoon. Doubtless the lad was toiling desperately for some necessary credits, but on the afternoon of the game! It was really too bad. Beverly had some difficulty in finding the right laboratory, and as he entered it, his sensitive nose scented an unpleasant, acrid stench.

Through oppressive silence a thin trickling of water, the conglomerate shapes of glass containers, coils of pipes, tanks, and iron sinks looming indefinably; in the gloomy twilight a head and shoulders visible beyond the strange chaos. A casual voice calling: "Oh, hello! Just a sec till I get this drain fixed."

Beverly fingered his stick, impatiently. At last a tall figure in shirt-sleeves and dangling black rubber apron emerged around the tank. As the judge made himself known and mentioned the older Biggers's name, the blond young man appeared to listen, but his cloudy blue eyes seemed vague and inattentive.

"Yes, I see," he murmured; "yes, I see. Glad you came in—" he broke off to stir something in a sauce-pan over a Bunsen burner.

"Are those—fish?" asked Beverly, staring at the darting shapes, splashing and sliding behind the glass of a water-trough.

"Yuh—fish. And we 've got some snails in there, too. Toads, too. They 're Doc Schnittkind's. He 's working with them. I 'm working with *Drosophila.*"

"*Dro*—"

"*Drosophila.* A genus of fruit flies. 'Gnats,' I guess *you* call 'em. You 've seen them on bananas? I feed mine bananas. Come over here a minute, and I 'll show you."

Moving gingerly, Beverly crossed the room and gazed speechlessly at thousands of crawling and flying insects, imprisoned, but well banqueted on slimy sections of bananas disgustingly over-ripe.

Andrew Biggers seemed to expect some expression of delight, but the judge felt somehow capable of none. So he said:

"But you had to miss the game."

"No, I did n't have to." (Beverly thought the young man sounded pert.) "This is important what I 'm doing. You see, if I neglect it, I have to start all over. They die or something. Look here! This is the incubator. I keep this at the right heat, so I have a thousand or so hatching every day. See them in there?"

Beverly glanced at the glass incubator and hastily glanced away.

"You can see how fascinating it is," continued Andrew Biggers, wiping his big, damp, discolored hands on his apron. He spoke with a quick, yet halting, eagerness, as if his mind were swooping and darting about half-expressed thoughts.

"Yes, very interesting." To his surprise, the judge found himself tongue-tied and ill at ease. "I think we 've won the game," he began again. And as he listened, he could hear distant cheering as faint as potatoes bubbling in an adjacent room.

Biggers ignored the remark, and continued his own topic with naïve rudeness:

"You may not know much about *Drosophila*. But Morgan has discovered about twenty-five characters —sex-linked characters—in the fruit fly, governing the color of the eyes and length of wings and all that."

"Oh, has he?" said Beverly, with dry politeness. "I see."

"Yes, he has. And the *eyes* are my field. You see, this fly normally has a red eye, but when mutations occur, the eye is white. Look here through this microscope."

As one moving in a nightmare, Beverly adjusted his eye to the lens. The great crimson orb he stared at affected him unpleasantly, and he gave a little cough of distaste.

"Who would have thought," he said unhappily, "that those things had red eyes! And they live on bananas, do they?"

"As I was saying," went on Biggers, intently, "these mutations occur as the result of extrinsic or environmental forces working on the organism. And y' see I am working to discover whether heat is one of these extrinsic forces that affects the color of the eye. Have I made it clear?"

"Very clear," said Beverly. "How long will it take you?"

"Well, the whole experiment—the effects of selection and that sort of thing on certain other characters of *Drosophila*—may take about four years or so. It 's very slow, you know, counting facets and all that. It may not seem very important to you, but you must remember the result is applied to mankind."

"Eh?" Beverly had been looking at his watch.

"I say that we can understand more about man's heredity when we know for certain how the eye of *Drosophila* adapts itself to environmental conditions."

"I thought environment—uh—heredity, you know, was pretty definitely settled," ventured the judge, uncertainly.

Andrew Biggers smiled gently and gazed at the flies swarming on the over-ripe banana. Beverly gazed at them, too.

Whether from escaping gas or the fetid air or merely from fatigue, Beverly felt quite ill. The black in-

sects blurred before his fascinated stare and became indistinct, then suddenly reappeared, enormously magnified, each with great, savage, blood-red eyes. He carefully wiped his forehead with a fresh handkerchief and moved toward the door. Scarcely aware of his own words, he said good-by to Biggers and hurried out into the clear October air.

§ 6

He spent only a few moments at his fraternity house on the way to the station. The men urged him to join them in their celebration over the great victory, but Beverly waved aside their too youthful home brew. He graciously passed around his own silver flask, and finished draining it himself with a spirited toast:

"Here 's to our team, boys! Here 's to our team!"

But as he sank at last into the comfortable seat of his compartment he felt very tired, almost despondent. Damned red-eyed *Drosophila!* Nearly ruined his day!

He saw Tompkins, a prominent Chicago alderman and a member of his club, passing through the train, and beckoned him in. As they lighted cigars, Beverly relaxed slowly into garrulous ease.

"Been dragging around that campus the whole day," he grunted petulantly to Tompkins, who was not a university man. "Had to be amiable to about a million people. What homely women these co-eds are! And Biggers—you know the banker?" the judge asked.

Of course Tompkins knew Biggers.

"Well, he 's got a son down there, and, unfortunately, I promised to look him up. I tell you, I pride myself on being a good mixer, but I 'm damned if I could make any headway with *that* fellow! The man who gets on in this world, Tompkins, has to be a mixer, and the big thing I learned in college was how to adapt myself, adjust myself to any environment, any stratum of human society.

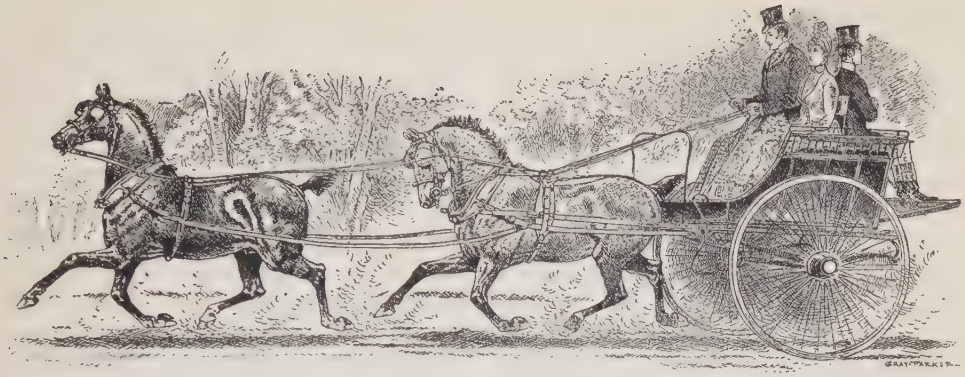
"Some people think President McLaren is a hard man to talk to, and Dean Abrams—some people can't get his point of view, but I have no trouble adapting myself to either. And it 's not a bit harder for me to talk to some bashful, homely female or to a bunch of fraternity youngsters. I can say without boasting, Tompkins, that this son of Biggers is about the first fellow-being that I 've been absolutely at a loss with."

Beverly was growing heated again, and his red face looked apoplectic. He seemed strangely upset.

"This boy is a type I 've never met before in the American university. Has no interest in getting anything out of the school, no interest in human nature, no interest in anything! Stays all day in a stinking laboratory counting red-eyed bugs!"

He closed his own eyes, as if to shut out the unpleasant memory of those crimson orbs.

"My God! I 'll never be able to eat bananas again!"



Hither and Yon

II—Fuss and Feathers

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

Some day some enterprising movie man will make a cinematograph, like a patchwork-quilt, of pictures of society over thirty years. On the screen it can be done. Words paint in a slow gray the gay processional of good times and changing fashions from the eve of the nineties to the jazz dawn of "after the war" that I have watched. When I was a girl, there were débutantes and dowagers, with a nice blending of statuses in between; now there are sub-débutantes and débutantes, and there are no dowagers at all. In the old days, days of coaches and four-in-hands bugling up Fifth Avenue, if society had any password, it was "leisure"; now, not for society alone, but for the whole world, a snorting motor gives us the pitch-pipe "Speed."

"Fuss and feathers" was my Grandfather Jaffray's half-ironical blanket phrase for all the trappings and trimmings, the comings and goings, of his granddaughters. Sometimes, and especially since the war, society has seemed to me like pink frosting on a cake—cake in a world that hungered for bread. Parties seemed feathers and fuss, nothing more.

But that is only a mood. On the whole, I have loved balls, garden parties, and hunting as a pony loves his paddock. I cannot be solemn about the snobbery and the wastefulness. These faults have been a hundredfold exaggerated by yellow newspapers and their favorite preachers. The truth is, snobbery is not so wicked, but it is usually very, very dull; and as for wastefulness, if one believes in private property at all, I think that the Bradley Martin balls, which added to the gaiety of nations and set money in circulation, were far more pious enterprises than unostentatious hoarding.

I went to my first ball in December, 1888. It was the Assembly at Delmonico's, then at Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, the heart of fash-

ionable New York. My father took me down in the carriage,—no girl ever went anywhere except with a chaperon or maid,—and I can't remember which echoed louder, the clap of the horses' feet on the pavement or my own heart. Motors make so much more noise nowadays! Perhaps that is why no one hears the modern girl's heart go pounding childishly at first balls. I wore—it was regulation—a white tulle gown, with a satin bodice, and one of those monstrosities called "bustles," which were the vogue in England, too, as "improvers." My father felt as young as I did, and entertained me with stories of how my great-grandmother had "come out" in Bermuda, and how she rode to her first "rout" at Government House on a horse, with one of her father's slaves walking behind, with her party frock in a trunk on his head. There were no carriages in the island. "How droll!" I said, feeling very modern in a hack, and never dreaming that motor-cars and airplanes were just around Time's corner! I loved it, and so did father, all except hearing some one speak of him as "old Hurst, Daisy Hurst's father." He minded that less later in the winter, and indeed invented an amusing middle-aged routine for himself when the young dancers danced too often. He used to accompany me to balls, and then take a room at Delmonico's and sleep until time to take the livelier generation home.

Lander's Orchestra always played. We waltzed to "The Blue Danube" and polkaed to "Shoo Fly, don't Bother Me." Occasionally there was a lancers, and the nearest we ever came to jazz in all my early days was a barn dance, which was n't near at all. The cotillion I danced with Norman Whitehouse, one of our neighbors at Irvington. He seems not very much older to-day than the skilful partner who led me through intricate figures thirty-five years ago. I went into supper with Bordie Harriman, whom I remember first as an apple-cheeked boy with bright red stockings who used to march by my grandfather's house on his way to school. Suppers and cotillions were very formal affairs. Society knew nothing about parties hastily concocted by telephone. Cotillion partners were always arranged beforehand and sent flowers, chiefly roses, for florists had not yet scoured the ends of the earth for orchids, anemones, and gardinias. Other men sent roses, too, if one were a belle, and a really great belle achieved an effect like a greenhouse bundle boy. Despite our limitations, a great deal was said with flowers in those days, and Bordie Harriman's three white roses, which I tucked in my other bouquets at nearly every ball, always pleased me most.

After supper we seated ourselves in little gilt chairs set stiffly round the ball-room. It took an amount of art to sit down without crushing one's bustle. Young people now would never endure the discipline of a formal cotillion of the eighties. To-day everybody wants to do everything all at once. I forget whether Worthington Whitehouse or Mr. Elisha Dyer was cotillion leader that night. Those two were magnificent at inventing figures, and had far more tact than any distributors of court honors in Europe in giving out favors to those they wished particularly to distinguish without making the rest of the company anything but happy.

Why it was such fun to leave a ball, cramming the carriage with tissue-paper caps and parasols, bonbons, and tin horns and other bright nothings, I do not know, except that the more one's dressing-table looked like a five-and-ten-cent store, the surer one felt that life was going well. Later it became the fashion to give cotillion favors of intrinsic value. Gold pencils and jeweled pins gave one a delightful sense of loot, and, I am afraid, gave their donors what Mr. Thorstein B. Veblen would describe as the satisfaction of conspicuous waste. Mr. Peter Marié, a great beau, who made a collection of miniatures of all the New York belles of his many seasons, took me in to supper once at the elder Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's and asked me:

"Shall I introduce you as my fiancée or my daughter?"

"Your daughter, of course," I replied. The "of course" was fatal.

Like a pile of colored jackstraws, memories of 1888 lie heaped. Brown, the old Grace Church sexton, had given way to Johnson as carriage-caller at all parties. You can see how small society was if one Johnson could bind us all together like a simple barrel-hoop. The most conspicuous débutante of my season was Sally Hargous. She had the most bouquets and the largest ones, and the rest of us marked them as opera stars do the curtain calls of their rivals. Her brother Bobby was always inviting people in for an H— of a dinner, and meaning nothing by it except that all the guests' names began with H. Silly, simple '88! Amy Bend, now Mrs. Cortland Field Bishop, was the beauty, a dazzling blonde, moonshine and sunshine both in her hair. She and Beatrice Chapman and I amused ourselves a great deal by dancing with Prince Dhulip Singh, a fat little man, son of an enormously rich Indian potentate. He made a fad, in his royal brownness, of dancing only with blondes.

I went home from the ball, my cup spilling over, for I had been asked down to the Meadowbrook Club the following Saturday for breakfast and to hunt afterward. I had hunted with the Westchester hounds over ground now long since planted with suburban kitchen gardens and clothes-poles, but never yet on Long Island, which was over the river and far away. Mounted on Mr. E. D. Morgan's Honest John, through the kindness of a charming Irishman, Mr. Jack Beresford, then acting master of hounds, I started forth that brilliant morning from the little farm-house Mr. August Belmont and others had made into a club. It was a drag-hunt, and the pace was fast and the fences were stiff.

It was English influence, I believe, that made sports an increasingly important part of the social calendar of the eighties and nineties. All social New York aped the English. New York society men, especially sportsmen, were slaves to the Prince of Wales to the last button on his coat. I 've lived to see most of this die away, and some balance of exchange in fashions grow up between New York and London. One never thought then that a Mississippi River negro jazz band would be the choicest thing in London entertainment. The improvement in ocean transportation in the eighties made it possible for many more Americans than ever before to acquaint themselves with the traditions of English country life, and, having found it the most delightful

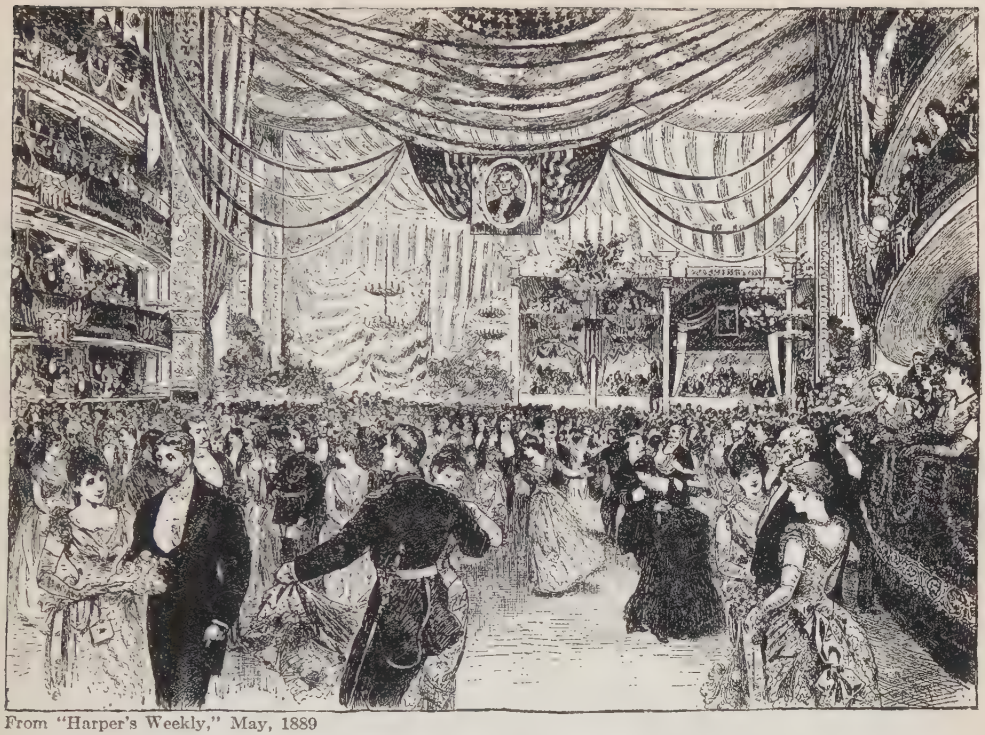
existence in the world, to decide to fashion their own upon it. Virginia, to be sure, was rich in English tradition, but after the Civil War Northerners were not quite ready to take their holidays in the war-scarred South.

However it came about, the flamboyant New-Yorkers of the eighties, the bankers and the empire-minded railroad-owners who were the economic power behind the new leisure class, looked for their fashion not to the old Dutch aristocratic customs that governed the families of the Van Rensselaers, Van Cortlandts, De Peysters, and Stuyvesants, or to the intellectual and political traditions that permeated fashionable New England, but to Great Britain, and Great Britain gave them sports.

My father brought from London one of the first sets of tennis, and the good people of Irvington, when they saw the net, asked naïvely if it were a new device to catch birds! My uncle had a wooden court built on his lawn, so that the new game could be played in all weathers; but there were so few people who knew the game that he had his English footman taught to make a fourth in emergencies. Mr. William Douglas used to journey up from New York for sets on the wooden court. Fine sportsman that he was, no price in time or money was too high for a good day's sport. He sailed his own yacht; most men did in the eighties. The sailing, not the owning, was the thing. Once in half a gale of wind and a rough sea, in a race off Newport, he stuffed into his pocket without reading some telegrams from his broker that had come just as he was leaving the anchorage. Not until the race was over did he pull them out of his pocket, damp, indecipherable wads. By the time he telegraphed to New York, "Repeat," the market had broken, and he was the loser by many thousands of dollars.

Courtesy of "Harper's Bazar"

"I am afraid my card is filled"



From "Harper's Weekly," May, 1889

The Centennial Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House

"A great race. Worth it. Could n't be bothered with a wind like that," was all he said, chuckling.

Newport in those days was one of the loveliest places in the world. It is still. But it 's more of a cinema reeling by, now that one may motor round the ocean drive twenty times in an afternoon. When I first knew it, going up with my grandfather on his yacht the *Stranger*, Mrs. August Belmont, Sr., used to drive in her phaëton, with four horses and postilions, around only once in an afternoon. In still earlier years men in frock-coats and top-hats and women in beautiful clothes appeared at the Casino at noon and listened to music. At three they went to dinner! Not until Mrs. Paran Stevens, mother of Lady Arthur Paget, set the fashion, did seven o'clock or later become the dining-hour. About the same time as the Belmonts, Mrs. Stevens — "Aunty Paran," as she was called—put her servants into livery, and introduced the European system of entertaining large house parties with breakfast at any hour. Both in New York and Newport her house was a center. Indeed, 243 Fifth Avenue on Sunday evenings was credited with being the only salon that America has ever had.

In Newport Mrs. Stevens had too good a cook. He was a chef brought from Paris. His sauces were priceless. His temperament was also. Once during a tennis tournament she had asked a hundred people for luncheon. They came, they sat, but nothing happened. Down-stairs the chef was saying that unless he had three bottles

of a particular champagne, he could n't go on with his sauce. People left. Finally three starving young men found six bottles, made their way to the kitchen, laid them upon the altar, and food began to arrive for all that were left of the hundred.

Mrs. Stevens's name brings up a thousand stories. Once when she was fifty minutes late at a dinner in New York, instead of making the convenient excuse, "The horse fell down," she came in with a rush.

"Really, my dear, my memory plays me tricks. I told the coachman to drive me to the W——, and before I knew it, I was being shot up and down the sixteen stories in the lift, inquiring for you at every floor. Then I suddenly remembered that you lived across the street."

The W—— at the time was only a hole in the ground, and its future wonders were being constantly cried in incredible advertisements, and her fantasy delighted both hungry guests and hostess.

Which was the more glorious at Newport, yachting or polo, I could never decide. James Gordon Bennett brought polo to America barely seven years after it became the vogue in England, where the Tenth Hussars, my regiment, some of whose officers, quartered at Aldershot, had read in a Manipur paper about the ancient Persian game, first played it in England in 1869. Particularly interesting was the time the Hurlingham team came from England to play at Newport, and sold their ponies in order to take American-bred ponies home with them. Polo is responsible for the careful breeding of Texan and Mexican ponies that has gone on for the last thirty years. If I am romantic in my love for polo, it is not alone that it is the most thrilling sport pageant in the world and a marvelous game, where the sheer sportsmanship of beast and man is called to its highest pitch. I like to think of the tradition of the game, played somewhere for perhaps two thousand years; and always because of it, better animals have been bred, and fine sportsmen have ridden them.

There was a summer at Newport when the women sailed cat-boat races with one man crews. My brother-in-law, Lewis Rutherford, used to go with me. He could n't touch the tiller, according to rules, but he could shout directions with a vengeance. A rather clumsy boat had fallen to my lot, but he had her pulled out of the water and he bought up all the vaseline in Newport to have her smeared, hoping that would make her slip quickly through the water. When I have been dull about things, I imagine sometimes that I hear his voice again calling, "Muttonhead!" "Stupid!" "What are you doing now?" Anna Sands, I remember, won several of the races with a very fast little boat called *Mr. Brown*, and with Mr. Tommy Hitchcock as crew.

Golf came in later. The first Newport links were not laid out by Mr. Theodore Havemeyer until 1893, just thirty years ago. When I look back and remember the jokes that were poked that year at the "rich man's game" that took whole cow-pastures to play it in, and then think how every town in the United States that pretends to any importance now has links, I bless the sportsman who had the money to set a fashion that has led the tired business man into green fields and pastures new, and his wife

and daughter into comfortable clothes. What I do not bless in this connection is the damage golf has done to conversation. Thirty years ago not a man in America had the temerity to spend an evening making a golf post-mortem. He was obliged to be witty and wise, or make a stab in that direction. To-day Presidents and caddies, the whole male sex, do it, and I don't know why.

Coaching has faded while golf and motoring have come to life. The annual meet of the New York Coaching Club, founded in 1876 by Col. William Jay, W. P. Douglas, Delancey and Nicholas Kane, and others, was a thrilling and colorful event. About fifteen drags usually assembled at the Brunswick Hotel in Twenty-sixth Street and drove up to and around Central Park, and back in time for dinner at the hotel. The prettiest women in town, in crisp summer gowns, and leghorn hats, with bouquets of cornflowers, daisies, or buttercups, flowers to match the racing colors of the host, sat atop the coaches. The men wore the coaching-club uniforms, green coats and gray top-hats and boutonnières. Even the horses were dressed with flower rosettes behind their ears. Harlequin could n't have designed a giddier and more delightful show as they dashed along past beautifully appointed victorias with high-stepping horses up the avenue and past the barefoot boys at the entrance of the park who sold clumps of fragrant lilac gathered "out in the country," meaning beyond the nineties.

Horses have always played an important part in my life. My father barely waited for me to learn to walk before he had found me a pony. I was delighted when I discovered how much social life revolved about horses The Westchester Country Club was founded before the existence of golf, but it had a polo-field, a steeplechase course, and a pack of hounds. We called it the "country club" merely. Whenever I see a bungalow on a New Mexican mesa or a North Dakota prairie, country clubs of adjacent small towns, I smile that Westchester was the parent of all this joining together to have good times in the fresh air. My first run with the Westchester pack was on Hungry Jim. My father had found him hitched to a station wagon one time while making a visit, and, noticing his quarters, bought him for me at once, because he knew Jim could not help being a fine fencer. He was the ugliest horse I ever owned, but he covered himself with glory by winning the championship in Madison Garden that next winter, and many blue ribbons at later horse-shows. I wore an English riding-habit at Westchester that day, an old one, often worn the year before for park riding and hacking on country roads. I must have gained weight during the summer, for at the first check I was obliged to go to my uncle, an extraordinary man, by the way, six feet six in height and perfectly proportioned, to tell him that my arms ached so that I could n't go on. He took out a knife and slit my sleeves from wrist to shoulder. I finished the run with habit-sleeves flying in the wind, like a witch, quite oblivious of the shocking sight I presented to the rest of the field. Nowadays, when people ride in everything except ball-gowns, such an attire would pass unnoticed; but in the eighties the strict regulations as to one's costume were as Prussian as the Potsdam Guards.

How I struggled to be absolutely tidy on horseback! A few months later, riding around Knowsley Park, Lord Derby's place, near Liverpool,

At the Horse Show

with a dear old friend of my father's, Sir Arthur Earle, I got a great dressing-down because, in mounting me, he had noticed that the loops at the top of my riding-boots were showing. Sir Arthur was always full of advice, which he prefaced with, "I being in the autumn of life and you in the spring, I venture—" One crumb of his advice deserves to be passed on. When my engagement to be married was announced, he said: "I give you one recipe, my girl, for a happy life with your husband. Mutual consideration and a good cook." My father's advice was even more worldly. He took me to lunch at Delmonico's and admonished me: "If you want to hold your husband, never nag him. And never ask him questions. Because, if he wants you to know, he will tell you. And if he does n't, perhaps he will lie." At that, no unworldly advice could have been more charmingly given; and I tried to take it.

Horse-shows in Madison Square Garden were almost as dazzling as the opera. Beautiful women in the boxes divided the honors with the horses in the ring, and in my happy memory of tan-bark and blue ribbons and myself riding Hungry Jim, two figures stand out. It was while watching her in her box one night in Horse Show Week that I finally decided that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the present Lady Ribblesdale, was the most beautiful woman I had ever known. Sir William Orpen must want a great deal when he shouts from Paris that he has never had a perfect model. For at least twenty years after her marriage to John Jacob Astor, New York society had a flawless beauty. It was not alone a beautiful face, but the *tout ensemble*,—arms, wrists, hands, ankles,—that was unforgetable. The ring I can never recall without seeing "Fatty" Bates. He was a twin to Dickens's fat boy. His jolly round face was scarlet, his tan box-coat was cut so that he looked like the Liberty Bell. He drove his high-stepping horses to a two-wheeled gig, and circled the ring so fast that he made the corners on one wheel. More than once I saw him turn completely over. Once, when in court for fast driving out beyond Central Park, the judge asked him how long he had remained in a certain road-house. "Only three whiskies," he said. I wish he were alive to-day. He was an original; he was one of the few men I would

trust to be funny, not tedious, about prohibition.

The year of my début Mrs. William Astor reigned supreme. Her scepter she held firmly, absolutely, and charmingly. Two years ago, so the story runs, a New York matron had iron shutters put on her house, and when asked why, she said that she was expecting a Bolshevist uprising and that, of course, her rôle would be Marie Antoinette's. Her friends smiled, some because iron shutters seemed inadequate defense, and some because they wondered how any Bolshevik could fix on a single woman as a symbol of New York society without getting as dizzy as the little boy who wished he had ten necks to turn, and a hundred eyes, to watch the three-ring circus.

The Four Hundred have grown to four thousand. Perhaps I exaggerate, but certainly there are a dozen sets, each sufficient unto itself, and yet interlocking, like directorates, that set the fashions in New York to-day. Before Mrs. Astor's time every hostess had a carefully prepared list of friends and acquaintances that had a place on the shelf almost next the family Bible. Not Queen Victoria herself was more austere than most New York hostesses in crossing off the few divorcées forty years ago. With the episode of the Four Hundred invitations to Mrs. Astor's ball, carefully weeded by Mr. Ward McAllister, her list became *the* list. Shortly afterward came the first volume of the Social Register.

After Mrs. Astor's retirement, the kingdom of New York and Newport was divided, and we had not one queen, but five or six grand duchesses. I met one of them first at my grandfather's receptions. She arrived with, "I meant to go to the Vanderbilts, but on

The annual parade of the New York Coaching Club

the way I decided I was n't dressed well enough, and so I came here." The dear lady became afterward one of the most tactful hostesses in three capitals, and I hope she never saw the cartoon in "Punch" which Du Maurier drew when my aunt, Edith Bigelow, wrote the anecdote to him.

One of the "duchesses" was Mrs. Ogden Mills, a perfect hostess and a great stickler for form. She was the leader of a small young married set who played cards and gave many house parties, a kind of entertainment Mrs. Mills led in introducing. Bordie Harriman met her husband one Monday and asked if he had had a pleasant week-end.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Mills, noncommittal; "we entertained eighteen valets and maids." Society house parties in those days were as tediously luggaged as royal visitings, but "motoring down," the war, and, before these, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, has done much to make American society simpler. It was she, Frank Crowninshield says, who cut formal dinners down to fifty minutes and wines from five to one.

Many people not "in" society like to think that the life of these celebrated hostesses is all froth. Nothing could be further from the truth. I never knew but one woman who devoted her life exclusively to the social game. She ended her days arranging dinner parties with paper dolls, a breakdown pitiful to watch.

For myself, even before I was bound up with the organization of the Colony Club, before I was a suffragist, when I was interested in politics only from the side lines, sports and balls were only a part of my life; and so with many others.

I think it was when I was twelve that I came down to the dining-room for dessert and heard my father describe a handsome man in frock-coat and top-hat who had been standing on Broadway above Fourteenth Street distributing invitations that afternoon to advent services when father and some club friends passed by.

"We liked his pluck, so we took his dodgers. He 's the new Irish rector of St. George's." I had no idea then what a great place St. George's was to take in the life of New York, and mine, in particular. Dr. Rainsford I saw often at the Riding Club.

"If you ever want work," he would say to me, "come down to the parish house and talk to the deaconess." On the train one Sunday night, after I was married, coming in from a house party where we had played golf and cards all day, I met an old friend of my grandmother's, Mrs. Bottome, and at the sight of her a great wave of homesickness came over me for the old-fashioned Sundays we used to have at my Grandfather Jaffray's house. I wanted an antidote to all the frivolities in which I seemed plunged. She wrote me out a note then and there, in the jiggling train, to Deaconess von Brockdorf. Monday evening I began one of the most rewarding parts of my life—began to learn to work and organize and to understand some of the problems of the working-people of America from the contacts I made at St. George's with the lower East Side. Mrs. Bottome was a wonderful woman, and had been a great power with a certain group in the eighties, holding prayer-meetings and Bible talks in the large drawing-rooms of her devoted followers. As a child I had not appreciated her at all. She used

The new society fad of the period—four o'clock tea

to bring her little boy—he afterward became assistant at Grace Church—to see us at Willow Brook and stand him on the table to sing in a squeaky voice,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

I scuttled up-stairs as fast as I could whenever I found her in the entrance hall of 615, her full skirts ballooning over the register, while she raised an echo with "Pull for the shore, Sailor, pull for the shore." She was the founder of the King's Daughters, and it was as a King's Daughter that I did my first visiting at St. George's. What one saw in the crowded tenements on Avenue A made one want to forget everything else in the world and pitch in, cleaning things up. But Dr.

Rainsford used to say: "Don't. That 's just where you people's power lies. Go to the East Side, then go home. Go to parties, and then bring the glamour and the health back with you to those sordid quarters. It 's just because people like you are n't one-sided that you can be so useful in organized work like this."

Bordie and I never belonged to the Thursday Evening Club, where the intelligentsia of the old conservative society had improving cultural evenings in one another's drawing-rooms. Occasionally we went as visitors. Just after the Spanish-American War, however, a younger group, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, founded a club for intellectual treats. We had many delightful evenings, but the Thursday-Club members no doubt looked on us as mere merrymakers. I sat next to Mrs. Robinson the night she had stereopticon views of Cuba shown, and every time her brother, Colonel Roosevelt, came on the screen, she burst out in delicious excitement. All Roosevelts have a delightfully mad enthusiasm for one another, and one can't be fond of one of them without presently acquiring a contagious affection for all, and an amusing share in the family anecdotes. Another night the intellectual Tuesday Club had an historical evening, and every one of us went as queen or king or empress. New York society was used to crowned heads. A visiting Englishman at the Metropolitan Opera House looked around the dazzling horseshoe and said, puzzled, "But I did n't know the republic had so many peeresses!" One cynical observer remarked that the smaller the lady's house, the larger the crown she wore. Nothing more brilliant, I believe, not even the Russian Czar's court, was ever seen than the jewels and gowns of the women who sat in their opera-boxes twenty years ago. The music is still the best in the world, but the war made an end of the gorgeous display. A happy memory is a dinner party we had in our house on Thirty-sixth Street, arranged frankly to interest E. H. Harriman in the American Academy at Rome. He was n't "interested," but it was one of the most amusing dinner parties of my life. Major Higginson had come down from Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hastings were there. At the time he was building the New York Public Library, and as always she was her witty self, well deserving her title of "feminine Sydney Smith." Frank D. Millet, the artist, who was lost on the *Titanic*, had come with St. Gaudens, who was full of stories of his statue of Phillips Brooks for the square in front of Trinity Church, Boston. "I never had such difficulty with a face before," he said. "The bishop's soul simply will not come into the stone." President Butler of Columbia was there, and of course Charles F. McKim. I never knew him well until just a few years before he died, but his friendship was one of the rarely beautiful things in my life. Being with him was like bathing in a crystal pool. Mind and soul were purified. We saw much of him when he was building Mr. Morgan's library on Thirty-sixth Street, which, I think, is one of the most beautiful buildings in America, and it was because he was so interested in the academy at Rome that Bordie and I were making a try to help him raise the money.

One year we crossed on the steamer

with Charles Deering of Chicago; Alexander Harrison, the painter; and Anders Zorn, who etched every day, and was most patient about explaining processes to Mrs. James Wright and me. When we arrived in London, the three took us on a tour of all the galleries, letting us tell them our likes and dislikes, and then telling us why we were right or wrong from an artist's point of view. I remember it was the year Sargent's portrait of the young Earl of Dalhousie was hung. It showed the line of tan below where his forage-cap, worn in the South African War, crossed his forehead, and white above. In Paris our artist guides went on with our education, and I saw for the first time Puvis de Chavannes's "Ste. Geneviève Watching over Paris by Night" in the Panthéon, a picture that I go back to again and again when I reach that city of glad faces. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," it seems always to say to me whenever I see it.

Some one asked me lately what was the difference between society in New York and in Washington, and why I was so certain that I should never come back to New York. I miss the cosmopolitanism that colors New York from top to bottom. I am entertained by its mercurial quality, interested in its Bohemians, at home with all the friends I have danced and dined and sailed and ridden with; but I am won by a city where one can live in the heart of the town and yet have a garden, and in ten minutes be riding a horse on country trails. And I have come to learn that men, and women too, are most fascinating when they 're talking "shop," and Washington has what to me is the most interesting "shop talk" in the world. Politics, national and international, are as much our shop as steel or motors are Pittsburgh's and Detroit's. We quote politicians and their works as other

The amateur circus at Baychester—the baby elephant act

cities quote the price of stocks or wheat. To-day there is a boom in a certain senator, a slump in another. Since my two years on the Industrial Commission, when I first saw the vast economic struggle that is going on in America, and learned to watch that struggle indicated in the political happenings in Washington, nothing has been so important to me as to take my tiny part in shaping events. Official and diplomatic dinners may not be so gay as dinners before a hunt ball, but they are vastly more important. Like others, I have had a day of dinners where stocks and bonds were "the shop" and where for long periods at more than one banker's house "politics" was taboo, now Roosevelt's name, now Taft's, a fatal error to mention. What one has n't had, one comes to freshly. Sometimes the precedents at Washington dinners are oppressive. One must have a memory for the Chinese language to remember the order of precedence, that all ambassadors always come first, and this ambassador ahead of that. More than one unhappy hostess has had a guest leave her dinner because she seated him wrong, insulting by a chair or two a "great and glorious people." We can't all be Bryans and invent our precedents. Once when he was secretary of state, he decided to give a dinner party to Sir Robert Borden and to Sir William Tyrrell, and he wanted to ask the French and the German ambassadors. So he did. A suave secretary came to explain to him that an ambassador could n't be asked "to meet" any one. But he was not the great Commoner for nothing. He wanted to give a dinner party to his friends, Borden and Tyrrell, and he wanted their excellencies to come to it. I think he must have mopped his brow many times in good Chautauqua fashion before he hit on his solution. The evening of the dinner came. Mrs. Bryan went out with M. Jusserand. Count Bernstoff sat on her other side, taking in Lady Spring-Rice. Then the secretary brought in first, Mme. Jusserand, seating her one seat from him on his right. Then he brought in Countess Bernstorff, to sit one seat away on his left. Then, triumphant, he went back to his drawing-room. He drew Sir Robert Borden to him with his right arm and Sir William Tyrrell to him with his left arm, and escorted them in himself. One sat on each side of him. The ambassadors could n't complain; the places of honor on each side of the hostess they were certainly sitting in; but no one could doubt that Bryan was attending a dinner "to meet" Sir Robert Borden and Sir William Tyrrell.

Washington deserves a chapter of its own. No one who feels about politics as I do could possibly, even in fun, call the life of the capital "fuss and feathers." Nor does any society deserve that gibe except looked back at pleasantly after ten and twenty years. Bustles, croquet, the Waterbury Circus, where Bordie was an acrobat and I an equestrienne in a pink coat, bright blue days at Newport on the *Mohican*—one must look at thirty years of these things with a little acid awareness of their unimportance, or be lost in sentiment, remembering!

The Ether of Space

By Sir Oliver Lodge

In a book of mine called "Easy Mathematics," the end of a chapter on "Incommensurables and Discontinuity," occurs the following paragraph:

"On the surface of nature at first we see discontinuity, objects detached and countable. Then we realise the air and other media, and so emphasise continuity and flowing quantities. Then we detect atoms and numerical properties, and discontinuity once more makes its appearance. Then we invent the ether, and are impressed with continuity again. But this is not likely to be the end; and what the ultimate end will be, or whether there is an ultimate end, are questions, once more, which are getting too hard."

Continuity and Discontinuity. — The primary aspect of all matter is continuous. Wood and plants generally, it is true, exhibit a fibrous or granular or cellular structure. But metals and liquids all appear to be continuous, so that there is no gap between one particle and the next, and so that the whole seems infinitely divisible. It was suspected by some of the ancients, however, and is now known to be true, that all matter is composed of atoms, with interspaces between them, which in the case of solids must be filled with something that acts as a kind of what may be called "cement," to account for their cohesion. A rough image is the way in which a house is built of bricks with intervening mortar.

A study of these atoms has revealed that the atoms of any one substance are all alike; but that there are a large number—nearly a hundred—of different substances which can combine into various compounds, and form by their regular and systematic aggregation the molecules of all the different materials that we encounter. And the science of chemistry largely consists in finding out and stating the laws of these atomic and molecular aggregations. Still, however, the science of physics asserts that the molecules thus formed are not really in contact, but are held together by an impalpable, but very real, substance which is responsible for their cohesion, and which is called the ether.

A great deal more is known about the molecules of matter, and the atoms of which they are composed, than is known about the ether, or cementing substance. It was known long ago—rather early in the last century, in fact—that the atoms were held together in the molecule by electrical forces, which accounted for what was called chemical affinity. And it began to be suspected, in later times, that the cohesion between molecules was due to some residual trace of this electrical attraction; so that cohesion was a subsidiary or residual kind of chemical affinity.

Hence we might generalize, and say that the atoms of matter, however they were constituted, were held and bound together under the action of electrical forces, according to laws which were to a considerable extent ascertained and elaborated.

But to say that the force between the atoms is electrical is the same thing as saying that they are held together by the ether. For ether is only a name for the medium through or by means of which electrical force acts. It is in fact the vehicle of electricity. But not much was at first known about the nature of electricity itself.

Then, toward the end of the nineteenth century, it was discovered that electricity, too, was atomic, in the sense that it consisted of extremely minute particles very much smaller than the atoms of matter, incomparably smaller; and that these corpuscles or particles of electricity were of two opposite kinds, equal numbers of each. One, the negative kind, which was first discovered, each corpuscle of which is called an electron; and the other, the positive kind, about which less is known, each particle of which is beginning to be called a proton. An atom of matter is really built up of equal numbers of these opposite particles. So that an atom can be analyzed, and proved to consist of an aggregate of electrons and protons, grouped together according to certain well defined and ascertainable laws. So that the ultimate atom, or apparently indivisible particle, is now no longer the atom of matter, as had been thought, but is the atom of electricity; and of electricity all the atoms are made.

Structure of Atoms.—All that was previously discovered about the size of atoms, and the way they combine into molecules by electrical forces, and the way these molecules either hang together under cohesive forces to form the solids and liquids that we know, or fly about in a fairly free manner almost devoid of cohesion in what we call the gaseous state—all this remains true. But, in addition to this knowledge, the intimate constitution of the atoms themselves is now revealed to us.

Atoms are extremely, almost inconceivably, small; and yet they consist of parts which are millions of times smaller. And recently it has been found, and almost, if not completely, proved, that the atoms are constructed somewhat on the basis of a solar system; that is to say, that they have at the center a massive nucleus consisting of an aggregate of protons, with an equal number of electrons circulating round the nucleus, very much as the planets revolve round the sun. And furthermore that the particles themselves are so small that their distances apart inside the atom are comparable with the distances of the planets from each other and from the sun, in the solar system, in proportion to the size of those bodies.

But, obviously, a solar system consists mainly of empty space, the part which is really occupied by matter being but a small fraction of the whole. It is manifestly extremely "porous." So that any straight line drawn at random through it would be very unlikely to hit one of the planets or even the central sun. Are we to suppose that an atom too consists mainly of empty space, and is as porous as a solar system? Yes, that is exactly the idea which the evidence conveys.

And it must be regarded as an undoubted fact that an atom, though apparently so solid and impervious and full of material, is really a number of electrical specks, each of utterly imperceptible size, and occupying an insignificant fraction of the space included within the boundary of the atom: all the rest of which seems empty.

The Ether of Space.—The spaces between the particles are not really empty. They are full of the medium which holds the particles together; namely, the ether. And the same is true of the space inside the solar system. The planets are welded together into a family by means of gravitation, which again is due to some unknown properties of the ether of space.

It is called the ether of space because it fills all space and every interspace. The space extending to the farthest star, the space between the stars and planets, the interstices between the atoms, and the interspaces in the interior of atoms—these are all equally full of ether. And the apparent discontinuity which the atomic theory suggests, the discontinuous nature first of matter and then of electricity, is supplemented or replaced by the absolute continuity of the connecting ether.

It will probably turn out that there is some kind of structure even in ether. But such structure has not yet been ascertained, and when it is ascertained, it is quite unlikely that it will be of a discontinuous character. Probably the ether is absolutely continuous, though it may some day be found to have a texture which may be pictured provisionally as a number of vortices, like spinning whirls in a continuous ocean of water or air.

Properties of Electrons.—Electrons are now known to be responsible for the conduction of electricity. In some substances they are fixed, crystallized as it were into each atom, without any freedom of locomotion. And such bodies are known as insulators. In other substances there are a certain number of electrons free; either absolutely free, or so loosely held that they are easily subject to locomotion, and are readily handed from one atom to another. Such bodies are known as conductors. And when a current of electricity passes along a wire, a stream of electrons may be thought of as penetrating the atomic interstices of the atoms of that wire. The stream is accompanied by a certain amount of jostling and obstruction, and throwing into vibration of the atoms as they pass, which we observe under the name of heat. The filament of a lamp is purposely made so that this jostling of the atoms shall reach a maximum, and the wire become red-hot.

During conduction another remarkable phenomenon occurs. Whenever an electron moves, the space around it exhibits the phenomenon which we know as magnetism. All magnetism is due to the locomotion of electric charges. So long as they move steadily, electric force radiates from them, and magnetic force surrounds their path. But directly they are stopped or jostled, or whenever in any way their motion is interfered with, yet another phenomenon springs into being. The electric and magnetic forces then interact in such a way that a portion of the energy of motion of the electron is imparted to the ether in which it is moving. And this portion of energy, thus imparted to the

ether, cannot remain in position, but flies away with tremendous speed, which is called the velocity of light.

Why the ether transmits energy at this precise and accurately known speed is a secret at present best known to itself. It must depend somehow on its structure. All we know about it is that its structure must be what we call electromagnetic, and that the wave of light consists of simultaneous electric and magnetic oscillations, at right angles to each other, and advancing in a direction at right angles to both, thus illustrating the well known three dimensions of space.

Radiation.—Briefly, we may say then that when the motion of an electron changes,—when it is started or stopped or accelerated or retarded,—it radiates energy into the ether very much as a tuning-fork or a bell radiates sound into the air when it is struck. Supposing there were no air, if you struck a bell in a vacuum, there would be no sound. So also, if there were no ether, and you struck or stopped a stream of electrons, there would be no light. Light is emitted because of the interaction between the atomic units of electricity and the ether in which they are immersed.

The term "light," strictly speaking, means that kind of etherial radiation which is able to affect the eye. But it is common knowledge that there are many other varieties of radiation besides those to which the eye is sensitive. It is not clearly known why the eye is sensitive to some kinds of etherial radiation and not to other kinds. That, no doubt, can be ascertained in time: it is a question for physicists and physiologists in collaboration. But the eyes of animals and insects, as well as of man, all appear to be sensitive to a limited range of etherial radiation, which is therefore called "light." Other kinds of radiation can affect a photographic plate. Other kinds again can stimulate the chemical actions going on in the leaves of plants, and thereby supply the energy needed for vegetable growth. Other kinds again are emitted when individual electrons, traveling at a high speed in a vacuum, encounter the obstruction of a target, this kind of invisible radiation being called X-rays. And, at the opposite end of the scale, another kind of radiation is emitted by great aërials, and is known as the Hertizian waves employed in wireless telegraphy.

In speaking of these kinds of radiation as different, we are not speaking quite accurately. They differ only as treble notes differ from bass notes. They differ in rapidity of vibration, or wave length. They do not differ in any other essential particular. Through the whole range—from telegraphic waves, which may be a mile long, to X-rays, of which the wave length is actually smaller than atoms, and only expressible in billionths or milli-billionths of an inch—they all travel at precisely the same speed, the only speed at which the ether is able to transmit energy. They are all of the same electromagnetic character. They are all subject to the same laws of interference, of reflection, refraction, and polarization, which have long been studied in the department of physics known as optics; the fact that we possess in the eye a sensitive instrument for their detection having enabled the human race to make experiments upon a certain range of ether waves from time immemorial, culminating in the brilliant and elabo-

rate optical discoveries of the early part of the nineteenth century.

It is chiefly by means of the kind of radiation emitted by the atoms of matter that their constitution has been made out. The light emitted can be analyzed; the process is called spectrum analysis. And from a close and exact study of the position of lines in the spectrum,—whether that spectrum be formed by visible or invisible light,—nearly all our knowledge of the intimate structure of the atom has been attained.

Chemical Elements.—And this is what we find. That ninety-two kinds of atoms exist, and can be numbered exactly from one to ninety-two. The lightest and simplest, which is called hydrogen, consists of one proton, with one electron revolving round it. The heaviest and most massive at present known is called uranium, and consists of ninety-two active protons, grouped together into a nucleus at the center, and ninety-two planetary or satellite electrons revolving round it. Between these two extremes are the rest of the chemical elements. The one with two active protons at the center and two revolving electrons is called helium. The one with three of each is called lithium. Carbon has six of each, nitrogen seven, oxygen eight, and so on. Iron has twenty-six, copper twenty-nine, silver forty-seven, gold seventy-nine, radium eighty-eight.

No wonder that radium and the other elements at the top of this series are, by reason of their complex structure, rather unstable; so that their atoms occasionally explode, flinging away every now and then a small group of superfluous electrons and protons, thereby losing their original chemical character and becoming a different element. After radium has flung away five such electric projectiles, it is indistinguishable from lead. But it is very leisurely about it; centuries may elapse between successive explosions of any given atom. And it is only because the atoms in any visible speck of matter are so extremely numerous that the activity of radium is conspicuous.

The number and grouping of the satellite electrons determine the chemical properties of the different chemical elements. When they are grouped into a very compact pattern, so that they are complete in themselves without excess or defect, they constitute the atoms of what are called the "inert gases." They are gases because they have not even any residual chemical affinity: the atoms do not cohere together appreciably. And they have no other kind of chemical affinity. Argon was the first of these discovered; but subsequently a considerable number—helium, neon, krypton, etc. And these extremely stable groupings occur at regular intervals in the series of atoms; somewhat like the way in which C occurs at regular intervals on the keyboard of a piano, constituting octaves, the key-note of each octave in the chemical case being the atom of one or other of the inert gases.

On either side of an inert element will exist an element with either one more or one fewer electric charges; and these will be chemically active, and are called "monads" by chemists. They may be positive or negative in the sign of their activity, and they tend to combine furiously with each other. Chlorine is an example of one, sodium of another; and their stable and satisfied compound, common salt, is well known.

On either side of these monads there will be an element in which the stable pattern contains either two too many or two too few. These are known to chemists as "dyads," and these, too, are chemically active. Oxygen, for instance, on the one hand, and, say, calcium on the other, combining to form lime. Or instead of calcium we might choose magnesium as an example; for it is well known to burn; that is, to combine brilliantly with oxygen.

And so on. The whole series can be dealt with in this way, and the chemical and other properties more or less explained.

Constitution of the Universe. — A great deal more might be said about the discoveries which have been made concerning the structure of atoms, for not only have the electrons been counted; their orbits have been measured, their rapidity of motion ascertained, and the laws of their radiation made out. But to expound this would need a treatise, and what I have said must suffice. It is clear that we have made great strides toward understanding the constitution of the atoms of matter, of which all the infinite material universe is composed.

First, we have the absolutely continuous ether. Then we detect specialized specks in it, the electrons and the protons. Then these combine or group themselves into the atoms of matter. Then these form chemical molecules. And the molecules aggregate themselves into the visible bodies that appeal to our senses, and with which we are so familiar that we forget the wonder underlying it all. The visible and tangible masses aggregate still further under gravitation into planets and suns. And the suns are so immense, their atomic jostlings are so intense, that they send out powerful and continuous radiation into the ether, which, falling upon the planets, keeps them warm and enables the processes of vegetation to go on.

Under this stimulus, therefore, the molecular aggregates no longer form only inorganic materials. They begin to group themselves into still more complex structures, and build themselves up into a material known as protoplasm. And then, mysteriously, —at least mysteriously to our present knowledge,—a new phenomenon occurs. The protoplasm becomes, as it were, self-moving, no longer driven only by external forces, but exerting its own forces; crawling about, it may be; assimilating other materials and building them up into its own structure; not, like crystals, dependent on the kind of food supplied, but being able to utilize all manner of food, and yet building up its own well defined and characteristic body. This mysterious phenomenon, which makes its appearance when the organic molecules have attained sufficient complexity, and when they are stimulated by ether waves as received from the sun or other luminous body, is called "life," the lower kind vegetable life, the higher kind animal life. And the animal life can not only assimilate food and grow; it can, when grown sufficiently, split into two, and then again into two, and thus increase in number. We see the beginning of what is called reproduction, which develops again into many and various forms.

All this seems to lend itself to the process of evolution. So that no longer life is limited to the simple cells with which it began, but the cells

themselves can aggregate together into large structures, just as the molecules did. And so, in the course of ages, at length appears the wonderful variety of animal life which we know of on this planet, culminating, let us say, in the oak, the eagle, and the horse.

Nor does the process of evolution stop there. The higher stages of life, for some reason which we can only dimly guess, begin to show purposiveness. They seek their food, escape from danger; they have become sensitive to all manner of influences. They have some foresight; they prepare nests for the young; they collect food in advance; they have some inkling of the future. They are more than mechanical; they exhibit the rudiments of what we know as mind.

And then this mind still further develops, giving the creatures which possess it an advantage over the rest of their kind. And in time it becomes consciousness, clearness of apprehension, and a sense of free will, a power of choice, a knowledge of good and evil; and man begins his strenuous career.

So now at length the Power—whatever it may be—which has gone laboriously and patiently through all these early stages, and which has conducted the process of evolution to its present stage of development, begins to be rewarded by the existence of a creature which has the beginnings of sympathy and understanding, which is able to help and to guide evolution along further and unknown paths; a creature which is beginning to be conscious of its own destiny, and which is able to worship the Power which has brought it into existence, and to feel in the deep recesses of its nature something of a fellow-feeling and kinship and love both for the Creator and for the fellow-creatures which, like itself, are the outcome of all this planning and effort—the fruit of this marvelously beautiful universe.

Stranger

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

It was not that he held in disrepute
  Our more substantial benefits, or judged
The soil unwisely by the bitter fruit,
  Or to the self-esteeming ones begrudged
Whatever came of comforting applause;
  It was not really that he put aside
The world's rewards, conceiving them but straws
  Blown down the ambiguous roads of Time and Tide.

Rather it was that he had come too late
  Into the midst of things he could not prize
Enough to fight for—an expatriate,
  A stranger to us all, in whose veiled eyes
There was a look half puzzled, half austere,
As though to ask, What business brought me here?

Where the Foam Flies

By Charles J. Finger

Woodcuts by Paul Honoré

Two days after Bill Potter made his attack upon the little caravan taking the gold-dust from Sebastian Bay to the transport *Vellarina* it was known from Cape Horn to Gallegos that the sailor had turned highwayman. Other tales were told. He had stolen thirty horses in a bunch, he had raided the storehouse in the little settlement, he had cried, "Stand and deliver!" to Ropper the Magnificent and robbed him of his diamonds. So men were excited to admiration and imitation, and the Governor of Punta Arenas offered a substantial reward for the arrest of "el Americano, Potter, *salteador de caminos*," and every Chilean, every Argentine, was on the watch.

It was a hawk-faced fellow, an officer named Lopez, who had the fortune to capture Bill, and it was by the merest chance that he landed with seven men, from a whale-boat, a little to the north of Cape Nombre in the early morning of June 6, 1895. The party was attached to the Sebastian Bay outfit, though their excursion was in the nature of a pleasure trip, the day, according to the notion of Señor Lopez, being unusually promising for the time of the year.

They came upon Bill Potter in a well grassed *vega*, a great triangular piece of land wedged between sea and high *baranca*, and it came out afterward that Bill was there in order that his horse, which was slightly lame, might rest and mend. Certainly, it was a thousand chances to one that any one would happen upon that particular place in all Tierra del Fuego; but the unlikely happened.

When the boat landed, Bill was barefoot, searching for shell-fish and edible seaweed. A ridge of rock hid him from the party, and he knew nothing of the presence of men there until he heard the pistol crack, for the hawk-faced officer, with either great sapience and presence of mind or else from a natural lust for killing, shot the horse as soon as he set eyes on it. Hearing the shot, Bill went running, and, seeing the officer with his revolver and the men clustered a little in the rear, at once knew himself to be in desperate case. So he made for the *baranca*, seeking escape by climbing; but bullets began to pepper about him. Being a wise man, he stood stock-still and threw up his hands. A one-sided parley followed, Bill being ignorant of Spanish, and at the end the hawk-faced officer removed his glasses and wiped them carefully, then made a long speech in his hard, emphatic voice, from which Bill gathered that he was called upon to surrender.

Bill Potter stared at him steadily for a while, then said:

"What else is there in thunder to

do? It 's eight to one, and me I ain't got gun or nothin'."

So the officer gave a signal, and three of the men approached Bill. Seeing that, Potter said indignantly, "But all the same, you need n't think I 'm going to be manhandled," and started to walk in the direction of the boat, calling, as he went, to the officer to send a man up the beach for his shoes and things.

To the request the officer paid no heed. Having reached the boat, Bill cocked a weather eye over the sky, then with deliberation took out his pipe and filled it. There was some mixed talking among the capturing party.

"Look 'e," said Bill, nodding darkly, "if you fellers want to get to Sebastian Bay with dry skins, you 'd better walk, if I know mutton from goat." He pointed, as he spoke, to a sulphurous-looking cloud in the southeast, and, by way of making his meaning clear, traced a jagged line in the air with his knotted, stubby forefinger. "See here. Bad weather 's brewing, boys," he added, shaking his head and frowning.

But to them, landsmen all, weather signs meant nothing, and the lurid sky with dark, ragged clouds told no tale. True, they saw that the wind was rising, but, after all, the shelter of Sebastian Bay was only a few miles on the other side of the rocky point that jutted far out to the south. Hearing Bill's objection, Lopez regarded him for a moment with mild distaste, then turned to his men, bent on overriding the bad man's obstacles. One man, blustering a little, ventured to handle his revolver, and Bill stared at him fixedly with unamiable eyes, whereat the fellow affected absent-mindedness. Still, it became clear to the highwayman that there was a concerted insistence everywhere that he could not easily defeat, and time was obviously too short for major controversies.

"Don't you go handlin' that silly thing, *hombre*," warned Bill, shaking his head in the direction of the man with the revolver; then fearing that his objections might have an appearance of fear, he said no more, but set his shoulder against the bow of the boat, prepared to aid the men in shoving off. Then everybody was busy at once, pushing and splashing and talking, eager to be gone. A weak ray of sunlight piercing the flying clouds considerably nerved the officer, who said something about the weather clearing up, and disposed himself in the stern seat, gathering his cloak comfortably about him. With a word of lofty command he motioned Bill to sit in the bows, and the helmsman by his side handed him a carbine.

Getting the boat under way was a difficult business, for the rowers were indifferent seamen, and the freshening wind made a choppy sea. Scorn was writ large on Bill's countenance.

"I tell 'e, 't would be better to land and lay low awhile," suggested Potter, authoritatively, and almost as if he had something to do with the command. Then he added, by way of credentials, "I 'm from Nova Scotia and know something about weather," and waved a hand to the southeast. Finding no response and thinking that the sullen clamor of the waves had drowned his words, and earnestly trying to make his captors understand, he summoned all his Spanish in an effort to explain that heavy weather was imminent. "*Mucho viento* pretty

damn soon," he roared, and there was a note of exasperation in his voice.

To that the officer paid small attention, disregarding his prisoner with something of studied insolence, and gave a word of quite needless command. Then backs were bent to the oars, for it required heavy pulling because of the thumping seas, and Cape Nombre seemed to elongate itself, a milky churning disturbance marking the end of the reef. The most sea-ignorant in the boat knew that wide berth had to be given to that welter of water. But pull as they would, what with wind and wave and tide, it seemed to Lopez that they were making no headway. Rather, they seemed to be drifting toward the white danger at the point of the cape. Lopez's eye fell on Bill and he called to him, bidding him take an oar; but to do that the prisoner stoutly refused.

"He stood stock-still and threw up his hands"

"No, *hombre!* no! Plenty *cuidado* for *viento*," he yelled back in his lame Spanish, and turned his face windward again. Not for long would he look away from that fast-moving bank of cloud. Lopez said no more then, well knowing the uselessness of a struggle to enforce his command, and he gripped hard the gunwale; and the boat, feeling the sweep of the wind outside the shelter of the point, plowed into the rising sea.

With a roar the wind came, and rain, too, and sleet and snow, so that in a few minutes hands were numbed and faces stung. What was worse, ineptitude was at the helm, and the boat broached to and shipped a light sea. A seaman would have laughed at it, but the men, half scared, faltered and slackened in their rowing. So up in the bow rose Bill Potter. His tattooed chest was bare, and his yellow hair streamed in the wind and lashed his face.

"Pull! Pull!" he roared, and with open hand struck the man nearest him a thundering blow on the shoulder, calling him a lazy hound. At once the man was galvanized into great activity. But Bill did not sit again. From end to end of the rocking, leaping boat he went, stepping from thwart to thwart, striking this man, threatening that, and, snatching the oar from the steersman, with terrific strokes brought the boat round to head into the wind, roaring and cursing the while. An eye he kept upon the lurid rack of sulphur-edged clouds. But the men were more

fearful of the sullen roar, as of frenzied giants, that filled the air.

Half rising, one hand clutching tightly the gunwale, the other the seat, the officer said something, but what, in that rage of wind and water, none knew. As the boat leaped to meet a white-crested, green-gray monster of a roller, the officer spoke again, clutching at Bill's belt. With a swift hammer-blow Potter struck him down, and he fell into the bottom of the boat, the blood running from his face. For the briefest of moments there was doubt and vagueness in the rowers who saw the act, but no sign of slackening.

"Pull, you lazy hounds!" roared the prisoner. "Pull like hell!" And they understood and obeyed, fearing him more than the danger that threatened. Straight into the gale he kept the boat, ever urging the men with huge shouts; straight into the tumbling sea and gray flying mist; straight into the shrieking babel. At a moment when there was a strange lull in which the fury of the storm seemed to have leaped over them, Bill Potter gave the steering-oar to the helmsman, bidding him keep the course. Seeing that, the officer again spoke, again tugged at Bill's clothes; but the prisoner silenced him with a back-handed slap in the face.

"Leave this to me!" he yelled in a rage of determination. "If not, overboard you go. *Sabe?*" And the officer said no more, crouching in the bottom of the boat, utterly cowed by this madman savior.

In another moment things were changed. Shouting, roaring, striking, Bill urged the men at the oars, sometimes laying hold himself and giving tremendous pulls. Then he was in the middle of the boat, and with a convulsion of effort dragged the little mast that was stowed away, absurdly enough, beneath the thwarts; stepped it, too, mastering cleverly the flying, snapping cordage and making all sound and taut. Soon up went the little jib and up went the reefed leg o' mutton sail, and, with a jerk like a whipped horse, the craft sprang into life, laying over with ear-splitting snappings and crackings, tearing through the mad whirlpool of waters with a new purpose. So, with feet well braced, Bill stood at the stern again and took the steering-oar, and the men, at his command, took in their oars. The gale gripped the boat then, and the white, churning danger at the cape's end slid behind and lost itself in the thickening mist that veiled the land. Seaward they flew into the storm and driving sleet with incredible swiftness; into a cold that soon glazed ropes with an ice skin and benumbed to the marrow the men no longer warmed with rowing.

High up, out of the murk and gloom, loomed the head of Cape Sebastian, dark and stern and snow-patched, and dashing spray leaped up the face of the cliff like wraiths that strove to catch sight of human beings rushing to destruction. At the sight hearts sank, for they knew that the opening to the bay was long since passed, and awe-stricken and despairing, the men crouched in the bottom of the boat, urged to action only when some crested wave broke, half filling the craft with icy water. Then there was frantic bailing. Once they shipped a crushing weight of water that carried away some of the oars and everything loose, and at that Bill laughed savagely.

All that short winter's day the

storm was unabated, though there were fitful lulls, as if some malignant *Spottgeist* rested to gather force for the wreaking of more spite, and toward evening sharp and jagged mountains suddenly appeared, to merge a moment later in a gray cloud. The dark came with a rush, and in the bosom of every man there was the black fear of death in a night world of wild tossing and shrieking, and the petition of those who called on their God was that strength might be with the wind-lashed man at the helm.

So came the long, black hours when everything vanished and the men knew nothing but the thunder of furious waters. Life was a monotony of blackness that blinded; of booming, crested waves that leaped savagely out of the wall of darkness; of rapid, inky seas and sheeted spray; of dizzy climbings to wind-tossed pinnacles, to fierce sluings down interminable hissing slopes. Then came the shivering terror of a blue-white, long-shuddering lightning-flash, which ended in a thunderclap, a rolling, shattering explosion that shook the world. It was an explosion that released the hail demon, and for hours bullets of ice stung the tortured men to madness, made of the boat a thing of sheeted ice, turned ropes to rigid wire. Soon after, it was no longer utter darkness, but, instead, a ghostly gray, and out of the roar of waters came a new sound, the howl of wave-beaten rock. Gray dawning showed them a mighty cliff, a vast and terrific thing like some dim-sighted leviathan, gaunt and threatening, that peered through the mist. And about the feet of the grim guardian of the Straits of Le Maire was the mad turmoil of tide-torn, wind-whipped water.

So close were they that the black rocks were as vindictive heads thrust from the mad whirlpool to gloat over man misery. Maliciously, the heads shot from green-white waters to gaze and hide again; nearer they came until the brown, snaky hair that was tangling seaweed could be seen.

Bill Potter at the steering-oar was like a giant, straining, wrestling, tugging to make the wind his ally against malevolent things of the sea. And he won, for the boat, in its changed direction, flew through the waters with prodigious speed, so that the white foam curved above the bow to the height of a man's forearm.

Bravely though the little ship had done her task, it was clear to Potter that she could not live in the crushing mass of waters ahead, the place where three oceans met and great winds battled, the place where wild seas boiled and seethed about Cape Horn. Yet there was one hope—a hope to dare greatly in an effort to reach Valentine Bay and perchance drop into the quieter waters in the lee of Tres Hermanos. An hour then of fierce battling in an effort to win across the shoal in a maelstrom of breaking crests, and suddenly scrub-bushes leaped from gray backgrounds, and screaming gulls greeted them. But there came a racing, roaring sea astern, climbing steadily higher and higher, a giant billow to which all other giants were as dwarfs, a monster all white crested that lifted the boat and bent over it embracingly, carried it forward, buried it. So there was left only a sluggish thing, water-laden and dead for the next green giant to laugh at, and the good fight was lost.

Nine men were in the boat, and six

"'Pull, you lazy hounds!'"

found their way through the brown, slimy, tangling seaweed to a land of deep ravines and broken mountain, land of cold and desolation, where gale follows gale, and the heavens are hidden by great, swiftly rolling black clouds.

Those who escaped were cast ashore at the base of a long and narrow promontory somewhat hook-shaped, where the water formed a kind of eddy, almost a whirlpool. The overturned boat was firmly wedged in the grip of a triple cleft rock, and for a time those on shore could see the officer and another man clinging to the keel. But not for long. Soon they were swept off, and for a moment could be seen struggling frantically; then they disappeared in a boiling tumult of white water. Not a man of the survivors but was bruised.

scratched, and torn, and one had a broken forearm. At first he was not aware of his hurt, but soon he suffered intense pain.

It was a slashing gust of hail that drove the six from where they crouched in an angle of the cliff. Potter, naked save for his trousers, his hair water-matted and his beard gray with sand, took command. He had been sitting apart from the others, low in the kelp-strewn sand, gazing straight out to sea, and the beating ice roused him from his strange abstraction. He rose slowly and gave a deep sigh.

"Thought I 'd been on a drunk, fellers," he said. Then, summoning his Spanish in an effort to explain, he said with a grin, *"Borracho!* Drunk!" He shook himself like a dog, in an effort to establish the world as a reality.

One of the men said something and crossed himself and made a motion to Bill.

"That 's all right," he said. "All right to say prayers, lads. But what 's done can't be changed. Come on. Ushuaia now, an' it 's a long walk." With that he started off, went a few steps, then returned to support the man with the broken arm.

"Potter . . . threw him over his shoulder"

So began the walk along the desolate coast to the mission settlement of Beagle Channel, and all that day they plodded on, sometimes floundering through peat-bogs, at others threading their way across dismal valleys blocked with rotting tree-trunks, and all the while gale succeeded gale, the wind, as night came on, cutting like swords of sharpness. Barren rock, ice, piercing wind, and snow battled with one another, and the six tortured men struggled through the fray. A swooping albatross that swept over them and floated up and away again against the wind was the only thing that cheered them.

Night was a black vastness of intensest cold. The storm of wind ceased, and the antarctic death was all about. In the air was the breath of icebergs, and life in the hearts of the men shrank to tiny sparks. There was a time when some stood, refusing to go farther, and one threw himself down. But at that Potter became like a madman, raging, shouting, beating them with his fists. He drove them on as cattle are driven, with words and blows and cruel buffets. He urged them until he became voiceless and he struck at them until they cowered under his

"In the saddle was the wounded and tortured Gonzales"

blows, and, submitting, struggled onward, though aching for death.

When dawn came, bringing its new cruel storm, the man with the broken arm gave up. It happened when they were crossing a valley strewn with great boulders set close together, most of them rounded, and all of them covered with an ice skin of glassy smoothness. Passing over a great rock, a black mass that stood like the monstrous back of some half-submerged mastodon, Gonzales slipped and fell, striking his broken arm on a sharp, jutting stone ridge. He gave a shrill scream, made a weak effort to rise, then surrendered. The four men, gaunt and hollow-eyes, watched him as he lay, too feeble, too disheartened to offer aid. Bill Potter, who was a little way ahead, seeing the halt, returned.

"Up with you!" he said hoarsely. Then, in his miserable Spanish, "*Vamoose, hombre!*"

But the fallen man made no effort other than to raise his head, gaze for a second at Potter, then let it fall again. Stooping, Bill lifted the man by the waist; but he hung limp, his head dangling, he moaning piteously the while. Gently enough then Bill replaced him on the rock, and waved his hand for the others to go on their way.

"This here *hombre 's* lost more livin' 'n he 'll lose when he dies," he said to the rocks and sky. Then he turned to examine the man again, and rolled him over on his back. "Be a man!" he urged, and the exhausted fellow said something and made the sign of the cross.

The four had stopped a few yards off and were watching listlessly. Bill regarded them searchingly, called on them to say something, but they were mute. Then slowly he picked up a great ice-crusted stone and held it above his head, poising it; but soon he let it fall.

"Maybe 't would n't do," he mumbled. "It 's but little luck I 've had in my life, and maybe you 're no luckier, and the black night 's not far away. Still—one smash an' he 'd rest easy. Then the thing is, there 's to-morrow."

For a moment he stared stockishly, his mind refusing to work. Then there was a sudden change. As if the stricken man had been no weightier than a child, Potter picked him up, threw him over his shoulder, and, scrambling, stumbling, slipping, made his way over the treacherous stones to the other side of the valley. Down to the beach he went, the rest following, and laid his burden in the sand at the foot of a cliff.

"Off with your coats and things!" he commanded, with a half-threatening gesture, fist clenched. The words meant nothing, but they understood. Soon every man stood as bare as Potter was, and Gonzales was wrapped and swathed in a bed of water-soaked garments. There was a gathering of seaweed, and a piling of it and half-putrefied kelp about the wounded man. Mussels and fungi, too, Potter found, but the sick man feebly refused them.

Bill turned to the others.

"Well," said he, "let 's be getting under way, and hurry. This here feller 's got to be seen to, and that soon." Then, looking down at the sick man: "Stick it out, lad, an' I 'll come for ye. A man ought to prove himself by the punishment he can take, an' that 's a fact. So long!"

Potter kept his word, as the men of Ushuaia know. For toward sunset of that day, as a *carretero*, well wrapped in his poncho, was urging his slow oxen home to the mission with a load of fire-wood on the lumbering cart, his horse trailing behind, he was astonished to see, on looking round, five men. At first he thought they were specters rounding the point, following him, for never had he seen men there, thus dragging their weary feet, naked and bleeding, over the stony beach. Four of them were half dead, and, strangely enough, wept at sight of him. But the fifth, he thought, was crazed by hardships endured. For while the four slowly crawled up on the heap of driftwood in the cart, the fifth, with threats, robbed him of his poncho, his coat, his shirt; took and devoured raven-

ously his bread; stole his horse. Then, still acting savagely, he mounted, and disappeared in the direction from which he had come.

And that night, when doors in the settlement houses were fast shut because of the raging, cutting wind, when those who sat about stoves well wrapped were yet chill, when men who knew the land spoke with dread of the morrow because of the wild morning weather, there was a great barking of dogs and the noise of a horse and of a shouting man.

I saw it all, for I was at Ushuaia that night. I saw Bill Potter, barefooted and naked to the waist, a blue-eyed viking all blood-stained and bruised and thorn-torn. He was leading the horse he had taken from the *carretero*, and in the saddle was the wounded and tortured Gonzales, warmly wrapped, but haggard as one who had seen the antarctic death. And when we rushed out into the dark and the knee-deep snow from the bright and clean mission room, all eager to do things, Bill Potter seemed irritated, and, turning to me, reproached me, saying that I should know better than to make a fuss.

"All I want," he said, "is a good night's sleep and something hot to drink. And I got to get a horse somehow in the morning. Things has been too hot lately."

The Human Goal of Education

By Arthur E. Morgan

The hermit-crab, shunning the rigorous competition of the life of the littoral, took to crawling into abandoned shells, and now its existence as a species depends on adherence to that peculiar type of shelter. The porcupine, hiding behind its quills, has secured temporary survival without the development of agility, alertness, or other qualities which, without this peculiar protection, would be absolutely necessary to its perpetuity. The naturalist and the paleontologist can give many such instances of peculiar protections against the stresses of life, though the animals that multiply and possess the earth are not in the main such forms as have developed some peculiar shelters against stress, but rather the versatile types that have capacity to meet successfully a great variety of adverse circumstances.

Nature is not kind to a type of life when she hides it away in a sheltered environment. The same is true with reference to men. The best friend man ever had is hard necessity. Continually, when we try to find a shelter for our little crafts in quiet harbors where there can be no storm or shipwreck, sheer necessity drives us out into the open sea, to try our fortune with the elements, perchance to be shipwrecked. We take risks when we venture; yet when we return, we find that those who did not venture also took risks not of shipwreck or storm, but of rust and softness and empty days.

Is it not timidity of spirit which makes us desire snug harbors for our minds as well? We forever seek the shelter of the absolute rather than trust ourselves to the open sea of the relative. But always, as we begin to arrive at peace and stability, we are forced from our moorings by ever recurring necessity, and are compelled to undertake new adventures.

It must have been a great shock, when men were soundly set on firm ground at the very center of the universe, to have Copernicus send us spinning off through space, no longer with any fixed location, but with our position henceforth only relative. In religion and theology we are forever determining what is the center of creation and what are the eternal verities. So long as our eyes are wholly directed to our own positions, we are content; but when attention ranges, as human nature continually impels it to, we discover that our neighbors also have located their centers of the universe and have fixed upon their eternal truths. But their verities are not our verities, and we begin to wonder.

In economics we find eighteenth- and nineteenth-century authorities unconsciously seeking for the absolute principle upon which they could safely

build their structures. Economic need to them was the key which finally unlocks every door. Control men's food and clothing and shelter, and you control their lives. Yet now and again when there is a lull in the din of commerce, we hear a still small voice which says, "Man shall not live by bread alone." To-day we hear men talking of "non-economic incentives" in industry; and not only do they talk, but sometimes they stake their chances for success upon such incentives—and sometimes they win. Falling back at last for our final refuge in the absolute, we turn to mathematics and to physics, only to come face to face with Mr. Einstein.

Our search for absolute values affects the entire texture of our lives. Our educational, social, industrial, and political institutions are hostile camps, each striving to win our loyalty to some special attitude toward life, or to persuade us to give the control of conduct to some one element of personality. For thousands of years pious men have believed what one of them admirably expressed, "If conscience had the power, *as it has the right,* it would rule the world." Yet some of the most serious setbacks to human progress have been due to blind obedience to unenlightened conscience. Conscience alone has not the key. Herbert Spencer asked the question, "What knowledge is of most worth?" and from every point of view he found the answer to be "science." Yet we are beginning to realize that science, uncontrolled by spiritual motives, which commonly are transmitted and stimulated by our non-scientific cultural inheritance, might build a Frankenstein monster that would destroy civilization. The accumulation of scientific knowledge alone does not furnish adequate control.

So with other elements of personality. How often do we hear from the artist that "art creates its own standards," and is not to be disciplined or judged by reason or conscience. The "hundred-per cent. American" to-day sees patriotism as that ultimate control. During the war one of them stated his case with the words, "Either citizenship is everything, or it is nothing." Scarcely any fundamental phase of character or personality but at some time has been given control of the destinies of many men. Very many men suffer to-day because they have given undue allegiance to some one or some few such elements.

After all, educators are human, and in education, as elsewhere, eternal adjustment, unless the spirit is tempered to it, becomes wearisome, and we seek for absolute values that do not shift. Our educational leaders would deny such doctrine, but in fact they very generally practise it. Our educational institutions tend to select certain limited elements of personality, and to stake the welfare of the student almost wholly upon the development of those elements. Other phases of personality commonly are made of minor consequence or entirely forgotten, college catalogues to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Many of our technical schools, almost absolutely eliminating consideration for liberal education, give undivided attention to developing technical productive capacity; prevocational college studies, if any, fade away to the limbo of forgotten interests of immaturity. Our liberal colleges sometimes bring to students an appreciation of scholarship and an

acquaintance with their cultural inheritance, but isolate them from contact with reality, and fail to prepare them for economic productiveness. The practical man meanwhile gets a strong hold on life by the apprenticeship of real experience, but commonly suffers from narrowness and shallowness, because he has not learned to see life through the eyes of great men.

§ 2

Now, at Antioch College we believe, and act upon the belief, that no one faculty or part of personality can safely be given the right to control human life and conduct. Progress and sanity demand versatile development of human qualities, and the distribution of sovereignty among them. The spirit of the student should be tempered to the continual adjustment of relative values, as the trout is tempered to the movement of the mountain stream.

Animals and primitive men, as they grow from infancy to maturity, acquire knowledge and develop their latent powers from their experiences and by their efforts to meet successfully the situations in which they find themselves. The development which results from such casual and accidental experiences cannot be so great as that which follows if the individual man is also brought into contact with selected experiences, chosen because of their significance in respect to the most important issues of his life. When the mother cat patiently and persistently trains her kittens in the technic of catching mice and of fighting, she is simply bringing into the kitten's life an abundance of those kinds of experiences which have been most important in the life of the normal cat. She is not trusting the development of the kitten's skill and power solely to chance and casual happenings.

In this process we have the essence of education. People develop only by having experiences and by profiting by them. But experiences differ in their significance and value, and the accidental, unorganized experiences of life will not, except by the rarest chance, furnish stimulus for the best and most complete development of the individual man. It is the business of the educator to know what human accomplishments, what qualities, and what powers are most essential to effective living; and then to make certain that he supplements the casual experiences of life with organized stimuli and experiences, so arranged and proportioned as to bring about to the greatest possible degree the development of the latent powers of the student. Thus the content of an educational program must vary, as men, times, and environments change.

In human society up to recent times the knowledge and power which were most inadequately developed by casual contact were those relating to the accumulated knowledge and wisdom preserved in literature. With most of the population illiterate, or possessing only rudimentary knowledge of reading and literature, the casual experiences of life failed almost completely to bring about depth, range, and organization of knowledge and interests, while at the same time comparatively unspecialized society furnished a great variety of experiences which stimulated the development of other qualities of personality. Under such conditions it was right and wise that "book learning" should constitute

the main item of the educational program, with the development of technical skill as of the next greatest importance.

When conditions change, we tend to forget the origins of our institutions, and to build up philosophy to justify them long after their effectiveness has passed. It is time that the fundamental principle of education should be restated, and that we examine our prevailing methods in the light of that principle rather than in the light of tradition.

Education is the effort to supplement and to correct the casual experiences of life with other experiences, so planned and proportioned that together they will to the full possible extent bring about the actual development of the latent values of human personality. We need to rediscover personality. We need to reappraise the factors that make up a man, and to reëstimate the relative importance of those factors.

Some elements of personality are so generally necessary that we believe we are right in asking every Antioch College student to give his attention to their development. In so far as this is true, courses should be prescribed, and not elective. Students come to college with provincial and immature impressions of what development is worth while. If the college cannot help to correct that outlook, to furnish the student with more normal and better proportioned interests, a very large part of its possible usefulness is unrealized. And just here many of our colleges and universities fail. Either they allow free electives, leaving the matter to the immature judgment of the student, or they force upon him an antiquated or purely technical curriculum which is not planned with any clearly defined effort to appraise relative values. One of the greatest of pedagogical crimes is to compel the student to give his time and energy to some subject that, in view of his fundamental life needs, is less important than some other subject which it crowds out by using the only time available. And one of the greatest of pedagogical blunders is to believe that simply by presenting a subject to a student we cause him to profit by it. One of the chief functions of the teacher is salesmanship, the practice of getting the student to see the value of what is offered to him.

§ 3

To express in a practical operating program the general attitude we have stated is the purpose of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, in central Ohio, where in a fine American community, and in a setting of exceptional natural beauty, industry, commerce, and agriculture present an unusually complete combination of the factors of American life. Antioch has not endeavored to be different. We have endeavored critically and independently to observe what to-day are in fact the main issues of life, what experiences and preparation will best fit men and women to meet those issues; and then we have endeavored to work out a practical curriculum to that end. As to very many elements of that curriculum we are adopting methods and practices worked out in other institutions. Wherever such methods have been developed to a point of reasonable effectiveness, it is better that we tentatively adopt them rather than originate our own, for

otherwise we should soon be swamped with detail-research problems. It is in the general analysis and synthesis of fundamental purposes that we feel it to be most vital to keep an independent critical attitude. If we do that successfully, we can little by little bring details of methods into harmony with basic purposes.

We have undertaken to say that while the education of every student should be adapted to his own powers, interests, and needs, yet he shall within reasonable limits undertake that development which we believe to be of universal value. What are some of these qualities of personality that are universally desirable? First place we would give to sound physical health. This is so fundamental a necessity that we say no Antioch student can remain with us unless he will give reasonable attention to his physical condition. Careful physical examinations are followed by corrective exercises or other treatment, if necessary, and by required regular exercise, the student being given a wide choice as to its form.

Second, we believe that economic competence is a universal necessity. I have no patience with the academic college president who boasts that he is not training men to make a living, but is training them to live. Until one has learned how to discharge his obligations to society, he does not know how to live. "For we all must work or steal, howsoe'er we name our stealing." Whatever our positions, we actually make demands upon society for food, clothing, shelter, and a multitude of other needs. Unless in some way we are producing, be it music or food or poetry or steel rails, we are parasites.

When freshmen students reach us at Antioch, we turn their attention to their vocational choices. Such choice with the average student is no quick, easy process. Students do not know themselves, their qualifications, or the demands of various vocations. There is a great deal of blundering and floundering, even with the best of advice and consultation. Sometimes the student is more than half-way through his course before he finds his right place, but that is better than beginning to look for it after he is graduated, and better than depending on his snap judgment as a freshman in choosing his calling.

The average man and woman must know how to live within limited financial resources. Most of us have to limit our expenditures to less money than we should like. So we ask every Antioch freshman to take a course in personal finance. At the beginning of this course each student brings to class a budget of his purposed expenditures for the year. Many of these are out of proportion in about as many ways as budgets can be. We meet these students in classes, discuss their budgets, and suggest general types. Thereafter, once every ten weeks, the freshman student brings his budget to the head of the accounting department, and they check it over together. In the personal-finance course we acquaint the student with ordinary accounting and banking processes. This may not seem like a "cultural" subject, and yet the necessity for living within a limited income is a universal experience for which students should be prepared.

Many of our students come with the aim of taking engineering or commercial courses, and one of our

most important undertakings is that of redistributing the interests of these young people so that they will see life normally and whole, and will include cultural as well as technical subjects in their programs. We hear a great deal in recent years about "interest" in education; that interest is the mainspring of educational development. This is true, and yet interest is not so much a form of intelligence as it is a form of energy. What young people are going to be interested in, at least so far as college courses are concerned, commonly depends on the interests presented to them and on what their associates are interested in. They are inclined to pick up interests haphazardly. Seldom do we find a student who has tried in any effective manner to think things out in order to appraise his interests. I believe it is a very large part of the work of any college to use salesmanship, presenting the issues of life to young people so that they will see and value them in perspective and proportion.

We require professional students, as those in engineering or business administration, to give as much time to cultural subjects that have no apparent relation to specific calling as they give to their vocations. We require a student to give at least two years to literature, and shall probably extend that time to three years. The student is required to spend about five years in social science (history, economics, and sociology). We require him to have a fundamental knowledge of sciences: physics, chemistry, biology, psychology, and earth science (which includes geology and astronomy). We require him to be introduced to the history of philosophy.

These are not courses he may take, but are fields to which he must, if he will have a degree from Antioch, secure a substantial introduction, whether he is an engineering student, business student, or what not.

§ 4

Even the best technical schools commonly overlook this general training. For instance, there is Harvard, fully representative of the best American universities. A student directly from high school who takes the course in mining at Harvard has one year of freshman English, and in his whole four years a single half-year elective. Otherwise every subject in the four years is prescribed for him, and every course is a technical one applying directly to his prospective calling. There exists in our technical schools the actual habit of calling upon the whole of the student's time and resources to develop one or a few sides of his personality, and forgetting the rest. The college of chemistry in any one of several of our largest universities would furnish another example. Recently I talked with a graduate of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the best of American schools of commerce. Coming directly from high school, he had had two electives in his four-year course, which he took in eighteenth-century poetry and classical archæology. Outside of that he had taken absolutely nothing but business courses. Of four hundred college graduates, mostly technical men, who were questioned by Mr. Edison, less than half correctly answered the question, "In what document does the expression occur, 'when in the course of human events'?"

In liberal colleges we sometimes find lack of perspective. A person can be graduated from one of our greatest universities with one year of college science, omitting psychology, geology, physics, and biology, leaving great regions of human interest quite unopened to him. Even if he runs to liberal subjects, he may have large blind spots. Talking recently with a "liberal" graduate from Princeton who is a trustee of the university, I quoted a statement of Horace Mann's in which he said that in Ohio, Blackhawk had been displaced by Calvin, and that he wished Blackhawk would come back again. The Princeton trustee remarked, "And who was Calvin?" Presbyterian Princeton!

At Antioch about half of the classroom and study time even of professional and technical students is given to "liberal" subjects. The normal course of an Antioch student is six years. In order to provide opportunity and incentive for the development of those underlying qualities of personality which are developed primarily by contact with real life, the school is divided into five-week periods, and the student body spends alternate periods at study and at practical economic work, where they are under prevailing economic conditions, and must make good, as other men and women do in industry. The student body is divided into two groups, which alternate between work and study, two students being required to fill each job.

In their industrial experience, which is selected after careful advice, and is supervised and interpreted to the students by faculty members appointed for that purpose, the students develop practical judgment, self-reliance, responsibility, and a knowledge of men and affairs. They learn to measure their own powers, and to judge what effort is required for a given accomplishment. They are securing the development of those qualities and powers that commonly are only slightly influenced by academy study, and which make up the base of the pyramid of personality, of which the intellectual faculties are only the narrow apex.

It frequently is assumed that because our students do spend part of the time in economic work that Antioch must be similar to a trade school. Our primary aim is to perfect and increase their self-reliance, their ability to discover the utmost energy they can put forth; to discover that when apparently down and out they can begin over again, finding hidden reserves of power, which are always there if one can discover them. The technic of finding those hidden powers of personality is just as important a part of education as training in liberal or technical studies. If there were any question as to the effectiveness of the alternating work-and-study method, the qualities it develops in students would be an effective answer. It is not sufficient just to get a job for a student. We must interpret it to him, so that he can see what opportunities for development it offers.

§ 5

It is remarkable what limitations of personality are accepted by students as final. They come to us lacking independence and self-confidence, and accept these as ultimate traits of personality. We have to teach them that such limitations can be modified or removed. These underlying quali-

ties of personality are just as susceptible of development as is ability in mathematics, in chemistry, or in language. For instance, last year we furnished each of our students a list of all the students at Antioch, asking them to indicate those they were well enough acquainted with to appraise their characters effectively. We found that some of the students had become acquainted with twenty or thirty students well enough to "size them up" as a business man would appraise a prospective partner. In other cases students had become acquainted with only two or three of their classmates. They were living like hermits. We bring to their attention that when they go out into life, every element of progress they achieve will be affected by their ability to make contact with other personalities. We help them to develop practical methods of meeting and knowing men.

Recently I asked a member of a motor company's research-laboratory staff what fundamental quality of personality set final limits to accomplishment in that laboratory. He replied, "Our controlling limitation is not technical skill or scientific insight, but the capacity of people to work together." If that is true in a technical-research laboratory, it is truer in most other phases of life. Any college education that contents itself either with technical skill or scholarship, and leaves out the development of these underlying qualities of personality, is overlooking part of its task.

I have touched upon only a few of our purposes. I feel that our work at Antioch would scarcely be worth while if we did not develop in our students the habit of working out their life purposes. We try to get the student to see what are the problems of life that he will have to solve if he is to make good with himself. We try to disturb him—get him to see that sometimes college training leaves one as unprepared for life as it finds him. Sometimes students are so much disturbed that they sit up late at night talking over their problems, and sometimes one even leaves school. He begins to ask: "Why did I come to college? What are my purposes?" The student's attention is directed repeatedly to the fact that the worth of human society is proportioned to the frequency of occurrence of men and women of keen aspiration, intelligent social purpose, and disciplined character.

The special vocational aim of Antioch—preparation for business administration or proprietorship, for the *entrepreneur* attitude—was chosen because it fits well with the underlying purposes of the college; because the field is not effectively filled; because, in preparing for such a vocation, the student has opportunity to discover his fitness for each of several specialized functions if he proves not to be of the proprietor type; and, lastly, because the administrator or proprietor has exceptional opportunities to put into operation industrial policies based upon sound ethical and social principles. Antioch, however, has and needs many students who are in no wise interested in business administration.

In the rigorous and careful selection of students, and in the elimination of those who fail to meet their responsibilities either as to scholarship, industrial demands, or personal character and attitude, Antioch is endeavoring to limit the student body to those who

have both the capacity and the desire to pay the price in discipline and accomplishment demanded by our program. With a faculty of men and women giving everything in them to the work, it would be a social waste to have that effort expended upon unproductive material.

The aim for approximate self-support for student and institution is not an incidental matter. It is closely related to the development of self-reliance and a sense of social accountability on the part of the student. The problem of financing American education has not been solved. The demands for absolutely necessary public uses far outrun our national current assets. For instance, the present cost of elementary and secondary education in the United States is less than fifty dollars per year for each American child of school age. A careful examination of costs in school systems that give reasonably adequate educational opportunity indicates that such opportunity cannot be furnished for less than about $250 or $300 per year. To give each of the 25,000,000 American children of school age the reasonably adequate educational facilities represented by a very economically managed private day school where the tuition is $250 per year, would make necessary an additional annual tax of five billion dollars, about as much as is now spent for all national, state, and local government, including war debts.

But with elementary and high schools cared for, the need for public funds is only begun. Colleges and universities, adult education, religion, charity, the elimination of feeble-mindedness, public health, the protection of our forests, good roads, railroad expansion—all these and many other needs make imperative demands upon our national wealth. Since we can meet only a small portion of these demands, it behooves us to budget our total national resources so that we choose the more essential objects of expenditure, and reduce or eliminate the less essential. Now, if there exist great reservoirs of assets, the wise use of which would lighten our burdens and enable us to secure more vital necessities, we do well to find and to use those assets.

In the capacity of college students largely to support themselves and the institutions they attend there exists such a reservoir. More than that, the very process of self-support develops self-reliance, self-respect, and a sense of social responsibility. To spend four years at college learning that the world owes one a living is not necessarily the best training for a young man or woman. If every college student were required to contribute to his education as much as he could without hurt to himself, the increase in self-respect and social responsibility would be a greater gain than the money saved.

Just how great is this productive capacity of young men and women, just how much they can relieve the public burden by partial self-support, while at the same time increasing rather than decreasing the value of the college course, no one knows. This is a field of research. To start out with the assumption that the college student must entirely support himself and his institution would be presumption, and not the spirit of inquiry. It is the hope of Antioch College to determine by experience approximately what are the reasonable limits to self-support under its own conditions.

One thing is certain: the possibilities will not be developed by trying to graft self-help on a college organized and operated along traditional lines. The institution must be adapted to its functions. In the traditional college, self-help means a continual strain to adjust one's self to a régime built for the student to whom self-help is not necessary. It commonly means long hours, broken sleep, and loss of social life. At Antioch we believe that there is no essential conflict between the best welfare of the student and well organized provision for him to bear his share of the load.

A certain New England man and wife at their death left a large sum of money to their local church. In one of the annual reports of the church a few years later was the statement: "A small part of our support comes from members of the parish, but most of it is provided by the saints." These pious people would scarcely have recognized as participants in the process the miners who dug the coal that warmed them, the farmer and baker who supplied the minister with bread. Colleges are similarly supported.

§ 6

A college training tends to lift a man or woman above the mass, and to put him in a strategic economic position. Cases have occurred where the college graduate in after years did not feel an overpowering sense of obligation for what society had done for him.

The college student is not necessarily the cream of the land. The 500,000 college students in America are representative of about the top twenty per cent. of the intelligence and quality of the country. For every student in college three or four boys or girls of college age and of equal intelligence do not go to college. It is not true that too many boys and girls are going to college, but the wrong ones in many cases are going. The test of character represented by a reasonable degree of self-support would go far toward the elimination of students without worth-while purpose, and would supplement in a valuable way prevailing tests of academic fitness. For the student effectively meeting the test there comes an education in relative values as fine as in any other college experience.

The more important specific details of our general principle may be summed up as follows:

That professional as well as liberal students shall endeavor to enter into their inheritance from the past through an acquaintance with great literature, history, art, and philosophy.

That they shall gain a knowledge of the world they live in through the natural sciences and the social sciences.

That they shall develop the habit of accurate observation and analysis through study of the sciences and through practical experiences.

That they shall develop valid purposes and aspirations and moral and spiritual incentives largely by being given intimate contact with people who are controlled by such motives, by an orderly study of life purposes, by a conscious desire to bring the elements of character and personality into perspective, and by carrying a reasonable share of the economic burden of society.

That they shall be encouraged and helped to find their vocations and to prepare for them.

That development of the basic qualities of personality such as initia-

tive, courage, adaptability, responsibility, persistence, and tact, be stimulated by placing students in situations where these qualities are absolute essentials. The best device we have for this development is our part-time working program, which includes a reasonable element of self-support for student and institution.

That there should be brought about that actual mastery and knowledge of the student's own personality and of life which comes only by abundant contact with reality. This includes putting the student into situations where to succeed he must discover and use his utmost resources of courage, interest, and determination. Great power can come only by such great effort.

That development of social responsibility and social skill be promoted. American society cannot persist if made up of specialists, each interested only in his own functions. Students must be prepared to exercise the general functions of citizens as well as the special functions of their callings.

That the development and maintenance of physical health shall be definitely provided for.

In closing, I will quote these introductory paragraphs from Hamilton Wright Mabie's "Work and Culture":

"A complete man is so uncommon that when he appears he is looked upon with suspicion, as if there must be something wrong about him. If a man is content to deal vigorously with affairs, and leave art, religion, and science to the enjoyment or refreshment or enlightenment of others, he is accepted as strong, sound, and wise; but let him add to practical sagacity a love of poetry and some skill in the practice of it; let him be not only honest and trustworthy, but genuinely religious; let him be not only keenly observant and exact in his estimate of trade influences and movements, but devoted to the study of some science, and there goes abroad the impression that he is superficial. It is written, apparently, in the modern, and especially in the American, consciousness, that a man can do but one thing well; if he attemps more than one thing, he betrays the weakness of versatility.

"Specialization has been carried so far that it has become an organized tyranny through the curiously perverted view of life which it has developed in some minds. A man is permitted, in these days, to cultivate one faculty or master one field of knowledge, but he must not try to live a whole life, or work his nature out on all sides, under penalty of public suspicion and disapproval. If a Pericles were to appear among us he would be discredited by the very qualities which made him the foremost public man of his time among the most intelligent and gifted people who have yet striven to solve the problems of life.

"A man of original power can never be confined within the limits of a single field of interest and activity, nor can he ever be content to bear the marks and use the skill of a single occupation. He cannot pour his whole force into one channel; there is always a reserve of power beyond the demands of the work which he has in hand at the moment. To a man of this temper the whole range of human interests must remain open, and such a man can never escape the conviction that life is a unity under all its complexities;

that all activities stand vitally related to each other; that truth, beauty, knowledge, and character must be harmonized and blended in every real and adequate development of the human spirit. To the growth of every flower earth, sun, and atmosphere must contribute; in the making of a man all the rich forces of nature and civilization must have place."

We believe that the treasure America has poured into our institutions of higher learning is not intended solely as an offering upon the altar of scholarship, nor solely to finance the development of technic and skill. Observing that our youth go into life unprepared to see its values, to meet its stress, and to bear their share of the load, the aspiration of America has set up institutions where young men and women can be prepared for all that life demands and offers. The Greek idea of symmetry comes nearer to meeting the best of American purpose than do the highly specialized curricula of our conventional colleges and technical schools. We have added a new element to the Greek ideal—a demand that men and women shall justify and express themselves through material as well as intellectual and spiritual production. Antioch is committed to the ideal of symmetry, which demands an appreciation of relative values.

"Deer." Woodcut by Maxwell Armfield

Atlas

A FABLE

By Lincoln Steffens

There was a picture of Atlas in my old school geography. It showed him, a tiny, mighty man, carrying the globe, the whole, huge world, on his bended back. I used to study and admire his muscled legs, arms, shoulders, neck, and the responsible expression on his straining face. I wished that I might be some day as strong as Atlas and do what he did. But I wondered, too; I wondered, as only a child or a grown-up imbecile can wonder, what Atlas had to stand on.

The picture showed nothing, nothing but space; and, of course, with the earth on his neck, his feet could not be down on the ground. No, Atlas, and the world also, seemed to me to be all up in the air! And teacher said I was right.

But teacher laughed. And yet, as I look back now to those good young days, I can see that that teacher, like teachers generally, did not laugh enough or in the right direction. He laughed at me, the child. I can see now his bending back, the straining look in his conscientious countenance. He was Atlas.

Poor Atlas! I came to be sorry for Atlas when I took his place. For my infantile wish came true. The time came when I took up and carried on the burdens of the world. So I understood, and I was sorry for Atlas. Not at first.

It was pleasant for a while, that sense of power, of virtue, of capable responsibility; that fine, uplifting feeling that the world had need of me and that I was up to the requirements. I worried some. I trembled often at the thought of what would happen if I should weaken, stumble, fall! And I grew weary now and then, oh, so tired! I suffered secretly from the indifference, the ingratitude, of the world, and especially of those whom it was my duty to scold or punish. The world seemed to doubt me, my motives, my fitness for my task. And then, worst of all, sometimes I doubted myself. That was awful. But I stuck.

I stuck to the world till—

One day, when my vanity was low, my horse-sense high, and something else was a-borning, I declared (to myself) that I was through. I would carry the whole load no longer. It was too much. It was n't fair. Let others bear their share. I would stand from under and let the darned thing go to the deuce. And I acted upon that immoral impulse. I stepped down and out and stood on one side to see what would happen.

And nothing happened!

That 's what I would like to tell all the Atlases I know. And I know a good many now. After I got out from under, I saw that I was mistaken on another point: I was not the only one that carried the whole load alone. Statesmen, generals, and peace delegates, reformers, business men, and labor leaders—everybody bears all the burdens of this whole old world.

And everybody needs to know, and I yearn to tell him, how, when I, even I, quit the job, nothing happened. Nothing, you understand; not a thing. The world went right on whirling along its own accustomed way; all up in the air, of course, and wrong, all wrong. But it went on. It did not fall. It did not fall!

It hurts, this discovery. I admit that it is astonishing and, at first blush, humiliating. The observation that I was not indispensable was a blow to me, as it might be to others. I felt as a great business man must feel who, having built up, single-handed, a great business and run it, with all its hundreds or thousands of employees, all alone all his life, retires or is retired, and then sees the business go right on as before; better, perhaps; expanding, branching out, improving. I felt, as a statesman feels who, thrown out of power, has to stand by and see his country prosper and grow and rejoice despite the idiotic policies of his successor, just as it did under his. It is pretty bad.

But think of it. That 's what I did. And when I thought a moment; when I sat me down to reflect; when I put aside the pain and considered what it meant to me and, therefore, to all lesser men; when I realized that it meant that I did not have to shoulder all these white men's burdens all the time, but might, when I liked, lift on my end of a part of some one of the many, many loads, or not, I found that it was a relief to my back and a release of my capacity for amusement, both at home and abroad, both with myself and my fellow-men.

Hurried Impressions of Japan

By Harry A. Franck

All the way across the Pacific we had mused on the probability of getting a genuine glimpse of Japanese family life, not of mere inns or of wide-open lower-class hovels, but of the unexpurgated interior of a real Nipponese home. The chance came quickly and unexpectedly on our first full day in the country. One of those fires which outdo even earthquakes in strewing with disasters the history of this flimsy, wood-built land had wiped out one of the three or four hotels of Tokio that welcome foreigners—at least foreigners of the table-and-chair habit. Luckily, perhaps, for had the mishap been postponed a fortnight, the probability of seeing all our worldly goods, lugged thither with much mental and financial effort, ascend in smoke was excellent. Possibly it was lucky, too, that the refugees from the chaotic ruin had filled its former rivals chock-a-block. For thereby we realized our pent-up desire.

One of my several letters of introduction to men of standing in the island empire did the trick. The addressee himself lived far from his office, but one of his subordinates requested—or consented, at the flicker of the superior's eyebrow—to be permitted to offer us temporary asylum in "his mean and dishonorable abode." Not that the solution was reached at once, just like that, in an easy, offhand American manner; the Japanese mind does not work that way.

The mean and dishonorable abode proved to be a most delightful and thoroughly Japanese dwelling set in its own capacious garden, at half an hour's dodging by motor from the modernized heart of Tokio. So far, so good. But other difficulties quickly beset our path. Should, for instance, "highly honorable" guests commit the Western barbarism of shaking hands in response to the welcoming antics of the entire galaxy of hosts,—women, children, servants, and the lordly master himself,—who were wiping with their brows the matted threshold a high step above us? And should the removal of one's dishonorable footwear and the performance of whatever might be the proper gesticulations of greeting be simultaneous—ambidextrous, so to speak—or consecutive; and if the latter, in what order? What, if any, should be the means of concealing the sudden discovery that one has been so careless as to permit a humble nether garment to reach a state incompatible with the publicity to which it is frequently subjected in Japan? Surely one must at least, flinging aside all etiquette, Oriental or Western, dash after that junior member of the family who, still dishonorably shod, sets off on an un-Japanese rampage through the frail house, in imminent danger of racing

unchecked through several of its paper walls, the while clamorously demanding his overdue bath, board, and bed in a manner not customarily used toward a chance host.

Things move with a certain Oriental leisure even in Japan, but the time came when, after a meal which might have been less deliberately an attempt to be European, and a bath which was not particularly noted for its privacy, the piles of quilts were at last spread upon the spotless straw matting of our capacious second-story chamber, and the cylindrical bean-bags lay ready to receive our weary heads. Beyond a miniature gorge the darkness was sprinkled with hundreds of the lights of Tokio; to our ears came across the intervening gardens the mild night noises of Ushigome-ku, one of the most populous wards of the densely populated Japanese capital, the subdued scraping of wooden *getas* most conspicuous among them. Surely we could not complain of delay or of lack of thoroughness in the granting of our wish for a glimpse of home life in Japan.

§ 2

As a matter of fact, while it is picturesque at a distance of space or time, actual living in the flimsy toy houses of Japan is far from convenient to one reared in Western fashion. It is glorious to be able to nudge one's neighbor during a performance of "Madame Butterfly" and hoarsely to boast, "I once lived like that,"—I am, of course, speaking of the scenery, not of the story,—but it is quite as inglorious to forget for a moment the frailty of paper walls and thrust one's head through those same sliding *shoji*. To be able, and expected, to run about on bare or stockinged feet indoors, leaving all the dust and mud of the street—and from Tokio down, one or both are rarely lacking in Japan—at the threshold, has an Elysian sound, a suggestion of speckless golden stairs and noiselessly flitting angels. It is an unusual Westerner, however, who does not feel his dignity swiftly evaporate when deprived of his customary underpinnings. And it is not merely his shoes which are *de trop* in a Japanese house; for ideal convenience he should leave his legs, too, at the door. The awkward school-boy's difficulty in disposing of his hands and arms is mild indeed beside that of the Occidental guest faced with the problem of what to do with his lower members on the cushion-scattered matting of a Japanese room. In flowing kimono it is bad enough; in trousers, which custom decrees shall retain the suggestion of a crease, it is disheartening. It is all very well, too, to be able to tuck beds away in a closet during the day, to have a room uncluttered by furniture; but what of the total lack of hooks, drawers, shelves, or storing-places? Japan is the original land for hanging things on the floor.

More painful still to us of an ungregarious race is the utter lack of seclusion in Japanese buildings. Since that initiation in Tokio we have inhabited a dozen of them, mainly inns and public hostelries. And of the many petty annoyances of life, of which Japan has her share, even as other lands, perhaps the most exasperating, the most wearying, is the impossibility of sometimes being alone. No wonder so many Japanese turn Shinto or Buddhist recluses and retire to shrine or temple, though even for those there is little genuine seclusion.

The romantic paper walls have slight ability indeed in deflecting sound. Let the man four rooms removed in a native inn turn over in his sleep, and you spring awake, ready to do battle with an intruder. Let a pair of fellow-guests engage in one of those interminable conversations which seem to be most frequent toward midnight and beyond, and a megaphone could not increase the din. The Japanese are not a noisy race. Verbal strife is rare, domestic quarrels unknown, or at least inaudible; the streets, habitually innocent of paving, give back dust rather than uproar; the gentle-voiced temple bells of all Japan could not equal the din of a single belfry-hung copper kettle of South America. Yet if all else fails, at least the omnipresent servant can be relied upon to shorten one's springless sleep. Besides the paper-covered *shoji* forming the walls of the room proper, there are the heavier sliding-walls of the house itself, usually of solid boards, occasionally of glass. No human power can induce house or inn servant to close these before one has fallen asleep; all the studied cruelties of the Orient could not coax her to leave one of them ajar during the night, nor to refrain from opening them with a mighty slamming and stowing them away in their day-time box at the house corners at the first peep of dawn. From that moment on, if not, indeed, during the brief night itself, one's most private chamber is never one's own. On every possible provocation, often with none at all, the soft-footed servant-girls patter in and out, shoving aside the semi-transparent *shoji* not only without a "by your leave," but without a suggestion of warning, magnificently oblivious to the even complete state of nudity of the helpless inmate. Would one bathe? A maid will make every effort to assist at the disrobing; a "bath-boy," if not an assistant of the just then still less welcome gender, must needs force his way in to lend a helping hand during the ablutions, while the common tub is almost certain to hold already a denizen or two, smiling a welcome to the hesitating new-comer. Fortunately, the temperature of a Japanese bath, as unendurable to the Occidental as the quilt of arctic thickness with which he is expected to cover himself on the most breathless summer night, furnishes an inoffensive excuse for preferring a spigot and one of the wooden half-buckets scattered about the flooded floor.

Though dining-rooms are not included in the equipment of a Japanese hostelry, let not the humanity-weary guest fancy that his meals at least may be taken in delicious solitude. A serving-maid or two will always be with him, now touching face to mat as she places a more or less edible dish before him, the rest of the time sitting on her heels within arm's-length, watching with the inscrutable face of a bronze Buddha, yet with eyes which catch every faintest suggestion of a *faux pas*, his inexperienced wielding of the intractable chop-sticks. Constantly on every side he has the sense of being but a thin paper sheet removed from other beings, those ubiquitous human beings with which all Japan teems, so that in street or train, on country roads or mountain trails, nowhere can he escape for a brief moment, when the mood is upon him, from his fellow-mortals. And through it all lurks that burden of his superfluous legs, the necessity of

squatting when he would sit, and the subconscious worry as to where shoes should be worn and where removed, intensified rather than lightened in those scattered establishments ranked as "semi-foreign." Our Japanese stay, to be sure, we shall never regret, but we are often thankful it is only a brief stepping-stone to China, where tables and chairs and beds and hooks and less ephemeral foot-wear will again be found among the properties of life.

§ 3

I ought really not to say a word about Japan, with only one long month of scurrying to and fro in it. "Old-timers" of the treaty ports, who have spent at least half a lifetime in the country, would be scathing at the suggestion of so brief a stay giving the slightest food for thought. But "old-timers" the world over rarely deign to pour out on paper their own distilled wisdom, and such bits as they drop conversationally usually suggest that their few immediate trees have long since cut off their view of the woods. At any rate, though China was our real goal, there seemed no good reason to dash blindly past the still interesting, if better known, lands which bound it on the east, and once here, there can be no serious harm in recording fleeting impressions.

And I am quite willing that there be charged to the brevity of my sojourn the notion that Japan is overrated—that Matsushima and Toba are pretty, pine-clad clusters of islands, to be sure, but in no way superior to scores of similar, but rarely mentioned, scenes in our own capacious land; that the Inland Sea is beautiful, yet no more so than many a stretch of water along our Northern border which has not had its tithe of publicity; that Enoshima is, after all, a commonplace handful of land with some trees and caves and shrines; that Miyajima really consists of a single *torii* picturesquely set below high tide, and of atrociously high prices; that many a sea-flanked strip of sand, viewed undignifiedly through the outspread legs, is as genuine a "bridge of heaven" as Ama-no-hashidate. Yet to say that and cease would be to leave the falsest of impressions. A wrathful Englishman we ran across within the shadow of the giant Buddha of Kamakura voiced the conviction, born of a two-months' commercial struggle with its often exasperating people, that Japan is nothing more than camouflage, clever publicity, and the deliberate spreading abroad of false notions. In certain moods it would be easy to agree with him. With the exception of France, and perhaps of Italy, Japan is, partly by chance, partly by design, the most advertised country on the globe, and much pre-information leads inevitably to swollen anticipations. But once the heat of experience has shrunken these to normal size, once the traveler realizes that it is delicacy of detail which he must look for, that intensive cultivation of all they have is natural and inevitable to the crowding people of this little island nation, his disappointments will lessen and perhaps disappear. It is surely to his credit rather than otherwise that the little brown *Nihon-jin* has made the most of his opportunities, and not particularly reprehensible to have sung, or caused to be sung, to the world praises of what to him are genuinely beloved scenes. For the Japanese truly and frankly loves the beauties of nature. He has a

scenery worship as well as an ancestor worship, and his lack of a point of comparison sometimes leads to the adoration of spots and vistas which for the world at large are commonplace. And when all is said and done, if even the mammoth outdoor Buddha looks incredibly small, and the canal-boat trip through a tunneled mountain proves a school-boy's pastime, there is always Fuji-san—except when he chooses to veil his peerless face in clouds. Whatever else Japanese may seem petty and overdrawn, there is but one Fuji-yama.

§ 4

One need not go to the records of her patent office to confirm the knowledge that the Japanese mainly imitate. Merely to skim through one of those phrase-books, so carefully designed to give the casual traveler all the words and sentences except those he will need, is to unearth ample evidence on this score. Philologically speaking, Japanese is a hodge-podge, a mess. I cannot carry the curious reader back to their gleanings from the Malaysian fields from which perhaps they sprung, from the Yemishi, or hairy Ainu, whose place in the sun they usurped, nor yet do more than repeat the common knowledge that they fish new words from the Chinese far more freely than we of the West dip up a needed tidbit of Latin or Greek. But their later history can be sketched by a handful of words chosen almost at random, bringing back to mind the days when the Portuguese, the Dutch, then the English-speaking races, and finally a smattering of German and French in restricted fields, spread out displays for their choosing. Could, for example, a fat volume on "Japanese Cleanliness through the Ages" say more than does the fact that their word for "soap" is "shabon"? The Portuguese brought it, of course, and they did not "discover" Japan for the Western world until exactly half a century after Columbus sighted the West Indies. To this day "pan" remains the word for "bread," or for the horrible dough-balls their semi-Europeanized cooks occasionally perpetrate. If the Lusitanians brought them "tabako," they were repaid by carrying back tea, which in the Portuguese tongue is known by the Japanese word "cha" to this day. Reminders of the two and a half centuries during which a dozen Dutch traders, imprisoned on a little swampy island in their western-most port, were the only white men permitted to come into contact with the Nipponese are still scattered through the speech of the masses. Even to-day the children of Nagasaki call Caucasians indiscriminately "Orando-san" ("Mr. Hollander"). Then came the Americans and the English, with their ships and railways, and all the complicated paraphernalia of modern civilization, and one inquires one's way to the "suteishon," perhaps at the same time requesting a "matchi" with which to light one's "lampe" or to incinerate one of the miserable "maki-tabako" of the Japanese Imperial Government Tobacco monopoly. The "l" being the greatest stumbling-block in Western speech for the Japanese tongue, one is warned that predatory mosquitos may cause "marariya," that the train is about to enter a "tunneru," that there is not a "hoteru" in town, but only Japanese inns. Newsboys, jingling with bells instead of bellowing their wares, occasionally admit their ability to supply

the "Mairu" as well as the "Taimusu." It is a rare Japanese even to-day who uses a "hankechi" in place of the native wad of soft paper; and though "aisukuriimu" now and then offers to minister to a parched and dusty throat, it may be better on the whole to await one's return to Philadelphia.

When the legless deskman of a Japanese inn comes to bow his head on the more or less spotless matting of the room assigned you, and discovers to his horror that you cannot write in the crippled hieroglyphics with which he is familiar the information demanded by the ever-inquisitive police, he still declines to believe that the printed questions on the tissue-paper register in his hand are worse than Greek to you. More than once have I had a hotel "boy" give up hope of making me understand some verbal remark, only to have him triumphantly jot it down for me in his irrational ideographs. No more would a Chinaman or a Korean understand his spoken word; but they would recognize its conventionalized picture, and why should not any other *gwai-koku-jin,* or "outside-country man"? A roughly drawn square means a door to all three races, though their respective lingual terms for it may be utterly devoid of similarity.

Many travelers in at least as good a position as I to know have reported the Japanese excellent linguists. My own brief experience is quite the contrary. The study of English is obligatory in all the higher schools, yet I have rarely indeed found even a square-capped, beskirted university student capable of understanding three consecutive words, or of comprehensively pronouncing half a dozen nouns. I have looked in vain for any improvement in this respect since I first wandered through the empire seventeen years ago. If there is any, it is among the higher officials of the few government departments or of large industrial enterprises where it is indispensable, and with whom the average traveler comes in contact less than once in a blue moon. Among the rank and file, even of the educated, with mild exceptions in favor of the former treaty ports, there are now and then unexpected cases of comprehension, but almost never anything dependable. I am quite ready to admit myself in error, but I carry away the impression that the average American school-boy would retain more French or German from a two-year course than does the newly graduated Japanese youth from his five or six years of English.

The comparison is, of course, not entirely fair. An Oriental language is far more widely separated from our own than is any of the important tongues of Europe. If the Japanese student struggling with English finds his way beset with as great difficulties as I have in attempting to piece together a minimum vocabulary of Japanese, it is small wonder if he has lost heart. Probably he is as much dismayed by the incredible brevity of our tongue as we are by the redundant elaboration of his.

It is partly their policy of "Japan for the Japanese" that makes them so backward in speaking a tongue which they strive so assiduously to teach themselves, for though they constantly emphasize the necessity of knowing the most wide-spread of Occidental languages, they refuse to hire foreign teachers. The teaching of English is, with negligible exceptions, left to natives who could not,

though starvation stared them in the face, make themselves understood in a lunch-room, partly also, of course, because English or American teachers would demand several times the pittance available for Japanese pedagogues, with army and navy eating the lion's share of national revenues. Then, too, strange as it may seem, bashfulness is a strong Japanese characteristic, though in groups and predicaments where no one speaks English the difficulty is made several times worse by many thinking they do.

However, I must admit that I have wandered over all Japan, from the primeval forests of the thinly inhabited north island to the southernmost point of Kyushu, on nothing but a very faulty phrase-book, more than once passing a full week without meeting a fellow-Caucasian, and have seen or procured all there was to see or procure which was worth a little persistence. But it was not always a simple task. The Japanese lack completely that quickness of comprehension which flowers best, perhaps, in Spanish-speaking peoples. Pronounce the commonest of his words to him a score of times, and if your pronunciation is faulty in the slightest detail, he will stare blankly at you until doomsday. His own speech being utterly devoid of gestures, those simple motions which will carry the tongue-tied traveler far in many a country convey no meaning to him whatever. Pick up an egg and a frying-pan, pretend to break the former into the latter, light a match under it, and make the elsewhere universal sign for eating by a feigned mastication, and you will unquestionably succeed in gathering the entire village as an amazed and intently amused audience to your strange outlander antics; but in no circumstances will a single bystander guess that you harbor an innate desire to partake of a pair of fried eggs. This characteristic is so ingrained that all the pointing in the world will never call the attention of your auditor to the near-by object you are attempting to indicate, though it may cause him and the throng which quickly gathers behind him to examine with meticulous care your outstretched finger. The king-pin of all probable misunderstandings in attempting to wrestle with this more than alien tongue, however, is the difficulty of distinguishing "yes" from "no." Ask a waiter, "Is there no bread?" and his violent nodding of the head, accompanied by a very positive "hai," or "yes," may cause you to wait long in vain for a helping thereof before you discover that what he meant was, "Yes, you are perfectly right; there is no bread."

As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk

II—The Early Years of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

THE first number of the old "Scribner's Monthly," later to become THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, had been issued in November, 1870. The vast country to which it had come as a declared and confident spokesman was singularly uniform and naïve in its literary predilections. Apart from certain restricted groups and scattered exceptions, there was no wide-reading public, and the intellectual appetite of an overwhelming majority of the people was easily contented with such selections from the national poets as had found their way into the school readers and had been haltingly read in childhood. Here and there the parlor-tables of superior members of the class might conspicuously display copies of Longfellow or Whittier, but the fame of our great men of letters was most widely known through the popular card game of the period called "Authors." The old puritanical prejudice against fiction was only slowly dying out, and many who in youth had known only such forms of the art as the Sunday-schools had provided in books of the character of "The Prince of the House of David" were beginning to turn to those like "Tempest and Sunshine," by Mary J. Holmes, and "St. Elmo," by Augusta J. Evans, with an exhilarating, yet fearful, sensation of throwing dice with an offended Jehovah. The excellent Mr. Prang had just begun to bespatter the white-walled parlors of the people with his much praised chromos, copies of which the weekly journals spread widely as premiums for subscribers; and such steel-engravings of our native art by Goupil *et Cie.* as George C. Bingham's "The Jolly Flatboatmen" and William S. Mount's "The Power of Music" brought to their possessors a general, though grudging, recognition as creatures who dwelt on an indefinitely superior plane. The country was still riding the wave of supposititious prosperity that had followed the Civil War, and philosophically minded people were exclaiming with self-hypnotized amazement at the ease with which huge armies had melted overnight into the ranks of the workers. They had expected trouble; and there had been none. The future was bright with dreams of a great national awakening.

§ 2

It was to this hopeful and uncritical audience, newly assured of the solidarity of the country, and confident of its future greatness, eager to be amused, eager to be instructed at no great pains to itself, that Dr. Holland

had directed his confident eyes. It was the class to which he himself belonged, and his early poverty, his denied aspirations for higher education, and his profound piety gave him both sympathy and understanding. The great success as a writer of homilies in both verse and prose that had come to him in middle life, and his wide travels as a popular lecturer, had both increased his confidence and quickened his perception of the needs of the hour, and into his new enterprise he now entered with an assured belief in its wide possibilities for good. He had no local prejudices or literary creeds, but thought of his country as a whole as a region chosen by God to be the abode of a free and enlightened people who mainly lived seemly lives under the best form of government. To him it was in a way a new City of God, and he conceived of his magazine as a panorama of the life of the whole nation, a dramatic representation of its deeds and aspirations, wherein, as in a true drama, the good was to be lauded and villainy foiled.

From the first he had reserved for himself the editorial department of the magazine called "Topics of the Time," and until his death, eleven years later, it was his chief interest, and was almost wholly made up of his own special messages to the public. They were of the sort that had attracted wide attention in "The Springfield Republican" while he was serving that journal in the capacity of associate editor, and were even more popular when gathered together in the various "Timothy Titcomb" books, and they had all the characteristics of lay sermons in that period when preaching was still in high favor. They were the average opinions of the average man of the period, for it was significant of Dr. Holland's genius or good fortune as a popular editor that he never sought to lift his audience to a higher plane of thinking, but contented himself with directing its static beliefs, as a boy digs channels for the pools he finds on the shore at low tide. Purity of life, temperance, good manners (one can imagine how a puritan would discuss the last subject, and especially a puritan who distrusted the outward polish of the French as merely the effort of the lacquer-brush to cover the evil intention), Thanksgiving, Christmas, the new German Emperor (another militant Protestant, and therefore in high favor), the rascals of Wall Street, the death of Lord Lytton (I have never read of an erring mortal being more ignominiously kicked out of the back door of life), the free-church problem, the infallibility of the pope, the popular capacity for scandal—all these themes marched truculently and uncompromisingly through his pages with the stern indifference to the possible loss of subscribers that no editor of a popular magazine of to-day would dream of imitating. But the significant thing in the restraint of the modern editor is not that he lacks the courage, but that he no longer cares for the same problems. And his audience no longer cares. Whether for better or worse, fifty years have changed us vastly.

But fifty years ago! Devout and circumscribed as Dr. Holland appears in our latter-day eyes, he was still not regular enough for certain theologically minded persons of his own period. The magazine was only three years old when we find in the

leading "Topic" of the month this quotation from the "Watchman and Reflector," a religious journal published in Boston:

"There is a wide-spread feeling that there has been a breach of trust in the management of that magazine ["Scribner's"]. We do not call in question Dr. Holland's piety, or the soundness of his own faith. If his religious experience is like that of Arthur Bonnicastle [the leading character in Dr. Holland's own novel of that name, which had just completed its course in the magazine], it appears to us genuine, but not normal. Neither is Dr. Bradford the typical Christian. Nor are the Rev. Messrs. Grimshaw, Bedlow and Mullens fair samples of our ministers. And Augustus Blauvelt's theory is not that of the Christian Church. The Magazine, then, has betrayed its trust. One thing is clear to a vast number of those who subscribed to SCRIBNER at the beginning of 1873, or earlier, under the impression that it was true to the faith of the evangelical churches—they have been disappointed, if not deceived. They have a right to demand a change in the management of it, and that there should be placed upon its staff at least one man in whom the churches have confidence; *addictus jurare in verba* MAGISTRI. There will otherwise be a stampede at the close of the year, and there ought to be."

And how valiantly Dr. Holland returned to the attack! And how he pierced the armor of the "Watchman and Reflector," and bore its metaphorical head away on his pike! But can any one imagine any correspondent of a religious journal of to-day threatening "The Century Magazine" or "Harper's" with the loss of hosts of subscribers if it does not dismiss its editor for being untrue to the faith of the evangelical churches? It would be easier to picture the bewilderment of modern-day subscribers if asked what the evangelical churches are. I am not certain that the editors can tell.

§ 3

But Dr. Holland's own utterances were speedily to be softened. He had written an editorial in the first number of the magazine on the new Republic of France wherein he had shown himself as bitterly skeptical of its possible success in a land where, as he manifestly felt, Sodom and Gomorrah had come to a new birth; but two years later he was constrained to confess that France was doing surprisingly well. One may read between the lines a note of bewildered wonder that such things could possibly be; nevertheless, he frankly praised France. And he displayed a growing tolerance in other directions. It was clear that the broader life of New York had widened his outlook and softened his asperities, while his personal successes probably contributed to the same end. He had always viewed his literary fame with an almost child-like wonder and pleasure; his renown as a great editor filled the cup of joy to the brim. In it there was no room for bitterness. Continued association with Mr. Roswell Smith and Mr. Gilder must have assisted; for, with a piety equal to his own, Mr. Roswell Smith was not belligerent, and the essence of his faith was trustfulness, while Mr. Gilder was of all men the one most averse to giving pain.

I did not enter the magazine until nearly four years after the death of

Dr. Holland, and in that short time a great change had taken place. When it was desirable to show courage or to express strong opinions, the magazine was not derelict; but all the manifold byways through which unnecessary misunderstanding or ill will might creep in were rigidly guarded. For years, when nationality, not religion, was meant, the word "Jew" was not used, but the word "Hebrew," and no slighting reference to any sect or religion was ever permitted to appear. I recall the distress that Mr. Gilder had shown on receiving a letter from a reader charging the magazine with having spoken slightingly of the Methodist Church in a certain article or story. As the guarding against errors of all sorts was supposed to fall within the scope of my own special duties, I investigated the matter, and though the reference was found to be one to which only the most hypercritical of readers could have objected as prejudicial to his faith, Mr. Gilder had apologized frankly for the slur that was manifestly not intended. He had added, with a touch of the humor that always followed his moments of extreme mental disturbance, that he could not have thought it possible that any one with the double-barreled Methodist name of Richard Watson Gilder would ever be accused of permitting evil to be spoken of that church, since his father had been a minister in it, and his own Christian name was that of one of its great early preachers. I might add that it was also characteristic of Mr. Gilder that he took upon his own shoulders all the responsibility for the mishap, and never even hinted to me that in future I might be more watchful.

As the new magazine had definitely announced that one of its chief features was to be its devotion to the advancement of knowledge, the traditional summaries of events that had always been found in American journals of the sort were, naturally, to take their place in their special departments at the end of each number, though in what direction the pedagogical wand was to be directed for a long time seems to have given the editors much trouble to decide. Dr. Holland's own department, "Topics of the Time," was of course assured, and "Books and Authors Abroad" and "Books and Authors at Home" were the other departments in the first number; and Mr. Gilder's "The Old Cabinet" appeared in the second as a sort of tinkling harpsichord accompaniment to Dr. Holland's bass-viol solo. In the same issue "Etchings" made its appearance, and under that name or "Bric-à-Brac" or "In Lighter Vein" was to survive for more than forty years. "Books and Authors Abroad" was dropped in the third issue, and "Home and Society" took its place. "Beyond the Sea" came in in the fifth month, only to be called "Culture and Progress Abroad" in the sixth, when "Culture and Progress at Home" came into the departmental life, the two to be subsequently united in one as "Culture and Progress." "Nature and Science" came in later, which was followed by "The World's Work," and thus all the highways to general knowledge were covered.

§ 4

With the increased burden that fell upon Mr. Gilder's shoulders with Dr. Holland's declining health and gradual

withdrawal from active service, "The Old Cabinet" quietly disappeared at the close of 1879; but it was not until the overwhelming success of the "War Series" made the need of more space imperative that the perfunctory departments began to go by the board. Only "Topics," "Open Letters" (a still later addition), and "Bric-à-Brac" survived for a few years more. It seems curious that any were permitted to survive so long, for regular departments, with their recurring monotony of preparation, are always a deadening weight upon an editorial staff, and are cumberers of space in these days of widely read newspapers and specialized journals; but tradition had made them inevitable, and common sense must always wage an uphill fight when contending against the god of the things that have always been. And editors, too, are of all mortals the ones most sheep-like. I take it that the normal indecision that comes to them from forever sitting on fences in doubt which way to jump, whether to call certain things piffle or genius, makes them prone to follow wherever they see their contemporaries go, and peculiarly indisposed to be radical or unique. Yet one cannot speak so emphatically of all magazine departments without recalling to mind the case of the "Editor's Easy Chair" in "Harper's" under George William Curtis, for many years the best-known and most-loved feature in magazine publication. It was easily the white crow in the flock of its black mates that is popularly supposed to prove rules.

The Century has always disclaimed any desire to be considered a purely literary journal, and in its early days one might have characterized it as a sort of evangelical bishop earnestly debating in the House of Lords the vital questions of church reform, the Corn Laws, and the National School system, but not averse to using a Horatian phrase or a literary allusion now and then if only to prove that he was a public-school man and not a product of the National School system itself. As a romantic reader, I have always been impressed and thrilled, in English books, by the casual ease with which the writers sooner or later bring in a "Bucolic" quotation like *triste lupus stabulis* or *venit Hesperus, ite capellæ* as a sort of guaranty that they have not forgotten, and do not wish to forget, the rigors of the lower-fourth form of some accredited public school even while they instruct or amuse us. The early numbers of the magazine impressed me in much the same manner. Dr. Holland might lecture us all on the necessity of leading upright lives, and the magazine prove to the South that it was not wholly ruined though slavery was ended, and flood us with numberless pictures of the wonders of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone and other out-of-the-way regions; but presently it seemed to reflect on the inadvisability of over-emphasizing our material resources and spiritual needs at the expense of our mental growth, and Stedman's long series of papers on "The Victorian Poets" came in. Much as I subsequently learned to admire both Stedman and his work, his "Victorian Poets," in that environment, must have had upon the average reader all the effect of a Virgilian quotation in a lecture on the possibility of being both prosperous and

without sin. We did not know even our own poets in that day,—we have forgotten them in this,—and the summarized excellences of William Morris and Walter Savage Landor and all the Victorians in general must have made up those desert regions in the magazine that are the saddest of all sights to an editor—the pages that even conscientious readers flip rapidly over without a curious glance. Stedman's later series on our own most popular poets was a far more attractive feature, for by that time the illustrations of the magazine had vastly improved, and the many fine engravings of the homes and haunts of the poets in question not only added to the sumptuous appearance of the magazine, but delighted those readers who like their information sugar-coated. Yet it was characteristic of the magazine that while it rejected the claim of being literary, it has given more exhaustive phases of pure literature than any of its contemporaries. Thoroughness was one of its traditions, and whenever it put its hand to the plow, it turned the soil to the last edge of the field. In no other American magazine would have been found so unusual a feature as Stedman's "The Nature of Poetry," which appeared as a serial at a still later date.

Yet so seemingly innocuous a paper as the critical appreciation of the work of a poet might be a storm-center in the editorial mind of that early period. It was not enough, it appears, that the poet in question was to many the most conspicuous and original creator of verse that the country had produced; it was also necessary for him to be eminently proper in life and circumspect in his expressed opinions to be deemed worthy of a place in the new magazine. Though many enough might have been found to sustain him in the belief that Walt Whitman mainly wrote drivel, and only occasionally stumbled upon a poetic phrase, on the grounds of morality Dr. Holland had strongly protested the inclusion of Whitman in Stedman's series of the American poets, and he had yielded with many misgivings. Probably he took a quiet satisfaction in the protests that followed the appearance of the article; they at least corroborated his belief that he knew his public.

§ 5

To the present generation of readers, when every daily newspaper has its graphic supplement of every notable event or picturesque scene on the face of the globe, the barrenness of our pictorial knowledge of the world in the early seventies would appear incredible. It was therefore natural that THE CENTURY, with the ambition to perfect the art of illustration, would quickly turn to descriptive articles of America as the first step on the way to becoming the national magazine that it aspired to be. It early printed profusely illustrated articles on New York, Philadelphia, northern Virginia, and brought us our first conception of the wonders of the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Its most notable series, the one that was to bring it the greatest praise and was to have a wide influence for good, was started in the autumn of 1873. With J. Wells Champney as an illustrator, Edward King then visited the South, and for months every number of the magazine devoted forty or more illustrated

pages to those parts of the South that seemed the most plausible gateways through which, by meeting it halfway, prosperity would speedily return to a region of vast natural resources, though for the time poverty-stricken and without hope.

The articles were admirable. Apart from the courage they aroused and the pride they awakened, they were thoroughly informed and wise reviews of the wealth and resources that there lay dormant. The South took heart. It is certain that it would have taken heart in due time, but now the impulse was quickened, and with the quickening it was inevitable in a generous-minded people that a kindlier feeling would follow for the North, through which the new spirit had come.

But the barriers of bitterness and hurt pride between the two regions were shortly to be leveled still more by a subtler and wholly unexpected result of that memorable series. An awakening of literary spirit had followed the Civil War, but in the North it had shown no specially significant features. In "Scribner's" the English serials by George MacDonald and Mrs. Oliphant had awakened no widespread interest, and in his decision to depend no further on foreign sources Dr. Holland had made use of his own novel, "Arthur Bonnicastle," as the main serial of the year in 1873 and 1874. It did little more than display in the form of fiction the author's propensity to sermonize. A few well known writers of the North, like Rebecca Harding Davis, Edward Eggleston, and Constance Fenimore Woolson, had appeared in the magazine in short serials and stories, but few of them were more than mere pallid reflectors of the work of the lesser English novelists, though mainly without the craftsmanship of the latter. Some, like Helen Hunt Jackson and Adeline Trafton, had been greeted by the editors with vast enthusiasm, but had not long held the fickle favor of a reading public that, having the mob instinct, follows only the fashion of the hour.

The South had also felt the impulse to write—felt it even more intensely than the North, perhaps, for, with the failure of the Lost Cause, there had everywhere arisen in the minds of the people a passionate desire to set themselves right before the world. With this end in view, apparently, magazine after magazine had been started, only to fail through the poverty of the region that strove to be heard in justification.

It was at this stage that the new magazine of the North not only won the gratitude of the South with its series by Edward King, but graciously threw open its pages to Southern writers. While busily collecting material for his two papers on New Orleans, King had discovered George W. Cable in that city, and had at once sent some of his work to Dr. Holland. The first of King's own work did not appear in the magazine until November, 1873, but Cable's first story, "'Sieur George," was printed a month earlier, and "Tite Poulette," "Jean-ah Poquelin," and "Café des Exilés" soon followed. Within a few years the magazine had made the names of George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Thomas Nelson Page, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and others household words in the whole country.

But this is the significant thing about the appearance of these people in a Northern magazine: the old bitterness that had marked the work of the writers of defunct magazines of the South was gone. Gone, too, were the truculence, the provincial spirit, and much of the old sentimentalism that had from the first marked all the writers of what they themselves were wont to call "our beloved Southland." Welcomed by a Northern magazine, these new authors had met these advances with the characteristic courtesy and tact of the South, which ignore all differences of opinion between hosts and guests. Thus tacitly barred from any expression of the old hostility, and softened in spirit by gratitude, their literature blazed a new path in America—a path marked by the most pronounced local color, irradiated by humor and a tender romanticism. Cable had led, with his vividly picturesque background of old New Orleans as a setting, and with the love of that meeting-ground of clashing traditions as his main theme; and Richard Malcolm Johnston had flooded middle Georgia with the humor and naïve simplicity of his own gracious and lovable nature. The placid life of tide-water Virginia and Maryland, the primitive passions of the lonely mountains, had their chroniclers. It was natural that the old régime would figure largely in these stories, though not now to be touched with bitterness, but mainly with the tenderness with which we recall the things that have passed. The hospitable, patriarchal life; the new and picturesque dialect; the half-humorous clashes between master and man; the heroic devotion shown to "ol' Miss" and the children by faithful old servitors even at the moment of the dissolution of the bond that held them together—all these things the Northerner read with delight, and with a half-conscious softening of his former hostility. And the Southerner, awakened to hope, and thrilled by the success of his latest conquest, felt a new glow of fraternity. Justification seemed no longer necessary.

§ 6

Yet these were not the only great services that the new magazine was speedily to perform to the same end. It had brought, through the genius of Southern writers, local color into American fiction, and it had begun the task of reconciling North and South; but several placidly prosperous years were to intervene before its War Series completed its great work as a harmonizer of national differences. In this interval it had steadily strengthened its foundations. It was Mr. Drake, himself an engraver, who developed the idea of photographing upon the wood block the picture desired for engraving, making it possible to produce the original picture in any size. Previous to the change of method, artists had been compelled to draw their pictures backward upon the wood block, or draftsmen had simply copied the original. The good taste displayed by Mr. Gilder had always been an important factor in advancing the quality of the illustrations, and it was the happy good fortune of the magazine at this period that the native shrewdness of Mr. Roswell Smith proved of great practical value in furthering the reproduction of woodcuts. In ten years the whole process of woodcut engraving was revolutionized and made popular,

and it was to The Century that all the world looked for the highest expressions of the art.

Naturally, this superiority led the magazine to emphasize its artistic features. The life of Millet was printed as a serial, and for months the striking reproductions of the great artist's work appeared in its pages. In a way it had become the official organ of the Tile Club, that body of gifted young painters who made glorified sketching trips in regions not too remote from the city. Indeed, the magazine was for the time the center of the art aspirations of the younger men of the craft in America, and it was at Mr. Gilder's house that the first meeting of the Society of American Artists met in 1877 after the break with the National Academy.

From time to time in the earlier years an article that approached what we were afterward to think of as a "war story" had appeared in the magazine, and in November, 1878, Allen C. Redwood had begun his interesting recollections of life in the Confederate Army. They were charmingly illustrated by himself, touched with humor, and only remotely concerned with combats; but the series had left no disturbing ripples of suggestion in the editorial mind. In the spring of 1883, however, the "Recollections of the John Brown Raid, by a Virginian who witnessed the fight," and written by Alexander R. Boteler, was accepted at the office. The article had referred to another on the same subject that had been written by Frank B. Sanborn and published in "The Atlantic," and the suggestion was made by Mr. Clarence C. Buel, the assistant editor, that it might be interesting to supplement the Boteler article with another by Sanborn. The suggestion was accepted, and the Boteler paper was published in The Century Magazine for July, 1883, followed by a "Comment by a Radical Abolitionist," written by Sanborn. The magazine had, of course, reached the public in June, and the articles aroused much interest.

In July Mr. Buel had gone away on his vacation, and sitting one day under the chestnut-trees that bordered a stream in Chautauqua County, and with the John Brown articles in mind, the possibilities of a series of articles by the men who directed the battles of the Civil War suddenly came to him. He immediately outlined his suggestions in a letter to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, the associate editor. The letter was written July 17, and Mr. Johnson, on receiving it, had forwarded it to Mr. Gilder, who returned it with his approval, subsequently committing the matter to the charge of Mr. Johnson, with Mr. Buel as his assistant.

Mr. Buel's original suggestion had been for a series of eight or ten articles on the decisive battles of the war, to be written by the opposing generals in command. The elaboration of the plan, the task of securing contributors, and the editing of the series were shared by the two editors, Mr. Johnson directing the main part of the work during the organization, and Mr. Buel having entire charge of the editing for nearly the whole of the second year.

For, beginning in November, 1884, the series did not close until November, 1887. In the tremendous success of the enterprise the original plan

was quickly swamped. In the second year the monthly circulation had increased from 127,000 to 225,000, and there were times when the normally quiet editorial rooms were like the headquarters of an army on the eve of a great battle, with generals and privates, Confederates and Federals, coming and going.

But the two notable features that marked the event were these: the good temper and unpartizan character of the articles prepared by the leaders on both sides, and the great increase in the number of fraternal meetings between Union and Confederate veterans coincident with the appearance of the war papers. On the night before the public funeral of General Grant I had gone up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The corridors were thronged with well known veterans of both armies, but what one noted in the great gathering was that while Union men met Union men like old friends, and Confederates met Confederates in the same manner, Union men and Confederates met like long-lost brothers. I lingered about for hours. I was young then and had but recently come to the editorial staff of THE CENTURY, and when at last I went home, it was with a feeling of pride that I shall never forget. I had just witnessed a great sight—the kindly, open-hearted meeting of men who had fought bitterly against one another, and I knew that no agency had been more vitally the cause of the reconciliation than the magazine to which, as it now appears, nearly all of my working days were to be given.

(The end of the second part of "As I Saw It from an Editor's Desk.")

After Operation

BY JULIET BRANHAM

Sick with other ills than these,
  Very sick with these, I lie,
Weak with old hypocrisies,
  Pray to die and would not die.

Sense, in dream-like terror caught,
  Stands stock-still and cannot swerve,
While he pulls to bits who wrought
  Bone and artery and nerve.

In a body soon to rot,
  Pain indrawn on every breath,
I would rather stay than not;
  Pain is not so long as death.

A Voyager's Log

By Rockwell Kent

Drawings by the Author

USHUAIA, with a population of a few hundred or a thousand souls, stands in the shadow of the penitentiary that sustains it. From the barred windows of the prison a thousand men look out, during their months and years and lifetimes of confinement, over the gray, cold, wind-swept waters and bleak islands of the South, over a desolation of tin roofs and fire-devastated hills, at mountain barriers more terrible than prison walls. Yet the austerity of the visible world, far from imposing its gloom upon the people of the prison and the town, makes the confinement and the narrow comforts of their lives appear as blessings wrung from the vast and pitiless desolation of the universe. Ushuaia, *because* of its isolation, is a cheerful, friendly place.

Into this town we two had tramped, ragged, dirty, and tired, with all the goods we owned upon our backs, and our pockets empty; and had the people stared and laughed and locked us up for mad, one would have wondered less than that, perceiving our madness, they caught its spirit from us. To all who asked where we were bound we cried, "Cape Horn!" "Crazy!" they exclaimed laughingly; "but good for you!" Cape Horn, but how?

Among the craft of various kinds and occupations that lay at anchor in the harbor was an auxiliary sloop of about ten tons, without a thing to do. It belonged to a Dalmatian,—or "Austreacho," as this numerous race is termed in South America,—one Fortunato Beban. Beban was a tall, spare

man of sixty-five, of forceful and distinguished appearance. His face was weather-beaten and tanned, and from the shadow of his yachting-cap his pale blue eyes gleamed shrewdly, like the eyes of a New-Englander, to their own undoing. He considered. Yes, he 'd rent the boat; the terms he 'd have to think about. And my heart sank.

We *had* to wait, and waiting was a pleasure. We enjoyed again such delicious refinements of civilization as clean sheets and comfortable chairs and dainty food, for we were guests at the house of Martin Lawrence, the first citizen of the town. How pleasantly they live in Ushuaia!

The summer day was long. At evening we would stroll, my host and I, along the hilly streets up to the outskirts of the town, and, in the silence that the hour imposed, look over the broad bay and channel, the white mountains of Hoste Island, and the hills of Navarin, all in the breathless calm that there prevailed at sundown. Then at twilight, while the massed clouds hung flaming over the darkening steel-blue mountain-peaks, we 'd enter some quiet, comfortable drinking-place and sit conversing for an hour. And Lawrence opened up the past, and told of Ooshooia and his boyhood there before the town was built, when the flag of England waved above the little mission, when the Indians, still uncorrupted by disease and virtue, peopled the island shores in thousands, adding the menace of their savagery to the wild terrors of that region. What might have been the Yahgans' fate, if Christian charity had not disarmed them, no one can tell.

I needed a hair-cut. The house of Don Julio, the barber, was one of the most attractive and pretentious in the town. It stood upon a little hill and overlooked the bay. I mounted the imposing stairway at the front and rang the bell. A little man of maybe fifty, pallid, sensitive, with large, dark, mournful eyes, opened the door—Don Julio. He greeted me with the sweetest courtesy and, conversing in French, explained that he had been at work in his garden when the bell had rung. His house, in which he lived alone, was beautifully neat, and revealed in the little conveniences for housekeeping of the owner's contriving, in the hideous collection of pictures and souvenirs disposed so lovingly about, an active personal attachment to the place that made its ugliness delightful.

But his own bedroom was one of the world's great wonders. An ornate double bedstead, a miracle in lacquered brass, stood in the central space; an ancient counterpane of yellow satin, wrought in silk and gold with twining morning-glory vines, covered the bed. Over the lace-edged pillow-slips were pinned embroidered satin shams; and, shadowing these, velvet curtains hung from a gilded canopy. Upon the flower-papered walls hung, pitching forward, gilt-framed colored pictures of the love and hate scenes from Italian opera. On stands and scrollwork bracket-shelves wonders of porcelain and painted shell rivaled the splendor of the festooned tidies that they stood upon. A crimson-flowered carpet was on the floor, and crimson gold-edged portières darkened the still too garish daylight of the lace-curtained window.

"It 's wonderful!" I whispered, and, going to the window, drew the lace aside and looked out at the world. It was blue daylight, hard and clear; over a few tin roofs stood the concrete walls

of the prison; beyond this rose high into the sky the knife-edged mountain-ranges.

Don Julio's bedchamber! I peeped into a tiny room or passageway just off the kitchen. There was a narrow iron cot neatly made up, one wooden chair with a shirt and trousers hung over it, and nothing more.

Don Julio tied an apron about my neck, put the barcarolle from "Tales from Hoffmann" on the phonograph, and cut my hair—beautifully. Then he poured me a glass of Benedictine and himself a drop of it for courtesy, proposed "Cape Horn—and back!" and we drank.

"Wait a moment, if you please," he said at parting, and ran into the garden.

He brought me a little bunch of forget-me-nots; and with these quite foolishly in my hand, I strode out and down the street of the real world.

A town is but the home of men and women, and its spirit can be read only in the lives of those that dwell there. Ushuaia is the resting-place of a restless wanderer, Don Julio. His house is the treasury of his memories of the greater world he came from, of love and art, of pride and hope and failure. That state bedchamber is to him the symbol of the pomp he dreamed of and that might have been. Don Julio dusts its grandeur reverently, closes the door, and goes to weep upon his narrow, solitary bed.

Ushuaia is Fortunato Beban, hard and shrewd, making a little fortune for his heirs to spend. It is Martin Lawrence, cultivated, intelligent, and cautious, a sheep-farmer and merchant, a stabilizer. Ushuaia is old Mr. Feeque, who came there forty years ago to found the town.

The old man, a lean and feeble invalid, with the gentle face of one for whom the passions and activities of life are past, sits forever deep in a tall-backed, upholstered arm-chair, in a great room encumbered with a huge walnut double-bed and a conglomeration of furniture, unwashed dishes, Catholic symbols, and lithograph portraits of the crucified Christ. The sunlight streams in through the western window at his back and lights the red geraniums that throng the window-shelf. Gently and very slowly the old man speaks a cultivated English, and his voice becomes at times so faint that one must sit at strained attention. And there is in his manner and appearance a beautiful and touching dignity, and in his speech the sadness of great wisdom.

I bore credentials, which I offered him.

"I do not need to see these," he said, and I was ashamed.

He loves his country, Tierra del Fuego, and has faith in its development; and he looks back upon past times of helpfulness to younger enterprisers in that land as on a life well spent in service of a cause.

We drank coffee and cognac together.

"Beban—" he shook his head. "Lundberg at Harberton," he counseled me, "is your man for the Horn; and if that fails, get Indians and a canoe. It can be done that way if you must do it."

Beban meanwhile "considered"; and I waited. My mate lay on his back, with a foot so swollen he could hardly stand on it; yet all the time his only worry was our problem of a boat. Lundberg, at Harberton, was forty miles away on Beagle Channel. We were growing desperate.

Tierra del Fuego
Ushuaia Bay
Remolino
Harberton
B.e BEAGLE
CHANNEL
Cape Metchel
Murray Narrows
Island Dumas
Pen
Navarin Island
Puerto Douglas
Mission
Pasteur Peninsula
TEKENICA BAY
Gardner Bay
Tekenica Mission
Jacksadale I.
Jacksadale Bay
Hardy peninsula
Orange Bay
Bourchier Bay
South Bay
False Cape Horn
Windhond Bay
Guanaco Pt.
Penguin I.
Banner Cove, on Picton I., marked with a cross, was the scene of the sufferings that led to the death of Capt. Allen Gardiner
Lenox I. scene of rush of the nineties. Gold is still found in the beaches of this coast
NASSAU BAY
Wollaston Islands
Grafton Bay
Grevy I.
Beaufort Bay
Thompson Sound
On Bayly I. was established the first mission station. It was soon moved to Tekenica.
Wollaston
Franklin Sound
Hermit I.
Deceit I.
Hall I.
Horn I.
CAPE HORN
Map Showing our course from Harberton westward to Ushuaia, southward to the Wollaston Islands, and return to Harberton January 1923

Cape Horn

The day was set for us to cross in a small boat of Feeque's to Navarin in search of Indians,—it seemed the only thing to do,—when, in the stillness of the early morning, I heard the chugging of a motor in the bay. A little sloop came in and tied up at the mole. And it was Lundberg!

Lundberg came walking up the street. He was tall and lean, and moved with nervous energy. Somehow, from far away, I knew the man and confidently hurried on to meet him. He was a Swede, forty, hollow-cheeked, and tanned. His intent blue eyes showed the energy of his mind and its power of concentration. He spoke English fluently, with an unusual and distinguished vocabulary. His pronunciation of words as they are spelt betrayed the self-educated man. Here was the pioneer who opens up new lands for human enterprise. Lundberg was a prospector, a lumberman, a business man, an organizer, a man of restless practical imagination. He knew the United States from Minnesota to California and Alaska, he had given years to a coöperative experiment in the jungles of Paraguay. His life has been one of fruitless accomplishment; and he stood now, at middle age, on the last frontier of the inhabited world with nothing but a little four-ton boat, a timber concession, a devoted wife and four flaxen-haired children, good credit, and the respect of every man who knew him.

We had moved to a public house and sat conversing over our drinks.

"Well," he said after a long pause, when I had finished speaking, "if you can get Beban's boat, do, and I 'll stand credit for you. If you can't, I 'll take you."

Lawrence came up at that moment.

"I have Beban's answer," he said, with a sick grin. "Five hundred American dollars for the first ten days or less, and fifty dollars a day after that."

"That settles it," said Lundberg.

"And if we lose your boat," I said, "I 'll give you mine, that 's now in Admiralty Sound."

"If we lose mine," answered Lundberg, "no one of us will ever need another."

Now, there was much for Lundberg and his boat to do before we sailed, and in the interval of waiting we were transported down the channel eastward to Harberton, where, after the fatigues, adventures, and anxieties of the past months, we rested as though in preparation for the great adventure of the Horn.

It was a fair blue morning when we passed through Gable Channel, and the pasture-lands were golden in the sun. The buildings in the port of Harberton stood on the western shore among green meadows and cultivated gardens. If they were ugly in their red and yellow paint, they had the grace of fitness for the thing they were; they were the buildings of a sheep-farm, substantial, unpretentious, and well kept.

A crowd was at the landing-place to welcome us: Nilsen, the manager, and Mrs. Nilsen, and Mrs. Lundberg and eleven children; and again we met such hospitality as should make us wonder at the forgotten arts of kindness of our own America. It 's not alone the isolation of the towns and little settlements of the far South that makes the passing stranger welcome there. Alaska has its isolated towns, but the heart of these is a chamber of commerce, and the hand of welcome a printed advertisement of sham glories

The verdant shore of Bailey Island

of real estate to part the gentle traveler from his wealth.

And now at Harberton we entered on such happy weeks as might have held Odysseus longer than ten years from home. Over the miles of rolling open pasture-land, along shores heaped with the grass-grown mounds of shells that marked a thousand transient camps of the vanished Yahgans, on paths through the tall, dark forest, across broad streams and inlets of the sea, following deep, thundering gorges of the river to emerge at last into the sweet peacefulness of some sheltered pond or lake—over and through this paradise, day following day, we 'd ride. Some days we 'd picnic in the woods, choosing a sunlit clearing sheltered from the wind, and over a great fire we would roast a quartered sheep and feed the crowd of happy children and ourselves, and then play children's games for hours on end.

It was late December, and preparations were afoot for Christmas. In the carpenter's shop, secretly behind locked doors, two of us were making gaudy wonders for the tree: gilded nuts, and cakes and candy wrapped in tin-foil saved from cigarettes, and a star of Bethlehem with copper-wire rays. The mate was dipping little tallow candles and hanging them up to cool. The children gathered daisies in the fields and roses in the garden, and flowering boughs and mistletoe: they decked the house as for a May-day festival. The youngsters came trooping from the forest with the tree, a glossy-leafed canello, first of its kind to attain the glory of a candle-lighted end.

It was Christmas eve, and a great party was assembled at the Nilsen house, eight grown-ups and thirteen children. Profound expectancy possessed them, for the doors of the great state dining-room, which was seldom

Packsaddle Island

used, were locked, and the windows were darkly curtained against the lingering daylight and the eager curiosity of little eyes. Waiting, whispering, wondering at the doors, suddenly there was silence there, and from the room of mystery came music, far away at first, and faint, but heavenly sweet: *O du fröhliche* an orchestra was playing! Then the great door swung back and swelled the sound into a burst of glory: but the lights! the glistening, dazzling marvel of that tree to eyes that never saw a Christmas tree before! We who had done it felt the children's happiness, and our rude music fervently exulted at their still speechless wonderment. But what an orchestra! Two boys with fiddles, and the phonograph and flute, a band in tune with home-made tinsel and candles made of grocery string and tallow, but, like these home-made glories, perfect there and then.

And we danced and laughed and played and ate and drank, and danced and played again, and drank; and as the little children fell asleep, weary with happiness, and the dusk of midnight brightened into dawn, we older people, mellowed by the wine and kept awake with happiness, contentedly conversed into the rising day. The cock crew, and the red sun rose in the south. We strolled into the garden, and with the sweet air of the early morning breathed the fragrance of the roses. "Never," said Nilsen, "in the twenty-six years that I 've been in this country have I known such a Christmas."

After innumerable delays, which only the delights of Harberton kept from driving us to frenzy, Lundberg's boat was at our service for a week, but not Lundberg. Our time to be in the South was nearly up, and we had reached such an unreasoning pitch of

desperation that we had planned, in case of more delay, to be carried to Navarin Island, cross it on foot to Douglas River, get a rowboat there, and, with Indians or without them, continue to the Horn.

There was a man named Christopherson, in whom Lundberg had unbounded confidence, who knew his boat and could operate the engine. He was sent for. Christopherson was a huge, calm man. He spoke a broken English, softly, with a lazy drawl; he moved slowly, heavily. Yet he was, somehow, the embodiment of latent energy and power.

Lundberg's boat was sloop-rigged; she was narrow and deep; she sailed abominably. An old twenty-horse-power engine was her chief reliance. This engine had lain for years under water; it was rusted and cracked, it was bound together with wire, and plugged with putty and soap.

We loaded the boat with stone ballast, put a spare anchor and a strong new chain on board, and sailed. And the farewells that were said were solemn as at a lifetime's parting.

It was late at night, and darkness came before we 'd covered many miles. We anchored for two hours, and sailed again at the break of dawn. It was profoundly calm, and with a favoring tide we made Ushuaia just as the town was waking. Hastily I went ashore to purchase provisions and to comply with the formalities of the port; we were impatient to get off. "Get six cases of gasolene and put them aboard," was my instruction to the mate.

Ushuaia is not a busy place; for lack of occupation, people lie abed. So that, whereas by now the sun stood high, folk still were lingering over their morning coffee, and the stores were shut. It was two hours before I could procure my purchases, get my despatch from the subprefect, and hail the mate to take me back aboard.

"Oh," said the mate as I stepped into the skiff, "about the gasolene: they could only let me have five cases."

"Well, that 's aboard, is n't it?"

"Why, no; we thought we 'd better wait to see you about it."

And there, by that sad blunder that meant half an hour's more delay, was sown the seed that bore its bitter fruit in the tragedy of disappointment of this story's end.

It was still utterly calm when we weighed anchor, and calm as we passed out into the bay. At the point of Ushuaia Peninsula a light breeze met us from the westward and broke the mirrored landscape of the channel. The wind increased. Half an hour from sailing we were in mid-channel. It blew a gale, and the seas broke over us; we made no headway. Coming about, we ran for the shelter of a group of islands off the peninusla and anchored in their lee. The wind increased and raged all afternoon and evening. We slept at that anchorage, and the lost half-hour became twelve.

At two in the morning we awoke. It was cloudy and dark and calm. Not for an hour would the wretched engine start; then in the gray dawn we crossed the channel to the lee of Navarin, skirted its shore among innumerable islands, and, entering Murray Narrows, headed south. It began to rain.

The passage between Navarin and Hoste islands is in places very narrow; the shores are steep, with many jutting headlands, but not mountainous. They are clothed with forests. It was a gloomy wilderness, and dark, that

early morning in the rain. We held to the western side of the channel, leaving Woollya unvisited.

Now we had passed the southwest point of Dumas Peninsula and were crossing Ponsonby Sound. There was not a breath of wind, and the snow-topped mountains of Hoste Island, strangely mingled with low-hanging banks of cloud, were reflected in the gray mirror of the sea. In an hour we had crossed the sound and were entering the winding passage of Pasteur Peninsula. The shores were low, and sparsely wooded with a ragged growth of dwarfed and tortured trees. In the tall grass of a little clearing stood an Indian settlement of three or four dilapidated shanties and two wigwams. No sign of life was there, and we passed on.

Presently we turned abruptly into a very narrow canal, an uncharted passage with which Christopherson was familiar, to emerge with equal suddenness into the open water near the extremity of the peninsula. Here were cream-colored rock cliffs of a strange diagonal formation, with tufts of bunch-grass whiskering their faces. Passages and caves had been worn by the sea at the cliff's base, and these were alive with hair-seal.

Experience had taught us to distrust fair weather; and with hope so strongly set upon our destination, we never entered upon a passage of open water without anxiety lest a wind should rise and retard us or drive us back to shelter. But the day held always calm, the hushed, unnatural, and portentous calm of forces mustering for a storm. We crossed Tekenica Bay and passed between Packsaddle Island and the mainland of Hardy Peninsula, and then, with only rain-clouds darkening and obscuring the horizon, headed across Nassau Bay for the northern point of Grevy Island.

The low near shores of the Wollaston group were visible, but only occasional cloud rifts faintly disclosed the mountain-ranges of the farther islands. And finally, as we neared the point of Grevy, it rained, obscuring everything but the very shore we skirted. It was therefore not the expected wilderness of rocks and mountains that greeted us, but islands mildly desolate in character, with treeless plains of yellow grass fringed at the shore with green. However, as we penetrated Gretton Bay, the mountains loomed out through their veils of cloud and showed the grandeur of the region we had entered.

The Wollaston Islands are the last group of the archipelago of far southwestern South America, the last peaks of the descending Cordillera to emerge above the sea. The western trade-winds, checked and diverted by the mountain-ranges to the north, sweep with accumulated violence around their southern end and make the Wollastons a region of prevailing storms. Their high peaks comb the clouds for those last miseries of hail and snow that heaven can inflict on desolation. No one inhabits them.

We were therefore startled when, on entering Victoria Channel, where we intended lying for the night, we saw smoke ascending from a supposedly untenanted camp that in days past had been Christopherson's. A long, low shanty built of boards and tin stood on the shore, with the luxuriant green bank of thicket at its back. A rod or two away, partly concealed in a grove of canello-trees, was a tent-shaped Indian wigwam.

The inspector

As we approached, a rude skiff, manned by two men, put out from the shore and pulled to meet us. Nearing as we anchored, but keeping a few yards of water between the boats, they looked us over with obvious curiosity and distrust. Whatever might have been their fears of us, their own appearance was far from prepossessing. They were an unkempt, dirty-looking pair, a white man and an Indian. The white man was young and, despite a scraggly growth of silken whiskers, rakishly handsome, with eyes, however, that were mean and shrewd. He brought his scrutiny to some conclusion, greeted us, invited us to come ashore, and then rowed back.

Taking along two bottles of fiery *caña* and a quarter of mutton, we landed and went up to the house. We entered a dark and filthy interior that revealed its furnishings only when our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom. The room was long and narrow; on a box opposite the door stood a small, rusty cook-stove; there were a stool and two or three kerosene tins to sit on, but no table; a chest; some bags of provisions; and, on the floor, two mattresses in opposite dark corners. From the rafters hung some half-devoured kelp-geese, dripping gore; a great pile of mussels and shells was heaped against the wall; and in the ooze from these a brood of goslings puddled. Here lived two families; we were introduced.

Vasquez, the man who had greeted us, a murderer, free after a term at Ushuaia. Genevieve, a pleasant, pretty, brown-skinned, dark-eyed, slatternly young Argentina, his wife. Garcia, a male, aged fifty, a creature in no definite way deformed, yet of as hideously forbidding an aspect as one might ever meet; ex-inspector at the prison at Ushuaia. He was short and pot-bellied; his huge-calved legs curved backward as with out-turned toes he postured like an uncouth dancing master. His brow retreated; it was bald and lofty, and his hair waved from its apex like the plume of Hector's helmet. His large gray eyes, blond eyes with yellow whites, were set in protruding, heavy-lidded sockets; he rolled them about as though disdainful to disturb the ponderous repose of his huge head. Margarita, his wife, a Yahgan of perhaps twenty, pathetically gentle, sweet, and servile, and her child not more than three months old.

And Berté, the Yahgan, who looked forty, said he was sixty, and proved it by accounting for twelve years at an English mission.

These people were subjects of Argentina hunting otter on the soil of Chile; they were poachers living in fear of detection and the law.

And now we stood in this dark and squalid den on one of the most remote and desolate spots upon the earth, confronted by as villainous a crew as ever fought for pirate treasure. We were unarmed. Night was descending.

The murderer was pouring out *caña;* he advanced toward me, bearing two cups, and handed me one.

"Señor," he said, "they tell me that you are an artist. I consider artists, writers, and musicians to be the greatest people in the world. I drink to your prosperity. *Salud!*" And with the most candid charming smile he touched my cup with his, and we drank.

"Victor Hugo and Tolstoy," he continued, "they are my favorite authors. What greatness! what grandeur of conception!"

And as we proceeded to discuss the extensive literature of Europe, with which he was familiar, Genevieve, our graceful hostess, poured out more *caña*. "*Salud! Salud!*" The den was a festive hall that night by candlelight, a friendly, riotously jolly place. "O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve," I sang, enrapturing her. Vasquez was charmed, Margarita smiled as she suckled her babe, the inspector rolled his eyes at me and sternly nodded.

Vasquez threw off his coat and danced, wild, disgusting, beautiful by the sinuous grace of his lithe body. Margarita laughed, and Genevieve screamed with enraptured merriment. And they shuddered playfully when Vasquez, with the long, keen breadknife in his hand, enacted for us the drama of his murder.

And Berté danced soddenly some still remembered war-dance of his race and then relapsed into the sullen lethargy we 'd roused him from. The drunken primitive! He sat there, with his head dropped on his breast, a long time silent; then suddenly he raised it and bawled out one shuddering word, at which the women turned away and held their ears; and their eyes laughed.

How we got aboard that night no one could recall. We awoke in bright daylight. A gale of wind was blowing, and that wind, all day of every day until the time that we had promised to return the boat, blew with unchanging violence.

We spent the days ashore, enjoying the substantial hospitality of our friends and their lively gossip. Vasquez was incessantly diverting; he was at once shrewd and simple, and always a most entertaining braggart.

One day the mate and I set out to climb the summit of the island, a mountain eleven hundred feet in height. The way lay over inland flats of bog and marsh and stony hillsides and through thickets of matted brush and wind-dwarfed trees. The day was one of alternating sun and rain. After our first cold drenching we learned to watch the squalls approach and seek in time the shelter of a rock, or make a refuge of boughs piled on the top of a low-branching tree. Under such shelters we would huddle, shivering with cold, and let the rain drive past us on the gale.

After a steep ascent of several hundred feet we reached the mountain-top, and, clinging there against the storm, beheld the vast and fearful wonder of the region of Cape Horn. Through the drifting murk of clouds appeared a wilderness of mountain-peaks, with the torn sea gleaming at their bases, stark islands with the storm's night over them, or glistening with a sun-shaft on their streaming sides or veiled illusively in falling rain. And, as we looked, suddenly the darkness of midnight closed around us, obliterating everything but the pinnacle of rock on which we crouched for shelter.

Then the squall struck, and the screaming fury of it shook our faith in the stability of granite mountain-peaks. White lines of hail streaked past, hiding the universe in their perpetual stream. The world became to us that bit of rock we clung to, a cast-off meteor fragment hurled through space.

And then, as suddenly as it had come, the squall passed; and we were back again upon a mountain-peak. But it was winter now, and the sun shone on snow-white slopes.

Our eyes turned southward. The

Berté, the Yahgan

jagged range of Hermit Island was shrouded in a passing storm. Hall Island, off its eastern end, was almost lost in the obscurity of vapors that engulfed the south. "Look!" The vapors parted, and past the hard, dark edge of Wollaston appeared a cloven point of rock, faint and far off, with white surf gleaming at its foot—Horn Island! We had seen it; and the vapors close.

Berté, sick from his debauch, lay in his wigwam. Every night we visited him and asked about the morrow's weather; and every night the oracle replied, "Very bad." And very bad it proved. It was the eve of our last day. We had asked the question, and Berté

was enjoying his customary nonchalance in replying. He was n't thinking about it, he did n't have to think: he knew.

"To-morrow," he said at last, "not very bad."

We sailed at the first faint sign of dawn. Berté and the intrepid Vasquez unexpectedly appeared alongside in their skiff and asked to be carried through Washington Channel. We took the skiff in tow. In that dark canal between the mountains of Wollaston and Bailey islands it was hushed and calm, so that our passage desecrated the silence, and the echo of the noisy motor flaunted too soon its puny arrogance at the slumbering Titans. Near the channel's southern end we met the ground-swell's warning of the seas awaiting us outside, and from the mountain faces the awaking wind beat down in angry flaws. Then, entering Franklin Sound, we lost the shelter of the land and were exposed to the unbroken force of sea and wind.

Close to the shore, in the lee of a small peninsula of Wollaston Island, we stopped to disembark our passengers. It was safe enough: they would have the wind and sea astern to make the bay. But their courage failed.

"Come on!" we cried impatiently. "Get out!"

Somehow they clambered into the skiff. They had two guns. The shotgun was held out to Vasquez, who seemed to grasp it in his trembling hands.

"Have you got it? Good!"

And the gun, released, slipped through his fingers and went to the bottom of the sea. We tossed the rifle into the skiff, ordered them to let go, and left them frantically pulling for the shore. And now the Horn!

It was still the twilight of early morning, a gloomy twilight, for not a streak of crimson had broken the dark clouds. The crested sea was mountain high and tragically black, a restless, tossing sea, not wind-blown, but more terrible in that it seemed to lift and fall by its own might. Our boat was sluggish and dispirited; it had no buoyancy to ride the crests, but, like an over-laden, tired thing, let them break over her and pour the length of her and weigh her down. It was raining, and we were drenched.

The companionway is a narrow shelter for three men. I went below and crawled on all fours through the dripping, smoke-filled darkness of the hold to reach the forward hatch. "If it is fastened," it occurred to me, "I 'll never live to reach the air again." It was n't. I propped it open, only an inch or two for breath; but a sea boarded us and poured a deluge through.

We had almost reached the middle of Franklin Sound. A strong wind had increased the sea's violence; we were being roughly handled and were making very little progress. The mate, holding the tiller, watched the sea with concentration so intense that his face had an expression of agony. Christopherson was as serene as ever, but not smiling. If my own countenance showed anything but painfully affected nonchalance, it must have been faith, not faith in God, but in Christopherson and Ole Ytterrock, the mate. For a long time, in the wild uproar of the engine and the sea and wind, no one had spoken. Then Christopherson spoke in Norwegian to the mate, and the mate answered without taking his eyes from the water. Christopherson turned to me.

"I tank," he said quietly, "we must turn back."

"Can't we make it?" I asked.

"I tank not." And the mate looked at me and shook his head.

At death one chance is given us to snatch at immortality, and life is but a preparation for its coming. The great, denying death, have made their names imperishable. My chance had come.

"I tank," said Christopherson, "we must turn back."

Did I, springing upon the hatch, cry out in strong defiance of the seven devils of the gale and of the wisdom of good men, "Hell! keep her south!" and drive the ship and us to victory or death? May God forgive me! No.

We were wet and cold and miserable, and it was dark and terrible, and I was afraid.

"Then come about," I said.

And we turned and ran for shelter, and the voyage of six thousand miles was ended, and the Horn was lost.

May the confession of my shame bring me my own forgiveness!

(The end of "A Voyager's Log.")

The Tower of Irony

George Santayana: Ambassador to the Barbarians

By Carl Van Doren

While there was still a school of philosophy at Harvard, it had thinkers and teachers so diverse in their philosophical attitudes that they hardly seemed to constitute a school at all; yet possibly they were, on that account, only the more representative of the loosely federated philosophies which make up the republic of American speculative thought. Was there not in the Harvard group that gracious connoisseur of beauty and goodness, George Herbert Palmer, who with mellow piety carried on the line of Puritanism as softened in the neighborhood of Boston by secular culture? Was there not Josiah Royce, summoned from California with his new proof of the existence of God and the vast learning with which he, thanks in part to his German masters, built up the ample, if involved, structure of metaphysical idealism so much of which labored to relate the individual to the world as he is related to it in Christian theology? Was there not William James, brilliant and vernacular, who found the broadest grounds for the characteristic optimism of his countrymen and did as much as can be done to introduce the studious cell and the strenuous market-place to one another? And was there not George Santayana, lent to the New World by Spain, who looked through Catholic eyes at Puritanism, through Hellenic eyes at Christianity, through skeptic eyes at democracy and optimism? In this charming variety were met elements which have so rarely come together in any university that the episode of their association must long continue to interest the historian and critic. Particularly must the historian or critic of literature be excited by the presence in the Harvard group of its youngest member and its finest genius.

§ 2

Mr. Santayana was first of all a poet, imagining as well as thinking his way into the lovely and subtle universe which he inhabits. He himself has given the best analysis of his poetical qualities: "Of impassioned tenderness or Dionysiac frenzy I have nothing, nor even of that magic and pregnancy of phrase—really the creation of a fresh idiom—which marks the high lights of poetry. Even if my temperament had been naturally warmer, the fact that the English language (and I can write no other with assurance) was not my mother-tongue would of itself preclude any inspired use of it on my part; its roots do not quite reach to my centre. I never drank in in childhood the homely cadences and ditties which in pure spontaneous poetry set the essential key. I know no words redolent of the wonder-world, the fairy-tale, or the cradle. Moreover, I am

city-bred, and that companionship with nature, those rural notes, which for English poets are almost inseparable from poetic feeling, fail me altogether. Landscape to me is only a background for fable or a symbol for fate, as it was to the ancients; and the human scene itself is but a theme for reflection. Nor have I been tempted into the by-ways even of towns, or fascinated by the aspect and humours of all sorts and conditions of men. My approach to language is literary." Nevertheless, Mr. Santayana continues, "In one sense I think that my verses, mental and thin as their texture may be, represent a true inspiration, a true docility. A Muse—not exactly an English Muse—actually visited me in my isolation; the same, or the ghost of the same, that visited Boethius or Alfred de Musset or Leopardi. It was literally impossible for me then not to re-echo her eloquence. When that compulsion ceased, I ceased to write verses. My emotion—for there was genuine emotion—faded into a sense that my lesson was learned and my troth plighted; there was no longer any occasion for this sort of breathlessness and unction. I think the discerning reader will probably prefer the later prose versions of my philosophy; I prefer them myself, as being more broadly based, saner, more humorous. Yet if he is curious in the matter he may find the same thing here nearer to its fountain-head, in its accidental early setting, and with its most authentic personal note."

Only at the moment when Mr. Santayana's philosophy was on the anvil did his poetry ring with a note which was either authentic or personal. His convivial and occasional verses are most of them merely painful, his dramatic undertakings bloodless. Now and then in his odes, however, and frequently in his sonnets there is a rapture which stings and haunts and a music which vibrates in a manner wholly alien to inferior verse. For if he was making a philosophy, he was also recording the profounder experiences which colored it. His early experience, the record testifies, was largely disentanglement: he freed himself from the ancient faith he had inherited, from his hunger for a love he had failed to win. Custom, sentiment, distrust of knowledge and reason—these held him and tormented him in the matter of his faith, but eventually he overcame them.

"Sweet are the days we wander with no hope
Along life's labyrinthine trodden way,
With no impatience at the steep's delay,
Nor sorrow at the swift-descended slope.
Why this inane curiosity to grope
In the dim dust for gems' unmeaning ray?
Why this proud piety, that dares to pray
For a world wider than the heaven's cope?
Farewell, my burden! No more will I bear
The foolish load of my fond faith's despair,
But trip the idle race with careless feet.
The crown of olive let another wear;
It is my crown to mock the runner's heat
With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet."

In the matter of his love, the poet of these sonnets, torn less by his senses

than by his hunger for the glory and beauty of loving and being loved—

"But, O ye beauties I must never see,
How great a lover have you lost in me!"—

disentangles himself from his hope, which is unavailing, and from his pain, which long seems unending, to find at last a refuge beyond all hope or pain.

"After grey vigils, sunshine in the heart;
After long fasting on the journey, food;
After sharp thirst, a draught of perfect good
To flood the soul, and heal her ancient smart.
Joy of my sorrow, never can we part;
Thou broodest o'er me in the haunted wood,
And with new music fill'st the solitude
By but so sweetly being what thou art.
He who hath made thee perfect, makes me blest.
O fiery minister, on mighty wings
Bear me, great love, to mine eternal rest.
Heaven it is to be at peace with things;
Come chaos now, and in a whirlwind's rings
Engulf the planets. I have seen the best."

Thus the lover, like the thinker of the sonnets before him, reached a central certitude, a skeptical stability, on which to found his philosophy. A philosophy so arrived at has little chance to be shallow, because it has come through experience felt to the roots of life; it has little chance to be bitter or malicious or complaining, because it has lost its petty selfishness in the furnace of pain. If Mr. Santayana is one of the most logical of philosophers, he is nevertheless one of the most personal, and the two qualities unite to make him, what few human beings are, at once almost equally alive and reasonable.

§ 3

The "Sonnets," most exquisite verse published in the United States during the noisy nineties, mark, it may be guessed, the period of Mr. Santayana's career in which he had his vision of the reasonable life and made his resolution to build a structure of philosophy which should be worthy of it. All around him lay, he saw, the ruins of idealisms and illusions, the shards of doctrines, tumbled hither and thither by instincts which philosophers were too seldom able to identify or willing to admit to their systems. Man was an animal who sometimes by taking thought had raised himself to a point at which he seemed something more than an animal; but he had still to carry the old load of his instincts and the accumulation and detritus of the various opinions which at different times had served him or hampered him. His intellectual plight was consequently as confusing, probably, as it had ever been, and he could disentangle himself only by an effort comparable to that by which primitive man had seceded from the beasts who were his neighbors and cousins. Now, however, man must make use, in such an effort, of history as well as of the fumbling analysis and the accidental discovery which had once been his only tools. What Mr. Santayana set out to do was to write, with metaphysical precision, the epic of the mind in its progression from those dim moments

when it first became conscious of itself as an entity not hopelessly involved in the mechanism of external nature and of animal instincts, to those other moments, as yet reached by only a handful of the wisest men, when the mind might see itself to be pure intelligence and nature to be pure mechanism. The epic would be a kind of tragi-comedy of errors, struggling against long odds and innumerable defeats to an ending which would be measurably happy.

That "The Life of Reason" took no such form or method as Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" or "Hellas," which had sprung from a vision less unlike Mr. Santayana's than may at first glance appear, was due to both Mr. Santayana's temperament and his profession. Temperamentally he was not a "finished child of nature," as he says Shelley was, but "a joint product . . . of nature, history, and society," neither "obtuse to the droll, miscellaneous lessons of fortune" nor incapable of being instructed by the "cannonade of hard, inexplicable facts that knocks into most of us what little wisdom we have." He had to take into account, in his epic, countless items of existence which Shelley was obliged to brush aside if he was to be true to his conception of human life as a dramatic conflict between deliberate evil and deliberate good. Professionally, Mr. Santayana was a philosopher, whose science was dialectic. However vividly he had seen his vision of the rise of the intellect from its first estate, he could no more do justice to it by any merely poetical utterance than a botanist could do justice to a field of flowers by describing his sentiments at the sight of it without mentioning a single flower by name or distinguishing accurately among the odors and colors which to the amateur might seem one delightful picture and no more. Philosopher and botanist both have experts to convince no less than laymen to persuade; they must be analytical and precise. Mr. Santayana, therefore, though he was writing what was in effect an epic, had to make it as exact as a treatise, with the result, natural enough, that the experts have found it too poetic for their taste and the laymen too scientific. "The Life of Reason" has lamentably suffered the fate of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," the sole achievement of any such scope in their English or American generation, and has fallen, as the vulgar say, between two stools.

Its fate is lamentable, for "The Life of Reason" offers a profound, shrewd, stirring, and beautiful synthesis of human existence. Its perspective, if not the longest, is very long. Aided among modern philosophers chiefly by Spinoza, Mr. Santayana goes back to Plato and Aristotle and, disregarding as far as possible all the confusions let into philosophy since their time, establishes his system on grounds which might, he feels, have seemed rational to them. He demolishes and dismisses, as unimportant to the moral philosopher in any case, the speculative doubt as to the existence of reality itself behind appearance. He agrees with Aristotle that "everything ideal has a natural basis and everything natural an ideal development." Thus liberated from fatal prejudices in favor of either nature or the ideal, he proceeds with his history, which is his system in operation, of human nature in pursuit of its ideal desires, by and during the pursuit turning the headlong instinct for reproduction into radiant love,

turning blind or superstitious industry into creative art, turning brute gregariousness into that exalted society, transcending clans or states or even utopias, in which "ideal interests take possession of the mind" and "its companions are the symbols it breeds for excellence, beauty, and truth." He studies at length, finally, the three principal elements of ideal society: religion, art, and science. "Religion is the life of the moral imagination, in which poetry and spirituality, God and immortality are the metaphors of man's ideal good. Art is the artifice by which men realize in matter, through sound and sight, in music and in monuments, transitive embodiments of conceived perfection. Science is the transcript in which they foreshorten for practice and convenience an experience which would otherwise be too fluid and anarchic to be dealt with at all."

"I was," Mr. Santayana has since explained, "utterly without the learning and the romantic imagination that might have enabled some emancipated rival of Hegel, some systematic Nietzsche or some dialectical Walt Whitman to write a history of the Will to Be Everything and Anything. An omnivorous spirit was no spirit for me, and I could not write the life of reason without distinguishing it from madness." The lines he drew between reason and madness reveal the kind of man he was when he was writing his great work. Exiled among protestant, eclectic barbarians, he remembered the sacred Mediterranean, with its memories of Greek freedom and Roman pride and Catholic patience, with its perfect sadness and perennial beauty. Thus remembering, he was sustained by a tradition which had so long seen nature in the background of life that it had come to think it further back than it possibly is. Thus sustained, he could have a more positive conception of the life of reason than he has now, when he has come to think of it as "a decidedly episodical thing, polyglot, interrupted, insecure," and to wonder whether he might not as well have called his book "The Romance of Wisdom." It is a consequence and a disadvantage of his earlier positiveness that he could once have laid hands so boldly upon anthropology and history and have treated them occasionally as plastic materials to be shaped by creative hands. But so is it a consequence, and an advantage, that he could, without waiting too late to be willing to begin, once have carried his structure to logical completeness and have left a monument of wisdom and beauty which does not suffer too seriously because there are flaws in its details or even because its total plan might have been different. To build he had to choose; no philosopher, as no architect, is universal. A temple may be superb though there is a church next door to it and a railroad station across the way.

Let the synthesis of "The Life of Reason," however, be challenged as it may, there must remain unchallenged the pertinence and grace and wit of a thousand observations upon human nature which it incidentally makes. "Fanaticism," for instance, "consists in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim." "The intelligent man known to history flourishes within a dullard and holds a lunatic in leash. . . . Thus the best human intelligence is still decidedly barbarous; it fights in heavy armour and keeps a fool at court." Or again: "Pain is consciousness at once

intense and empty, fixing attention on what contains no character, and arrests all satisfactions without offering anything in exchange. The horror of pain lies in its intolerable intensity and its intolerable tedium. It can accordingly be cured either by sleep or by entertainment. In itself it has no resource; its violence is quite helpless and its vacancy offers no expedients by which it might be unknotted and relieved." At times Mr. Santayana can rise to a wisdom as high and musical as this: "The universe, so far as we can observe it, is a wonderful and immense engine; its extent, its order, its beauty, its cruelty, makes it alike impressive. If we dramatise its life and conceive its spirit, we are filled with wonder, terror, and amusement, so magnificent is that spirit, so prolific, inexorable, grammatical, and dull. Like all animals and plants, the cosmos has its own way of doing things, not wholly rational nor ideally best, but patient, fatal, and fruitful. Great is this organism of mud and fire, terrible this vast, painful, glorious experiment. Why should we not look on the universe with piety? Is it not our substance? Are we made of other clay? All our possibilities lie from eternity hidden in its bosom. It is the dispenser of all our joys. We may address it without superstitious terrors; it is not wicked. It follows its own habits abstractedly; it can be trusted to be true to its word. Society is not impossible between it and us, and since it is the source of all our energies, the home of all our happiness, shall we not cling to it and praise it, seeing that it vegetates so grandly and sadly, and that it is not for us to blame it for what, doubtless, it never knew that it did? Where there is such infinite and laborious potency there is room for every hope. If we should abstain from judging a father's errors or a mother's foibles, why should we pronounce sentence on the ignorant crimes of the universe, which have passed into our own blood?" At times he can, purring, put out a feline claw worthy of Anatole France: "When on the day of judgment, or earlier, a man perceives that what he thought he was doing for the Lord's sake he was really doing for the least, perhaps, of the Lord's creatures, his satisfaction, after a moment's surprise, will certainly be very genuine."

§ 4

Mr. Santayana's other books may be called, not too loosely, commentaries upon "The Life of Reason" or extensions of the theme into areas a little outside its principal terrain. His earlier prose works, "The Sense of Beauty" and "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion," studied the ways of the spirit in the world of taste and imagination. In "Three Philosophical Poets" and in a famous essay in "Winds of Doctrine" he examined the versions of life which appear in Lucretius, Dante, Goethe, and Shelley, with reference particularly to the relations of civilized philosophy and great poetry. In "Winds of Doctrine," where he dissected such contemporary thinkers as Bergson and Bertrand Russell, Mr. Santayana first gave his account, now classic, of the two strains, one genteel and pallid, one barbarous and lusty, which make up American philosophy. By this time he had left the United States for Europe, drawn thither by a nostalgia much like that which had earlier drawn Henry James. England had captivated another pilgrim because it seemed to him, and

seems, like the inaccessible ancient country in which he would like to have been born. "What I love in Greece and in England is contentment in finitude, fair outward ways, manly perfection and simplicity." At the outbreak of the war he promptly joined a more general chorus than he had ever joined before and baited the Germans with his witty, malicious "Egotism in German Philosophy," a philosophy which of course he had always looked upon as barbarian both for its transcendentalism and for its technical jargon. Subsequently, in "Character and Opinion in the United States," he looked back, from the meridian of England, upon the intellectual and moral life of a nation which had, he said, "a fund of vigour, goodness, and hope such as no nation ever possessed before," but which still, being strenuous and obstreperous, lacked much of what is best and beautiful.

Mr. Santayana can be sentimental, as in certain passages of his "Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies" wherein he now and then grows as tender as Washington Irving over the beauties of that happy island; yet he can also be one of the masters of logic, as in his recent "Scepticism and Animal Faith," wherein he bases a solid confidence in "animal faith" (common sense) upon the complete skepticism which finds only the world of essence indubitable and so regards the world of existence as doubtless illusory, but none the less habitable to any who will accept, study, and use the rules by which it is seen to work. As a writer, Mr. Santayana, for all his pungency, lacks emphasis. He moves through his discourse with a level, almost a stealthy, gait, without the dramatic moments which philosophy may have no less than poetry or history. To his fellows of the philosophic guild he seems now too oracular, now too concrete. But whether sentimental, subtle, or difficult for philosophers, he is essentially all of one piece. "I notice," he says with some pride, "that men of the world, when they dip into my pages, find them consistent. Rightly, for, as he elsewhere says, "I am resigned to being a mind." By this resignation he has disentangled himself, as far as any philosopher of his time, from instincts, passions, prejudices, doctrines, creeds. Can a man be completely civilized in the midst of a world which is largely animal and barbarous? Mr. Santayana has tried to be that. It is significant that his effort has taken him so nearly round a full circle that in the preface to his new system of philosophy, "Scepticism and Animal Faith," he can declare: "my system is not mine, nor new. . . . I have a great respect for orthodoxy; not for those orthodoxies which prevail in particular schools or nations, and which vary from age to age, but for a certain shrewd orthodoxy which the sentiment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere. I think that common sense, in a rough dogged way, is technically sounder than the special schools of philosophy, each of which squints and overlooks half the facts and half the difficulties in its eagerness to find in some detail the key to the whole. I am animated by distrust of all high guesses, and by sympathy with the old prejudices and workaday opinions of mankind: they are ill expressed, but they are well grounded." Long held to be a Don Quixote among modern philosophers, Mr. Santayana turns out to have been all along something of a Sancho Panza, too.

Toward the New Reformation

A Further Word on the Religious Outlook

By Glenn Frank

For more than a year I have been coming back again and again in these columns to the discussion of two ideas which have come to color my whole outlook upon the future of Western civilization, and with which I find myself forced to reckon in every attempt to arrive at a personal and social philosophy of life that will be both intellectually and spiritually satisfying—the idea of a new renaissance and the idea of a new reformation, two basic movements which may, I believe, by the grace of creative leadership be brought to fruition within the lifetime of my generation. By a "new renaissance" I mean a vast enrichment of civilization in general that might be loosely labeled a secular movement; by a "new reformation" I mean a genuine revival of religion.

These two movements, if they are realized, will, as I see it, be one movement; but the old vocabulary forces one, almost without knowing it, to discuss the issue in terms of two movements. But it is perhaps just as well at this stage to speak of two movements, for it is of little use to assert their unity until adequate discussion has made it plain.

Edwin Tenney Brewster, in his vivid and vital little book on "The Understanding of Religion," devotes a chapter to "The New Reformation." "The world, like the individual," he says, "has its hours of insight, its lucky times, when everything drops into place and all the clocks strike twelve. Great ideas are in the air. Great leaders find followers to match. Civilization, somewhat suddenly, hitches forward to another age; and a revival of religion goes along with the rest." Mr. Brewster does not predict such a renaissance or reformation for this generation,—he is analyzing a need rather than forecasting its fulfilment,—but he says several illuminating things about religious reformations. He calls attention to the fact that religious reformations adopt the world view and intellectual habits that chance to be the fashion of the day, and in the light of this generalization suggests how much better off we might be now if the Protestant Reformation had occurred two centuries later, when the invigorating winds of the critical and scientific spirit had begun to blow across the world.

"But the Protestant Reformation," he says, "came almost two hundred years too soon. It belongs, therefore, to the late Middle Ages, instead of to the early modern period, and so is on the wrong side of the great gulf that separates the darkness from the light. The practical result is, that, while the Reformation did clean up a few obvious abuses, it left the entire substructure of mediaeval thinking untouched. Luther threw his inkstand

at the Devil, and the Calvinists required their pastors to confess the finger of God in every vowel point of the Masoretic text. . . .

"If those famous theses could have gone onto the door of Wittenberg Cathedral at about the time, let us say, that Halley was figuring the orbit of his equally famous comet, the situation in the religious world might be very different to-day. The dogmatic mind was then, for the moment, loosened up. The theological world might then have really assimilated the new science and the new philosophy, and given us some sort of consistent world-view that should include everything. There might even have been some such fundamental upheaval, some such permanent rearrangement of ideas, as marked the second Christian century. At the very least, something of the new learning might have penetrated into the old theology without such great personal inconvenience to each modernizing scholar and to the ecclesiastical persons who first took on each new idea.

"But as it was, the Church and the world failed to synchronize. The Protestant Reformation proved only a false dawn, and the whole job has to be done over again from the bottom. The only question now is, whether the second reformation, unpleasant as it will undoubtedly be, shall be got through with now, or wait till by and by—when it may be too late."

It is with the possible bases for this necessary second reformation that I am concerned in this essay. Two months ago in these columns I called attention to the fact—at least I think it is a fact—that the Traditionalists habitually outgeneral the Modernists in the church. I contended that the liberal movement is weakest in its sense of strategy, that it unnecessarily allows itself to be manœuvered into a defensive position by reaction. I expressed the conviction that the time is ripe for the coördination of the raw materials of religious liberalism that are to-day lying all about us in confusion and challenge, waiting to be brought together and touched into life by aggressive leadership.

It must be admitted that Modernism has not been, to date, a religiously effective movement. This, however, was to be expected. Modernism had to pass through its negative phase. You must wage war against the false gods before you can release the healing ministry of the true gods. And war, even in a good cause, is a spiritually destructive process. You must pay the price of a period of idol-breaking before you can realize the worship of free spirits. But the liberal leadership of the church has done a pretty clean job of iconoclasm. The old idols of pagan theology that have cluttered up our churches have been pretty thoroughly pounded; they are cracked and tottering. Many of them are still standing, and they *look* intact, but the hour has struck, I am sure, for a genuinely liberal fundamentalist movement that will for once and all bowl them over and clear the ground not for a reconstruction of theology, but for a rediscovery of the religion of Jesus.

In these columns for August I tentatively set down fourteen points that seemed to me should be nailed to our cathedral doors as a sort of opening challenge to the new reformation. I am under no delusion that, in those fourteen points, I said anything new, or that I was standing outside the circle of religious leadership offering

ideas and points of view of which liberal religious leaders had not heard. I took every one of the fourteen points directly from the lips of liberal religious leaders in the United States. I plagiarized shamelessly from the speeches, sermons, and writings of the intelligent ministry. I was concerned only to suggest the urgent necessity for a simple, but comprehensive, formulation of the principles and points of view that underlie the liberal movement in the church. My only contention is that the sort of ideas represented by those fourteen points must be more than the ideas of isolated and suspect leaders in the church, that they must be made the basis of a "movement" that will so thoroughly dominate the church, clerical and lay, that the church, when mentioned, will mean to the man in the street these things instead of the septic mass of theological unrealities that it so frequently means now.

And, too, I am obliged to confess that the formulation of those fourteen points was due to something more than a mere editorial interest in a contemporary problem. In a very real sense those fourteen points were a by-product of a personal quest for religious satisfaction. For some time I have found myself at sea between the Scylla of Traditionalism and the Charybdis of Modernism. I have been left cold alike by the unsound affirmations of the Traditionalist and the sound negations of the Modernist. There is in me, as there is in men everywhere to-day, a hunger for a positive faith that will, as Kirsopp Lake puts it, "satisfy the soul of the saint without disgusting the intellect of the scholar." Though neither a saint nor a scholar, I have this hunger because I belong to this generation and this is the modern religious hunger. There is something in me that holds me fascinated at a street corner listening to a Salvation Army exhorter, despite my inner revolt against his inadequate conception of life and religion. I am likewise drawn irresistibly into the liberal camp in religion. But religious liberalism seems to me not yet to have found itself. In this liberal preacher and that, in this liberal scholar and that, I find isolated fragments of what seems to me a sound and satisfying sense of the religion of Jesus as contrasted with theological Christianity, which is rapidly losing the loyalty of the modern mind. But all this liberal thought is scattered here and there. It is not coördinated. In many instances it is buried under the jargon of scholarship. The layman must *search* for guidance; it is not waiting for him at the corner.

I have not presumed to make such a coördination. I simply printed what was, in effect, a private memorandum of a personal quest, in the hope that some one really equipped for the undertaking would draft a series of "theses" that might go far toward knitting the scattered energies of the liberal movement in the church into the passion of a new reformation. And we cannot speak of the liberal movement in the church as being successful until it becomes a new reformation, in the sense of a vast and sweeping popular movement which will compel the historian a hundred years hence to write that "along about 1923 to 1933 the Western world was caught in the sweep of an unprecedented spiritual awakening in which the best aspiration and the best knowledge of the time met and merged, a movement that must be set alongside

the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the Wesleyan revival." And I cannot see any hope for such a new reformation save at the hands of the Modernists, who have, to date, been more critics than crusaders. By Modernists I do not mean timid liberals whom Santayana has described as "generous but divided minds, too much attached to their traditional religion to abandon it, but too weak and too hopeful not to glow also with enthusiasm for modern liberty and progress." By Modernists I mean courageous and unified minds that are unwilling to allow either doctrines or institutions to stand in the way of the rediscovery and adaptation to modern issues and needs of the religion of Jesus.

In his introduction to "Painted Windows," Kirsopp Lake calls attention to the fact that the Modernists, or liberals, in the church fall into two distinct groups. There is a left wing, which speaks with clearness and decision. Convinced that a doctrine is obsolete or false, the members of this left wing discard it. They do not cloak their nonconformity behind a futile attempt to revamp the doctrine. The members of this left wing sometimes lose their pulpits by expulsion and sometimes they lose their souls by compromise. And, then, there is a right wing. "There is probably little difference in the matter of private belief between them and the left wing," says Mr. Lake, "but they are more concerned with safeguarding the unity of the Church. They endeavour to do this by using the old phraseology with a new meaning, so that, for instance, members of this party feel justified in stating that they accept the creed, though they do not believe in it in the sense which was originally intended. This is technically called 'reinterpreting,' and by a sufficient amount of 'reinterpreting' all the articles of the creed can be given whatever meaning is desired. . . . Performed with skill, this dialectical legerdemain is very soothing to a not unduly intelligent congregation and prevents any breach in the continuity of the Church's belief."

Mr. Lake is entirely right, I think, in doubting the ultimate effectiveness of this more timid sort of liberalism. "I doubt the wisdom of the policy," he says, "because I think that though it may satisfy the older members of the Church and so preserve continuity with the past, it is doing so at the expense of the younger generation and sacrificing continuity with the future. It may conciliate those who have power to make trouble in the present; but it is only the young who are now silently abandoning the Church, that have the power to give life in the future. It is always safer to agree with the old, but it is infinitely more important to convince the young."

The new reformation, then, as I see it, must find its leadership in the left wing of the Modernists. This means far from smooth sailing for the new reformation. It may, for a time, have to cry its message from street corners and from secular platforms, but, if so, it will not be the first time that the religion of Jesus has been driven from the synagogues. In fact, the rediscovery of the religion of Jesus is quite likely to be attended by many of the scenes that attended its birth.

Just now the need is for some Luther to nail his theses to the door, and then, with a sufficient number of martyrs to follow in his train, the new reformation may be got under way.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

DISCARDED

DISCARDED

DISCARDED

DISCARDED